

Spider-Man 531

Chapter 531: Gathering Info

After attempting to open the armory door and realizing it was securely locked without a key in sight, Peter decided they should continue exploring the police station before attempting to breach it again. The group split up once more, scouring rooms and hallways for any useful supplies or information that could aid their survival.

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As everyone met back up after clearing the entire building, the absence of any living person inside and the secure nature of the structure offered a brief moment of relief for Joel, Sarah, and Tommy.

They gathered in a large room filled with desks, taking a collective breath as they took a seat. The adrenaline that had sustained them through the immediate danger now dissipated, leaving them shocked by the harsh reality of the apocalyptic scenario they found themselves in.

Joel, attempting to make sense of their situation, voiced the questions swirling in their minds. "How did this happen? Why are these people turning against each other?" Anxiety and fear resonated in his voice.

Tommy chimed in, "I told you, they're infected."

"Infected with what?" Joel asks in exasperation. "Because this ain't just some cold or flu. They're out there hunting people..."

"It's that fungus on them, I think." Tommy said thoughtfully. "It's like it's controlling them or something..."

Sarah, wide-eyed and visibly shaken, started checking herself for any signs of infection, her hands trembling. Joel and Tommy were so caught up in their own conversation that they didn't notice.

Seeing this, Peter spoke up. "Hey, take it easy. You're scaring the kid." Instantly, Joel and Tommy turned to Sarah, who looked to be on the verge of hyperventilating.

Peter rests a hand on her head, ruffling her hair. "Relax, you aren't infected. If any of us were infected, we'd probably know by now."

Sarah shot him a skeptical look, "How do you know?"

Peter hesitated for a moment, choosing his words carefully. "I saw someone turn in the street earlier. They got swarmed by the infected and killed. Seconds after, the fungus started growing all over them and then they joined the rest of the infected. It seems to be a pretty quick and noticeable change, though dying might just speed it up... but I'm not 100% sure yet."

Of course, Peter knew exactly how all of this worked as he played the game and watched the show. The infection spreads through direct contact with an infected, via a bite, or indirectly via airborne fungal spores released by a corpse. These spores can quickly infect an individual, making breathing difficult and movement sluggish within only minutes of exposure in spore-dense areas.

He even knew how all of this started. In the show, the spores spread rapidly to humans through an infected food supply delivered from South America, which is what spread the infection to such a broad area.

Although it originated in one place, the spores were transported in trucks, ships, etc. until it spread all over the world. Even places that didn't get a food shipment would be infected soon enough. After all, people travel all the time and the likelihood of an infected person being onboard is high.

Of course, he couldn't just say that. At least not until he can pretend to look into it or something.

Peter continued. "Trust me, you're all fine for now. Just don't let any of the infected touch you and stay away from any sort of fungus, or else things might get complicated. Because that seems to be the way it spreads."

"Okay..." Sarah nodded her head, calmer now that she knows how to avoid turning.

Joel walked over and sent Peter a thankful look before kneeling beside his daughter and pulling her into his arms. "It's alright, we won't let anything happen to you. I promise."

Tommy nodded in agreement. "Yeah, your daddy and I will take care of you, don't worry." He says before turning to Peter and the rest of the adults. "We need to figure out what's going on, and find a safe place to go. We can't just stay here forever."

As they shared their concerns, MJ, taking a more proactive approach, scoured the room and discovered a medical kit. Walking over to Sarah, she approached with the intention of wrapping up her ankle.

Joel, instinctively protective of his daughter, stepped in her way, holding his hand out. "Hold on, I can do it."

MJ met his gaze with a raised eyebrow, holding up the medical kit. "Do you know first aid?" She asked as his shoulders slumped. "That's what I thought... Trust me, we need to make sure she's okay. I'm not here to harm anyone."

Joel hesitated but eventually stepped aside, reluctantly allowing MJ to tend to Sarah's injured ankle.

"Hello, again." MJ greeted as she bent down to check over her ankle before expertly applying a bandage while simultaneously casting a bit of healing magic.

"Hi..." Sarah smiled but winced as MJ wrapped her up. "Ow!"

"Sorry about that." MJ looked apologetic as she finished up. "It doesn't seem broken, so it's probably just a sprain or a pulled muscle, which means you'll be walking again in no time."

The subtle magic worked beneath the surface, accelerating the healing process. It wouldn't be more than a couple of hours before Sarah would be able to walk again.

With Sarah all patched up, Peter took a seat at a desk with a computer. Curiosity and urgency mingled in his expression as he asked, "Anyone know if the internet is still working?" He glanced around, looking for confirmation.

MJ, sitting beside Sarah, replied, "There's only one way to find out."

As Peter booted up the computer, Tommy and Joel came up behind him, their interest piqued. MJ engaged Sarah in conversation, aiming to keep her distracted so that she could fully calm down.

As the computer turned on, the trio of men watched with anticipation. However, their excitement soon turned into frustration as the screen prompted for a password. Joel and Tommy exchanged annoyed glances, realizing they didn't have the information needed to unlock it.

Peter, undeterred, started typing at a remarkable speed, fingers dancing across the keys. Seconds later, the computer yielded, unlocking to reveal its Home Screen. Joel and Tommy were stunned, their expressions a mix of surprise and confusion.

"How did you do that?" Joel asked, suspicion lacing his words. "Are you some kind of hacker?"

Peter, nonchalantly shrugging, responded, "I'm just good with computers."

With the computer unlocked, Peter navigated to the browser, checking if the internet was still functional. To his surprise, it was. Taking a moment to revel in the triumph of technological continuity, he began his research.

His first search led him to a multitude of news articles detailing the infection. The fungus, originating in South America, contaminated the food supply and spread rapidly... blah blah blah. It explained everything Peter already knew, and the vivid descriptions of the infection's effects painted a grim picture.

Joel and Tommy, reading over Peter's shoulder, absorbed the gravity of the situation. The news articles depicted a world in chaos, with major cities like New York being hit the hardest due to their densely packed populations.

Moving on, Peter found a list of food products infected with the fungus, mainly flour and wheat-based items. This information was crucial for their future survival. Well, maybe not Peter and MJ since they have spells that protect them, but it's still important info for everyone else.

Peter noted down what to avoid and handed the paper to Joel, "Make sure to memorize and avoid those foods, unless you want to start growing fungus like everyone else."

Done with the immediate concerns, Peter turned to the group. "Is there anything else I should search for before the internet goes down?" He gazed at them, awaiting their input.

MJ had a good suggestion, "Download or print some survival guides and information that might help us in the future. Things like how to make medicine, concrete, steel, furnaces, factories, cars, clothes, guns, and anything that could be useful in the long run."

Peter smirked, acknowledging her foresight. "Smart thinking. We might need these things sooner than we think." Well, technically, Peter and MJ probably won't need it, as they wouldn't be here that long, but the information would certainly prove helpful for Joel, Tommy, Sarah, and anyone else they pick up along the way.

Joel and Tommy watched in awe as Peter's fingers moved rapidly across the keyboard, coding with precision. Lines of code filled the screen before he finally leaned back and tapped enter. The screen transformed, rapidly cycling through websites, automatically downloading vast amounts of information.

Curiosity tugging at him, Joel asked, "What did you just do?"

Peter stood up as he explained, "I wrote a program that instructs the computer to search for and download specific information. Now, we'll have everything we need on this computer's hard drive."

Sarah spoke up. "What happens if the power goes out?"

Peter shrugged. "Then we find a generator. Gas or solar power would still work."

As the data downloaded, Joel and Tommy exchanged glances, realizing the immense value of what Peter had just accomplished. With the world plunging into chaos, having a repository of essential knowledge could be their key to not just survival, but possibly rebuilding some semblance of civilization.

"Alright, you guys should get some sleep." Peter says as he checks the clock on the wall. "It's late and we have a busy day of looting planned for tomorrow."

Tommy raises a suspicious eyebrow. "And what are you going to do?" Although Peter hasn't shown any reason not to be trusted, he and Joel were still a bit wary.

Peter smirked. "I'm going to work on getting that armory door open..."

Unable to fully trust Peter yet, Tommy decided to join him in the effort to break into the armory. They left Joel, Sarah, and MJ in the large room where makeshift beds were being created from rearranged couches and fire retardant blankets.

As Joel and MJ worked on creating a semblance of comfort, the weight of exhaustion weighed heavily on Joel's shoulders. He felt a mixture of vigilance and weariness, knowing that anything could happen.

As the makeshift beds took shape, Joel couldn't help but cast an occasional glance in MJ's direction. Despite her seemingly helpful actions, a shadow of doubt lingered in his mind.

However, fatigue soon took its toll, and Joel succumbed to the physical and emotional exhaustion that accompanied the chaotic events of the day. He worked a double shift today and still didn't get a wink of sleep, and on top of that, today was his birthday.

'Worst birthday ever...' Joel thought as he drifted off to sleep.

Sarah, ever perceptive, noticed her father finally succumbing to sleep. She gently pulled a nearby blanket over him, tucking him in with a tenderness that showed just how much she cared. In a soft voice, she whispered, "Happy birthday, Daddy."

MJ observed this heartwarming moment with a warm smile on her face. Witnessing the bond between Joel and Sarah, she realized the impact she had made. Sarah wouldn't be here now without her intervention, and in that simple act of tucking Joel in, she found a sense of reward and purpose for her actions.

Chapter 532: Loading up & Setting out

The next morning, the group awoke to the aroma of makeshift breakfast in the police station's break room. Joel, Tommy, and Sarah, who was now walking fine thanks to MJ's magical healing, followed the smell and found Peter and MJ concocting a meal from what appeared to be leftovers from the station's fridge with the help of a microwave and a toaster oven.

"Good morning," Peter greeted them with a wry smile. "Hope you're ready for a gourmet police station breakfast."

Tommy chuckled. "I've had worse. At least it ain't an MRE."

As they sat down to eat, MJ joked dryly, "Who needs a five-star restaurant when you have a toaster oven and a microwave?"

This may be the hardest part of Peter and MJ's little apocalypse honeymoon... the lack of tasty food. But thankfully, they weren't normal survivors. They could cheat wherever they felt like it.

So while everyone slept, Peter sneakily portal'd over some usable food and stashed it in the stations fridge for their breakfast. He even got some bottled water since he doesn't know if the towns water supply has been infected yet.

Shrugging his shoulders, Peter added, "Be thankful the power's still on. Without it, we'd be enjoying some very cold and probably expired meals..."

As everyone sat around and ate, they began to realize that in their situation, simple joys like a warm meal were to be cherished. Joel, despite his reservations about Peter and MJ, which were swiftly diminishing as time went on, found himself appreciating the help and company.

After all, they'd be in a much worse situation without Peter and MJ. That was a cold hard fact, which he couldn't refute.

After the meal, Peter cleared his throat, drawing attention. "So, last night, Tommy and I found the key to the armory and moved all the weapons to the cars that we'll taking."

Of course, they didn't find the key. There's no way that the police would just leave it lying around for anyone to find.

Instead, Peter had to work a bit of magic whilst also fooling Tommy, who refused to trust Peter with the guns whilst his family was sleeping. Of course, he and MJ were gaining Tommy and Joel's trust little by little, so it would t be long before they were considered trusted friends.

Joel raised an eyebrow, curiosity evident in his expression. "Cars? What cars?"

Peter grinned. "Follow us." The group trailed Peter and Tommy through the dimly lit hallways until they reached the underground garage. The cavernous space housed a tiny fleet of police vehicles.

