

## Apocalypse 498

### Chapter 498 A Man Changes After Marriage

And what could be more private than the City Lord's villa?

It wasn't long before they arrived at the villa's study—a place reserved for the most critical and sensitive discussions.

Duke seemed entirely unbothered by the choice, finding it the most natural course of action.

Settling into his usual leather chair, he leaned back with practiced ease, propping his chin on his intertwined fingers, elbows resting casually on the desk.

"Vice City Lord, is the item you're delivering something of great importance?" Tristan asked directly, standing firm and attentive before Duke, his tone reflecting both curiosity and respect.

"Hmm," Duke responded with a simple hum, flicking his wrist nonchalantly to draw attention to the ring on his finger.

The subtle gesture didn't escape Tristan and Aston's notice. Their eyes widened as they registered the crates Duke had seemingly conjured out of thin air.

It didn't take long for them to connect the dots—only a space-type awakened ability user could perform such a feat, and Kisha was the only one who wasn't a space-type awakened ability user who could do

the same and she was known to possess incredible tools and many deep secrets, but they had never considered Duke to be one of the space-type awakened ability users.

The logical conclusion?

He'd received something extraordinary from Kisha, something that mimicked the capabilities of a space-type awakened ability user.

Given all they'd witnessed before—like Kisha's slave contracts, elixirs, and other miraculous items—another space ring wasn't exactly surprising.

Still, the implications of Kisha's growing arsenal left them both awed and slightly surprised.

The moment they realized that Kisha had likely gifted Duke something as significant as a space ring, both Tristan and Aston gasped in astonishment.

Their eyes widened as they gawked at the ring on Duke's finger, its significance now clear.

Duke, for his part, made no effort to hide it—his casual yet deliberate gestures all but confirmed that the ring was the source of his portable storage capabilities.

A flicker of smugness danced in Duke's eyes, betraying the urge to proudly announce the gift he'd received from his wife.

If not for the need to maintain discretion and avoid drawing unnecessary attention from the survivors in their base, he might have openly boasted about it.

However, with Aston and Tristan being privy to such matters, Duke didn't have to hold back completely.

He let his satisfaction seep through in subtle ways, his fingers occasionally twisting the ring as if to flaunt it without saying a word.

Though his pride stopped him from outright rubbing it in their faces, the way he played with the ring was enough to convey his quiet triumph.

The two men didn't hide their envy as they both stared at the ring on Duke's finger, their expressions revealing their admiration.

'I never thought my master could act like this after marrying, but it's almost endearing. It's childish, but funny—maybe I'll tell the others,' Tristan thought, his gaze fixed on the red ring.

It gleamed with elegant gold engravings, striking a balance between refinement and subtlety.

Though it had a certain flashy appeal, it didn't scream importance at first glance, merely resembling a wedding band.

Yet, to those in the know, its true value was far beyond its appearance.

'A man really does change after marrying,' Aston mused silently as he watched Duke, clearly reveling in the smug satisfaction of showing off his wife's gift.

The pride in Duke's expression was unmistakable—he was practically bursting to tell the world about the ring his wife had given him.

But after a moment of basking in his little victory, Duke shifted gears, as if reminded of the task at hand.

He had clearly had his fill of flaunting the gift. Now, it was time to focus on the errand his wife had sent him on—one he was eager not to forget, for the last thing he wanted was to incur her wrath.

"So, these crates contain substantial amounts of Tungsten Steel, Vanadium, and Iron Meteorite," Duke began, his tone shifting to something more serious. "As you're well aware, Aston, these materials are not only incredibly durable but also very rare."

"Given your background in the Military, you know how valuable they are. They're typically reserved for weaponry and armor—things the government would hoard and control strictly."

"These materials were provided by my wife," Duke continued, his expression serious.

"She recently acquired blueprints for an advanced solar panel system and a sewer system with gas preservation. I've already reviewed the blueprints with the experts in the base, and it turns out that some of the materials needed to construct the solar panels are these very metals."

"Since you're overseeing the workshop for the artisans, I'd like you to have them use some of these metals to begin crafting the necessary components for the solar panels. This will help us tackle the electricity issue in the base. Once that's set up, we can redirect the gas for use exclusively with the trucks."

The two gasped in unison, overwhelmed by the string of revelations. It felt as though each piece of information was more crucial than the last.

Knowing the blueprints came from Kisha, they both understood that "advanced" was an understatement.

For all they knew, the technology could be so far beyond anything on Earth, it might even be alien technology in nature.

"And of course," Duke continued, his tone firm, "you'll only use what's necessary for the parts. The rest of the metals need to be safeguarded. We can't afford to take risks, especially since we don't know when or if we'll get resources like this again." He leaned back in his chair, his gaze fixed on Aston. He didn't break eye contact until he saw Aston nod in acknowledgment.

"As for the sewer system with gas preservation," Duke continued, his voice thoughtful, "the blueprint will allow us to use gas more efficiently, providing a sustainable source for cooking and other needs."

"It works by separating water from human waste, allowing the waste to decompose and generate flammable gas, which we can then use as a primary energy source." Duke nodded to himself as he spoke, recalling the blueprint with admiration.

He couldn't help but marvel at the system's efficiency—nothing was wasted.

He even saw the potential to link the sewer system to the water purification system, recycling water for washing, gardening, and other non-drinking uses while keeping a separate system for drinking water.

The thought of it all filled him with excitement for the innovative blueprints Kisha would continue bringing him.

If 008 could hear Duke's thoughts, it would be surprised to see how easily Duke grasped the advanced technologies from different worlds that Kisha was acquiring in her ongoing missions.

Due to this understanding, Duke had already spoken with Dr. Shuveck and, more importantly, with Engineer Steel to ensure that, when constructing the sewer and gas preservation systems, they would leave space for a future water system blueprint they would possibly acquire.

This would allow for easy integration once it was acquired.

Engineer Steel, impressed by Duke's analysis, fully agreed with the plan, and his excitement grew as he envisioned the possibilities.

When Aston and Tristan heard Duke's thoughts, both were taken aback.

They realized that such a blueprint must have been carefully crafted, with every detail thoughtfully considered.

The design would undoubtedly be a tremendous asset to their base, offering solutions on multiple fronts.