

Apocalypse 384

Chapter 384 Preparing For Another Level Up

The five exchanged glances filled with mischief before releasing their grip on Aston and puffing up their chests.

"Of course, we brought back supplies! They're all packed inside the cargo trailers!"

"They're filled to the brim!"

"Exactly! We did our best and clung to Captain Sparrow to avoid falling off and becoming zombie snacks just to gather all these supplies!"

Aston was unsure what they meant by clinging to Captain Sparrow, but as soon as he heard that all the cargo trailers were filled to the brim, he immediately radioed some soldiers from his unit to inspect each trailer for supplies.

He wasn't entirely sure about the mechanics of Space-type ability users. The only one he was familiar with was Kisha, and her abilities were distinctly different from the others.

As a result, he had no idea how much supplies they could store within their spaces or what limits and rules governed their abilities.

When he heard that they had stored supplies inside the trailers, he was both excited and stunned. Soon, a dozen soldiers he had radioed arrived on the scene.

They opened the trailers from the bottom to verify the supplies, and as soon as the doors swung open, several boxes tumbled out, nearly burying one of the soldiers beneath them.

Luckily, the nearby soldiers quickly rushed in to help, preventing any injuries.

The boxes were heavy, and since they were still regular humans without awakened abilities, an accident like this could have easily left them hurt.

After helping their comrade and calming down, the soldiers were shocked to see the trailer truly packed with boxes of supplies.

When they opened the next trailer, they were more cautious, standing aside as the door swung open. Just like the first, it was filled to the brim.

Aston's serious expression broke into a smile as he stared at the boxes inside the trailers.

He quickly called for more personnel to help transfer the supplies to the temporary storage.

Although the warehouse was still under construction, they had repurposed an empty building meant for another department as a temporary storage facility.

The department postponed moving in, allowing the Supply Center to use it for now, since leaving the supplies out in the open, especially when it rained, would risk ruining them.

Just yesterday, they had moved the existing supplies, but now it seemed their temporary warehouse would soon be filled to the brim as well.

With ten cargo trailers packed with supplies, no one appeared worried. Instead, the entire team was thrilled to see such an abundance of resources.

With people at the base working hard to earn points and exchanging them for supplies almost daily, the stockpile was steadily depleting.

Additionally, the base's population was growing and was expected to keep expanding with the arrival of more survivors, just as more had arrived the day before.

Without hesitation, Aston ordered the soldiers to start moving the supplies into the temporary warehouse.

He also called for additional workers to help empty the cargo trailers as quickly as possible, knowing they couldn't be sure when Kisha would need them for the wall construction.

The soldiers Aston had called wasted no time, swiftly moving box after box of supplies into the temporary warehouse.

Nearby survivors, busy with their own tasks, were caught off guard by the sight of so many new supplies arriving, their surprise evident as they watched the steady flow of resources being unloaded.

More than just surprised, the survivors were filled with happiness and excitement.

The influx of supplies signaled that their base was growing more stable, capable of supporting the increasing number of survivors, even if the leaders chose to continue to distribute resources among them.

Initially, when the leaders opened the warehouse to share supplies with the survivors, many thought it would be a temporary solution.

It wasn't seen as sustainable in the long run, and despite the leaders' good intentions, it seemed inevitable that Kisha and the others would eventually have to close the warehouse and leave the survivors to fend for themselves by scavenging outside.

And if that day came, they would understand. After all, the leaders also had soldiers and warriors to support, and the sheer number of survivors in the base—over five thousand—was a lot to sustain. The burden of providing for everyone would eventually become too heavy.

More than anything, since the leaders established the Supply Center and opened the warehouse, the survivors had noticed that the warriors and soldiers had not undertaken a supply run.

This unspoken reality highlighted a shared fear among them: the possibility of becoming unable to rely on their leaders for basic necessities in the future.

After all, there was nothing quite like the offer their leaders had presented. It felt almost too good to be true—having their cake and eating it too.

Yet, witnessing the influx of new supplies, not just from the warehouse left behind by the Coltons and the former Minister of Defense after their assets were seized by Kisha and the others, made it all the more tangible.

But this was a legitimate supply coming from outside, igniting a wave of excitement among everyone.

It offered them peace of mind and strengthened their belief that the base's leaders were genuinely committed to ensuring the community's sustainability.

This approach allowed individuals to choose their own paths: those who aspired to be warriors could step up to protect the masses, while those who were fearful or unable to fight would not be forced into dangerous situations.

Regardless of their choices, everyone could count on having food to eat, no matter the circumstances.

Soon, news of the new supplies arriving from outside spread quickly among the survivors. Some gathered to watch the soldiers as they moved the boxes, while others, eager to contribute, joined the effort.

The free warriors recognized that the trailers were intended for wall construction, and they were determined not to keep them occupied longer than necessary due to the supplies inside had come to help too.

While everyone was preoccupied with the supplies, Kisha and Duke had already arrived at the villa.

As soon as she stepped inside, Kisha entered her territory space, with Duke following closely behind her.

When Kisha turned around and noticed Duke still following her, she was taken aback. However, Duke quickly asserted, "I came here to ask if you have more Scarlet Honey." His tone was firm, leaving no room for Kisha to dissuade him from his intentions.

Kisha simply nodded and handed Duke several bottles of Scarlet Honey. Meanwhile, Duke found a spot to sit within the territory. After all, a few hours inside meant only a few minutes passed outside.

He felt confident that while he was inside, nothing would happen outside, allowing him to safely prepare for a potential level-up. If there were to be another zombie raid, it was likely to occur at night, just as it had the previous evening.

Duke found a quiet spot by the lake, while Kisha opted for the flower field, perching herself on a boulder—thankfully, Daisy wasn't around. Without wasting any time, both Kisha and Duke dove into their training, harnessing the energy from the Scarlet Honey and guiding it throughout their bodies.