

## Apocalypse 632

### Chapter 632 Going Back To City A?

Now that Kisha had a clearer understanding, her thoughts shifted back to their territory in City A.

"So, you're saying that you have proper equipment there that can help our artisan blacksmiths increase their production rate and manufacture the parts we need for our projects?" she asked, wanting to confirm the crucial details.

Duke nodded. "Exactly."

"But even with advanced equipment, we'd still need to travel back to City A and bring the blacksmiths with us since most of the equipment is massive and built-in—we can't just dismantle it and transport it to City B," Duke explained carefully.

"On top of that, we'd need to establish a clear and secure route for transporting essential materials between the two cities. This whole process will take a significant amount of time unless we consider relocating our base to City A. But that would mean moving over five thousand survivors from City B, which would be incredibly risky and time-consuming."

He laid out the challenges methodically, ensuring Kisha understood the scale of what they were up against and what steps would be necessary to make the most of their resources.

"Alright, let's think about it later. We're done here in City B, so we can head back to City A, check things out, and then decide whether to move our base or not," Kisha said with a nod, considering Duke's words carefully.

Hearing that they were finally returning to City A made Duke visibly pleased.

His lips curled up slightly in satisfaction, but the sight of that subtle smile made Kisha's brows furrow.

She suddenly remembered one crucial detail—Melody was still there. For some reason, that barely-there smile on Duke's face felt glaringly infuriating to her and left a bitter taste in her mouth.

"Why do you look so happy? Are you looking forward to seeing someone there?" Kisha couldn't help but ask, her tone carrying a sharp edge.

Duke was momentarily taken aback, sensing the faint hint of jealousy in her voice. But instead of feeling guilty, his smile only widened.

"Hmm... why do I suddenly smell sour lemons in the air? Do you smell that?" Duke teased, pretending to sniff dramatically.

Then, leaning in closer to Kisha, he took another exaggerated sniff near her. "Ah, I think it's coming from right here," he said with a mischievous grin.

Kisha glared at Duke as he happily teased her, but she couldn't bring herself to smile.

How could she, when Melody—his former fiancée—was waiting for him back in City A?

Their families had been close, and they had known each other since childhood. If Duke was implying she was jealous—hell yeah, she was.

She couldn't help it.

The mere thought of Melody being there, waiting for him, made her feel like she was about to explode with frustration.

She had never felt this jealous before. She never imagined herself as the possessive or jealous type, always believing she was laid-back and unbothered by her man interacting with other women—whether they had feelings for him or not.

As long as he knew his limits and maintained clear boundaries, she thought she'd be fine.

But now?

Her blood was boiling with anger, and she couldn't control it. This side of her was completely unfamiliar. Had she always been like this?

Or was it because of the betrayal she suffered in her previous life that she had become this way?

She didn't know.

Seeing Kisha genuinely upset, Duke stopped teasing and pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her waist. He pressed a series of soft kisses on her cheeks, trying to soothe her.

"Baby, don't overthink it," he murmured. "I'm happy because when we get back to City A, I'll finally be able to show you my secret stash—blueprints, weapons, and a whole bunch of things I've hidden there. I forgot to mention it last time because I was too worried about my family. But now that we're going back, I can finally present them to you."

He leaned in, lowering his voice as if sharing a secret. "Didn't you say you wanted planes, helicopters, yachts, and all that? Well, I have a collection of the latest military Humvees and even military-grade versions of what you wanted. They're all hidden underground."

Duke lifted his right hand, holding up three fingers. "Scout's honor. I'm telling you the truth."

"Wait, an underground bunker? You have an underground bunker?" Kisha's eyes widened as she stared at Duke in disbelief. "Why didn't you just have Eagle and Hawk retrieve everything and deliver it here?"

"They can't access it without my authorization," Duke explained. "The bunker is secured with a retina scan, fingerprint scan, full-body scan, and a passcode—everything is registered solely to me. Meaning, I'm the only one who can open it. It's my personal hidden stash."

"Why do you even have all that? Were you secretly preparing for a war?" Kisha eyed Duke skeptically, her suspicion growing. "There's no way you knew a zombie apocalypse was going to happen, right?"

"I wasn't preparing for a war, but I was making sure we were ready—just in case," Duke said with a casual shrug.

"There were already rising tensions between countries, and Russia had already attacked some, while wars in the Middle East were ongoing. I just wanted to ensure that if anyone dared to make a move against us, my private army and I would be well-prepared."

He spoke as if it were nothing more than a routine precaution, but to Kisha, it was starting to sound more like a well-laid-out contingency plan.

"Wait... is that why you took in so many orphans, trained them as your personal bodyguards, and then sent them all over the country?" Kisha questioned, though it sounded more like a statement than an actual inquiry.

"You weren't just helping them—you were building your own private army while gathering intel at the same time, weren't you?"

Her gaze locked onto Duke, piecing everything together as the realization sank in.

Duke stared at Kisha for a moment, his eyes deep and unreadable. She couldn't tell what he was thinking until, suddenly, a soft smile spread across his face, his features relaxing.

"My wife really understands me best," he said simply.

Those few words hit Kisha like a thunderclap. Her mind reeled as she pieced things together—Duke had been gathering and training orphans since he was young. If that was the case... then had he been planning this from the very beginning?

What kind of mind did the young Duke possess to think that way? And why would he even consider such a thing?

For some reason, Kisha couldn't wrap her head around Duke's way of thinking. The more she tried to understand him, the more puzzled she became.

But before she could dwell on it any longer, the sound of the Gachapon Draw finishing snapped her out of her thoughts.

Out of the 100 draws, three red cards glowed brightly with a golden light swirling around it, indicating mythical item—an impressive haul, considering there was only a 1% chance of obtaining one.

Additionally, she had pulled 15 golden cards, representing legendary items with just a 3% probability, along with 35 rare items (8% chance), 20 uncommon, 10 common, and 17 normal items.

It was an incredible outcome. She wasn't sure if it was because doing a hundred draws had naturally increased her chances or if luck was simply on her side.