Peter pointed to two police SUVs, already loaded with the supplies from the armory. "We'll be taking these. More space for weapons, and we'll need even more room for the supplies we'll be gathering today."

Joel surveyed the cars and the provisions with a nod of approval. "Alright, what's the next move?"

All eyes turned to Peter as he seemed to have taken a leadership role within the group. Reaching into his pocket, he produced a map of the town he had found in the station and spread it across the hood of one of the SUVs.

Pointing to a nearby location, he explained, "This is the closest supermarket, and our next objective. We'll gather non-perishable items like canned goods, dried fruits, nuts, and bottled water. Energy bars and snacks too, for quick food on the go and the occasional craving. But remember the list I gave you. We want to avoid anything infected."

The group nodded in understanding, aware of the importance of securing food without falling prey to the deadly infection. The mission was clear, and Peter's practical approach reassured them.

Raising her hand, as if she were at school, Sarah spoke. "How are we going to avoid the infected? I mean, the whole town is probably full of them by now..."

"We don't." Peter answered matter of factly, surprising everyone. "It's literally impossible to avoid running into them. We can do our best to take a less populated route, but in the end, we'll be fighting our way in and out of everywhere we go."

As Peter's words settled in, everyone realized that this wouldn't be as easy as your average grocery shopping. It would be more akin to a military extraction than anything else.

Seeing everyone's mood turn somber, Peter smirked as he quickly opened the trunk on one of the cars, revealing all sorts of weaponry and ammunition. "Thankfully, we have enough firepower to go to war, so we should be fine."

MJ smirked alongside him. "God bless America..."

Tommy couldn't help but smile as well. "No, God bless the great state of Texas."

As the mood turned much lighter than before, Peter began detailing his plan so there wouldn't be any confusion later on...

After a quick planning session, everyone gathered their belongings and hopped into their respective cars. Peter and MJ took one SUV, armed and ready, while Joel, Tommy, and Sarah occupied the other. Before opening the garage doors, Peter communicated over the police radio, "You guys ready, over."

Tommy replied, "Yeah, ready to go..."

"..." Peter paused for a moment before taking again. "What was that? I didn't quite hear you. You have to say over, over."

MJ couldn't help but roll her eyes at her husband's behavior, whilst in the other car, Sarah was chuckling in the backseat. Even Joel snorted in amusement.

Sighing in annoyance, Tommy replied. "We're ready... over."

Smirking smugly, Peter answered back. "I hear you loud and clear. Rolling out, over."

Since everyone was ready, Peter tapped a remote in the car, causing the garage door to open. The convoy of SUVs rolled out into the desolate town, the doors closing behind them, enclosing their once-safe haven.

Driving through the town revealed a scene of devastation... abandoned cars, burning stores, pools of blood, and an eerie absence of dead bodies. The silence was shattered by the distant sound of their vehicles, and soon, the answer to the missing body's became apparent.

Following the convoy's noise, a group of fungus-riddled zombies emerged, chasing the SUVs. They were slow compared to the cars but numerous. Tommy, over the radio, asked Peter if he should start firing.

Peter's swift response echoed, "are you dumb? Just ignore them. Unless you want to draw the whole town to us... over."

As the convoy navigated through the town, the trailing pack of zombies grew, a grotesque parade accompanying them towards their destination, the supermarket.

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Arriving at the supermarket, the group found the parking lot littered with cars, a testament to the numerous attempts by others to secure supplies. The radio crackled with Peter's voice, "Well, looks like a popular spot. Everyone, be on guard. We're not the first ones here."

"Though it doesn't look like anyone survived..." MJ remarked as she eyed the many infected wandering the area.

As they parked their SUVs at the front of the supermarket, trunks wide open for easy loading, Peter barked orders. "MJ, Tommy, you're on shopping duty. Joel and I will cover you from out here. Let's make this quick and efficient. The longer we stay here, the more infected will swarm the area."

Exiting the vehicles, the group faced a swarm of infected approaching from the supermarket's entrance and parking lot. Without hesitation, Peter, MJ, Tommy, and Joel opened fire, the booming gunfire echoing through the once-bustling parking lot.

After cleaning the entrance, MJ and Tommy rushed inside to clear the rest of the building before starting their shopping spree.

Inside the supermarket, MJ and Tommy navigated the aisles, methodically clearing out infected before collecting supplies.

Back outside, as Peter and Joel continued their assault on the undead, who were drawn by the loud gunfire, Sarah, still in the car, peered out and asked, "What should I be doing?"

Joel, concentrating on eliminating threats, replied, "Stay in the car, Sarah. We've got this."

Undeterred, Sarah protested, "I can help! I don't want to just sit here." She says as she eyed one of the many guns in the car. "I can shoot with you-"

"No!" Joel exclaimed as he continued to fire. "Stay in the-"

Before Joel could continue, Peter interjected, "I agree that she shouldn't be using a gun, at least not yet. But she could load the cars when MJ and Tommy bring the supplies. If it's okay with you, of course."

Joel hesitated, glancing at Sarah. "Fine, but you follow orders, understood? If I say get in the car, you get in the car. No arguments, no delays."

Sarah agreed, a determined look in her eyes. As they spoke, the sound of gunfire intensified, drawing more and more infected towards them.

As the horde closed in, Peter and Joel continued their defensive onslaught. Peter's precise shots seemed to find their marks effortlessly, providing cover for Joel, who was less accurate but no less determined. The onslaught of zombies proved relentless, but the group's firepower prevailed.

Finally, MJ and Tommy emerged from the supermarket with carts loaded with food and water. They left the carts for Sarah to load into the cars and swiftly returned inside for more. The process repeated until the SUVs were overflowing with supplies, even utilizing the rooftops alongside some duct tape to take even more.

With their shopping spree complete, the group hastily returned to their vehicles. The once-desolate parking lot now lay strewn with the remains of the undead. Driving over the sidewalk to avoid the gruesome obstacle course, they left the now-silent supermarket behind.

As they drove away from the once-bustling town, the weight of their success mingled with the somber reality of the world outside.

"Oh my god!" Sarah yelled as she dug through the supplies in the backseat.

"What?!" Joel asked, alarmed.

"They got chocolate!" She exclaimed as she pulled out big boxes full of candy bars.

Rolling his eyes, Joel picked up the radio. "Hey, where are we going now?" He asked as he closely followed Peter and MJ's SUV.

Seconds later, Peter replied, "North." After all, the outbreak originated in South America, so it wouldn't be good to remain so close to the source.

In the rearview mirror, the town shrank, and the group pressed on, their makeshift convoy laden with the spoils of a perilous, yet successful, grocery run.

Chapter 533: The Strolling Deceased

Driving for the entire day, the group's convoy pressed on, the sun sinking on the horizon. The highway stretched ahead, mostly devoid of the living. Occasional cars passed by, uninterested in stopping or interacting. Abandoned vehicles dotted the roadside, and sporadic zombies wandered aimlessly. The majority of the infected seemed concentrated in populated areas, sparing the highways from the full onslaught.

As they drove, they were lucky enough to stumble upon small storage trailers, hitched to abandoned cars in the road. Instantly, an idea struck Peter, and they hitched these trailers to the back of their SUVs, expanding their capacity for supplies.

Throughout the day, they made stops at rest areas to loot convenience stores and refuel. Although they had to clear these places of zombies first, the encounters were a far cry from the urban chaos they left behind.

On top of the normal supplies, they also scavenged fuel containers, filling them to the brim for later use. While gas was currently easy to come by with the power still on, Peter foresaw challenges in securing it in the future. At least for normal people without superpowers and magic.

Over the radio, they debated whether to clear the next rest stop and spend the night there or rotate drivers and continue, allowing everyone else to rest while on the move. As they deliberated, Peter's keen eyes caught a distant car, following at a discreet distance with its headlights off. He even recognized it as one of the few cars they passed earlier in the day.

"Joel," Peter radioed, his tone alert. "Keep an eye out for a car behind us. I think we've got a follower."

The occupants of Joel's car peered back, squinting in the fading light, struggling to confirm Peter's suspicion. "I don't see anything," Joel responded.

"They're there, and they're keeping their distance," Peter insisted. An uneasy tension settled over the group as the possibility of being targeted for their ample supplies hung in the air.

As they continued down the highway, Peter mulled over their options. "Next rest stop, we'll pull in for the night and see what they do. Stay vigilant."

Joel and Tommy exchanged unsure glances, but they trusted Peter's instincts. "Alright," Joel replied as he turned to Tommy. "Make sure the guns are loaded."

Pulling into the next rest stop, they prepared for the night. The group systematically cleared the area of zombies while keeping a watchful eye on the road for the mysterious follower. However, as time passed, the anticipated car failed to arrive.

Concern etched across their faces, they realized the potential danger. Peter, deep in thought, proposed, "They might be waiting for us to settle in. Let's give them what they want..."

Setting up for their guests to arrive and positioning themselves strategically, the group turned off all of the lights and waited to see who would show up. Only Sarah was hidden in the back room of the nearby convenience store alongside MJ, who offered to sit with her so she wouldn't do anything stupid.

The night grew darker, and the rest stop, once a mundane place for travelers, now held an air of tension and uncertainty.

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As the night enveloped the rest stop in darkness, Peter perched comfortably on the branch of a nearby tree, his gaze fixed on the forest surrounding them. The anticipation hung in the air like a heavy fog, and the tension was palpable as the group waited for the enemy to arrive.

After what felt like an eternity, a solitary figure emerged from the shadows, moving with stealthy grace through the dense foliage. The silhouette approached cautiously, eyes fixated on the parked cars beside the gas pumps. For a moment, Peter questioned his senses, unsure if this was a trick of the night.

Taking a closer look, Peter's enhanced vision pierced through the darkness, and he recognized the figure. 'What the hell is Michonne doing here?'

[Insert picture of Michonne from The Walking Dead]

The familiarity of her presence added a new layer to the Universe that he thought he was in. It seemed the world they found themselves in was a combined universe, blending together The Last of Us and The Walking Dead.

As Michonne surveyed the parked cars, her hungry eyes betrayed a desperate need for the supplies within. Peter contemplated the best course of action, recognizing the delicate balance between survival and compassion in this harsh new world.

After watching for almost 20 minutes, Michonne finally stepped out of the bushes and crept over to the cars. But she wouldn't get too far before, suddenly, the rest stop's lights flickered to life, casting an abrupt spotlight on the scene.

Bang!

A single gunshot echoed from the roof of the convenience store, the bullet ricocheting off the ground in front of Michonne's feet, halting her approach.

Startled and exposed, Michonne attempted to retreat into the forest, but Peter descended from the tree, landing gracefully in front of her, blocking her escape route.

"Yo," Peter called out, waving nonchalantly, though he knew words might not be the solution. Michonne remained silent, her eyes conveying a mixture of caution and determination. Her hand rested on the katana strapped to her back.

Without hesitation, Michonne lunged at Peter, her sword slicing through the air. Peter, however, effortlessly sidestepped the attack, expertly maneuvering his body. He extended a leg, tripping Michonne as she tried to run past him, causing her and her sword to fall to the ground.

Casually, Peter picked up the fallen katana, admiring its craftsmanship. "Nice sword," he remarked, breaking the silence. "Where did you get it?"

Michonne, still silent, reached behind her back and produced a pistol. But before she could aim it at Peter, he swung the katana with precision, slicing the gun cleanly in half. Michonne stared at the ruined firearm, a mix of shock, awe, and fear etched across her face.

