

Apocalypse 479

Chapter 479 Where The Problem Originated From

Alongside Rakan and his team, machine guns were positioned on both sides of the gap on top of the cargo trailers, manned by soldiers who vigilantly scanned the perimeter for any signs of incoming zombies.

While the team was well-prepared, Vulture had also stationed additional members from his unit as lookout.

Their job was to ensure no zombies from within the city breached their defenses and approached the base's wall, maintaining a tight security perimeter.

Though Rakan and his team were eager to prove their worth, Vulture kept them on standby, not giving them a chance to take action.

The boredom quickly set in as they stood watch, while Vulture and his team remained as busy as ever.

Those on guard duty were the ones who had just finished their shifts building up the wall.

Their rest periods had now shifted to perimeter patrol, ready to engage in hand-to-hand combat with any zombies that might breach the defenses.

The tension in the air was palpable as both sides prepared for whatever might come next.

They were exhausted, every muscle aching from the relentless work, but Kisha's presence seemed to ease some of their struggles.

Her passive and active skills subtly at play, her influence went unnoticed by most, yet her calming aura and quiet efficiency helped sustain the team's morale.

Though others couldn't pinpoint it, there was a sense of relief whenever she was near, her actions quietly lifting the burden without anyone realizing how much she was contributing.

On Duke's side, after recovering overnight, he and his team, along with Rose, resumed their mission.

This time, with Bell and a few Scarlet Bees by their side, their reconnaissance became much more efficient.

No longer needing to disguise themselves or hide, Bell and the Scarlet Bees soared freely above, scouting ahead and helping to fend off zombies and mutated rats that crossed their path.

This newfound freedom and speed allowed Duke to opt for using a car, greatly accelerating their progress in clearing the mission.

The combination of enhanced mobility and the Scarlet Bees' support made their operation smoother and far more effective.

By the end of the day, they had completed their reconnaissance, with their final destination being the western side of the city, where the majority of the population had been concentrated.

However, rather than risk traveling by car and potentially becoming stranded among the zombies with no way to escape, they decided to go on foot.

This approach allowed them to remain more agile and avoid any unforeseen obstacles that might trap them in the chaotic city.

Since Duke had already been to this area with Kisha and the others, he was able to navigate it with much greater ease this time.

As he had suspected, the biggest issue with the sewers stemmed from the very spot where he, Kisha, and the others had almost been trapped during their previous visit.

The opening in the sewer had grown larger since then, with the pavement collapsing under the immense weight of the zombies that had been walking over it.

This caused a surge of zombies to fall into the pit and spill into the sewers below.

As they gathered in the tunnels, they had inadvertently flooded the sewers beneath the HOPE Base.

That meant there were already hundreds of thousands of zombies now lurking under the base, creating an even greater threat.

Duke and his team, positioned atop the building, observed the massive pit from a distance.

The pit had grown into something resembling a crater, its edges jagged and wide.

Below them, the street was overwhelmed by a dense sea of zombies, so tightly packed that the pavement was completely obscured.

The sheer number of the undead filled the entire street, a suffocating mass that seemed to stretch endlessly in every direction.

"Sir..." One of Duke's team members spoke, his voice laced with concern as he gazed at the dense mass of zombies below and the yawning crater.

A sense of helplessness washed over him as he tried to imagine any way they could seal the gap and eliminate the hundreds of thousands of zombies that had already poured into the sewers.

The thought alone sent a shiver down his spine, as if something cold and sinister were crawling up his neck—a feeling like the touch of a massive spider's legs against his skin.

Instead of addressing the growing tension, Duke turned his gaze to Rose.

"It's time for you to get to work," he said flatly, his tone leaving no room for debate. He wasn't seeking her opinion—he was giving an order.

Rose's face drained of color, and she sprang to her feet, her expression one of horror.

"V-Vice City Lord, w-what do you mean?" she stammered, her voice trembling with fear.

Her wide-eyed panic made her appear vulnerable, and the others exchanged looks of sympathy, as if she had just been marked as the team's sacrificial lamb.

"Well, not just you—all of you," Duke added, there was a dangerous glint in his eyes as he gave everyone a passing glance.

Everyone paled as they felt dread in their hearts, too afraid to listen to what Duke was about to say, they wanted to run but they don't know how, so they could only swallow their fear and the feeling of injustice.

They thought of their families inside the base, not long after, their fear-stricken face turned into desperate determination as they awaited what Duke was about to say.

Making Duke raised an eyebrow before his eyes turned into a satisfied glint.

"Don't worry," Duke reassured, his voice cold but steady. "You'll suffer a bit, but you won't die."

His words, meant to comfort, only deepened their fear, confirming their worst anxieties. The team stood frozen, their eyes wide with dread, desperate to cry but unable to shed a tear.

Duke turned toward Rose then, his expression shifting to something darker. Her hair stood on the ends as his eyes locked onto hers.

"For starters," he continued, his voice carrying an unsettling edge, "why don't we have you plug that giant crater with your Ice Crystal wall?"

Duke's smile was anything but reassuring—it was a twisted grin that looked more sinister than comforting.

With a single tear, Rose prayed for her soul.

After a brief moment of preparation, Rose found herself dangling by the rope, suspended just above the massive crater.

Below her, the horde of zombies stirred restlessly, their gazes fixed on her with a hunger that sent a chill on her body.

The air was thick with their snarls and groans, the sounds growing more frenzied by the second.

Duke and the others held the rope tightly from the floor above, their faces tense, every muscle coiled in anticipation, knowing that the slightest mistake could turn this into a nightmare.

'Have I really just become a human piñata?!' Rose thought bitterly, her mind a whirl of dry, desperate thoughts as she dangled above the thrashing zombies below.

The grotesque sight of them clawing at the air only made her grip the rope tighter, her heart pounding in her chest.

She was tasked with sealing the massive crater, but the challenge didn't stop there.

She had to ensure that the pavement surrounding it wouldn't collapse further, which meant conjuring a wide Ice Crystal floor strong enough to cover the entire street.

The weight of the responsibility pressed down on her, and with every passing second, she could feel the precariousness of her situation—her life hanging by a thread, just like the rope holding her.