

Apocalypse 470

Chapter 470 Drastic Measure

Soon after, Sparrow and his team emerged victorious; Victor's forces were completely wiped out.

Fred led a group to ensure that none of Victor's men had survived and, if any were injured but still alive, to end their suffering swiftly.

He also made sure to collect any usable weapons from the fallen, knowing they could be valuable for the base's future defenses.

Though most of them felt a heavy weight in their hearts, they gritted their teeth and pressed on.

None of them had wanted to kill or be responsible for someone's death, but they knew they had no choice. When cornered, they would fight back, no matter how difficult it felt.

Seeing his men's hearts in the right place, Sparrow nodded in satisfaction.

He could see the resolve etched on their faces as they made their rounds.

Their skirmish, along with the noise of the battle, had attracted a swarm of zombies from within Port City, now shambling toward them.

Sparrow and the others had already taken down a few dozen, so Fred and his team quickened their pace back to the trucks.

Once everyone was on board, Sparrow led them back onto the road, heading for home.

Not long after Sparrow and his team left, the zombies swarmed the area, drawn to the bodies left behind.

Their hungry, guttural growls and frenzied roars echoed across the landscape, reaching the shelter inside Port City.

The sound filled the air with dread, and the people huddled inside the shelter trembled, crouching in corners and covering their ears.

Those who had gone out earlier to scavenge for supplies hadn't returned, heightening the group's fear and helplessness.

Sparrow and his team could still hear the distant, chilling noises of the zombies swarming the battleground they had just left behind.

Some of the men glanced back over the edge of the truck, their gazes unreadable, hearts heavy with mixed emotions.

Rakan observed the returning warriors, sensing the conflict within them.

He could understand their turmoil—victory came at a cost, and the sight they left behind was haunting.

The first kill was never easy; it lingered, unsettling, in the mind.

But after that, the second kill often came easier.

The real fear wasn't in the first act of taking a life—it was in the creeping numbness that followed, the risk of growing accustomed to it.

Rakan understood that these ordinary people, now shaken, were wrestling with that very fear.

They were afraid of what they might become, and that was why emotions ran high.

Throughout the journey, everyone remained silent, speaking only when absolutely necessary.

Rakan and his subordinates kept a low profile, not wanting to draw attention to themselves—especially since Sparrow's intentions for him and his people were still unclear.

Drawing unnecessary attention now might only complicate things for him and put them all in a difficult situation.

So, he and his people kept a low profile, blending into the background as if they weren't there.

Clyde noticed their careful restraint but chose to stay silent, sensing that everyone needed space and quiet to process their emotions.

Fortunately, aside from occasional stops to refuel, the journey was smooth, almost as if some higher power took pity on their troubled hearts.

They arrived back at the shelter just before sunset, just in time when Vulture and the rest to finish up with the last trailer, securing it behind the newly constructed earth wall.

Upon arriving, Sparrow and his team of five STAU members immediately began sorting the supplies they'd gathered.

Instead of stacking the cargo trailers in their usual empty spot, they coordinated with Aston, taking the trailers directly to where Vulture and his crew were working.

This streamlined the process, lightening Aston's team's workload and helping everyone get organized more efficiently.

Instead of returning to rest, Vulture and his team continued working, with Kisha staying behind to assist them.

She subtly replenished their spiritual energy and helped with their stamina recovery.

After several days of relentless labor on the wall project, they were just a little over halfway done.

With only four days remaining before the mission's deadline, Kisha couldn't help but feel anxious and worried about completing the task in time.

'I guess I'll have to take more drastic measures,' Kisha thought, observing the five STAU members as they helped position the cargo trailers, saving the use of cranes and forklifts.

Kisha and the others worked late into the night, the area growing darker with each passing hour.

She only allowed them to stop when she could see that their mental endurance was reaching its limit.

However, thanks to her discreet assistance in replenishing their spiritual energy and stamina to continue working nonstop, Vulture's team—himself included—had experienced a significant boost in mental capacity.

This improvement allowed them to use their awakened abilities more swiftly and with greater precision.

They decided to view this as part of their training, understanding that the consistent use of their abilities and ongoing efforts were pushing them to reach their peak once again.

This would set them up for another level-up, ultimately boosting their productivity.

This was the only reason Kisha wasn't overwhelmed despite the looming deadline.

Not only was the wall expansion and wall defense enhancement mission approaching, but in just nine days, all of her chain missions would also come to a head.

Though she felt the weight of it, she managed to keep her unease under control, carefully hiding her stress.

"Aston, can you please gather the five STAU and have them meet me in the study?" Kisha radioed as she made her way back to the villa.

By now, Aston and the five STAU had already returned inside the wall to eat and rest.

Given that it was late into the night, Kisha expected the FIVE STAU to be fast asleep, likely preparing for an early departure the next day.

"And also, call in Sparrow," she added.

Kisha turned to face Vulture. "Before you rest, meet me in the study. We need to make some changes to the plan."

Vulture didn't ask any questions; he simply nodded and followed behind her.

Just then, Tristan emerged from Villa #5. He was still covered in blood, his expression dark, and the lingering killing intent around him was reeking his body—likely from blowing off steam after tormenting the Coltons again.

As he saw Kisha and Vulture, he quickly masked his emotions, adopting a gentle smile.

"Good evening, Young Madam." Tristan bowed curtly, a gesture of respect.

Kisha nodded in acknowledgment and waved him off. "Go ahead and continue with your tasks."

Tristan returned a brief nod before heading home to shower and rest.

He had another early day ahead, handling the various responsibilities around the base.

As the secretary, it was his role to manage everything and assist both the City Lord and Vice City Lord with their duties.

This was the reason Kisha and Duke could leave the base without concern—Tristan was in charge, effectively managing and coordinating with the other departments to maintain order within the walls.

When Kisha and Vulture arrived at the study, only Sparrow was present.

They waited a few moments for the five STAU members to arrive.

Each one looked as though they had been pulled from their sleep, their faces tense and filled with unease while still in their sleeping wear.

They were clearly nervous, likely fearing they had done something wrong to warrant being called in the middle of the night.

Their stiff postures and the worry etched across their faces were unmistakable.