

## Apocalypse 68

### Chapter 68 Tell me What Happened

Once the noodles were cooked to perfection, Kisha swiftly distributed portions to the seven eagerly awaiting men, their mouths watering in anticipation, drool nearly escaping the confines of their lips.

As Kisha handed out the steaming bowls of noodles, the men eagerly accepted them with trembling hands, their excitement palpable as if receiving a priceless gift from a monarch. While Kisha observed this gesture, she didn't dwell on the small details, understanding that hunger had taken its toll on them.

Despite their exhaustion and hunger, it was remarkable that they still retained the strength to fight as fiercely as they had earlier.

Having likely endured days of hunger in their struggle to survive, the men's voracious appetite was evident. The room fell silent as Duke and Kisha observed them indulging in their meal, the only sounds filling the air being the slurping and loud gulps as they eagerly consumed their fill.

Interestingly, there were no zombies in sight this time, providing a rare moment of respite for the group. As each person grappled with their own thoughts and emotions, a heavy silence settled over them. For Duke, the weight of this silence was particularly burdensome, as he remained uncertain about the significance of his people's presence in this place.

He had his own deductions, yet he hesitated to entertain them just yet. With the weight of uncertainty pressing upon him, Duke chose to set aside those thoughts for the time being. Within a matter of minutes, the seven men had devoured their meals with gusto, prompting Kisha to offer them water to help settle their stomachs.

After ensuring the men had finished their meal, Duke wasted no time in addressing the question that had been weighing on his mind. "Were you the group that escorted the Patriarch and my parents?" His voice betrayed no emotion, its tone cold and detached, though his expression remained impassive.

The man at the forefront straightened his posture, his expression taking on a somber tone. "Yes, master."

"How is my family?" Duke inquired.

"They are safe, master," the man replied with evident difficulty, hinting that while they were physically safe, their situation might not be favorable.

Upon hearing this assurance, Duke felt the tension in his muscles ease, and his clenched jaw relaxed. "What exactly occurred?"

"As you instructed, we arrived to escort the Patriarch and Mr. and Mrs. Winters from the Mansion to the designated safe settlement. However, shortly after departing the mansion, we realized we were being followed. We attempted to lose our pursuers by taking a detour through the west district, but they persisted, and we ended up losing valuable time in the process.

By the time the blood rain began, we were still navigating through the west district. We also ensured that all our people, including the Winters, were exposed to the blood rain as instructed. However, we took precautions to make our actions appear less conspicuous."

He sighed heavily as the memories of that chaotic day flooded back. "Even amidst the chaos, our pursuers refused to relent. They pursued us relentlessly, changing tactics until we found ourselves

trapped in an ambush. Thankfully, Tristan arrived to aid us, but not without losses. We lost some of our men in the attempt to escape, forcing us to flee to City B to avoid leading them to our base."

"But who would have thought that even after reaching City B's evacuation center, they would still pursue us relentlessly? Their determination to capture or eliminate the Winters knows no bounds. To prevent the sheltered civilians from getting caught in the crossfire, we sought refuge here in the western district. Yet, they persisted, relentlessly tracking us down.

Despite our efforts to conceal the patriarch and your parents, we're surrounded, unable to gather supplies effectively for fear of revealing their location. We're forced to skulk about like rats," he concluded, his tone heavy with wounded pride as he stared down at his hands.

"If it were up to us, we'd face those bastards head-on, tooth and nail. But alas, we're left to swallow our dissatisfaction and flee with our tails between our legs. We can't risk the safety of the Winters. Not only were we outnumbered, but they had superior weaponry and ample supplies," he lamented.

As Duke listened to the brief account, his eyes darkened and his aura seemed to grow heavier, casting a palpable pressure over them. He was seething with anger as he heard the tale of the day his parents and the patriarch vanished, along with his aide, Tristan.

To think that some people would try to take action against his family even after the chaos has descended down on earth, those people sure not only have guts but deep enmity with him or his family to pursue them until the end of the earth.

"Good, very good," he muttered, mentally noting to ensure those perpetrators meet a well-deserved end for targeting his people and daring to harm his men. The memory of finding his seven men's bodies, and the pain they endured before death, still haunted him. He vowed to ensure their assailants suffered far worse before he ended their lives.

He was seething with rage, but he hadn't forgotten what was important. Pushing aside his deep anger, he composed himself and asked, "Do you know the enemy's position? Even if it's not the exact location, just the proximity is fine." He glanced at Kisha, and when she nodded, he turned back to his subordinates.

"We've marked three possible locations where they might have been waiting in ambush. We're avoiding those places for now because we're low on manpower, running out of ammo, and our food supplies are running low. The madam was also sick, which is why my team and I went out to get some medicine and food supplies.

She must have been under a lot of stress with everything that's been happening, plus being hunted by those people," the man explained.

Duke's jaw tightened after hearing about his mother. It had already been more than a week since the apocalypse started, and he was certain that when they were escorted, they didn't have many food supplies with them. Most of the supplies had been sent to the base, and the weapons and ammunition the convoy had must have only sufficed for a few days.

He inhaled deeply, attempting to calm his raging emotions and focus on logical thinking. He understood that being emotional at this moment would only cloud his judgment and be counterproductive. As if on cue, he felt Kisha's small, soft hand patting his back rhythmically. It was remarkably soothing; he sensed his anger subsiding and his mind clearing.

"Lead us to where you guys are hiding," Duke commanded.

"Yes, master." They didn't question Duke's orders, especially after witnessing what Kisha was capable of. They surmised that she likely had supplies hidden somewhere, so all they needed to do was guide Duke and the others back to their hideout. Doing so might even alleviate some of the stress his mother was feeling.

None of them wasted time sitting around; they all set out to traverse the path toward the hideout. The newcomers in Kisha's party were baffled by how much easier their route seemed this time. It was as if Kisha knew where and when a zombie would appear from any corner ahead of time, giving them a heads-up or command of what to do.

They observed Duke's composed demeanor as Kisha seamlessly directed his subordinates, almost as if they were her own team, and how Sparrow and Vulture effortlessly followed her commands. Wide-eyed, they exchanged glances, clearly surprised by the scene unfolding before them.

Their astonishment at this scene surpassed even their initial shock at witnessing humans transforming into zombies. Born into power, Duke had never been accustomed to taking orders, yet here he stood, calmly following Kisha's lead. This unexpected dynamic left them reeling with disbelief.

"Damn! This woman has tamed the Tyrant Emperor just like that!" They shared the thought. And then they knew, she was definitely going to be their young madam for sure.