

## **Apocalypse 383**

### Chapter 383 What To Do?

Kisha fell into deep thought, realizing that she needed to personally monitor Rose.

If Rose were to transform into a zombie, there was no one else who could contain her.

Kisha felt the weight of responsibility; she was determined to ensure that Rose, whether in her human form or not, remained under her watchful eye.

Kisha was increasingly anxious about not being able to view Rose's status window, leaving her uncertain about how to prepare for what lay ahead.

If Sparrow's description was accurate, the ice encasing Rose was as sturdy as diamond, suggesting that, in addition to her ice powers, Rose might possess a crystal or diamond-type ability.

This uncertainty gnawed at Kisha, as she recognized the potential danger if Rose's awakening did not go as hoped.

Dealing with an evolved zombie was one of the trickiest challenges imaginable. With its added absolute defense, the prospect of taking down such a formidable opponent felt nearly impossible.

The thought sent a wave of fear through Kisha, intensifying her anxiety about Rose's condition.

Kisha took a deep breath, her gaze fixed on Rose encased in the crystal. She wrestled with her thoughts, strategizing how to confront this pressing issue.

"I need to keep a close watch over her for now," Kisha said decisively, her gaze shifting to Sparrow.

"Can you switch positions with Duke and monitor the southern wall? Duke will cover the western part. I need to prepare for a level-up."

There was no need for further explanation; both Duke and Sparrow understood the gravity of her request.

They recognized that the situation they were facing was exceptionally dangerous.

This suggested that Rose's awakening remained uncertain, and she could become a genuine threat once she emerged from the crystal encasement.

Simply trying to send Rose away wouldn't solve their dilemma; even if they managed to place her somewhere far away, with this great danger lurking around the face of the earth means they might still have to confront her in the future.

By that time, she could be even stronger than she was now.

However, they couldn't take care of Rose just yet, as the ice crystal surrounding her was so resilient that their attacks caused no damage at all.

Kisha's proposal to prepare for a level-up implied that she was gearing up for the worst-case scenario: a potential confrontation with Rose if things took a turn for the worse.

Sparrow felt a lump in his throat as he finished explaining, his nod stiff with the weight of the situation.

With a determined flick of her wrist, Kisha used her telekinesis to lift the massive chunk of ice into the air, gracefully hopping out of the truck as she did so.

Duke's expression was grave, his eyes narrowed as an oppressive aura radiated from him. He didn't want to place all the blame on Sparrow; it was evident that the unforeseen circumstances of their mission were not something anyone could have anticipated.

However, the thought of Kisha confronting such a perilous situation alone—being the only one capable of handling it—left a bitter taste in his mouth.

He felt utterly useless, unable to shoulder even half of Kisha's burdens. Determined to make a difference, Duke resolved to gather as much Scarlet Honey as possible.

He intended to follow Kisha's lead, maximizing his multiplier and the stats he could gain from the honey, pushing himself to reach his cap before leveling up.

After the intense battle during the night, he was sure that his foundation has already been fortified and was as sturdy as it could be so it wouldn't be a problem for him to also prepare for his next level up.

With his mind made up, Duke followed Kisha back to the villa, where the survivors wouldn't be able to bear witness to her plans.

As Kisha stepped out of the truck and walked through the crowd, their initial shock at seeing her carry a massive block of ice quickly transformed into awe.

When the sunlight glinted off the crystal surface, revealing Rose nestled inside like a snow-white figure in a frozen slumber, they stood in stunned silence.

Before they could fully process the scene, Kisha had already passed by, leaving a trail of cold air in her wake.

Aside from Rose, Sparrow's entire offensive team emerged from the mission with minimal injuries.

Apart from a few minor scratches, particularly on the superhumans, everyone was holding up well and seemed to be in good spirits.

While the survivors were relieved to see their loved ones return safely, a cloud of unease hung over them.

The uncertainty surrounding Rose's condition cast a shadow over their joy.

Having come to view HOPE Base as their new home, where a sense of unity had begun to flourish among the survivors, they felt a deep concern for Rose, whose plight reminded them of the fragility of their newfound safety.

Unable to shake off the heaviness in their hearts, the survivors couldn't bring themselves to celebrate the safe return of their loved ones.

A somber atmosphere enveloped them as they quietly returned to their respective stations, each person lost in their own thoughts and worries.

The warriors who had accompanied Sparrow were granted permission to return home and rest, awaiting Kisha's next instructions.

Meanwhile, Aston took charge of leading the five 'STAU' units back to compile a detailed inventory of the supplies they had successfully stored in their spaces.

Since they still lacked a detection-type ability user, Aston had to personally and meticulously inspect each STAU's space, carefully cataloging the supplies they had gathered during this expedition outside.

The STAUs had no issue with this process, fully understanding that Aston was simply doing his job.

They knew he needed to document everything they had collected to ensure the Supply Center could efficiently allocate and manage the resources.

However, given Kisha's orders to prioritize the Cargo Trailers, Aston wasn't expecting to find many supplies.

In fact, he anticipated that the only significant items would be the Cargo Trailers themselves.

With that expectation in mind, he led the five STAUs to the spacious plot of land area where they kept their heavy machinery, such as cranes and trucks.

After surveying the spacious plot of land with almost no one around, the five members of STAU shrugged and casually unloaded all the cargo trailers from their space to the designated area, stacking them neatly to minimize space.

Aston nodded and noted the number of cargo trailers they had brought back. As he turned to head back to his office to continue his work, the five members of STAU were puzzled by his departure.

They didn't understand why Aston was leaving without checking inside the trailers, so they absentmindedly grabbed his wrist, the back of his uniform, and anywhere else they could hold on.

Aston was taken aback, unable to move or take a step forward after turning his body. When he glanced back, he saw the five of them gripping various parts of his back and arms.

"What's going on?" Aston asked, a hint of confusion in his voice and an eyebrow raised.

"Minister Aston, you haven't checked the supplies yet," one of the STAU members mumbled, pouting slightly. They felt as though their hard work was being overlooked since Aston wasn't showing even a hint of interest.

Aston was taken aback by the remark, his eyes widening in surprise. "What?! What supplies?" At that moment, the five realized that Aston genuinely hadn't considered that they had brought back supplies along with the cargo trailers they had asked for.