

Apocalypse 362

Chapter 362 First Day Of The Wall Construction

After Kisha and the team finished clearing the building, she instructed the others to send the wounded warriors back inside the gates for treatment. The injured, however, wore their wounds like badges of honor—especially the superhumans, who now felt confident and assured that the zombie virus no longer posed any threat to their bodies.

The fear that had gripped them for so long had completely vanished, replaced by a new reality. The normal humans, however, now felt a growing envy toward the awakened superhumans.

There was even more to envy now—being immune to the zombie virus meant that as long as they avoided fatal injuries, they would survive no matter what.

Now, everyone's goal was to become stronger and awaken like the others. To make that happen, they knew they had to secure the key item that could increase their chances—the Scarlet Honey.

Believing in its potential to trigger or increase the chances of their awakening, they became even more committed to working hard, determined to save up and purchase more Scarlet Honey when it became available at the Supply Center.

They knew that the single dose of Scarlet Honey included in their salary wouldn't be enough if they truly wanted to awaken. This was exactly part of Kisha's plan—not just to entice them with the promise of awakening, but also to ensure that everyone stayed fired up and motivated to work harder for more.

After feeling this newfound motivation, the team began to push themselves harder and contribute more, benefiting the base as a whole. This increased drive also sparked a healthy rivalry among them.

While Kisha anticipated some of this competition might turn unsavory or underhanded, she felt it was inevitable. As long as no one betrayed their comrades and things stayed under control, she wouldn't interfere.

Once the wounded were sent back for treatment, Kisha and the warriors rejoined Vulture to continue reinforcing the barricade. They also ensured the entrance to the building they had just cleared was securely blocked.

This way, even if they returned inside the base and left their work outside temporarily, their previous efforts would remain intact and not go to waste.

Kisha and Duke, along with a new group of ten warriors structured similarly to the previous team, proceeded to the next building to clear out the zombies. As before, Kisha and Duke held back, allowing the warriors to handle the swarm of zombies that rushed at them upon entering the building, stepping in only when absolutely necessary.

This approach mirrored their earlier strategy, giving the warriors a chance to grow through experience.

This time, the warriors were more prepared. The superhumans stepped forward confidently, acting as shields while boldly engaging the zombies head-on. Their normal human partners provided crucial support, seizing opportunities to strike from safer distances, ensuring they stayed out of reach of the zombies' bites and avoiding any accidents.

The coordination between them was smooth, with each pair covering the other's weaknesses.

At first glance, it seemed like a bold move from the superhumans and a cautious one from the normal humans, but the strategy was well thought out. They had considered every aspect, aiming to maximize their strengths while minimizing risks.

Kisha and Duke didn't interfere with their decisions, allowing the warriors to learn through experience. In reality, Kisha and Duke were only there to supervise, ensuring no one would die in the process.

As Kisha and Duke were grooming these warriors to become the base's future defense against looming dangers, it was crucial for them to learn how to think independently, especially when it mattered most, rather than always relying on their leaders.

Watching them strategize, share their ideas, and put those plans into action made both Kisha and Duke nod in approval as they quietly observed, letting the warriors take the lead.

Though clearing the building took time, it marked a significant step forward, as this time the warriors were leading the operation themselves, moving cautiously and taking full responsibility for their actions.

By 5:30 PM, they had successfully cleared three medium-sized buildings and barricaded two and a half kilometers of the wall from the east to the southern section. With this steady progress, Kisha felt more confident that they could complete the mission within the allotted time.

Before sunset, Kisha, Duke, Vulture, and all the soldiers and warriors returned inside the wall. Kisha stood atop the wall, gazing over their completed work, her thoughts deep in contemplation. Duke approached silently from behind and wrapped his arms around her shoulders, pulling her into a comforting embrace.

"What's on your mind?" Duke asked, his gaze following hers as they both looked over what they'd accomplished in just one day.

"Do you think it's possible to finish the wall within two weeks?" Kisha asked, a trace of doubt creeping into her voice. The weight of the mission pressed down on her—one mistake, and everything could fall apart like a line of dominos. The worst-case scenario wasn't just her failure, but the death of everyone in the base, including Duke and his family.

"Don't overthink it," Duke said softly, his voice serious but laced with love and fear. "No matter what happens, we'll face it together. I'll always be here with you, for better or worse."

There was a weight to his words, as if he were making a vow at the altar. He couldn't imagine a life without Kisha anymore, and the thought of failing the task Kisha had, felt like losing her too and it terrified him. With that fear lingering, he pressed a gentle kiss to the top of her head, not entirely sure if he was trying to comfort her or himself.

As Kisha and Duke descended from the wall, the warriors and soldiers stood waiting below, their gazes fixed upward. Against the backdrop of the blood-red sky, the image of the two leaders felt both striking and haunting—a blend of beauty and eerie foreboding.

It was as if everyone could sense the path ahead for the couple would be one paved with blood and chaos. Yet, despite the ominous feeling, there was a deep sense of confidence. Without Kisha and Duke, they weren't sure they would have accomplished even half of what they had so far.

So much had changed within the base, and it was all because of Kisha and Duke. They didn't need to say it—everyone could feel it. The impact of their leadership was undeniable, transforming everything around them.

When the warriors and soldiers saw the two standing atop the wall against the blood-streaked sky, the decision was made in their hearts. They would follow this power couple, no matter what, for as long as it took.

As Kisha and Duke descended, the warriors and soldiers stood tall, their posture firm. Instead of a traditional salute, they placed their right fists over their hearts in unison—a new salute, forged in honor of their leaders. The burning determination in their eyes was unmistakable, as if each of them were silently making a vow.

The sight sent a tremor through Kisha's heart, knowing they were ready to follow them into whatever lay ahead.

Duke smiled and gave a nod of approval before gently leading Kisha down the wall toward their villa. But just as they were about to walk away, Kisha paused, turning back to face the group. "Thank you all for your hard work today," she said, her voice carrying across the crowd.

"You did an amazing job, and I hope you'll be just as dedicated tomorrow. I look forward to seeing you all again." Her words were met with renewed determination in their eyes, a silent promise for the days ahead.