Realizing that her options were dwindling, Michonne attempted to flee, but Peter appeared beside her in an instant. With a swift tap on her neck, he rendered her unconscious, allowing her body to gently slump to the ground.

As Peter stood over the subdued Michonne, he contemplated the unexpected turn of events. This world was a crossover and he had to tell MJ, who would certainly be just as shocked as he was.

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After taking care of their intruder, Peter, Joel, and Tommy waited a bit longer to see if anyone else would show up, but no one ever came.

'She must be alone...' Peter thought as he searched Michonne's body, confiscating all of her weapons.

Tossing Michonne's unconscious body over his shoulder, Peter made his way toward the convenience store where they planned to spend the night. As he approached, Joel and Tommy emerged from their hiding spots, eyeing Peter and their captive with a mix of curiosity and concern.

"What should we do with her?" Joel asked, glancing at Michonne.

Peter, still carrying Michonne, shrugged nonchalantly. "Let's wait until she wakes up and explains herself first. Seemed like she was after our supplies more than anything else. Might be more to the story."

Joel exchanged a skeptical look with Tommy. The idea of keeping someone who had been stalking them around raised red flags.

Joel was the first to speak. "Maybe we should just leave her behind and go? We don't have to kill her, but keeping her with us seems dangerous..."

Tommy nodded alongside him. "Yeah, but I'm fine with killing her as well. After all, she can't try to rob us again if she's dead."

They voiced their concerns, wary of the potential danger she might pose, especially to Sarah. Peter brushed off their worries, knowing that he could easily protect them. Though this did highlight a future problem.

'Maybe I should magically vet everyone that joins our group from now on?' Peter wondered. After all, betrayals aren't a rare thing in an apocalyptic setting, so it might be smart to make sure the people they take in are trustable, upright individuals.

Especially now that he knows this is a crossover universe.

"Look, we need answers before we make any decisions," Peter explained, glancing between Joel and Tommy. "I'm not saying we trust her, especially after she just tried to rob us, but questioning her might give us a better picture. She might even know some information that we don't."

Joel weighed the options, considering the potential risks. After a moment of contemplation, he agreed, albeit with a condition. "Keep her away from Sarah."

"Agreed," Peter responded, as he walked toward the entrance of the convenience store.

Inside the store, he gently placed Michonne down on a sleeping bag, securing her hands and feet with zip ties to be safe. As Joel and Tommy went to check on Sarah, MJ walked out from the back, freezing in her tracks at the sight of Michonne.

"Is that who I think it is?" MJ asked, turning to Peter, who nodded in confirmation.

"The one and only Michonne," Peter replied, echoing MJ's realization. "This world seems to be a combination between The Last of Us and The Walking Dead. Congratulations, you got a two for one deal this time around."

"What do we do now?" MJ inquired both excited and concerned. "Should we try to recruit her?"

Peter shrugged, admitting his limited knowledge of Michonne. "I know she's a badass with a katana. But beyond that, not much else. The walking Dead was good show at first, but after a while it kind of went to sh*t."

MJ paused, recalling bits of Michonne's story from The Walking Dead. "She had a family during the outbreak, but they died later on. Other than that, I don't know much either. I think her husband had some sort of drug problem?"

Peter nodded, acknowledging the probable motivation behind Michonne's actions. "She's probably trying to steal supplies for her family while her husbands at home getting high. Let's wake her up and find out."

Caution in the air, they decided to offer Michonne a chance, to see if they could extend their survivor camp.

Peter warned MJ, "Just try not to get your hopes up, okay? For all we know, Michonne could be evil in this universe. The multiverse is unpredictable that way." Although he didn't think that was the case here, he still wanted to warn her for future reference.

Waking Michonne with a tap on the head, Peter utilized a small bit of magic. She gasped, scrambling backward in a defensive posture. Her eyes darted around, searching for her sword, which was nowhere in sight.

"Hello, again," Peter greeted, while MJ offered a friendly nod.

Chapter 534: Altered Fate

As soon as Michonne flinched away from them, MJ stepped forward, trying to calm her. "Hey, we're not going to hurt you. Just take it easy," MJ said in a reassuring tone.

Michonne's eyes flickered open, initially met with confusion and disorientation. She tried to move, only to realize that she was tied up. She shot a glare at Peter, her voice cutting through the tension. "If you're not going to hurt me, why the hell am I tied up?"

Peter, rolling his eyes, retorted, "Really? You attacked us when you got caught trying to steal our supplies. Would you prefer we give free rein to someone who just tried to rob us?"

Michonne looked down, a mix of shame and annoyance etched across her face. The reality of her actions sank in as the weight of her unsuccessful theft hung in the air.

As the conversation unfolded, Peter took the lead in questioning Michonne. "Let's start with the basics. Why were you trying to rob us? Are you alone, or do you have others with you? Have you done this before? And the million-dollar question, have you killed any innocent people lately?"

Michonne hesitated for a moment, her eyes darting between Peter and MJ. "Look, I needed supplies. I'm alone. I've done what I had to do to survive, but I've never killed anybody before, besides the infected, that is. If you let me go, I promise to leave and never bother you again. You have my word."

Peter, skeptical but wanting to verify her claims, decided to employ a bit of telepathy. He delved into Michonne's mind, probing for sincerity and potential hidden intentions. It was a delicate dance, respecting her privacy while ensuring the safety of the group.

As he sifted through her thoughts, he picked up on a sense of desperation, a struggle for survival in the harsh post-apocalyptic world. Apologies echoed in her mind, mingling with images of loss and the fight to protect loved ones.

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Michonne grew up in Arkansas, which was different from her TV show counterpart. She came from a middle-class family, where she grew up with a keen interest in both modern art and literature...

At some point later in her life, Michonne entered into a relationship with her boyfriend Mike. They went on to have a son named Andre, whom Michonne affectionately nicknamed "Peanut". The three lived together as a family and presumably enjoyed a privileged and lavished lifestyle. Michonne also came to befriend Mike's closest friend Terry...

At the onset of the outbreak, Michonne found a katana upon which she began to hone her survival skills to perfection as a result of encountering and killing the infected.

Sometime later Michonne, Mike, Terry, and Andre journeyed to a refugee camp where they settled. Quickly, several members abandoned the camp due to events worsening. Michonne chose to remain there despite this, which often resulted in several arguments between her and her boyfriend, who has been acting weirder and weirder lately.

'Huh, was MJ right? Is he doing drugs behind her back?' Peter wondered as he continued reading her mind.

And finally, earlier today, she decided to go out and gather some supplies for her family, mainly her son, who is a toddler, since no one in their camp wanted to go out anymore. After all, everyone who left for supplies never came back, making them scared to leave the safety of their hiding place. Even if it meant starving to death.

'And then she saw us driving by with supplies duct taped to the roof and decided to steal one of our cars...' Peter summarized as he finished invading her mind. 'All while her useless boyfriend hides away from the world back in their camp.'

...

Satisfied that Michonne wasn't an immediate threat and empathizing with her plight, Peter withdrew from her mind. "Alright, although you didn't say much, I don't think you're lying."

He motioned to MJ to untie Michonne. "I can give two options, and luckily for you, neither include you dying today. We can either give you enough food for one person and send you on your way, or you can try to join our group. Though you'll have to earn some trust first, and that's easier said than done..." Peter offered as MJ cut her hands and feet free.

"?!" Michonne's eyes widened, not expecting to get such an offer from the people that she just tried to rob. If she were in their position, she would have either tied them up and left them in the middle of the woods, or killed them.

Peter continued. "We're giving you a chance here, so what do you want to do?"

Michonne, rubbing her wrists after being freed, reluctantly shaking her head. "Thank you for your offer, but I'll just take the food and be on my way..."

Although she could tell that Peter and his group seemed friendly and reliable, based on their offer and the copious amount of supplies, she had a family to take care of. And she couldn't risk the life of her loved ones, especially her son, for a chance that might lead to a worse situation than they were already in.

"Fair enough," Peter shrugged whilst MJ frowned. After all, she wanted to recruit Michonne into their group.

...

Leaving Michonne to MJ, who kept a watchful eye on her, whilst trying to change her mind, Peter packed a bag with enough food and supplies for one person, true to his promise.

As he packed, Joel, emerging from the convenience store, looked at Peter with a raised eyebrow. "What are we doing about our guest?"

Peter, continuing to pack the bag, replied, "She's leaving. I'm giving her some supplies to help her out."

Joel, not entirely thrilled about giving away supplies, especially to someone who had just tried to rob them, nodded reluctantly. He was just glad that she was leaving.

After all, he didn't have the luxury of trusting strangers, not while he had a daughter to protect. Of course, his skepticism and wariness were traits that would serve him well in this new post-apocalyptic world.

As the first light of dawn began to pierce the darkness outside, the group drove Michonne back to her car, where they handed her the bag of supplies and her katana. The tension lingered in the air as they exchanged curt goodbyes.

As Michonne watched their two car convoy drive away, a conflicted expression painted her face. She yearned for the security and resources that Peter's group seemed to possess, but her hard-earned instincts cautioned against trusting too easily in this unforgiving world.

Alone in the driver's seat of her car, Michonne opened the bag they had given her. The contents went beyond mere sustenance. Alongside the food, she found a pistol, some ammo, a portable police radio, and a note.

The note, signed by Peter, read, 'Be safe and contact us if you change your mind.' It included a radio frequency for communication.

Michonne couldn't help but smile, realizing the missed opportunity to join a group that seemed genuine in their offer of assistance. Regret gnawed at her, but the practicalities of survival took precedence. Her family awaited her return, and she needed to bring back whatever supplies she could scavenge.

As the convoy disappeared from view, Michonne revved the engine, making her way back to her camp with a mix of gratitude and uncertainty. The radio and supplies provided a lifeline, a connection to a group she might never see again.

...

Driving back to her camp, the bag of supplies nestled beside her, Michonne couldn't help but feel a glimmer of hope. The thought of surprising her son, Andre, with some tasty food and a few treats, including candy, lifted her spirits. Peter's unexpected generosity showed in the assortment of items he had provided.

The camp, situated in a secluded camping grounds nestled within the woods, seemed peaceful as Michonne approached. However, the smile on her face began to fade as the distant sounds of gunfire reached her ears. A gnawing fear gripped her heart, urging her to hurry back to her loved ones.

As she neared the camp, the initial shock gave way to chaos. Dozens of zombies roamed freely, their groans blending with the sporadic gunfire. Panic settled over the camp, and Michonne's instincts kicked in. She slammed her foot on the gas pedal, rushing toward the heart of the unfolding nightmare.

Upon arrival, the scene was a chaotic picture of horror. Dozens of a zombies overran the camp, and even more lurked in the shadows of the surrounding trees. Michonne wasted no time. Grabbing her katana and a pistol, she leaped out of her car, determined to cut through the undead and reach her family.

Screaming for Andre and her boyfriend Mike, Michonne carved a path through the infected. Blood splattered her clothes as she dispatched one after another. The air echoed with the sounds of desperate survivors and the gruesome demise of those unlucky enough to be caught.

Approaching her tent, dread pooled in Michonne's stomach. What she found was beyond comprehension. Mike and his friend Terry sat in foldable chairs, needles in their arms, completely oblivious to the zombies currently feasting on them. Their blissful, zoned-out faces stared vacantly into the sky, lost in their drug-induced haze.

Instantly, Michonne realized the heartbreaking truth... Mike had neglected his responsibility to protect their child, succumbing to a drug addiction alongside his idiot friend. Shocked and infuriated, she dispatched the infected around the tent, completely ignoring the two junkies.

