

Apocalypse 412

Chapter 412 Space Type Item

Kisha focused on preparing large military bags for each member of Duke's team inside their villa, efficiently packing essential supplies.

Meanwhile, Duke gathered his team just outside the villa's training ground, briefing them on their mission and strategy.

Kisha ensured that each bag contained a drone, allowing the team to easily swap them out if needed.

Given that it was their first day in unfamiliar territory, it was crucial for them to familiarize themselves with the location and understand their surroundings. Having multiple drones on hand was essential for effective scouting, as relying on just one or two would not be sufficient.

After ensuring that each bag contained a drone, Kisha packed them with black and blue vials of liquid, military biscuits, water, and energy bars.

The weight of the bags wasn't a concern; what mattered was utilizing every inch of space.

Since everyone accompanying Duke were awakened superhumans, they were far stronger than normal humans and could easily carry bags weighing several dozen kilos without issue.

Kisha meticulously filled every nook and cranny, knowing their enhanced abilities would make the load manageable.

She also packed a change of clothes, stamina boosters, coffee candies, essential medicines, and anything else she could think of that might be useful during their mission.

If she could fit the entire villa into the bags, she probably would have tried, wanting to ensure they had everything they might need while out in the field.

'If only I could give my husband a space-type accessory, then I wouldn't have to worry about all of this,' Kisha thought wistfully as she stuffed the last few items into the bags.

"Actually, host, such items do exist in the Murim world—space rings or bracelets. And the higher the continent's realm, the more common these items become," 008 suddenly interjected, his voice breaking through her thoughts unexpectedly.

"Really?!" Kisha's eyes lit up with excitement after hearing 008's revelation.

The thought of Duke having a space item thrilled her, as it meant she could stop worrying about packing everything perfectly.

With a space ring or bracelet, Duke could carry everything he might need, and she could give him supplies without the limitations of space.

"Host, I would never lie to you. Let me go ahead and search for the item right away, and I'll report back with its price as soon as I find out." 008 reassured her, as if puffing its chest with pride.

Kisha, filled with excitement, eagerly nodded and paused what she was doing.

Instead of packing, she began making a checklist of everything she would put in Duke's space ring once she got her hands on it.

'Wait, I should check my system points balance first so I can be ready when 008 reports back,' Kisha thought, pausing mid-action.

She didn't want to get too ahead of herself without knowing if she had enough points to make the purchase. Better to be prepared for anything.

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[Current System Points: 420,000]

[Current Achievement Points: 4,500]

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'I think this should be enough?' Kisha mused, but her confidence wavered as she recalled how expensive items from the murim world tended to be.

She then remembered another pressing issue—upgrading the rest of the facilities in her territory pack.

The number of animals was growing rapidly, and it would soon become suspicious if she kept sending meat to the Supply Center daily without any animal facility to back it up.

Since she hadn't brought in any live animals from the outside for breeding yet, constantly sending meat to the Supply Center was becoming increasingly risky.

Her only option now was to upgrade the facilities inside her territory space, especially as the animal population continued to grow.

While Duke and his team were occupied outside, Kisha sat anxiously on the couch, waiting for 008's report.

She had paused her frantic packing of supplies for Duke, her mind racing with anticipation.

Since she had already finished packing the bags, which Duke and his team could grab whenever they were ready, Kisha's thoughts shifted entirely to the space item 008 had mentioned.

The idea of acquiring it became irresistible. With a space item, Duke wouldn't need to set up a rendezvous point for resupply.

Instead, he could store all the necessary provisions and retrieve them at will, making excuses as needed.

This would not only save time but also make the mission more efficient, allowing them to complete the cleanup faster without unnecessary delays.

After weighing the pros and cons, Kisha nodded to herself, feeling reassured about her decision.

She realized there was no need to hesitate about her spending; acquiring the space item would benefit both her and Duke in their work.

Unlike before, when she constantly worried about her limited system points and could only purchase essentials, she now had enough to buy almost anything she desired.

This newfound freedom made her feel more empowered to support her husband in their mission.

As Kisha waited for 008, her stomach churned with increasing anxiety.

She knew Duke was likely wrapping up his briefing with the team and would be returning with them any moment now.

However, now that she had an idea about the space item, her determination to acquire it for Duke before he left only grew stronger.

Then, Kisha saw Duke enter through the front door, his team following closely behind, all sporting serious yet determined expressions.

She felt her shoulders slump, and her gaze dropped to the floor.

Duke, noticing Kisha's intense disappointment, raised an eyebrow in question, which quickly shifted to a frown.

He began to wonder if he had unintentionally offended his wife or if she simply didn't want him to leave the base.

However, he quickly recalled that they had been perfectly fine just moments before.

Relieved that it likely wasn't about him or his departure, he nonetheless felt a pang of concern over her sudden change in mood.

Stepping closer, he ruffled her hair affectionately, hoping to reassure her with his gentle touch.

"Are you okay?" Duke asked, concern lacing his voice.

"Um," Kisha replied simply, yet she held onto Duke's hand tightly.

Suddenly, 008's cheerful voice broke through the moment. "Host, I'm back!" Kisha's eyes brightened, and before Duke could process what was happening, she had already tugged him up the stairs.

"You guys check the bags. My husband and I just need to discuss some couple matters," she said dismissively, her tone indicating that the conversation was no longer up for debate.

'Is the Vice City Lord in trouble?' everyone wondered as they watched Kisha and Duke disappear up the stairs. No one had the answers to their unspoken questions; they could only comply with Kisha's directive.

Gathering in the corner, each team member picked up a bag and began to inspect its contents.

To their relief, they found that their City Lord had meticulously arranged everything.

While the bags contained only military biscuits for their food, they were grateful for the sustenance—better than facing the mission on an empty stomach or not being sure if they had something to eat while running around.

Moreover, they could always conduct their own supply run while they were out, searching for additional food options like cup noodles and other necessities, along with some mineral water to keep them refreshed.