

## **Apocalypse 506**

### Chapter 506 Preparing For The Next Mission

Given her past experience, she wasn't willing to take any chances; she didn't know what might happen if history repeated itself.

Although her progress was slower than Duke's, Kisha didn't mind.

She remained steady and focused, determined to cultivate at her own pace and ensure her growth was stable and secure.

After Kisha and Duke finished cultivating, they both felt invigorated and renewed.

They could already sense the powerful effect of the crystal—after just two hours, it had increased their cultivation by more than threefold.

However, as the spiritual energy continued to gather, they soon realized that its concentration had skyrocketed to ten times its original strength.

The potency of the energy was far beyond what they had anticipated.

Once they were done, they left the territory, and Duke immediately made his way to Engineer Stell again.

This time, he brought with him two more blueprints, eager to continue the expansion of their territory's potential.

As soon as Engineer Stell laid eyes on the blueprints, his eyes lit up with excitement.

Without sparing a glance at Duke, he and his team immediately immersed themselves in studying the intricate details.

However, just like the previous blueprint for the solar panels, this one was also based on alien technology far too advanced for Earth's current capabilities.

The materials listed were equally rare and precious, to the point that Engineer Steel wasn't sure they could even source them with their current resources.

"Don't worry, we already have some of the materials," Duke reassured, his voice steady and confident.

"My wife and I have been gathering supplies from one of the Winters' old warehouses, where we store precious materials. As luck would have it, we already have some of what we need."

"Some of those items have already been sent to the artisans, who are working on turning them into parts. We'll continue collecting what we need and let the artisans keep crafting, and we'll assemble everything here as we go."

His words were calm, but the task ahead was far from simple. Yet, his assurance seemed to ease the team's concerns, even if they knew the work ahead would be demanding.

Duke quickly fabricated a plausible story about the origins of the materials, carefully choosing details that would keep anyone from questioning where they came from or suspecting Kisha's involvement.

He knew that no one would bat an eye at the mention of his extensive resources.

After all, everyone in the country was aware of Duke's reputation: he had always been able to procure rare materials even before the apocalypse, with his own team of researchers, scientists, and connections in military weaponry and armor.

His background made the acquisition of such items seem completely ordinary, and his explanation went unquestioned, leaving no room for suspicion.

Duke was transparent about the materials they had, which reassured Engineer Steel.

Hearing this, the engineer felt more at ease and even more optimistic about their progress.

Once he finished inspecting the blueprints, he left them in Engineer Steel's care for further study, along with the previous blueprints.

Without anything more to do for the moment, Duke headed out and made his way to the square, where he found a group of warriors—who had suddenly found themselves with free time—training alongside others who were off duty.

The square was buzzing with activity, as the idle warriors were eager to keep busy and improve their skills.

When Duke arrived at the square, he found the warriors in the midst of their training.

They were sparring with one another, each testing the other's progress.

Some were exchanging punches that, while appearing friendly at first glance, carried a newfound confidence, precision, and deadly intent.

It was clear that their attacks had evolved—no longer the hesitant swings of beginners, but sharp and focused strikes.

Duke could tell that their experience from fighting alongside their previous leaders during long, grueling missions outside the territory had sharpened their skills, transforming them into a much more formidable force.

Those resting on the sidelines were exchanging stories of their experiences outside the territory.

While some shared funny anecdotes, the majority recounted the horrors they had faced—close calls with death and encounters that had left lasting physical or mental scars.

Others boasted about their strength or the significant contributions they'd made, as was typical in any conversation among warriors.

After observing them for a while, Duke stepped forward.

The atmosphere instantly shifted; everyone stiffened, immediately standing to salute him, especially those who had recently joined his team.

Their respect and admiration were evident, but so was the nervous energy that filled the air as he approached.

"I'm glad to see that none of you are slacking off during your free time and are instead focused on honing your skills," Duke said, his voice filled with approval.

He made no effort to hide his satisfaction, and his words immediately lifted their spirits.

The warriors stood up straighter, a gleam of pride shining in their eyes at the recognition.

"Now that the wall's construction is complete, we still have more tasks to tackle," Duke began, his voice steady but serious. "One of those tasks is a supply run to the linen factory, and I'll need another team to come with me."

"However, this journey won't be as straightforward as the previous ones to Port City or our last mission. Back then, we had clear routes to avoid the zombie hordes, but the linen factory is a different story."

"It's surrounded by dense industrial areas, full of factories and warehouses, which makes it far more dangerous. One wrong move could easily turn the situation against us."

He paused, scanning the faces of his men. He didn't offer any additional reassurance, letting the weight of the mission settle in.

He could see their expressions shift, some paling, others visibly uneasy, but he made no attempt to soften his words.

His intent was clear: this would be a risky endeavor, and only those truly prepared for it should volunteer.

No one knew better than them how terrifying it was out there, especially when faced with a zombie horde.

They understood the panic that surged through their veins when they were surrounded, hearts pounding as the crushing weight of hopelessness set in.

They had all experienced that gut-wrenching feeling of thinking they might not make it out alive.

So, when Duke outlined the dangers of the mission, they didn't need further explanation.

They knew exactly what he was implying. This wasn't just a casual task—it was a high-risk operation.

Duke wasn't calling anyone out by name. Instead, he was giving them the choice to join, allowing those with the courage to step forward on their own.

By volunteering, they were signing their own waiver, acknowledging that they were ready to face whatever dangers lay ahead, no matter the cost.

Of course, Duke didn't need to explain why the supply run to the linen factory was so important.

It was obvious to everyone, especially with the weather steadily worsening. The sudden drop in temperature, like the freezing chill of last night, was a warning.

They didn't know how quickly it could turn dangerously cold again, and without proper clothing, the survivors were at risk of freezing to death.

With no electricity and no heating system in place, there was only so much human warmth could provide.