Fueled by a mix of anger and grief, Michonne's focus shifted to her son. Panic set in as she frantically searched the tent, calling out Andre's name. For a moment, she feared the worst until, finally, the muffled cries of a child reached her ears.

Opening a luggage chest that usually held their belongings, Michonne found her three year old son, Andre, crying and hugging her shirt. Peering upwards in fear, little Andre's eyes widened in relief. "Mommy?!"

"Peanut!" Relief washing over her, Michonne pulled him into her arms, whispering soothing words to calm him down.

Knowing they had to leave, Michonne, without bothering to grab anything besides Andre's favorite stuffed dinosaur, wrapped a blanket around him, tying her son in place on her body.

The reality of the situation hit her, and tears streaked down her face as she killed zombies on her way to the car. With Andre safely in her arms, she drove away from the nightmare that had become their once peaceful camp.

Although she felt bad for leaving the father of her child behind, Michonne knew that Mike was infected and would turn soon enough. She wasn't willing to risk her sons life for a dead man who couldn't even do his job properly.

As the engine roared, Michonne glanced at the radio Peter had given her, contemplating whether to contact the group that had offered her a chance earlier. The weight of the decision hung in the air as she drove into the uncertain future, her son now sleeping soundly in her arms.

Little did she know that her encounter with Peter changed the grim fate of her son. Thanks to the supplies he had given her, Michonne was able to return to the camp sooner than she originally would have, allowing her to make it in time to save her little Peanut.

Chapter 535: Cheating B*tch

A few hours had passed since Michonne parted ways with Peter's group. MJ, sitting sulking in the car beside Peter as he drove, couldn't shake the disappointment from her expression. She had hoped to recruit Michonne into their growing group of survivors, but the woman had declined their offer and left.

Peter glanced over at MJ, his lips curling into a teasing smile. He understood why she was upset. She wanted to bring people into their fold, envisioning a larger community, and later, a base where they can live together before they had to leave this world. But Michonne's refusal had put a damper on those plans.

MJ, unable to contain her frustration, finally asked, "What's so funny?" Her pouting face was met with Peter's gentle amusement.

"Why so glum, My Love? You can't expect every character that we meet to join us so easily." Peter said, his eyes focused on the road ahead.

MJ bristled a bit, her frustration evident. "Well, yeah, but Michonne is one of the cooler Walking Dead characters, so I might have gotten my hopes up..."

Peter chuckled, "I know, I know. But hey, don't worry too much. We'll see Michonne again sooner than you think."

MJ shot him a questioning look. "How can you be so sure?"

Peter's smile turned mysterious, and before MJ could inquire further, the radio crackled to life. A familiar voice echoed through the car, and MJ's eyes widened in recognition. "Hello... Hello... Is this the right frequency?" It was Michonne.

As Peter picked up the radio, a sly smirk played on his lips. "Well, well, well... I didn't think you'd call so soon, Michonne."

"Peter," Michonne's voice wavered as she recounted the recent attack on her camp by the infected, though she left out anything that do with her boyfriend. "I managed to escape with my son," she explained, her voice turning hopeful. "And... well... I was wondering if your group would still be willing to accept us?"

Peter, playing it cool, responded nonchalantly, "Hmm, I don't know..."

Seeing his playful facade, MJ snatched the radio from him. "Of course, you're welcome, Michonne! You and your child can join us. We'll tell you where to meet up."

Peter grinned at MJ's enthusiasm, secretly pleased with the turn of events. Meanwhile, in the car behind them, Joel, Tommy, and Sarah listened to the exchange. Sarah seemed open to the idea of Michonne joining, but Joel and Tommy wore expressions of skepticism. The possibility of Michonne lying about her situation to take advantage of them lingered in their minds.

After a moment of deliberation, they came to a collective decision to follow Peter's lead, but maintain a cautious eye on the thief who would be joining them. The prospect of expanding their community, albeit with a hint of uncertainty, added a new layer to the dynamics of their survival.

As the location for their meet up was shared, MJ leaned back in her seat, a triumphant smile on her face. They were on their way to meet Michonne and her son, which was exactly what she wanted in the first place.

The group, led by Peter, decided to make a stop at the next rest stop and wait for Michonne and her son to catch up to them.

Clearing the few zombies that wandered near, they took control of the area, searching for supplies and looting whatever they could find. The once-bustling rest stop was now eerily quiet, with remnants of the past scattered around.

As the group explored the area, Peter faced a new challenge. The power was out, rendering the gas pumps useless in the conventional way. Unfazed, Peter decided to use his unique abilities. He

pretended to tinker with the pumps, creating the illusion that he had somehow rigged them to work. In reality, it was his magic seamlessly filling their tanks.

Meanwhile, Michonne arrived, her gaze shifting nervously between the group members. After attempting to rob them just the night before, joining the same people was undoubtedly an awkward situation. Tommy and Joel, ever the vigilant guards of the group, weren't exactly friendly, adding to the discomfort of the encounter.

As Michonne greeted everyone, MJ stepped forward with a reassuring smile. "Don't mind Joel and Tommy, they warm up eventually. Just show them you're worth trusting, just like we all did."

Michonne, grateful for the chance, nodded appreciatively. She cradled her son, Andre, in her arms. The events at her camp had made her more protective than ever, and she was unwilling to part with him after what had transpired.

MJ continued to talk with Michonne, trying to ease the tension. "We all had to prove ourselves when we joined. It's a tough world out here, and trust is hard to come by. But once you do, you'll be accepted. Don't worry to much. As long as you don't have any ulterior motives, you'll be fine."

As they conversed, everyone couldn't help but look down at Andre, peacefully sleeping in his mother's arms. The innocence of a child alongside his mother helped ease the growing tension in the group.

After gathering supplies and ensuring their vehicles were ready, the now three-car convoy prepared to hit the road. Peter and MJ led the way in the first car, Joel and his family followed in the second, and Michonne and her son took up the rear.

As they drove away from the rest stop, Michonne's gaze lingered on the world passing by. The road ahead was unpredictable, but she couldn't help but feel like she made the right decision.

Although she wished the father of her child could be here with them, she knew deep down that his passing was more of a blessing than a curse. As soon as the world went to sh*t, so did her once-reliable boyfriend.

They were better off without him.

...

After driving in silence for a while, MJ, sitting beside Peter, turned to him with a curious expression.

"Hey, where are we headed next?" she asked, the excitement evident in her voice.

Peter flashed her a mischievous smile. "Well, My Love, since we're in the Walking Dead, don't you think we should pick up the protagonist?" He raised an eyebrow as MJ's eyes widened with surprise and excitement

Before MJ could press for more details, the radio crackled to life, and Joel's voice came through, asking the same question. "Where are we heading, Peter?"

Peter, still wearing that enigmatic smile, responded, "Georgia."

After all, they have a coma patient to wake up, a mother to save, and a camp of main characters to find. MJ smiled happily, pondering all of the possibilities.

As Peter and his group continued their journey towards the state that contained most of the characters they wanted to recruit, in Kings County Hospital in Georgia, Deputy Rick Grimes lay unconscious on his bed, an unmoving coma patient.

[Insert picture of Rick Grimes here]

The military presence outside was evident, with the constant barrage of gunfire filling the air. The hospital had become the base of operations for the local military and a never ending battleground, each gunshot both a defense against the infected and a siren song drawing more of them near.

The military's attempts to maintain order were turning the hospital into a fortress, unwittingly amplifying the magnitude of the threat, further endangering everyone inside who they fought so hard to protect. Amidst the chaos, the military personnel worked tirelessly to secure the hospital, using up an uncountable amount of ammunition each and every day, exhausting their supply.

After all, not everyone can have 100% accuracy like Peter. Even for trained soldiers, wasted ammo was a normal occurrence.

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Not too far away, in a nearby neighborhood, overrun by the infected just like everywhere else, Morgan Jones and his family, Jenny and their son Duane, huddled in their fortified home.

[Insert pictures of the Jones family here]

The windows were boarded up, and an air of silence enveloped the residence. Having learned early on that sound attracted the infected, the Jones family lived by the mantra of staying quiet to stay alive. The distant echoes of gunfire and the shuffling of passing zombies served as a grim reminder of the world they now inhabited.

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Across the state, at the Quint Materials Company Road Base Quarry, a camp of survivors began to take shape. Ricks partner and trusted friend, Deputy Shane Walsh and Lori Grimes, Ricks wife, found themselves entwined in a clearly sexual embrace away from prying eyes.

[Insert picture of Shane(Snake friend) here]

[Insert picture of Lori(Cheating B*tch) here]

Some might think that this relationship started during the outbreak, when Shane took responsibility for Ricks family and protected them from the infected, but they would be wrong.

Even before Rick's absence, due to his coma, Shane and Lori were romantically involved behind his back. Except now, instead of trying to hide their misdeeds from her husband, they were hiding from her son, Carl, who was currently sulking in a nearby tent, wondering if he'll ever get the chance to see his father again.

[Insert picture of Carl here]

A whole day and night passed as Peter and his growing group of survivors crossed into the state of Georgia, where they would no doubt expand their group even further.

'I wonder if I can recruit the soldiers at Ricks hospital? Well, that is if they aren't dead or gone by the time we get there.' Peter wondered. After all, he had big plans, and big plans required a lot of man and fire power.

Chapter 536: Mysterious Samurai

The three-car convoy led by Peter cruised into Kings County, Georgia, a state rife with the echoes of gunfire and the palpable tension of the apocalypse. The cityscape bore the scars of survival, buildings standing as silent witnesses to the struggles that had unfolded within their walls.

As they drove deeper into town, the distant sounds of gunfire grew louder, creating an unsettling ambiance. The group, now seasoned in navigating the dangers of this new world, exchanged wary glances.

Meanwhile, Peter and MJ smirked at one another, alone in their car together.

"It sounds like the military is still alive and well at the hospital." Peter commented, his plans for a military recruitment looking good.

MJ couldn't help but ask, "how are you planning to recruit them?"

Peter just smiled mysteriously, "I guess you'll just have to wait and see..."

Continuing their way into the city, the infected, drawn to the commotion like moths to a flame, ignored their cars and swarmed toward the source of the gunfire, running far faster than the zombies from the Walking Dead show.

Over the radios, Tommy's voice crackled in, breaking the tense silence. "What the hell is going on up ahead? Anyone got eyes on the situation?"

Joel's voice joined the conversation, skepticism evident in his tone. "Could be more survivors. Could be trouble. We should be cautious and give them a wide birth..."

Peter, taking a thoughtful pause, chimed in, "It's a risk, but we won't know until we check it out. It could be a camp of survivors trying to clear out the city, or even the military. There's far too many gunshots for it to be anything else..."

Michonne, ever watchful, added, "Or potential threats. I've seen how unpredictable people can be..."

Joel, listening to the exchange, felt the weight of the decision hanging in the air. "Peter, what do you think? Should we investigate?"

Peter, steering the lead car with a sense of purpose, responded, "We go and see. We don't commit to anything until we assess the situation. If it's trouble, we back off. If it's the military or survivors who need help, we evaluate from there."

With everyone in agreement, the convoy continued its path through the eerily empty streets, the unsettling sounds of gunfire seeming to never end. The infected, driven by instinct, swarmed towards the noise, their moans and shuffles filling the air.

As the group approached the source of the disturbance, the tension in the convoy grew palpable. The decision to investigate hung in the air like a delicate balance, each member contemplating the potential risks and rewards.

