

Apocalypse 411

Chapter 411 Who Is The Wife?

Despite being heirs to their respective families and Aston having military backgrounds, Aston still felt a sense of reserve around Duke.

Everyone knew how ruthless he could be, and that reputation weighed heavily in the air, making Aston wary of provoking him.

After only twenty minutes of studying the digital blueprint of the sewers, Duke nodded thoughtfully, as if a realization had struck him.

Aston watched, puzzled, unable to decipher the expression on Duke's indifferent face or grasp what was going on in his mind.

It was clear that Duke was making connections and formulating a plan, but Aston felt completely in the dark about his thoughts.

Aston had no choice but to wait, hoping Duke would eventually share his findings—if he even planned to explain anything at all.

After a few more minutes of intense silence, Duke calmly logged off the system's mainframe and, without a word, began walking away, leaving Aston standing there, still in the dark.

"That's it? Are we not even going to print the blueprint, or are you not going to share anything?" Aston blurted out, his curiosity overcoming the usual restraint he maintained around Duke.

The complexity of the sewer system, combined with Duke's nonchalant attitude, was making him anxious.

He couldn't understand how Duke could remain so calm when things seemed far from certain.

The reason Aston wasn't frantic, but rather just curious, was because he knew Duke had the skills to back up his calm demeanor.

Still, the uncertainty of the situation was unnerving.

Not knowing what Duke had planned left a stirring in his stomach, an unsettling feeling as he tried to piece together what Duke might do next.

Duke, without acknowledging Aston's inquiry, continued moving forward as if he hadn't heard him.

He headed straight toward where Kisha and Vulture were working.

The two were still busy clearing the path, and by now, they had managed to clear nearly a third of the perimeter outside the current wall.

Duke's focus remained unshaken, his stride purposeful, leaving Aston to trail behind, still seeking answers.

The moment Kisha spotted Duke approaching, she immediately paused her work, leaving Vulture and the others to continue clearing the scattered vehicles and cleaning up the charred remains of zombies littering the streets.

"How did it go? Did you find the blueprint?" Kisha asked as she approached Duke.

Her smile widened as she noticed his calm, unbothered demeanor.

It was clear to her that Duke had already pieced together a plan in his mind and was ready to take action without delay.

"If you're looking for the team you'll be heading out with, just take a glance behind you," Kisha said with a knowing smile, winking at Duke. "I figured you'd be coming to ask about them as soon as you finished up with whatever you needed to check."

Duke's usual indifferent expression softened into a dotting smile. "My wife always knows me best," he said warmly, ruffling Kisha's hair.

He turned to look behind him, and as expected, more than a dozen warriors were standing there, waiting.

Several of them made brief eye contact with Duke, and immediately straightened their posture upon meeting his gaze, their respect evident.

"When are you leaving?" Kisha asked again, watching Duke as he continued to assess the team behind him.

Duke finally tore his gaze away from the warriors, turning back to meet Kisha's clear, expectant eyes. "Right now," he replied calmly, "but there are things I need to check first before making any final arrangements."

Kisha tilted her head to the side, falling into deep contemplation. She furrowed her brows, her mind racing as she weighed the implications of Duke's impending mission.

After a moment, she looked back at him, and Duke, ever patient, waited for her to speak.

He studied her face, noting the subtle shifts in her expression—the way her lips pressed together when she was deep in thought and the flicker of concern in her eyes.

"Is there anything else you need for your mission?" Kisha asked, her tone laced with genuine concern.

She wanted to ensure that Duke was as prepared as possible, hoping to make his mission smoother and less perilous.

The thought of not being with him weighed heavily on her mind, amplifying her desire to contribute in any way she could.

She knew firsthand the dangers they might encounter, and the last thing she wanted was for him to face them unprepared. "I wish I could be there to help, but since I can't, I want to make sure you have everything you might need to lighten the burden and reduce the risks."

Duke shook his head initially, but paused thoughtfully before continuing.

"How about I borrow the drones you have? They would definitely aid my team's scouting efforts, especially in the absence of Sparrow or the Scarlet Bees."

He offered a reassuring smile, hoping to ease any lingering worries Kisha might have.

Kisha chuckled, realizing just how many drones she had in her inventory.

They were rarely used, as she relied on the Scarlet Bees and Sparrow for scouting.

Without Duke's reminder, those drones would have likely remained dormant in her inventory, gathering virtual dust.

It was a good thing he had brought it up; now she could put them to good use.

"Aside from the drones, I think some extra batteries and military biscuits should suffice. We want to keep our load as light as possible," Duke added, carefully considering what would be essential for the mission.

"Are you not planning to bring a truck?" Kisha asked, a knowing look in her eyes as if she could sense Duke's intentions.

Aston stood just behind Duke, feeling out of the loop and confused by their exchange, as if he were the only one not privy to their unspoken understanding.

"No, I don't want the zombies trailing us, as that would only complicate our mission," Duke replied, pausing for a moment to gather his thoughts.

"To streamline things for my team, I'd like to request my wife's help in preparing some drone batteries and additional supplies at a rendezvous point. This way, my team and I won't have to return to the base to replenish our supplies, which will help us save time as we navigate the city on foot." Duke explained, his tone firm yet measured.

Even without his detailed explanation, Kisha seemed to intuitively grasp Duke's plan. Her eyes sparkled, transforming into crescent shapes as she nodded enthusiastically. "Consider it done."

Kisha and Duke made their way back inside the base to gear up before heading out.

Vulture nodded in agreement, saluting to his master with a playful seriousness that resembled a concerned wife.

He nagged Duke lightly, ensuring his master would stay safe and avoid any actions that might endanger his life.

Only when Vulture saw Duke nod in exasperation, clearly growing tired of his incessant nagging, did he finally relent and return to his own duties.

Vulture was even more nagging than Kisha, prompting her to chuckle playfully as she glanced at Duke, amusement dancing in her eyes.

"Who was your wife?" Kisha teased, raising an eyebrow as she playfully probed Duke. He simply played along, enjoying the lighthearted banter.

This atmosphere was far more refreshing than Kisha getting worried and concerned for his safety, which would then cast a shadow over their conversations.