

Apocalypse 447

Chapter 447 Mission Going Smoothly

Even Duke recognized that what Rose was doing was a valuable opportunity to eliminate the zombies approaching their perimeter while they surveyed the area.

Rather than interrupt her, he chose to offer her some pointers to help enhance her skills, making them more applicable in real battles and situations like this.

Thanks to Rose's assistance, they were able to move more quickly, encountering fewer lurking zombies along their path since she had already dealt with them from a distance.

While everyone else focused on scanning the surroundings with the drone and Duke concentrated on mapping, they covered the entire eastern side in just half a day, uncovering only one hole.

Next, they turned their attention to the northern side, continuing their efforts.

By the end of another half-day, just before dark, they had managed to cover half of the northern area.

They uncovered three gaping holes in the ground leading to the sewers.

Following Duke's instructions, the others began clearing the debris that had fallen into the holes.

Since some zombies lurked below, a few team members had to descend to deal with them.

Duke didn't join them; the Scarlet Bees were silently protecting the group.

Unbeknownst to him, his team appreciated this new setup, believing they were now strong enough to handle themselves without constant supervision.

As a result, they were even more determined to prove that his teachings had truly made them stronger.

Those who descended into the sewers began a friendly competition to see who could kill the most zombies while cleaning up the debris.

Duke, aware of their playful rivalry, merely shook his head and allowed them to enjoy themselves.

'It's better for them to be a little more competitive for better results than to be unmotivated and die like flies,' Duke thought to himself as he continued his work.

He also considered a better plan.

While the others were busy clearing debris and Rose was on standby, waiting and dealing with stray zombies felt like a waste of her time.

Duke decided to send her on occasional solo missions, accompanied only by the Scarlet Bees, following the route he had outlined for her.

Rose didn't hesitate to accept the mission entrusted to her.

She found it easier to follow orders than to give them, as issuing commands often required extensive brainstorming.

Now, she felt less pressure and more enjoyment in her role.

Rose would leave the group almost every hour, returning each time a little disheveled and dirty.

With limited water available for cleaning, Rose can't clean herself up, neither of them does, and although they are curious to know what Rose is up to they don't have the time to ask her about her solo missions.

However, it was clear that she had been through a rough time; her appearance resembled that of a beggar, with a dirty face, tattered clothes, and an unusual odor.

Though Rose wanted to scold them for their insensitivity, she couldn't deny that she smelled funny, especially after running back and forth at the edge of the city.

She would often hijack abandoned cars along the street to make her travels faster and easier, but her missions invariably led her to the dirtiest places.

As a result, it was impossible for her to avoid getting dirty or for the lingering odors of those locations to cling to her body and clothes.

At the Vulture's side, the day began with a swift effort to erect cargo trailers and continue constructing the wall where they had left off.

Although ten cargo trailers seemed sufficient for building a long wall, as they started covering the first trailer of the day with earth walls, they quickly realized that the span they had built was not very long.

It was far from enough to complete even one corner of the base, raising concerns that they might not finish the wall within the stipulated time.

Fortunately, Vulture encouraged his team not to neglect their training after their daily work beyond the base's walls.

Like Sparrow, he had led more than half of his team to level up just the night before, which made their work much smoother.

Now, they could conjure stronger and thicker earth walls to cover the cargo trailers, significantly increasing their speed.

As a result, Vulture found that he was no longer the only one doing most of the work.

They were now able to distribute the workload evenly, making their tasks much easier and faster than before.

Concerned about the increasing strength of the zombies and the hollow nature of the cargo trailers standing as their wall for their defense, they proactively decided to increase the thickness of the walls.

With the next batch of cargo trailers scheduled to arrive tomorrow, they anticipated completing the ten trailers by the end of the day.

Kisha was pleased to see their proactive approach to reinforcing the walls for extra safety.

She, too, had plans to strengthen the walls further after they finished, ensuring that the zombies wouldn't breach their defenses.

Given the possibility of evolved zombies launching an attack on any base, adding an extra layer of protection was a wise decision.

Kisha observed the wall that Vulture and the rest were erecting.

It had a smoother finish and felt more solid than before, likely a result of their progress to level 1.

She was satisfied with the outcome.

Meanwhile, Aston and his team were busy positioning the cargo trailers using cranes and forklifts, allowing Vulture and the others to continuously cover them with earth.

As the sun reached its zenith, Aston's team had prepared lunch: succulent short ribs, miso soup, karaage, rice, and stir-fried vegetables to ensure a balanced diet for the warriors and keep them well-fed.

The warriors, despite the zombie carcasses littering the area, were now able to eat their meals without losing their appetites.

Perhaps they were becoming accustomed to the smell, or their hunger had simply overridden their discomfort.

Either way, they devoured their food without much concern for the slain zombies around them.

Of course, they still took care to wash their hands before eating; the last thing they wanted was to risk food poisoning or a stomach infection after handling zombies.

The warriors had even begun to joke around while eating, creating an atmosphere reminiscent of a regular construction job.

Kisha felt a sense of joy seeing the survivors maintain a positive mindset.

She also appreciated the food from the makeshift cafeteria that Aston had set up.

Initially, the cafeteria only provided meals for the warriors as promised, but as everyone at the base became busy with their own tasks and found the food delicious, many began purchasing meals there.

The cafeteria was well-received, saving everyone time on breakfast and lunch, allowing them to focus on doing their work around the base without needing to go back home to cook and only needing to worry about dinner.

Even if they were too tired to cook, the cafeteria offered dinner options, which proved to be a significant help for the base.

As demand increased, more people had joined the cafeteria staff, ensuring everyone was well-fed.

Marcus's vegetable production had also increased significantly as he prepared to level up alongside his grandchildren, who were clearly making great progress.