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The convoy, guided by the echoes of gunfire, moved closer to the source of the commotion. However, as they approached, the intensity of the gunfire seemed to wane, replaced by prolonged breaks of unsettling silence that hung in the air like a foreboding shadow. The group exchanged concerned looks, the absence of sustained gunfire raising unsettling questions.

Peter and MJ, alone in their car, shared a concerned look. "That doesn't sound very good," Peter commented.

The lack of continuous gunfire meant one of two things. Either the military at the hospital was running out of bullets, or they were running out of able-bodied bodies to fire those bullets. Either way, it wasn't a good situation to be in.

Of course, they could have cleared out the zombies around them, which would explain the lack of gunfire, but that didn't seem likely. After all, just driving down the road now, Peter could see dozens of infected swarming towards the gunfire.

The convoy pressed forward through the streets, the unsettling sounds of gunfire continuing, guiding them to the heart of the disturbance. The tension in the air was palpable as they neared the source.

As they arrived, a sprawling hospital came into view, fortified with sandbags, barricades, and military vehicles. Soldiers stood on vantage points, firing on the ceaseless sea of zombies attempting to breach their defenses. The sight, though confirming Peter's earlier speculations, brought a sense of relief tinged with uncertainty.

The military, seemingly outnumbered and low on ammunition, faced overwhelming odds. Peter signaled the convoy to pause a few blocks down the street, cautioning everyone to hang on for a moment while he attempted to contact the military inside the hospital.

Switching through radio channels, Peter found the frequency of the military and listened in. The conversations painted a dire picture of exhaustion, fear, and urgent calls for more ammunition. The gravity of their situation became apparent as Peter eavesdropped on their desperate pleas.

Waiting for a break in the comms, Peter finally spoke up. "Yo, do you guys need any help?" The intrusion surprised the military.

As the soldiers exchanged glances, one couldn't help but question, "Who the hell is on our radio?"

After a moment of confusion, Major John Lewis, the highest-ranking officer, responded cautiously. "This is Major Lewis. If this is the three cars parked down the road, then your offer is appreciated, but sadly worthless. Even if you are police officers, which I doubt, you'll only get yourselves killed trying to help us. Go and find a safe place to hide, preferably outside of town, and away from populated areas."

Another voice broke in, "And stay off of our frequency, civilians!"

Ignoring the last idiot to speak, Peter was impressed by Major Lewis. After all, he quickly found where they were, assessed their strength, and was even kind enough to advise them against helping them.

'He would make a good subordinate...' Peter, smirked as he spoke through the radio. "We'll clear the horde out front before the sun sets," he assured them confidently. "Just sit back and enjoy the show..."

Switching back to the old frequency before they could reply, Peter quickly explained his plan to help the military, his voice cutting through the airwaves with authority. "Alright, here's the plan. We're going to clear the horde in front of the hospital. I need Michonne, Joel, Tommy, and MJ to get on the rooftops across the street. Bring a radio, firepower, and enough bullets to take on a small army. And don't forget to bring the kids. Barricade the doors behind you to keep the infected out."

Joel, ever the protector, immediately voiced his concern. "Are you sure this is a good idea? What if something goes wrong?"

Peter, with unwavering confidence, responded, "Trust me, Joel. We'll be fine. We need to act fast before the hospital is overrun. Now, move!"

As orders were given, Michonne asked a crucial question, her eyes reflecting a mix of concern and determination. "What about you, Peter? What's your part in all this?"

Peter, with a smirk that hinted at both mischief and assurance, replied, "I'll need to borrow your sword, Michonne."

There was a moment of stunned silence over the radio as everyone processed what Peter had just said. Joel, ever the voice of reason, couldn't help but interject, "Are you out of your mind? You're going down there with just a sword against that horde?"

Peter cut him off before he could continue, his tone firm and resolute. "I'll be fine. Trust me. We need to move now."

Despite the protests that lingered in the air, the group followed Peter's orders. Doing so has kept them alive and thriving thus far, so they couldn't help but feel like Peter always had a plan.

As they departed MJ approached Peter. She kissed him passionately on the lips, a mixture of fear and love in her eyes. "I know you'll be fine, but...Come back in one piece, okay?"

Peter returned the kiss, his expression filled with reassurance. "I always do. Now, go. We've got a horde to deal with."

Meanwhile, Michonne handed Peter her sword, the exchange carrying a weight of unspoken worry on her part.

Each member grabbed their weaponry, mentally preparing for the upcoming challenge. Joel and Michonne, with their children in tow, moved swiftly towards the chosen building they would all perch themselves on.

As the group ascended to their vantage points, Peter took a moment to look at the weapon in his hands. 'This would probably dull after a few dozen kills.'

With a tap of his hand on the side of the blade, Peter watched as runes drew themselves along the sword, strengthening its sharpness and durability to insane degrees.

Smirking as he gave the sword a few test swings, Peter eyes the horde down the road. "Time to impress some future henchmen..."

Despite Peter's bold declaration to the soldiers in the hospital that he would clear the horde, skepticism and doubt lingered among the military ranks. Many soldiers mocked him for what they perceived as foolish bravado, while others, aligning with Major Lewis's caution, expressed concern for their safety. Either way, the prevailing sentiment was that Peter and his group were destined for failure.

However, as Peter confidently strode down the street toward the approaching horde, the soldiers outside couldn't help but notice his arrival as well as his calm demeanor and the single sword he wielded. Murmurs and speculation spread through their ranks, wondering if he was a madman or a survivor with a death wish.

As Peter neared the horde, which has just noticed his arrival, a collective gasp emanated from the soldiers as they witnessed a spectacle that defied their expectations. With a single, powerful swing of his sword, Peter decapitated over a dozen zombies at once. The bodies dropped to the ground, leaving the soldiers in awe of the unexpected display of skill.

Surprisingly, Peter didn't stop there. He quickened his pace and plunged headfirst into the sea of zombies outside the hospital. Soldiers shouted warnings and a mix of disbelief and concern, but their astonishment only grew as Peter continued to mow down the infected.

Rather than succumbing to the overwhelming numbers, Peter moved with an uncanny agility, slicing through zombies effortlessly. His sword became a blur of lethal precision, and the soldiers watched in disbelief as he carved a path through the horde, seemingly impervious to their attacks.

Major Lewis, initially skeptical, emerged from the hospital to witness the unfolding spectacle. Shock and awe painted his face as he realized that the horde was now entirely fixated on Peter. He barked orders to his men, instructing them to hold their fire and focus on clearing out the infected furthest from Peter to avoid any accidental harm to their unexpected savior.

The soldiers, once hesitant, followed Major Lewis's orders and began firing at the zombies on the outskirts of the horde. And as they did, MJ, Michonne, Joel, and Tommy, perched on a nearby rooftop, joined in the gunfire alongside them.

From their elevated vantage point, Tommy couldn't help but express his amazement. "I thought he was crazy, but look at him go..."

Michonne, normally reserved, couldn't help but nod in agreement. "He moves faster than I can see..."

Joel, still harboring some concern, added, "Let's make sure we cover him well. We don't know how long he can keep this up."

MJ smirked as she watched her husband work. 'Damn... he's so sexy right now~'

As the combined firepower of Peter's group and the soldiers thinned the herd, Peter continued his relentless assault on the infected. The once-threatening horde now appeared helpless against the skill and determination of this lone figure.

The soldiers, initially doubtful, were now witnesses to a feat that defied their expectations. The atmosphere shifted from skepticism to a mix of awe and gratitude. In that chaotic dance of life and death, Peter carved a path of survival, earning the immense respect of those who had doubted him just moments before.

Chapter 537: Early Wake Up Call

After hours of relentless combat, Peter stood in the center of the once-infested street, his sword glistening with a grim sheen of blood and entrails. Despite the gruesome scene surrounding him, Peter himself appeared untouched, not a speck of gore marring his form. His clothes still pristine, betrayed no sign of the violent battle that had just unfolded.

The street, now a graveyard for the undead, was strewn with the lifeless bodies of rotting zombies. Most lay headless, victims of Peter's swift and precise strikes, while others bore the scars of bullets, courtesy of his allies providing cover from a distance. The combined effort of Peter's group and the military had effectively thinned the herd, clearing the immediate threat that had besieged the hospital.

The air hung heavy with the metallic scent of blood, and the eerie silence that followed the chaos was only broken by the distant moans of straggling zombies. The once-swarming horde had been decimated, and though more would inevitably trickle in, the majority that had overwhelmed the soldiers was now vanquished.

'That should make things easier for them...' Peter thought as he flicked his wrist, flinging the blood off of Michonne's sword.

Amidst the gruesome aftermath, Peter surveyed the scene with a detached sense of accomplishment. The military, having observed his unparalleled prowess from their vantage point, opened a makeshift gate, and Major Lewis, flanked by armed soldiers, stepped out to greet him. The soldiers looked at Peter in a mixture of awe and disbelief, unsure if the man before them was an actual human being or not.

"Quick, come inside before more of those damn things show up," Major Lewis called, his skepticism from earlier replaced with a clear respect.

With a nod, Peter made his way towards the gate, the soldiers parting to allow him entry. As he approached, Major Lewis couldn't help but express his astonishment, "I didn't think you'd last more than a few minutes out there. I know I wouldn't..."

Peter, with a wry smile, replied, "I told you I'd clear the horde."

The soldiers, sensing the newfound opportunity for safety, quickly scurried to close the gate behind Peter, securing the hospital grounds from the lingering threat outside. As the barricade locked into

place, Peter radioed his group, instructing them to bring the cars and drive to the hospital. The soldiers, now allies, were prepared to welcome them inside.

Within minutes, the distant hum of engines grew louder as the convoy approached. The soldiers, their weapons at the ready, allowed Peter's group to pass through the gate. MJ, Sarah, Joel, Tommy, Sarah, Michonne, and Andre emerged from the vehicles, their expressions a mix of relief and anticipation.

"Tommy, guard the cars until we're sure we can trust these people." Peter ordered and Tommy nodded, standing beside their vehicles with an assault rifle in hand, eyeing anyone that came near. "The rest of you feel free to explore. This place might have a working shower, so take advantage of it while you can." He gestured towards the hospital entrance.

As the group entered the hospital grounds, the atmosphere inside was a stark contrast to the chaos outside. Patients, soldiers, and survivors alike gazed at Peter with a mix of awe and reverence. Some whispered prayers, others stared in disbelief, and a general sense of gratitude filled the air.

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As the group, including MJ, rushed excitedly into the hospital, drawn by the prospect of a working shower after days on the road, Peter turned to Major Lewis. He gestured toward a quiet corridor and, with a nod from the Major, they headed toward a large office. The door swung shut behind them, guarded by soldiers stationed outside.

Inside the office, Peter and Major Lewis settled into seats. The Major couldn't help but sigh, a mixture of exhaustion and relief evident in his eyes. "Thank you for your help. You have no idea how close we were to being overrun..."

Peter shrugged, "It was no problem at all. But I have some questions and I'm hoping you'll have answers for me."

Major Lewis nodded solemnly, acknowledging the gravity of the situation. "Ask away. I owe you that much."

Peter leaned back, studying the worn features of the military officer. "First off, what's the status of the government? Are they still operational? Any efforts toward finding a cure or containing the outbreak?"

Major Lewis's expression darkened. "We haven't received any contact from the government since the outbreak. My guess is that the White House and the rest of DC fell during the outbreak. I'm afraid that we're on our own out here."

The silence that followed hung heavy in the air. Peter pressed on, "And the military? Are you all still working as one cohesive force, or is it scattered?"

