

Apocalypse 500

Chapter 500 How Transport Them

"Send in another chicken and take it out when it looks like it's dying again," Tristan ordered.

Mike stepped into the coop, grabbed another rooster, and placed it in front of them. Before the bird could run or even flap its wings, the STAU had already flicked his wrist, swiftly pulling the rooster into his space.

Just like before, the rooster panicked, flapping its wings and searching desperately for an escape.

The rooster must have sensed the imminent danger of death in that space, triggering its survival instincts and making it restless.

Its movements grew weaker by the second, and just before it collapsed, the STAU pulled it from the space. The rooster hit the ground, motionless.

Slowly but surely, the rooster began to stir. It took a full five minutes before it managed to stand, as if it had just narrowly escaped death. Another three minutes passed before it regained its energy, moving with renewed vigor.

"I see," Tristan murmured. Both Mike and the STAU turned to him, waiting for him to explain what he had concluded after observing the rooster. Tristan didn't disappoint.

"I think the reason the chicken died earlier was due to a lack of oxygen in your space," he began. "While there's no restriction on what you can store inside, there's also nothing to generate oxygen."

"Without it, no living creature can survive for long. In comparison, this territory can sustain life because it has a complete ecosystem."

"So, maybe if we could place plants inside—ones that can convert the carbon dioxide animals exhale into oxygen—then the animals could survive in your space," Tristan explained.

"But with the number of animals we plan to transport, we'd need something close to a small forest, which would be difficult to achieve."

He paused, reflecting on the challenge of finding plants as large as trees to sustain the animals stored within the space.

"And besides the plants, we'd also need sunlight," Tristan added, frowning. "Your space doesn't have enough room to accommodate not just the trees, but also the sunlight necessary to produce oxygen." He looked visibly frustrated, realizing this method wouldn't work.

Still, they needed a solution. To make their plan convincing, they would have to temporarily store the animals in the space and then remove them just before bringing them into the base. This way, the survivors would believe the livestock had been gathered from outside.

"Hmm, maybe we could equip them with some oxygen tanks?" Mike suggested absentmindedly, scratching the back of his head.

He didn't fully grasp everything Tristan had explained, but he understood one crucial point: there was no oxygen inside the STAU's space, and without it, the animals would die within minutes of being placed there.

Since it had already been established that placing plants inside the space to transform carbon dioxide into oxygen was too complicated without sunlight, the only simpler solution Mike could think of was using oxygen tanks.

"Ha ha ha," Mike laughed awkwardly, his voice trailing off as Tristan fell silent, staring at him. The prolonged silence made Mike squirm, embarrassed, and he began to wonder if his suggestion had been foolish. "You don't—"

Before Mike could finish his sentence, Tristan cut him off. "Of course! The solution is so simple! Why was I overcomplicating it?" Tristan exclaimed, nodding appreciatively as he patted Mike's shoulder.

Sometimes, solutions didn't need to be complex—humans just had a way of making things more difficult than they needed to be.

"But where are we going to get the oxygen tanks? And how many animals are we planning to transport?" the STAU asked. "Or do we need to make multiple trips like we did with the cargo trailers?"

Though the solution seemed simple at first, it wasn't without complications.

Oxygen tanks weren't something they could easily get anywhere, and they were meant for farm animals, not humans.

That raised several concerns. For one, the animals might quickly remove their masks due to discomfort, or they could deplete the oxygen in the tanks faster because of their erratic behavior.

It also wasn't ideal for the STAU to keep a close eye on each animal in the space. It would be draining, tiring, and could overload their mental capacity to maintain awareness inside the space for so long.

As if he understood the STAU's concerns, Tristan explained what he had realized. "Of course, it would be simple."

"If I recall it correctly, I prepared a few hundred large oxygen tanks back at our base as part of our medical supplies, which the young madam had asked me to gather before I left to find the Winters' family."

"Sparrow and Vulture mentioned that she cleaned out the entire warehouse and took everything with her. That means she currently has all those supplies, including hoses, oxygen masks, and gas masks."

Tristan continued, but Mike and the STAU didn't fully grasp all the details—like which base he was referring to or what he meant by 'before leaving to look for the Winters.'

However, despite not fully understanding everything, they now knew that Kisha had the necessary supplies.

Even the STAU realized that aside from the current territory space, Kisha must have a separate inventory space where she stored those supplies.

After all, the STAU couldn't see hundreds of large tanks around the area, nor did it seem like they had a cabin hidden somewhere in the forest.

The STAU felt a sudden sense of disbelief upon learning something incredible about their City Lord once again, making him question his very existence. But before he could dwell on his shock, Tristan continued.

"Since we have the oxygen tanks, which can surely accommodate many animals, we can place an order with the artisan-type awakened ability users. They can modify the gas or oxygen masks to fit the animals, allowing them to breathe inside the space. We'll also put the animals to sleep so they won't stir too much, reducing their oxygen consumption inside the space."

Only after Tristan explained everything clearly did Mike and the STAU begin to visualize the plan themselves.

They realized it was not only feasible, but also their best option.

In fact, it was simple enough to think that bringing Kisha along would solve everything, as her skills alone could take care of it without using up many resources.

However, Tristan saw it differently. He viewed this as a great opportunity for the artisans to practice their craft and receive their first order.

He didn't want to rely on Kisha too often, especially since it wasn't always possible to bring her into every mission.

Even though involving her would make everything much easier, Tristan was determined to manage without her this time.

But easier wasn't always better—not for everyone involved.

Kisha couldn't continue bearing all the burdens alone; others needed the opportunity to step up and shine.

With this understanding, one of the Winters' bodyguards was sent out to relay the order and inform Kisha of their plans.

Since modifying the masks would take time due to the number of animals involved, it was crucial to get the artisans started as soon as possible.

In addition to modifying the masks to resemble muzzles, they also needed to design a large, isolated pod for the smaller animals.

This would eliminate the need to create individual oxygen masks for creatures like chickens and ducks—a task that seemed nearly impossible given their size and anatomy.