

Apocalypse 528

Chapter 528 Inspection

When Kisha and Duke arrived at the cafeteria, everyone was enjoying their meals, savoring the food that was a far cry from what they had outside the base.

The first batch of the Artisan's products had also been delivered to the Supply Center, and some of these delicacies, like pickled vegetables, fruit juices, and more, had been added to the cafeteria's menu, offering a welcome change from the usual mass-produced fare.

"City Lord, Vice City Lord! Come, join us!" one of the warriors who spotted them called out with a smile, standing up in greeting.

Kisha and Duke didn't refuse the offer, as they hadn't eaten anything since waking up and were beginning to feel the hunger.

They walked up to the counter, where the staff eagerly piled more food onto their plates, until they were overflowing.

Each cafeteria worker seemed determined to make sure Kisha and Duke ate well, pressing extra portions onto them.

Both of them pursed their lips as they looked at their plates, now heaping with food, trying to move forward without spilling it.

The others burst out laughing at the sight, both Kisha and Duke looking like two peas in a pod with the same bewildered expression.

"Ha ha ha! City Lord, Vice City Lord, don't worry, if you can't finish it all, we'll gladly help you out."

"I wish I were as loved as the City Lord and Vice City Lord, getting so much food from the staff. I'd be laughing even in my sleep if that happened!"

"Stop dreaming, man."

The cheerful buzz around them was heartwarming, so Kisha and Duke decided to go along with it and sat down with the warriors to eat.

Despite Duke's large appetite and Kisha's effort to eat more, the food on their plates was still far too much for them to finish.

The warriors around them, however, were more than happy to help and eagerly ate their leftovers without a hint of complaint. In fact, they seemed delighted to pitch in.

The menu for the day was especially appetizing: braised pork, chicken curry, steamed cod, rice, and a side of pickled vegetables that had the perfect balance of saltiness and tang, making it the perfect accompaniment to the meal.

Soon, a tired Aston and Tristan arrived at the cafeteria, intending to grab some lunch before returning to their tasks.

The workshop was progressing well, moving in the right direction, but the storm had forced the workers to halt temporarily.

Despite the conditions, the artisans refused to stop and continued working in the unfinished workshop, so it was up to Tristan and Aston to oversee them.

Meanwhile, those working solo were managing on their own, supported by their families or friends as they prepared to launch their businesses as soon as possible.

Aston and Tristan, however, still had to oversee the ongoing projects.

They knew it would take time for everyone to adjust, and they wanted to ensure everything ran smoothly, not wanting any setbacks during this crucial phase.

When Aston and Tristan saw Kisha and Duke sitting with the warriors, they immediately approached to greet them.

"City Lord, Vice City Lord," Aston said, saluting before taking a seat beside them.

"Master, Young Madam," Tristan added with a slight bow before joining Aston.

The four of them discussed the ongoing projects while Aston and Tristan ate, and Kisha and Duke rested after finishing their meal.

The warriors around them quietly excused themselves and, with great thoughtfulness, took Kisha and Duke's plates to the counter, which Kisha appreciated and thanked them for.

During the conversation, Kisha and Duke learned that Aston was overseeing Sparrow's group, who were preparing to venture outside.

Meanwhile, Tristan was in charge of the Artisans, who were making adjustments to the specially created muzzle oxygen masks for the animals.

Due to the storm, both operations had to pause, which, in turn, gave the Artisans more time to prepare without the added pressure of the time.

After hearing Aston and Tristan's reports, Kisha and Duke headed to the workshop.

Upon seeing everyone hard at work, the two leaders shared a few encouraging words, which seemed to motivate the Artisans even more. Kisha couldn't help but scratch her head, impressed by the shift in energy.

Soon, they made their way to the Supply Center, where they found Duke's father talking with the staff.

"Father," Duke called out as he and Kisha approached.

"What are you two doing here? Aren't you supposed to be resting?"

"We just came to check on how everything's going," Duke replied, glancing around.

The Supply Center was impressively organized, with the staff maintaining a calm and composed demeanor despite the influx of customers.

Nearly every item had clearly marked prices, visible to all.

The space was large and spacious, allowing easy navigation, and every corner was closely monitored with staff stationed throughout to assist and keep everything running smoothly.

Duke and Kisha exchanged a smile, recognizing the dedication Mr. Winters had invested in making sure the Supply Center was both efficient and well-managed.

"Everything's good. We have more than enough supplies," Mr. Winters replied.

"In fact, we're running out of warehouse space to store everything, so I've had to relocate the supplies Sparrow and his team gathered during their mission to Port City."

He paused for a moment, then added, "We also have consistent deliveries of fresh crops from Marcus' garden." He emphasized "garden" to provide a cover story, since the crops were actually coming from a large, secret farmland known only to them.

Given the number of workers working in the Supply Center who could hear them, the staff could only imagine how vast Marcus' "garden" must be, especially considering the large quantities of crops arriving daily.

Not long ago, Marcus and his grandchildren had stopped sending fresh meat to the Supply Center to avoid drawing suspicion.

While the crops were easy to explain as coming from his garden, the meat posed more of a problem.

For now, the meat was stored in the Territory Space's warehouse, and only frozen goods were sent to the Supply Center.

"How about the frozen goods?" Duke asked just as the conversation shifted.

"We have plenty," Mr. Winters replied. "That way, we can ensure the survivors' diets are balanced, and no one suffers from malnutrition." He added the last part with a dry joke, though his stoic expression made it clear he wasn't laughing.

After getting a clear picture of the situation in the Supply Center, Kisha and Duke headed back into the Territory space.

They had both been so focused on the events happening outside the base that they hadn't been keeping up with what was going on inside.

As leaders, they understood the importance of staying informed about every aspect of the base.

It was essential for making decisions that could directly impact their people.

Their rounds now felt more like an inspection, especially since they were free at the moment and didn't have pressing tasks to handle.

As soon as they entered the Territory space, Kisha and Duke were greeted by the sight of the Winters men working diligently, moving about the area.

In the distance, they could see trees falling one after another on the mountain, a reminder of the ongoing efforts to cut down trees.

Meanwhile, Marcus was busy tending to his farm, his focus unwavering.

By now, Marcus was nearing a level-up, his constant use of his ability pushing him closer to that milestone.

His grandchildren, too, weren't far behind in terms of growth. With the help of the Scarlet Honey, they were becoming stronger each day, their abilities expanding as they honed their skills.