The Major sighed, his shoulders slumping. "We're fractured and I don't know how many of us are left. I was sent here to evacuate civilians and contain the outbreak, but since we arrived, we've heard nothing. We're running low on supplies, food, and ammo. Every day is a struggle to keep the infected at bay while we try to save as many as we can."

Peter absorbed the information, his mind working quickly. After a moment of contemplation, he looked directly at the Major. "Here's my offer, Major. Join me. I have food, ammo, and a plan to get more. Together, we stand a better chance. What do you say?"

Major Lewis hesitated, uncertainty flickering in his eyes. "I can't make promises. I'm still hoping for orders from higher-ups, but I'm not holding my breath."

Peter leaned forward, his gaze intense. "What if I can help with the food and ammo shortage? Will you consider joining forces and working together to clear this town of the infected?"

The Major raised an eyebrow, skepticism etched across his face. "Clear the whole town? That's a tall order, even for someone like you."

Peter smirked, a glint of confidence in his eyes. "How about a deal then? If I help solve your food and ammo problem, then you and your men agree to follow my orders until the town is clear. We work together to clear the town, and when it's free of infected, you and your men can decide whether or not you want to stick around. Deal?"

Major Lewis contemplated the proposal, weighing the risks and benefits. "Solve my immediate problems and we can work together to clear the town. But we need those supplies fast. We won't last another couple days without food. And if we can really do as you say and clear the town without any unnecessary losses, then I'll gladly join you."

Peter extended a hand, sealing the agreement. "You have my word. I won't put any of your men is unnecessary harm, and by the end of the week, this town will be completely free of infected."

As their hands met in a firm handshake, Major Lewis couldn't help but feel a mix of uncertainty and hope. The alliance forged in that small office would either be their salvation or a path to greater peril.

'Hehe, it's finally time to start building our base of operations...' Peter thought as he looked out of the windows, surveying the town outside with a greedy look in his eye.

Suddenly, the Major spoke, breaking Peter from his thoughts. "So, how are you going to solve our supply problem?" He asked and continued before Peter could answer. "I know you have supplies of your own, but 3 cars of food can't feed over 50 patients, 20 hospital staff, 300 civilians, and 500 soldiers. And you certainly don't have enough ammo..."

Peter smiles assuredly. "First, I'm willing to share my supplies if it comes to that, but it won't." He shook his head. "For food, most supermarkets have probably been looted by now, and they wouldn't have enough food for everyone here anyway, so we'll go for distribution centers."

Companies often store a significant amount of their food inventory in distribution centers or warehouses. These facilities are strategically located to streamline the distribution to stores in the vicinity of them.

Peter continued. "I don't have the exact locations yet, but it won't take long to find the closest warehouses. Though when I do find them, I'll need your men to help transport everything. After all, if it's just my group doing it, we'll only be able to bring back a small amount. Ideally, I'd like to get as many trucks as we can and completely empty every warehouse we loot."

The Major nodded his head. "Sure, I'll assign some men to help deliver the supplies. What about our ammo?"

Peter smirked. "Fort Benning is close by, isn't it?"

As Peter continued his discussion with Major Lewis about securing supplies, MJ, having just taken a warm shower and changed into fresh clothes, set out to explore the hospital. Her mission was

clear, locate the person they had initially come for, the one she and her husband deemed crucial for their group...

Rick Grimes, the former sheriff's deputy who had been in a coma since a life-threatening gunshot wound, was their next potential recruit.

Wandering through the hospital, MJ discreetly searched every room. After a few minutes, she eventually arrived at a room on the fifth floor. Pushing the door open, she found Rick lying motionless in a hospital bed, a silent figure oblivious to the chaotic world outside.

His face seemed peaceful, untouched by the horrors that had unfolded during his slumber. MJ couldn't help but feel a mix of sadness and pity. The man before her had slept through the entire outbreak, his wife was cheating on him with his best friend, and he wasn't meant to wake up for another month.

With a cautious step forward, MJ approached Rick's bedside. She confirmed his identity, her gaze lingering on his face for a moment before she turned her attention to the task at hand. She knew what needed to be done. Peter had taught her a healing spell, a modest yet effective technique to awaken those in a deep sleep or coma.

Checking the surroundings to ensure no one was watching, MJ cast the spell. A soft glow enveloped her fingers as she extended her hand toward Rick. With precision, she tapped his forehead, unleashing a surge of Eldritch energy.

In response to the mystical touch, Rick's eyes snapped open. A sudden gasp escaped his lips as he jolted upright, disoriented and struggling for breath. The medical equipment in the room, powered by the hospital's emergency generators, beeped urgently, sending signals echoing down the hospital corridors.

Nurses, alarmed by the commotion, hurried to Rick's room. Their faces registered a mix of surprise and confusion as they witnessed the seemingly miraculous awakening of a patient who had been in a deep coma for over a week now.

One nurse eyed MJ warily and asked, "What are you doing in here?"

MJ shrugged. "I was just walking by and heard the beeping..."

Chapter 538: Happy Birthday to Me!

After finalizing their agreement in Major Lewis's office, Peter and the Major stepped out into the hospital hallway, greeted by the sight of two guards. Even now, the soldiers looked at Peter in a mix of awe and respect, the image of him battling hundreds of zombies alone and winning fresh in their minds. As they were about to discuss the next steps, an officer hurriedly approached them.

"Sir, there's a commotion outside," the officer reported, saluting Major Lewis. "One of the patients just woke up, and he's trying to leave against the doctors orders. The hospital staff are having a hard time convincing him to stay for further recovery."

Peter, a knowing smile playing on his lips, instantly realized who the patient was. Without waiting for the Major's response, he turned to the officer. "Lead the way."

Following the officer through the bustling hospital, they arrived at the scene of the commotion. Rick Grimes, still weak from his time in a coma, was making his way toward the hospital gate. Two doctors and four nurses surrounded him, attempting to restrain him and convince him to stay.

As Peter approached, his presence immediately causing a hushed silence among the civilians and soldiers outside, recognizing him as the war god that saved them earlier in the day.

The head doctor, unaware of Peter's arrival, spoke, "Mr. Grimes, you really should stay and recover. Your body needs time to heal, especially after something as serious as a gunshot wound and a coma," the head doctor insisted.

Rick, determined and slightly frustrated, met the doctors gaze. "I appreciate what you've done here, but I can't afford to stay. I have a family out there, and they need me. I won't sit around while they could be in danger."

Peter, understanding Rick's urgency, stepped forward. "Doc, just let him go. You can't force treatment on those who don't want it."

Reluctantly, the doctors and nurses released Rick, knowing they couldn't force him to stay. The head doctor, with a sigh, addressed Rick, "Fine, you can go. But promise me you'll clean the wound and change the bandage frequently. We can't have you getting an infection out there. You also need to eat nutrient rich foods and exercise to regain some muscle mass after spending over a week in bed."

Rick nodded appreciatively, and as he started to walk toward the hospital gate, Peter quickly made his way to his group's cars. He cleared out Michonne's car, gathering an extra police radio, a pistol, a box of ammo, and some food and water. Starting the car up, he drove up to the gate just as Rick was about to step outside.

Peter pulled up next to Rick, rolling down the window. "Hey, need a ride? It's safer to drive than walk," he said as he hopped out of the drivers seat.

"I can't..." Rick tried to refuse, but Peter wouldn't let him.

"It's fine. Just take it. I have two other cars anyway. And this is the sh*tty one of the three." He said as he motioned to the passenger seat, where all of the supplies he gathered for Rick sat. "Those should help you get a good head start on your search."

"Thank you..." Rick didn't know what to say. He knew that the car and supplies must be worth a lot, especially during an apocalypse, so he felt bad for taking it all. Nonetheless, he accepted Peter's generosity and hopped in the drivers seat.

Before Rick could drive off, Peter spoke. "Listen, bring your family back here when you find them. I'm planning to clear this town of the infected and turn it into a safe haven for survivors. Use the radio to call us if you need help. It's already on the right frequency. And most of all, be careful with that gun, the sound will attract any infected in the area and they'll swarm the hell out of you."

Rick hesitated for a moment, grateful for the unexpected help. "Thank you, again," he said, sincerely. "I'll find my family and bring them back here. You've done a lot for us."

With a nod, Peter watched as Rick drove off, determined to reunite with his family. As the car disappeared into the distance, Peter walked back into the hospital grounds, his mind swirling with plans for the future.

'He seems to be the same as the show...' Peter thought, as he delved into his mind while they chatted earlier, just as he did with Michonne. 'He'll make a good subordinate, like the Major...'

Back inside the gated hospital, Peter found his group standing there, wondering why he just gave away their car, especially Michonne, as it was her car to begin with.

With a determined glint in his eye, Peter spoke, "All of you need to get ready to head out. We're going on a supply run in one hour. Gather what you need and meet at the cars."

The group glanced between one another, before turning to Sarah and Andre, the children of the group. They didn't mind following Peter on a supply run, especially after seeing his display of power against the zombies earlier, but...

"What about the kids?" Joel voiced everyone's thoughts.

Peter looked thoughtful for a moment. "You're right, now that we have a base, it's not very smart to bring children out there-"

"What?!" Sarah exclaimed, annoyance clear in her voice. "I want to help too! I'm not a child. You can't just leave me behind. I don't even know these people..."

Peter sighed alongside her father, who knew this would be a hard pill for her to swallow.

Finally, Joel stepped in front of her, a reluctant, yet serious, look on his face. "Listen, Sarah, you've always been mature for your age. Hell, you've been cooking and taking care of me ever since you were six years old, but you're only thirteen. Yeah, you're not as young as Andre, but you're still a child and this is dangerous stuff we're planning on doing." He pauses for a moment and looks her in the eye. "I don't want to lose you, Baby Girl..."

Suddenly, tears began to well up in Sarah's eyes as she dove forward, wrapping her father into a tight hug. "I don't want to lose you either, Daddy..."

Peter and MJ smiled at the heartwarming moment. "You won't lose him." Peter said, breaking the two from their hug. "I'll make sure nothing happens to your father while he's gone."

Sarah wanted to refute his words. After all, the world was a dangerous place right now and one person couldn't guarantee her father's safety. But then, she remembered Peter decimating the zombie horde earlier. Like a one man army, he stood off against hundreds of infected and came out victorious.

Sarah stared straight into Peter's eyes. "Fine, but if anything happens to him or my uncle Tommy..." She trailed off, a dangerous look appearing in her young eyes.

Peter smirked. "Yes, yes, you'll make my life a living hell, kill me, feed me to some wild dogs... I get it."

Sarah nodded her head matter of factly. "As long as you understand."

Joel and Tommy couldn't help but smile as they watched Sarah do her best to threaten Peter. Their hearts warmed as they knew she was just worried for them.

Before everyone could rush off to prepare, Joel spoke. "She does have a point about not knowing anyone here. Maybe one of us should stay behind as well..."

After a moment of silence, Michonne stepped forward. "I'll stay behind." She said, her son cuddled safe in her arms. "Andre needs a bit more attention and care, so I should probably stay and make sure he's fed and changed properly."

"Alright, then that settles it." Peter says, clapping hands to draw everyone's attention. "Michonne will stay to look after the kids while the rest of us head out to gather supplies."

After everyone had gathered their gear and prepared for the supply run, they returned to the cars to find Peter waiting for them. The car that was once filled with supplies was now completely empty, while the other car was jam-packed with everything. Even the driver's seat was filled with supplies, making it impossible to drive for the time being.

