

Apocalypse 410

Chapter 410 Searching For The Blueprint

Back at Duke's side, after everyone reluctantly agreed to assign him the mission of cleaning the sewers, concerns still lingered, especially from his mother.

Nonetheless, they all returned to their respective offices to resume their work.

Meanwhile, Duke sent Kisha and Vulture to continue their task on the construction of the new wall, as time was of the essence; they had only seven days left to complete it, and significant progress still needed to be made.

Aston and Duke made their way to the central hall, heading straight to the archive where officials stored all important files and documents.

This archive primarily housed the city's blueprints and project information, along with details on some less critical military operations related to the city's defense and security.

Having been there before, Aston navigated the archive with ease, ensuring that no one interfered with their efforts.

They spent two hours scouring the archive, just the two of them.

"This is strange! Why isn't it here?!" Aston exclaimed wearily, collapsing onto the floor, surrounded by towering boxes of files.

"Maybe you're not the only one who considered using the blueprint as an escape route," Duke replied nonchalantly, as if the absence of the blueprint posed no threat to him at all.

"What do we do now? If someone really took the sewer blueprint, they must have perished down there while trying to escape. We have no idea how long the sewers have been overrun with zombies," Aston said, his shoulders sagging in defeat.

He couldn't come up with a solution to address this problem.

"Even if that's the case, we still don't know where the blueprint is now. It wouldn't be wise for either of us—or anyone, for that matter—to venture down there blindly in search of it. That would defeat the purpose of wanting the blueprint in the first place if I end up in the sewers without any understanding of the system."

"What are your plans, then?" Aston asked, nodding in agreement with Duke's assessment.

"If they maintain an archive, they must also have it in their digital system," Duke explained. "That way, if the hard copy of the blueprint is misplaced, they can still access it when necessary."

"But that would be the most challenging approach to take," Aston replied. "You know how stringent the security is for government systems. Accessing one vault usually requires specific codes from designated sectors, and we have no idea where to find the blueprint. We might end up needing to open multiple vaults just to locate it. Should we go and consult the Minister of Defense about this?"

"Why would we even need him?"

"First of all, he's a government official and likely has access to various parts of the vault. He could be our best shot at this," Aston explained as he gradually stood up, brushing off his bottom to remove the dust.

"If you do that, he'll realize we need his help for something significant. He won't hesitate to make it difficult for us and will likely try to leverage it to his advantage. I dislike being threatened above all else," Duke said coldly, his heavy, intimidating presence making it clear to Aston that he was firmly opposed to seeking out the former Minister of Defense.

"But who should we turn to for help in cracking the government system?" Aston asked, feeling defeated.

He had run out of ideas, as every suggestion he made was dismissed by Duke, leaving him at a loss for solutions.

Heading to waste management also seems like a long shot, especially since it's outside the city.

That would mean Duke would need to venture out of the base with a team.

If they truly had no other options, it might be their only solution, but for now, they should focus on finding the blueprint within the base.

"Why search high and low when I'm right here?" Duke said, a hint of impatience in his voice. "Just show me where the main server is, and I'll take care of the rest."

He didn't feel the need to elaborate further; Aston's constant questioning was wasting valuable time, and Duke was eager to move forward with his plan.

Aston's eyes lit up at Duke's suggestion. "Of course! How could I forget about you?" he exclaimed.

"I've been fretting over all these significant details when we have you—the genius among geniuses!" He let out a hearty laugh, excitement bubbling over as he eagerly led Duke out of the archive.

Aston led Duke to the main computer in the central hall, which was connected to the government server.

As Duke settled into the chair and began typing, he quickly encountered the stringent security measures in place, blocking his access.

Undeterred, he pressed on, fingers flying over the keyboard.

Before long, the black screen of the command prompt appeared, and Duke expertly navigated the system, bypassing the security protocols.

He focused intently as he worked to decrypt the encrypted login code that had been requested.

Duke was utilizing a backdoor in the government system, one that his company had developed for them and which was also linked to the military.

This connection made him familiar with the backdoor's existence.

It had been strategically placed to facilitate quick access when the government required his company's assistance for security checks or maintenance.

This way, they wouldn't need to disturb the top brass for their security codes to access the system.

Even without the backdoor, Duke was confident in his ability to hack into the system; the backdoor merely streamlined the process, allowing him to bypass the more challenging task of breaching the mainframe from scratch.

Thanks to this advantage, he gained access within an hour, methodically opening one vault after another in search of the sewer system's blueprint.

Aston watched in awe from the sidelines, his eyes wide with astonishment.

Duke's fingers seemed to dance across the keyboard, moving with such speed and precision that it felt almost surreal.

Despite the intensity of the task, Duke remained completely indifferent, his expression cool and detached, as if he were casually browsing through mundane files instead of breaking through layers of government security.

The contrast between Aston's amazement and Duke's near boredom only made the scene more striking, as Duke continued his search through the system with unyielding focus.

Before long, Duke successfully retrieved a copy of the blueprint, revealing the vast and intricate layout of the sewer system.

Aston stared at the detailed design in disbelief; he couldn't possibly memorize every single part of it.

That's why he had refrained from attempting to redraw what he saw and remembered—getting lost in such a labyrinthine network was all too easy.

Even the engineers responsible for maintaining the sewers had to carry a copy of their designated sector, as navigating through the facility felt like traversing a complex maze.

Duke studied the blueprint intently, his gaze meticulously scanning every nook and cranny of the sewer system as if he were committing it to memory.

His focus was unwavering, and he absorbed the intricate details, determined to grasp the layout thoroughly.

'He can't be memorizing it, can he?' Aston wondered as he glanced between the screen and Duke, who remained silent and focused. He didn't dare disturb Duke now; he understood just how intimidating Duke could be—especially when he wasn't in Hera's presence.