

Apocalypse 436

Chapter 436 The Letter

The same issue was occurring at all four gates, with the gatekeepers growing increasingly concerned about the dwindling ammunition at their disposal.

Kisha sensed a shift in the air, her body tensing as she surveyed her surroundings. She couldn't quite pinpoint the source of her unease, but she was acutely aware of a lurking danger.

Although she already knew they were at risk, this was something more—an unknown threat looming just out of sight, as if a series of events were about to unfold.

Taking a deep breath, she glanced around.

Vulture's team aside from Vuture and the others were still absorbed in their tasks, unaware of the issues brewing in the sewers, which Kisha and the rest had managed to keep under wraps while diligently fortifying their defenses.

She didn't know how long they could keep this information hidden from everyone at the base, but she could only hope that by then, they would have devised a plan or that Duke would have completed his mission outside.

Only then could the survivors find some peace of mind.

Despite her efforts to conceal the issue, many still felt uneasy, especially since they could hear the zombies stirring in the sewers. To mitigate the threat, she had sent Bell to patrol the area, but she couldn't allow them to eliminate the zombies just yet.

The carcasses could serve as stepping stones for other zombies, allowing them to reach the surface through the manholes or dig new escape routes.

Additionally, having zombies beneath them posed a significant health risk; if they died and littered the sewers, it would create even greater health hazards for everyone at the base.

At that moment, Kisha's mind was overwhelmed with a barrage of issues, each one more pressing than the last, leaving her gasping for breath whenever she recalled them.

None of this chaos had occurred in her previous lives; while similar problems may have arisen, they had never converged all at once, creating a real headache for her.

As she continued to contemplate better solutions for their mounting challenges while Vulture and the others worked, she suddenly heard Aston's voice calling from a distance.

"City Lord! City Lord!" Aston shouted, almost breathless, as he was chauffeured in a golf cart, deftly weaving through the narrow gaps between the littered cars on the street to reach Kisha more quickly.

Waving the letter in the air to grab her attention, he called out to her as soon as he spotted her.

Kisha's eyes fell on the letter, and a frown creased her brow; a sense of dread gnawed at her stomach.

As Aston's small golf cart came to a stop in front of her, he leaped out even before it had fully halted and quickly handed the letter to Kisha.

"It's from the Vice City Lord," Aston said in a rush. "The snipers spotted him and his team on the roof at the southeastern edge of the city. He delivered this letter via drone and instructed us to give it to you. I'm guessing it relates to the ongoing issues we're facing in the sewers."

He paused for a moment, taking a deep breath to steady his nerves, knowing he was just as anxious as Kisha to see what Kisha would find in the letter.

Although Kisha was eager to open the letter immediately, she knew this wasn't the right time or place, especially with Duke's mission being a secret.

The others in the base believed he, like Sparrow, had gone out to gather supplies. Only Duke's team was privy to the details, having been briefed that morning.

They hadn't had a chance to share any of this with others, nor would they want to.

Everyone understood the gravity of their mission; revealing it could spark unnecessary unrest and fear among the survivors in the base.

Such panic would only hinder their efforts and could even bring the base's operations to a standstill, as people would be consumed by the belief that their survival was at risk.

Noticing Kisha's apprehensive expression and her reluctance to open the letter, Aston understood her concerns.

He guided her to sit in the golf cart, and their driver took them directly to Villa #1. Upon arrival, they headed straight to the study.

Marcus and the children observed their grim demeanor decided to wisely chose not to interrupt Kisha and Aston's meeting, refraining from offering snacks or drinks this time.

As soon as they entered the study, Kisha made a beeline for the leather chair.

Upon sitting down, she immediately sensed something was off; the chair felt too low for her liking, making her uncomfortable.

However, she pushed those thoughts aside and slowly opened the letter. Inside the envelope, she found a straightforward report.

[We've encountered an unprecedented surge of mutated rats emerging from the sewers. I'm ramping up our operations and will do my best to finish this as soon as possible, but I'll need Rose's assistance, along with some of the Scarlet Bees and fire-type awakened abilities users. This will allow us to expedite the process. Currently, my team and I are assessing the sewer entrances throughout the city to plug any holes and prevent more zombies from flooding the sewers or rats from escaping. However, we need to act swiftly and precisely to ensure the mutated rats don't have time to retaliate or disrupt our efforts.]

Beneath the note were coordinates. Kisha pulled out the city map from the drawer and traced the coordinates on it.

She read Duke's letter repeatedly, trying to grasp his thoughts and intentions while writing.

After her third reading, a subtle smile crept across her face; she began to understand what Duke was aiming to achieve.

"As soon as Sparrow's team arrives, find Rose and bring her to me so I can assign her next task," Kisha said, leaning back in the leather chair. A glint flashed in her eyes as she studied the map intently.

Before leaving, Aston hesitated, casting a lingering glance at Kisha.

"Speak," Kisha said, her voice icy and indifferent, a stark contrast to the warmth she had shown earlier. Aston felt a chill run down his spine.

"City Lord, do you think whatever the Vice City Lord is planning will work?" Aston asked, seeking reassurance.

He had witnessed the couple's remarkable leadership and their ability to tackle challenges head-on, yet he still needed some words of comfort to ease his anxious heart.

Kisha's indifferent gaze settled on Aston as she tilted her head slightly, a cold smile creeping across her lips that sent a shiver down his spine.

"Of course it will work. Otherwise, he wouldn't have mentioned it. Besides, even if things go awry, he'll find a way to handle it."

That's how Duke had been in her previous life—crafty and intelligent.

There was nothing that could deter him from rising to the top, making his base the strongest among the others that are still standing.

If not for saving her, would Duke have truly met his end? Kisha didn't believe that for a second.

So when Duke claimed he could accelerate the timeline, she was certain he had already devised a solution.

After hearing Kisha's words, Aston realized that while it wasn't the direct reassurance he had hoped for, the confidence in her eyes was enough to put his mind at ease.

Sensing that he had nothing further to worry about, he made his way to the door.

He opened it gently, careful to close it quietly behind him, allowing Kisha the space to gather her thoughts as she remained immersed in her contemplation.

After Aston left, Kisha dove into the mission tab, meticulously reviewing every ongoing missions and their respective timeframes.

Almost all of the missions were set to conclude simultaneously, with only a few wrapping up days before the main event.

This suggested that something significant was on the horizon, and what they were experiencing now was merely the tip of the iceberg.

As she assessed their progress, a sense of frustration washed over her; the construction of the wall, the training of the warriors, and even her efforts to care for the survivors all felt painfully slow.

As she stared at the mission tab, Kisha felt her stomach churning violently, and she let out a shaky breath.

All she could do was prepare and lead everyone in the base to do the same.

Fortunately, the survivors was remarkably compliant; no one attempted to stir up trouble or rally factions against her and her people.

This reassurance was the only thing that kept Kisha grounded, allowing her to continue her efforts.