

Apocalypse 435

Chapter 435 Sending Back A Report

With their enhanced abilities, they could easily jump to the other side if they adjusted their positions.

Without delay, Duke instructed them to leap from rooftop to rooftop, executing their movements like parkour experts, while he remained at the back, vigilant and alert.

He kept a watchful eye on their surroundings, ensuring the mutated rats weren't on their heels again.

Everyone drew their daggers, ready to counterattack at a moment's notice if anything lunged at them during their movement.

They remained vigilant, ensuring they could react in time to defend themselves.

Watching their preparedness from the back, Duke couldn't help but smile to himself.

'At least training them wasn't a waste of time,' he thought as he gracefully leaped from one rooftop to another.

His fluid movements were so seamless that not a hair on his head was ruffled.

From their vantage point, they could still hear the screeches of the mutated rats mingling with the growls of the zombies, while Duke's team stealthily slipped away.

Yet, despite his smile, a dangerous glint flashed in his eyes as he fell into deep contemplation.

Following this incident, Duke and his team designated the southeastern part of the city as a red zone, marking it as highly dangerous.

It was likely that much of the city was already in a similar state, prompting them to hasten their reconnaissance efforts.

They worked day and night to complete their assessments, allowing Duke to formulate a plan to address the influx of mutated rats and zombies flooding the sewers.

It was possible that the rats were emerging not only in search of fresh prey but also because their territory had been invaded by the zombies.

Both viewed each other as nothing more than sources of food, and neither was willing to share their domain.

After a moment of contemplation, Duke led his team to the edge of the southeastern part of the city, close to their base.

He instructed one of the warriors to prepare the drone.

Once everything was set, Duke noted their discoveries on a piece of paper and sealed it beneath the drone, marking it prominently to ensure that whoever found it would follow the marker and uncover the hidden letter.

With that done, he directed the warriors to pilot the drone toward the base's wall while he and the others monitored the camera footage.

They observed hordes of zombies emerging from the city, and snipers took up their positions, ready to shoot down the approaching threat from a distance.

As the zombies drew closer, soldiers stationed atop the wall prepared their assault rifles to eliminate any that got within range.

As one of the snipers focused on a distant target, he noticed a dark object flying toward them. It took him a moment to adjust his scope before realizing it was a drone.

To his surprise, he spotted a large white arrow on the front, pointing downward. He instinctively glanced down at the streets but saw nothing, leaving him puzzled.

Unaware that Duke and his team had brought a drone, he never would have expected them to have ventured this far into the city.

Instead, he assumed the drone belonged to other survivors seeking help.

"Sir! There's an incoming drone at 12 o'clock!" the sniper reported over the walkie-talkie.

The other sniper, intrigued, stopped targeting the zombies and turned to assess the approaching drone.

Like the first, he scanned the area but found nothing unusual. While one sniper monitored the drone, the other continued picking off the incoming zombies.

Positioned in the watchtower, they had a broader view than most.

As the sniper keeping an eye on the drone adjusted his focus, he spotted silhouettes standing on a nearby rooftop.

He zoomed in, and his breath caught in his throat when he recognized Duke among them.

Realizing it could be a message from the Vice City Lord, he quickly reached for his walkie-talkie again.

"Sir, it's from the Vice City Lord!" he shouted, emphasizing the title to ensure no one accidentally shot down the incoming drone.

The mention of Duke immediately caught everyone's attention. The gatekeeper moved closer to the wall, eagerly awaiting the drone's arrival.

As the drone approached, he raised his hands high in the air, signaling for it to land.

The drone slowly descended and gently touched down right in front of the gatekeeper.

Duke smirked as he watched the footage from a distance.

'It's truly great to communicate with smart people,' he thought.

He had been slightly worried that it would take too long to send the message, fearing that the soldiers might accidentally shoot down the drone or fail to grasp his intent.

However, it seemed he had underestimated them. Fortunately, the soldiers were observant enough to notice the markings.

Duke could even sense the moment the sniper peered through his scope and spotted him, prompting him to glance back in the sniper's direction, leaving the soldier momentarily flustered.

Soon, the gatekeeper—a soldier—noticed the markings and carefully lifted the drone for inspection.

Duke and the others stood still, allowing the gatekeeper to retrieve the letter before taking back the drone.

Following the markings, the gatekeeper discovered a small compartment and carefully opened it.

Inside, he found a sealed envelope and a smaller folded piece of paper.

He took both items and unfolded the note with curiosity.

"Report. Deliver this to the City Lord."

The gatekeeper refrained from prying into the letter's contents.

After retrieving it, he closed the lid on the small compartment and gently set the drone down.

As soon as it touched the surface, the drone took off, buzzing away into the distance.

The gatekeeper then called for someone to summon the Minister of Defense, ensuring the letter would be delivered personally to the City Lord.

As a gatekeeper, he wasn't permitted to leave his post, which was crucial for maintaining the gate's security.

Instead, he called for Aston to come over. Given that the message originated from the Vice City Lord and was sealed, it was clear that the information was classified and significant.

Only the designated recipient was authorized to open it.

To ensure the safe delivery of the message, he entrusted Aston with the task, knowing he was one of the most reliable individuals in the base and fiercely loyal to their City Lord.

They didn't have to wait long before Aston came running, looking disheveled and haggard. "What's going on? Did the Vice City Lord really send a message?" he asked breathlessly as he reached the gatekeeper.

The gatekeeper nodded and promptly handed the letter and note to Aston. Understanding the urgency, Aston quickly left to find Kisha outside the wall.

The reason Aston looked so haggard was that he had been working tirelessly to prevent any leaks while also planning a contingency.

Meanwhile, Kisha was assisting Vulture with the cleanup outside, knowing that Sparrow might arrive at any moment. With everyone busy, Aston felt like he was spinning in circles.

Once Aston took the letter and left, the gatekeeper returned to his duties at the wall, personally monitoring the ammunition inventory.

A wave of worry washed over him as he noticed the dwindling supply of crates. He felt a knot of anxiety tightening in his stomach at the thought of reporting this to his superior.

If they ran out of ammunition, it would mean sending soldiers outside to handle the zombies personally.

That was one concern, but what about the threat posed by other humans? He contemplated his next course of action, weighing the risks carefully.