

## **Apocalypse 480**

### Chapter 480 Going Smoothly

Rose glanced up at the window where her rope dangled, catching one last look. Duke and the others were out of sight, positioned deep inside the room as they held her rope securely.

Technically, one person could have held it—after all, they were superhumans now—but for added safety, three men were stationed to anchor her rope firmly.

Meanwhile, the others took positions across different buildings, ensuring no threat could reach her from any angle.

Duke positioned himself a bit farther back, overseeing everyone with binoculars in hand as he scanned the surroundings.

He had strategically placed the Scarlet Bees at key points, ensuring that if Rose were to fall, they could provide immediate support.

They lowered Rose gradually toward the opening so she could conjure her Ice Crystal and cover the entire street.

Her ability, though ice-based, had a unique diamond attribute that made the ice unbreakable and resistant to intense heat.

This made it the perfect choice to seal the crater, as it would remain intact unless Rose dismantled it herself or it encountered someone with a stronger ability.

When Rose was close enough to the crater, she got to work, grimacing as zombies lunged and tumbled into the pit while trying to reach her.

Spurred on by their relentless movements, she increased her pace, quickly conjuring ice across the street.

Within ten minutes, she was halfway finished but already exhausted. Reaching into her breast pocket, she downed the vial of black liquid Duke had given her, feeling her spiritual energy surge almost instantly, restoring her strength.

With renewed energy, she pressed on, repeating this process until the entire crater and street were sealed by her unbreakable Ice Crystal floor.

In the end, even the zombies on the ground found their feet frozen and trapped in the ice, immobilized.

Once they finished, everyone gathered to cook dinner and settled in for a much-needed rest.

The next day, after confirming that the western sector was secure, Duke assigned his teams to cover the city in four separate units.

Rose, accompanied by Bell, received a special task: they were to head out of the city to seal specific sections of the sewer system using her Ice Crystal ability, strategically dividing it into isolated segments.

At dawn, the five groups split up, with Rose heading off on her own while the other four teams proceeded to their assigned sectors.

Upon arrival, each team divided further into four smaller units, each heading to specific locations in large trucks carrying oil tankers.

It took the entire day for each team to reach their designated locations, where they awaited Duke's signal to proceed with the next phase. Meanwhile, Rose worked tirelessly all day, pushing herself to the point of complete exhaustion.

Sparrow and his team truly delivered on their mission, returning even faster than expected.

Before dawn, they had already completed the supply run, taking everything they could from Port City. This time, they didn't pause to rest in the usual Eastern forest, as there was no one left to worry about.

With Victor out of the picture, the remaining survivors in Port City were too frightened to venture out, leaving Sparrow and his team undisturbed.

They managed to haul nearly every cargo trailer from the western sector and emptied the eastern warehouses up to the tenth, leaving not a single supply behind.

Even the supplies they'd previously ignored in the first warehouse were now fully emptied.

When Sparrow returned the next day, the team faced an unexpected problem: figuring out where to store all the supplies he had brought back.

Rakan, who had witnessed Vulture and his team working the previous day, thought he had seen it all when it came to awakened abilities.

But when he saw what the Five STAU could accomplish, his perception was shattered. His eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets, and his jaw hung open in disbelief at the sheer volume of supplies they had brought back that were being pulled out of nowhere.

"Fuck! So they really did take the supplies from the Eastern Warehouse like we suspected!" one of Rakan's subordinates exclaimed, his voice tinged with disbelief.

As they watched Tristan and Aston directing the workers to move the supplies and repurpose another office building into a temporary warehouse, the magnitude of the operation was becoming all too clear.

Later, they discovered that the five were actually space-type ability users, and that revelation finally made sense of how they managed to transport the contents of six or seven entire warehouses using only four trucks.

It was a feat that seemed impossible at first, given the sheer volume of supplies—and on top of that, the massive cargo trailers. Only after understanding their abilities did everything fall into place.

The cargo trailers no longer fit within the confines of the empty lot, with some even being placed outside the walls.

They had to replace the trailers that had been taken from the current wall, just to ensure that Vulture and his team could continue their work without interruption.

Rakan and his six subordinates all turned their gaze toward Sparrow, who stood nearby, eyeing the massive stockpile of supplies he had brought back.

Sparrow caught their stares and flashed a smirk.

"What? If a thief is asked by the cops whether he stole something, should he just admit it?" he scoffed, before spinning on his heel and heading out of the base.

"I'm going to help Vulture's team deal with the zombies," he added, his voice laced with amusement as he walked away.

Some of Sparrow's team members also joined Vulture's team to speed up the process.

As a reward for their hard work, Aston and Tristan increased the work points they'd be earning, along with an overtime pay incentive.

This gesture fueled everyone's enthusiasm, making them work even harder to get the job done quickly.

Kisha, who had been overseeing the progress, smiled with quiet satisfaction as everything seemed to be falling into place.

The wall construction had now covered a third of the entire planned expanse, easing her mind slightly, though she refused to let herself become complacent.

Instead, she ordered an increase in security, ensuring extra guards were posted to protect their hard work from any potential threats—whether from evolved zombies or hostile people.

The day had passed smoothly and productively, leaving everyone feeling satisfied.

By the following morning, work began again before dawn. However, before they could even get started, a flare shot up into the sky—bright red, resembling a firework that didn't go off.

Everyone halted, immediately assuming someone inside the city needed help, but before they could act, another flare erupted from a different location.

Then came another, and a few more followed, scattered across the city. The flares' erratic pattern felt ominous, sparking panic among the base's survivors.

Without hesitation, they rushed to alert Kisha.

They didn't need to call for Kisha, as she could see the flares from where she stood, bright red streaks cutting through the sky, leaving trails of smoke in their wake.

The sun was beginning to rise in the east, slowly brightening the sky, but the sight of the flares only deepened the growing worry.

Everyone knew that flares were used as signals, but what they signified was still unclear. The uncertainty gnawed at them—was it a call for help or a signal for an attack?

The possibility of the latter was their greatest fear, especially now.