Curious looks were exchanged among the group, prompting Peter to address the unspoken question. "We'll be taking one car this time," he explained. "I've got plans to pick up a few eighteen-wheeler trucks on the way, which you'll each be driving."

Nodding in understanding, the group marveled at the foresight Peter displayed in his preparations. As they settled into the car, armed to the teeth with assault rifles and pistols, MJ occupied the passenger seat while Joel and Tommy took their positions in the back.

Peter maneuvered the car to the hospital gate, where Major Lewis awaited. Rolling down his window, Peter reminded the Major to stay on the agreed radio frequency. "I'll contact you once we've secured the first warehouse," he assured.

The Major nodded assuredly. "Once you give the word, I'll send my men over to help load and transport everything back here," He affirmed confidently.

With the plan in place, the gate opened, and Peter drove the group out of the city.

As they left, Joel couldn't help but ask, "so, do you have some sort of deal going on with that guy?"

"Yeah, he agreed to..." Peter explained everything that he and Major spoke about earlier.

...

A couple hours later, after finding two eighteen-wheelers along the way, which were currently being driven by Joel and Tommy, the group pulled up to a large, secluded warehouse along the highway outside of town. Thanks to some paperwork at a supermarket near the hospital, they were able to easily find the addresses to five separate food distribution centers, and this was the closest one to town.

"Huh, look at that on the roof..." Joel muttered over the radio as they surveyed the area.

Just as they feared, the warehouse was swarming with Zombies outside, but the building seemed to be locked tight. But that wasn't what caught Joel's attention. On the roof of the building was a large piece of cardboard, which seems to be taped in place. It read, 'Help! People trapped inside!'

"If I were them, I wouldn't be advertising my whereabouts..." Tommy criticized.

But he was right. After all, they had a warehouse full of food in there, so they could survive for a pretty long time. It was fairly dumb to call for help, as anyone that saves them would be staking a claim to their food, and that's if they're kind people. Others would probably just shoot them and take everything.

Seconds later, Peter's voice appeared on the radio. "Well, they probably still think the police or the military is going to come and save them."

Parking the vehicles at a safe distance and getting out, Peter observed the surroundings. "Alright, same as before. You guys find an elevated position, where the zombies can't reach, and I'll keep them busy down below while you pick them off from above." he instructed, his hand resting on the handle of Michonne's sword.

"What about the people inside?" Joel asks warily.

Peter shrugged. "We save them and then recruit them. If they don't want to join us, which is unlikely to happen, then we'll send them on their way with a hefty amount of supplies."

"And if they're hostile?" Tommy asks.

"Then they die..."

Chapter 539: Rescued & Kindly Robbed

Inside the warehouse, a group of employees who had been working during the outbreak found themselves trapped, along with their families who thought taking refuge in a food-filled warehouse was a sensible idea. The large hordes of zombies roaming around the building made escape impossible, leaving them locked inside.

However, despite being confined for a few days, the food supplies were vast, and they hadn't made the tiniest dent in the rows and stacks of boxes. The warehouse held the potential for survival, especially with an abundance of bottled water that could last them for at least a year.

Hope lingered among the group as they clung to the belief that the military, police, or some government agency would eventually come to their rescue. This hope manifested in a sign taped to the side of the building's roof, a desperate plea for help, expecting their saviors to arrive promptly upon seeing the message.

As they sat, awaiting rescue just like every other day, the sudden sound of gunfire echoed through the air outside. Rushing to the windows, they anticipated the arrival of the authorities to clear out the infected. To their shock, what unfolded before their eyes was far from expected.

A lone man, wielding a sword with deadly precision, dashed between the zombie hordes outside. He moved with unparalleled speed, decapitating the infected effortlessly. Each swing of his sword cut through packed groups, leaving a trail of severed heads and blood. The people trapped inside the warehouse watched in awe, questioning if this was a divine intervention.

The sound of gunfire accompanied the sword-wielding savior. On top of two eighteen-wheeler trucks nearby, a group of three individuals armed with assault rifles unleashed a barrage of bullets upon the infected. The synchronized gunfire picked off zombies one by one, keeping a distance from the sword-wielding hero, as they didn't want to accidentally shoot him.

The trapped survivors, filled with a mixture of shock and awe, witnessed the unknown group of four swiftly clearing the area of infected. It became evident that these strangers were their unexpected saviors, a stark contrast to the anticipated arrival of government forces.

As the last of the zombies fell to the ground, the sword-wielding man approached the entrance of the warehouse, which they rushed to open for him. He sheathed his sword and gave a reassuring nod to those inside.

Peter waved casually. "Yo, we saw your sign."

The survivors hesitated for a moment, still processing the surreal turn of events. Slowly, they began to realize that their salvation had come not from the government, but from a seemingly unstoppable force led by a man of extraordinary skill.

One of the survivors, a man with a grizzled beard and a worn-out baseball cap, finally spoke up. "Who... who are you?"

"I'm Peter." The man with the sword, now identified as Peter, offered a confident smile. "We're here to help. We'll get you out of here and back to safety. We have a camp in the nearby town that's protected by a group of military guys. If you want, you can join."

And that was more than enough to win them over. They had been waiting for the military to show up, and although they didn't, they were at least a nearby.

With a newfound sense of hope and gratitude, the trapped survivors hurriedly began voicing their agreement. After all, where else were they supposed to go?

...

With the trapped civilians inside the warehouse overwhelmingly agreeable and the once-menacing zombies cleared from the vicinity, Peter left them in MJ's capable hands. As he stepped away from the bustling scene, he pulled out his radio, signaling the Major.

"Major, this is Peter. We've secured a warehouse with survivors and food. The address is *****. They'll need transport back to camp along with the food. We've already got two eighteen-wheelers with us, but it might be smart to find a few more along the way." Peter reported succinctly.

The Major's voice crackled over the radio, "Acknowledged, Peter. I'll send my men with trucks to your location. They'll pick up any additional vehicles they find along the way. We'll do our best to make room for everything and everyone."

"Good. We'll be ready for your guys," Peter replied, his mind already focused on the logistics of transporting both survivors and supplies back to the camp.

After the conversation with the Major, Peter returned to the warehouse. Inside, MJ efficiently coordinated the survivors, directing them to gather their belongings and pack essentials. The atmosphere was one of organized urgency as everyone worked to ensure a swift evacuation.

Half an hour later, the distant hum of engines echoed down the highway. A large convoy of military trucks, accompanied by a few box trucks and eighteen-wheelers, pulled into the warehouse. The rescued civilians stared in awe as soldiers in uniform disembarked, their disciplined salutes directed at Peter.

Waving off the formalities, Peter approached the soldiers, issuing orders with the ease of someone accustomed to leadership. "Alright, everyone, we need to load these trucks before nightfall. Let's get it done efficiently. Move quickly and be thorough."

The soldiers, recognizing Peter's authority, lined the trucks up with the loading bay and swiftly went to work. Crates and boxes of supplies were efficiently transferred from the warehouse to the trucks, creating a seamless operation under Peter's guidance.

The rescued civilians watched as their once-considered "belongings" were loaded onto military vehicles. While the sight stirred mixed emotions, they reassured themselves that this was a small

price to pay for safety and protection. Living under military care might restrict their access to the supplies, but it also guaranteed a level of security they hadn't known since the outbreak began.

As the loading continued, Peter approached the civilians, offering a few words of reassurance. "The military camp is a safe place, which I plan to expand in the coming days. And since you'll be coming with us, we'll make sure you have what you need, so don't worry about food and water."

Their anxiety eased, the survivors continued to watch as their former sanctuary transformed into a military operation. The military trucks were quickly filled, and the soldiers stood ready for further instructions.

"Alright, everyone, trucks are loaded. We're heading back to camp." Peter announced, his authoritative tone guiding the group toward the waiting military convoy, where they were packed into some less crowded trucks.

Throughout the whole operation, Joel and Tommy watched Peter take charge with a sense of awe and respect. They were initially skeptical about his plans to take over the hospital camp, and expand into clearing the city. But after seeing him work today, they started to realize that it was actually possible.

At first, they just thought that Peter was a reliable guy with a good trigger finger and even better aim. But after seeing him fight both here and at the hospital, they began to realize that he was almost superhuman. And now, not only was his strength and abilities incredible, but so was his leadership ability.

Tommy turned to his brother. "We might have hit the jackpot when we ran into him."

Joel couldn't help but nod in agreement. "Yeah, I feel like we'd be in a much worse situation right now if we didn't meet..."

With a renewed sense of hope, everyone boarded their designated transport, leaving behind the warehouse that had been completely looted. Thankfully, this warehouse didn't hold any of the fungus riddled foods, so they really looted everything inside.

Even the metal shelves and forklifts were taken to help with the unloading and storage at the hospital. Not even the paperwork was left behind, as Peter took all of it in order to locate even more warehouses.

After all, he planned to take in as many people as possible, so they'd need all the food they can get before he can work on farming their own food.

...

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows over the desolate landscape, the convoy of trucks, led by Peter's police SUV with MJ in the passenger seat, arrived at the hospital. The Major had anticipated their return, and the gates were already wide open as soldiers rushed out, securing the area.

The trucks pulled into the hospital's parking lot one by one. It was a tight fit, but the soldiers directed each vehicle efficiently, creating an organized chaos as they maneuvered through the limited space. The gates were promptly closed behind them, sealing the hospital grounds.

A collective sigh of relief echoed among the civilians, soldiers, patients, and hospital staff as the trucks were unloaded. The sight of the food supplies being pulled out brought smiles to their faces. Some couldn't help but shed tears, realizing that the arrival of Peter and his group ensured they wouldn't face starvation in the coming days.

Meanwhile, the rescued civilians disembarked from the trucks, their expressions not mirroring the joy of the hospital inhabitants. The journey had peeled away the veil of ignorance that had shrouded them within the warehouse.

The reality outside was a harsh slap to the face... barren roads, scattered cars, and streets teeming with the undead. The once-idealized vision of a military camp as a haven clashed with the grim reality of barricades and sandbags around a lone hospital.

As they surveyed their surroundings, the civilians couldn't help but feel as though they expected more, perhaps a larger military presence or a bigger, more fortified camp.

The disappointment lingered, even though they acknowledged the improvement compared to the warehouse. At least they now had protection.

But of course, this new protection came at a cost, a loss of control and ownership over their food. Yet, there was solace in the fact that Peter, the man who had proven his capability, was now their protector alongside the many military men and woman.

Throughout the night, soldiers worked tirelessly to store the newly acquired food in the hospital's facilities. Meanwhile, a makeshift celebration unfolded. Fires were lit outside the hospital, and a large communal meal was prepared, bringing a sense of unity and gratitude among the hospital staff, patients, soldiers, and the recently arrived survivors.

As laughter and conversation filled the air, Peter found a moment of solitude to reflect on the next task at hand. Fort Benning, a military installation nearby, held the key to solidifying his control over the camp. Tomorrow, he would raid and loot the place dry.

'I hope they have some nice toys for me inside.' Peter thought, imagining his town surrounded by tanks and machine gun mounted hummers. 'They might even have missile launchers...' Though he probably wouldn't ever use them, having some missiles at his disposal would be cool.

But most of all, Peter hoped that there would be more soldiers there, whom he could recruit into his town.

After Rick left in search of his family, it didn't take him long to arrive at his house, which was eerily empty compared to how he remembered it. Clothes and other items were scattered around, and a few mangled bodies lay in the otherwise desolate space. Rick's heart sank at the sight, but soon realized that they didn't belong to his family.

