

## **Apocalypse 514**

### Chapter 514 Got What They Need

Fred's awakened ability made him an excellent backup, which is why he was positioned at the rear.

Like Evelyn, his stamina had been affected by the continuous strain of their actions since the beginning.

He had already infused numerous empty cartridges during their journey.

Whenever they made a stop, Fred would take the time to infuse five to ten bullets—or even more, depending on how long they rested.

By now, he had accumulated several hundred infused rounds, allowing him to manage his spiritual energy efficiently.

Unlike the others, he didn't need to push himself to his physical limit during combat.

However, the main drawback was the quality of his weapon.

The more he used his gun, the more it wore down, especially the barrel.

After prolonged use, the barrel would reach its limit and eventually explode.

Because of this, Fred had to constantly switch out his firearms and be meticulous when infusing his spiritual energy into the cartridges.

If he wasn't careful with the amount of energy he infused, the bullets could backfire and explode.

Despite these drawbacks, Fred's ability proved incredibly useful.

As an excellent marksman, he was able to provide cover for the team from the rear, ensuring everyone's safety during their movements.

Weapon in hand, he moved cautiously through the warehouse, only calling out once he was certain the area was secure. "The warehouse is clear!"

"Clear!"

"Clear!"

Each member of his team, stationed at different corners of the warehouse, called out from all sides, confirming the area was secure.

Only then did Duke and the rest of the team enter, quickly closing the door and reinforcing it with some wood.

But even that wouldn't hold the zombies back for long.

Then Evelyn stepped forward from the crowd, her eyes focused as she used her awakened ability.

She manipulated a nearby metal scrap, fusing it seamlessly to reinforce the door.

The result was a sturdy, impromptu lock.

The others couldn't help but whistle in admiration. It was effortless for her—tearing metal apart or merging it together at will.

Once they managed to lock themselves inside, they collapsed to the ground, their bodies trembling from exhaustion. Their legs felt like they might give out at any moment, and they could sense their energy cores stirring uneasily—almost as if they were on the verge of being pushed too far.

"W-We made it..."

"I thought I'd collapse out there and end up as their dinner." Some of the warriors tried to joke to lighten the mood, but while the rest of the team rested, the two STAU ventured deeper into the warehouse, securing the textiles inside their space.

They were escorted by three to five warriors who still had the strength to move.

Meanwhile, Duke made his way up to the second floor, scanning the area as he oversaw the team, ensuring there were no evolved zombies lurking nearby.

The warehouse was massive, and Duke knew it would take some time for the STAU to gather everything they needed.

As he surveyed the area, Duke realized his team needed time to rest.

With that in mind, he quietly slipped away from the second floor, unnoticed by the others, and exited through the window.

He made his way toward the factory.

If he waited for the STAU to store everything from the warehouse into their space, it would take a while.

Bringing everyone along would slow things down even further.

By the time they fought their way there, nightfall would have arrived, making it risky to stay in a place surrounded by zombies.

Navigating their way out would be nearly impossible, especially if evolved zombies were lurking nearby—an additional danger they couldn't afford.

With no other option, Duke decided to move alone.

This would allow him to navigate more stealthily through the dense mass of zombies surrounding the area.

He surveyed the exterior of the warehouse and noted that none of the zombies had noticed him yet—his stealth skills were still sharp.

Quietly, he leaped onto a nearby pipe that connected to another building, using it as a bridge to cross over.

Staying above the zombies, he avoided a direct confrontation, knowing that engaging them would waste precious time.

Duke continued to navigate from roof to roof, eventually reaching a factory swarming with zombies.

They were all wearing company uniforms, lurking around the factory from every angle.

While they weren't densely packed, a direct confrontation would waste too much time, so Duke carefully moved forward, using the large machinery as platforms to leap from one spot to another.

When zombies got too close, he quickly killed them with his spear.

After a while, he waved his hand, storing the machinery in his Space Ring.

He repeated this process, adding more machines to his collection until he could no longer fit any more.

By then, he'd already secured dozens of pieces.

Though the factory had hundreds of machines, he knew their base wouldn't need that many.

If they required more in the future, they could simply recreate them from scratch, especially since they now had a sample to dismantle.

This would give the engineers a clear blueprint to work from when the time came to assemble more.

With that in mind, Duke made his way back to the warehouse where the rest of his team was waiting.

As he returned, he found that the STAU had just finished emptying the entire warehouse.

Their space was now packed to the brim with textiles that could last them for years, depending on the demand.

With this task complete, there was no need to ransack the remaining warehouses.

They had already achieved their primary objective.

While the textiles were valuable, they weren't their main concern.

The real priority was the machinery—because, with the right equipment, they could easily produce textiles back at the base.

Thanks to Kisha's territory, they had ample space to grow the necessary materials, or even raise silkworms, making the textiles themselves a secondary need.

"Alright, we're moving out!" Duke's voice rang out from the second floor.

No one had noticed his absence, assuming he'd been in the same spot the whole time.

But now, as he issued the command, the entire team immediately sprang into action, rising from their positions and swiftly falling into formation.

Instead of retracing their steps, Duke led his team toward the back of the warehouse, where a smaller, less conspicuous door awaited them.

Thanks to the commotion at the front, most of the zombies had swarmed to the main entrance, banging relentlessly against the doors.

The back door, however, was nearly clear, providing Duke and his team with a clear escape route.

They rushed out, slipping through the back of the factory with far less resistance than when they entered.

This was part of Duke's plan all along.

By pushing his team forward despite the zombie-packed streets, he'd intentionally drawn the undead toward the front, creating a distraction.

The chaos had drawn most of the zombies to that area, allowing them to clear a path and quietly retreat from the rear.

By the time the sun began to set on the horizon, they had already put considerable distance between themselves and the factory.

The journey back was far easier, requiring only a fraction of the effort they had exerted while advancing toward the factory.

As a result, the warriors didn't have to push themselves as hard this time.