

## **Apocalypse 417**

### Chapter 417 Vegetables

This only demonstrated the extent of the alterations their level-up had made to their bodies, allowing them to endure discomforts that would have once been unbearable.

Although Duke was simply eating noodles, he found them surprisingly enjoyable and delicious—more so than the gourmet meals he had tasted during his business trips.

Perhaps it was the knowledge that these supplies were meticulously prepared by Kisha that made the food taste so good.

With each bite, he savored not only the flavor but also the effort she had put into it, making it all the more special.

As he ate, a smile crept across his face, and he resolved to find some supplies dedicated to his subordinates.

He wanted them to have their own share of good food so he could fully appreciate the delicious supplies Kisha had prepared just for him.

He knew it was a bit childish, but these small things were his source of happiness, especially now that he was away from Kisha.

It was his way of maintaining sanity amidst the chaos.

No matter how strong Duke's mental fortitude was, this was still his first experience of the apocalypse, and he was adjusting in his own way.

After all, he had been born into a peaceful era, where his only concerns revolved around the schemes of the business world.

Perhaps it was the way he had lived his life that allowed him to adapt better than most, but deep down, he still craved the simple pleasures that grounded him.

However, this was the first time he had been so far away from Kisha since the apocalypse began, and it was impossible not to miss her presence.

Yet, that longing only fueled his determination to excel in this mission.

He wanted to alleviate some of Kisha's burdens and ensure that their efforts would lead to a safer, more secure future for both of them.

After finishing his meal, he carefully washed the utensils he had used, making sure that he used little water because he couldn't be wasting water now that they had any sure way to filter water, and then, taking a drink to remove the after taste of what he ate and resting for a moment.

When he returned to his subordinates, he found that most of the warriors had fallen fast asleep, snoring in various corners of the room.

Those who were still awake lowered their heads in embarrassment, shaking them in dismay at the sight.

Duke remained silent, understanding their need for rest; he knew that merely sitting around wouldn't be productive.

He placed the eco bag he had brought with him on the floor, and those who were awake immediately noticed it as soon as he stepped into the room.

"Take this and distribute it among yourselves. See if you can fit it into your bags so you'll have something to eat during the mission," Duke instructed, settling down near the window. He gestured for them to act quickly, as he had another task prepared for them.

Among the items he packed in the bag were a foldable camping stove, several small butane tanks, and a pot, allowing them to cook noodles or boil water whenever needed.

Having arrived at a nearby grocery store, Duke collected everything still useful from the shelves, checking the warehouse for any additional supplies.

He carefully stored these items in the free space that Kisha had left for him, ensuring he had ample room for whatever else he might find in the city during this mission, allowing him to bring back any valuable supplies.

With eager anticipation, the remaining awake warriors rushed over to Duke's eco bag, their excitement reminiscent of children rifling through their mother's grocery haul in search of hidden treats.

As they peered inside, their eyes lit up with delight at the sight of the food supplies.

Who wouldn't be thrilled to discover a better meal option than their usual rations?

It wasn't that they disdained the military biscuits Kisha had prepared for them; it was simply that, given the extent and danger of their mission, those dry snacks wouldn't provide the energy they needed to stay mobile.

The presence of noodles and fresh bread was invigorating, like a breath of fresh air amidst their plain and dry biscuits.

Alongside these were vibrant vegetables, a rarity in their current circumstances, promising a much-needed boost to their morale and health.

The warriors couldn't help but feel a surge of gratitude and renewed energy at the prospect of a hearty meal, ready to tackle whatever challenges lay ahead.

'Vegetables?' They exchanged puzzled glances, their heads tilting in unison as they processed the surprising discovery.

It had been weeks since the apocalypse began, and the thought of fresh produce felt almost like a fantasy.

If Duke had rummaged through any grocery store or market, surely the vegetables and meat would have long spoiled, especially with the electricity cut off and the heat of the sun bearing down.

One of the warriors finally gathered the courage to voice his curiosity, unable to shake off the nagging question. "Vice City Lord, why are there vegetables in here? Surely, there aren't any fresh ones left in the stores?"

Duke didn't even glance up; he remained seated with his eyes closed, a knowing smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth.

He had anticipated this question the moment he included the vegetables in the bag. "Who said I got them from any store?" he replied, his tone casual yet hinting at something more.

The warrior blinked, confusion mingling with intrigue. "Then where did they come from?"

Duke finally opened his eyes, meeting the gaze of the curious warrior. "Let's just say I have my ways of finding good supplies in unexpected places," he said cryptically.

After hearing Duke's explanation, no one dared to ask any further questions. It was entirely plausible that he had procured the vegetables from an unexpected source.

Besides, they were all clean and free of dirt, so there was no need to dwell on insignificant details.

They were well aware that there were countless methods to clean vegetables, and they certainly weren't naive enough to ask that question.

Satisfied with Duke's answer, the warriors eagerly began distributing the supplies among themselves.

Excitement and camaraderie filled the air as they planned how to prepare the food, grateful for the small luxuries that could momentarily lift their spirits during such dire times.

Many of you may be wondering why Duke didn't simply bring his own subordinates, the Winters' bodyguards—his loyal forces that he had trained and nurtured for years.

With them by his side, he wouldn't have to conceal the existence of his Space Ring or worry about whether his warriors could keep up with him.

He could operate without hesitation, focusing solely on the mission at hand, free from the concerns that currently weighed on his mind.

The answer is quite straightforward: while his own subordinates are strong and highly qualified, both he and Kisha now bear the responsibility for the entire base.

They can't focus solely on nurturing their own forces while neglecting the rest; the entire base is their collective strength.

It's crucial to maintain balance, which means they need to train the warriors and give them the opportunity to gain combat experience.