With a sense of desperate determination, Rick shook off the initial shock and started searching again. As he combed through the neighborhood, a few doors down, he stumbled upon Morgan Jones and his family, who had been silently hiding from the relentless threat of the undead.

Though the initial interaction with Morgan was marked by a certain guarded hostility, Rick's urgency to find his family prevailed. After explaining his situation, Morgan begrudgingly shared what information he had. Most people had fled to Atlanta, chasing rumors about a camp offering safety. It was a beacon of hope in a world overrun by chaos, but the details were scarce.

Rick absorbed this fragment of information, grateful for even the slightest lead. He didn't overstay his welcome, understanding the tense dynamics between the surviving family and himself. With a nod of gratitude, Rick prepared to leave, setting his sights on Atlanta.

But before he left, Rick gave the family some advice. "There's a military camp over at the hospital. They seem to be taking in survivors. I plan to come back and join them after I find my family, and you should do the same." After that, he turned, hopped in his car, and drove off.

The road stretched ahead, a path fraught with uncertainties and dangers. Yet, Rick pushed forward, fueled by the flickering hope of finding his family amid the ruins of the once-familiar world.

Chapter 540: Fort Benning

After a comfortable night's sleep in their hospital room turned bedroom, Peter awoke to the sun beaming into the room, casting a warm glow on the space. MJ, his wife, lay cuddled up next to him, her cute sleeping face adorned with a peaceful expression.

It was still their honeymoon, so the previous night had been filled with fiery passion and carnal pleasures. After all, this was their first night alone in a room together since they started their journey. Every other night was spent with Joel, Tommy, and Sarah somewhere in the vicinity.

Peter couldn't help but smile as he admired MJ's serene sleeping face, even as she drooled on his chest. 'So cute...' He could spend ours just looking at his wife sleeping, spit leaking out of her mouth.

As MJ stirred awake, Peter gently brushed a strand of hair from her face. "Good morning, beautiful," he whispered, eliciting a sleepy smile from his wife. The responsibilities awaiting them outside the confines of their private room were momentarily forgotten as they shared a quiet, affectionate moment.

However, duty called, and after a while, Peter got straight to work. Today was the day to raid Fort Benning, and he intended to leave nothing behind. The military base held the promise of valuable resources, weapons, and perhaps more soldiers to join their cause. Time was of the essence, and Peter was determined to clear out the entire facility in a single day.

After getting ready, Peter assembled his team for the mission. With MJ at his side, along with Tommy and Joel, they made their way downstairs and out of the hospital.

Once again, Michonne would stay behind to look after Andre and Sarah. Since she has reliable people around her now, she didn't need to go out and leave her son behind anymore. Something that should have been the case from the beginning.

'She seems much happier than she looked in the show...' Peter thought as he saw Michonne feeding her son his breakfast.

After exchanging some words with Michonne, the group prepared to leave, but as they stepped outside, they found a surprising scene. 'What the...?'

The Major, recognizing Peter's capabilities and leadership, had not only given his approval but also mobilized a significant number of soldiers to join the cause.

Outside the hospital walls, a convoy of military hummers and trucks lined up, soldiers in uniform prepared for the mission. More than a hundred volunteers, armed and ready, offered their services to Peter. The Major himself approached, a nod of approval evident in his expression.

"These soldiers offered to help with the Fort Benning operation. They are under your command, if you'll accept them." Major Lewis stated with a salute, acknowledging Peter as a higher authority than himself. Even though Peter's side of the deal wasn't fully completed, he had already made a huge impact on all of the soldiers, their commander included.

Peter, though surprised by the overwhelming support, didn't hesitate. "I appreciate your trust. Let's get this done."

"They're all yours." The Major nodded his head. "I'll be waiting to hear the good news. All of the trucks from yesterday have been emptied and refueled. As soon as you radio in, I'll send them over for transport."

After a brief talk, the convoy set out with Peter and his group leading the way in his police SUV, followed by the military vehicles. The hum of engines and the synchronized movements of the convoy conveyed a sense of purpose and determination. The soldiers, inspired by Peter's previous displays of prowess, were eager to follow his lead.

As they drove toward Fort Benning, leaving the town and speeding down the highway, the once daunting prospect now seemed conquerable.

After hours of navigating the barren highways, Peter and his convoy of soldiers eventually reached Fort Benning. The sprawling military base, once a symbol of security, loomed ahead.

A sign proudly declared, "Welcome to Fort Benning," a stark contrast to the grim reality they were about to face. The open layout of the base, lacking the usual gated structure, was a testament to its previous functionality. However, the current state of the world demanded gated defenses.

Approaching the entrance, the sight that greeted Peter was expected. The makeshift gates, which must have been constructed after the outbreak, were partially open, and a small horde of zombies lingered nearby.

It was evident that the base had fallen to the infected. The absence of a secured perimeter around the huge complex meant that the zombies had found their way in through alternative routes. Peter couldn't help but think about the missed opportunity, which was the failure to gate off the entire base when the outbreak began.

'If they gated this place off, it would have made a good base instead of the town...' Peter thought. Although the town wasn't gated either, he had plans to make one once it was cleared out.

As the convoy turned into the entrance, Peter and the others noticed the zombies scattered around, many of which were former soldiers still in uniform.

Radioing to the soldiers, Peter instructed them to stop and hold their fire. Exiting his police SUV, he unsheathed Michonne's sword and swiftly moved towards the small horde. Beheading each zombie with precise strikes, Peter demonstrated a mastery over the sword that continued to impress the soldiers that followed him.

After dispatching the initial group, Peter returned to his vehicle. The gates were partially open, offering a narrow passage for the convoy to proceed. Leading the way, he guided the vehicles into the base. As they advanced, Peter remained vigilant, eyes scanning for signs of potential threats. He was acutely aware that a multitude of dangers could lie within the seemingly deserted Fort Benning.

Driving down the lengthy road leading into the base, Peter couldn't shake the thought that this world's Fort Benning had fallen faster than its television counterpart. The rapid, relentless nature of the zombies in this combination of worlds had likely played a decisive role.

After all, these infected were not the traditional slow-moving walkers but agile, fast, and unrelenting, creating an insurmountable wave that overwhelmed defenses.

As they navigated deeper into the base, Peter kept a watchful eye, searching for signs of landmines or any automated security systems that might have been installed. The military's extensive resources often included such protective measures, and Peter was determined not allow his men to fall victim to them.

Thankfully, the immediate vicinity seemed to be free of landmines or any automated defenses. The tension in the air slightly eased, but their guard remained up as they continued their approach.

Arriving at the end of the road, the convoy entered the massive campus-like complex that was Fort Benning. Large buildings sprawled across the area, interspersed with open fields presumably used for training exercises.

Fort Benning, being a prominent military installation, included large barracks for soldiers, administrative buildings for command operations, training grounds for drills, and specialized facilities for various purposes. It was huge, like a giant University Campus.

Sadly, the once meticulously organized and disciplined army base now bore the chaotic scars of the recent outbreak. Barricades and sandbags haphazardly blocked pathways, and remnants of vehicles hinted at the hurried attempts to control the situation.

Infected soldiers wandered aimlessly or clustered in random hordes. The once-disciplined army base had succumbed to the relentless onslaught of the undead. In a cruel twist of fate, those who once defended the nation were now a huge threat to its inhabitants.

Upon reaching the first group of buildings, a horde of around a hundred zombies turned their attention toward the approaching convoy.

Peter assumed command, swiftly issuing orders over the radio. "Listen up, I want each of you to head to the closest building and climb on top," he directed, "only open fire when you're all out of reach of the infected. I'll draw them away and start thinning the herd in the mean time."

Without hesitation, the soldiers mobilized. Peter, armed with Michonne's sword, dashed toward the approaching horde, skillfully slicing through the zombies as he deftly maneuvered among them. The soldiers swiftly drove up to the nearest building, using their vehicles as makeshift platforms and some teamwork to climb onto the roof.

As the soldiers ascended, they opened fire on the horde of zombies, careful not to hit Peter, who danced among the undead with lethal precision. The rhythmic boom of gunfire echoed through the base as the soldiers expertly picked off the infected from their elevated positions.

However, the distant sounds of gunfire acted as a beacon, drawing more zombies from the vast expanse of Fort Benning toward the source of the noise. It wasn't long before additional hordes closed in on the besieged area, presenting a relentless onslaught.

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Deep within the basement of a building across the fort, a large group of soldiers who had been hiding away from the infected heard the gunshots. Hope sparked in their eyes, replacing the despair that had consumed them during their confinement.

These soldiers were starving, isolated, and unsure of the outside world, but the sound of gunshots served as a lifeline, a glimmer of hope they had thought lost.

Similar scenarios played out across the base as pockets of survivors, hidden away in different sections, heard the gunfire and dared to dream of rescue. The unexpected arrival of Peter and his forces breathed life into their fading hopes.

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The relentless battle against the zombie horde persisted for hours as Peter, armed with Michonne's sword, skillfully carved through the undead. The sound of gunfire echoed through Fort Benning, acting as a siren call that drew more zombies to the scene. The soldiers, safe on the roof, fired constantly, each shot was a step toward reclaiming the military base.

Gradually, after hours, the horde thinned, and the constant stream of zombies dwindled to a trickle. The base floor was now littered with the bodies of the fallen infected, a testament to the relentless effort of Peter and his forces.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of zombies had met their demise. Peter observed the aftermath, confident that they had eradicated the majority of the infected within the base.

Satisfied with the progress, Peter sheathed Michonne's sword and took charge once again. "Good work, everyone. The majority of the infected are down, but we're not finished yet. Get down from the there and prepare to sweep the grounds. We need to ensure every last straggler is taken care of."

As the soldiers descended from their vantage point, they regrouped with Peter. The major part of the mission was accomplished, the undead threat was significantly neutralized. Now, the focus shifted to clearing the base building by building and field by field. Peter and MJ followed at a relaxed pace, overseeing the ongoing operation.

In nearly every building, they discovered survivors. Groups of 2 to 10 people huddled together, grateful for the rescue and the promise of sustenance. Larger groups, ranging from 30 to 50 individuals, emerged from various corners of the base. The survivors were a mix of military personnel and civilians who had sought refuge within Fort Benning.

By the time they finished clearing the base, they had encountered around 200 survivors. Many were soldiers, and among them, a few held high ranks, including a colonel.

While the immediate relief of being rescued was palpable, Peter couldn't shake the feeling that these high-ranking people would cause him trouble. After all, they've grown used to being in a position of power, so following Peter, a man who isn't from the military, will most likely feel demeaning.

Setting aside thoughts of potential future issues, Peter and his team transitioned to the next phase.

Looting!

The rewards were plentiful. Ammunition of all calibers, military-grade weaponry, uniforms, vehicles, explosives, missile launchers, and other priceless treasures and needed supplies were among the growing list of loot.

Peter's eyes widened in sheer disbelief and delight as he surveyed the arsenal before him. It was a pile of riches that exceeded his wildest expectations. The soldiers watched as Peter's excitement bubbled over into a maniacal laugh, echoing through the cavernous base. The sight left some of them questioning whether they were following the right leader.

However, before uncertainty could take root, MJ stepped forward, her expression exasperated. With a swift motion, she delivered a resounding slap to the back of Peter's head, halting his laughter abruptly.

Peter held his head, eying MJ with a look of betrayal. "What the hell was that for?!"

MJ rolled her eyes. "You're scaring the soldiers..."

The soldiers themselves, witnessing this unexpected act, couldn't help but laugh. Peter might be a bit odd at times, but at least he isn't boring.