

## **Apocalypse 584**

### Chapter 584 Dr. Shuveck's Request

Seeing how Kisha and her team honored the loss of someone like Sparrow made Rakan realize they had truly found the right place.

The way the leaders treated their people with such care and respect—going to great lengths to save, rescue, and recover their fallen comrades—instilled in him a deep sense of trust.

He no longer hesitated to put his faith in these leaders, knowing he could fight for the base without reservations.

It wasn't just Rakan who felt this way—many others shared the sentiment. They understood that following such leaders would guide them to the right path. While they all carried the weight of their grief, their resolve was stronger than ever.

While the others kept watch outside the walls, the rest of the people—warriors and civilians alike—were dedicating themselves to training and growing stronger.

Meanwhile, the medical facility had a brief respite. The first batch of awakeners had already stabilized, allowing the medical staff to take a moment to rest and reassess their resources.

They reviewed the facility's capabilities and inventory, ensuring they were fully prepared for when the second batch of awakenings began.

The Artisan workshop, along with those running their own stalls, were also putting in their best efforts.

They focused intently on honing their craft, driven by the hope that their work would not only improve in quality but also gain some stats buff, or even produce something that could benefit the people of the base.

Seeing everyone else working diligently, Kisha pushed aside her growing anxiety and completed a final patrol along the wall.

She made sure the perimeter was secure, the defenses were at their strongest, and took additional precautions by placing obstacles in front of the wall using the abandoned vehicles scattered outside.

With her telekinesis, she effortlessly lifted and arranged the vehicles in random positions on the street.

The purpose wasn't to create an intricate maze but to at least slow any zombie waves that might approach.

She left gaps between the vehicles, ensuring that even if zombies managed to climb over one obstacle, they would still face more barriers.

Additionally, she carefully positioned the vehicles a few meters away from the earth spikes in front of the wall, preventing zombies from using the vehicles as platforms to scale the walls.

Kisha repeated the process around the entire wall as part of her preparations.

Her focused, determined actions puzzled most of the onlookers, who assumed she was simply trying to occupy herself and take her mind off of what had happened to Sparrow.

No one intervened, thinking it was a task she assigned herself while thinking.

Only a few veteran soldiers understood her method. They recognized it as a tactic similar to the one used on battlefields, where soldiers would create sandbag walls, pits, and obstacles to establish temporary shelters, hiding spots, or even maze-like fortifications.

These structures were designed to slow the enemy's advance, forcing them to navigate treacherous terrain while waiting for an ambush.

Seeing Kisha prepare in such a focused manner made everyone feel as though she was gearing up for something significant.

Her words, the ones she had repeatedly emphasized, echoed in their minds. One of the veterans, a gatekeeper, could feel the weight of the situation and immediately took action.

He ordered his soldiers to ensure that all firearms in their corner were thoroughly checked and ready for use, in top condition.

They even began counting their remaining ammunition, knowing they couldn't afford to panic if they found themselves suddenly running low.

While the soldiers busied themselves with their weapons, the gatekeepers turned their attention to the warriors stationed by the wall.

They reminded them to continue their training, urging them to push themselves, even if just a little.

The tents near the walls were theirs to use, and no one would disturb their efforts. Whether they leveled up or not, becoming even slightly stronger in that moment was all that mattered.

Although the warriors didn't fully understand the urgency behind their increased training, they accepted the challenge without question.

With little else to occupy their time, and deeply affected by the somber mood hanging over the base, they felt a strong drive to improve themselves.

They believed that in order to honor their positions and contribute meaningfully, they had to become stronger, no matter the reason behind the push.

After finishing her patrol and finalizing the preparations, Kisha made her way to the small building housing their temporary electricity department, expecting to find Duke.

She wasn't mistaken. As she stepped inside, she saw Dr. Shuveck and Engineer Steel engaged in a serious conversation with Duke, their expressions grave.

Kisha moved closer and, sensing something was amiss, asked, "What's going on?"

Dr. Shuveck hesitated for a moment before stepping forward, his expression somber.

"City Lord," he began, "as you know, we originally came from City D. During our escape, we were fortunate enough to cross paths with the group you rescued here in City B."

"However, in our rush to flee, we were forced to leave behind everything—our research materials, our life's work—all of it. Those materials were crucial for the advancement of humanity's future, and losing them has been a heavy blow."

Dr. Shuveck paused, his eyes distant as he gathered his thoughts.

"But that's not the only thing I left behind," he continued, his voice tinged with worry.

"I fear my son is still in City D. I hope he's alive, waiting for help, but I can't be certain. There's also my notebook—I've realized that some of the calculations and details from the advanced solar panel blueprints aren't adding up."

"Engineer Steel and I have gone over them, but there are discrepancies we can't resolve. Without clearing up these inconsistencies, we won't be able to build the solar panels to their full potential."

"Even if we manage to finish them, there will likely be issues down the road. But above all, my thoughts keep drifting back to my son. I can't shake the fear that he might still be out there, searching for me in City D."

Dr. Shuveck's voice wavered with desperation as he continued, "I am requesting your assistance, City Lord and Vice City Lord. I need a search and rescue team to go into City D, not only to search for my son but also to recover my notebook and research materials."

He then bowed deeply, his body bent at a 90-degree angle to convey the urgency and weight of his plea.

His tone was sincere—he wasn't merely using the search for his son as an excuse.

The truth was, he was struggling with the advanced solar panel blueprints, and he recalled a critical discovery he'd made just before everything fell apart and the apocalypse started.

His notebook held the answers that could change everything.

More than that, Dr. Shuveck knew he wasn't a fighter—he would be of no use if he went to City D on his own.

He wasn't even sure he could make it there, given his lack of combat experience.

That's why he turned to the Vice City Lord for help. At first, he had believed his son—his most cherished treasure, a renowned professor in the science department of City D's prestigious university—was already dead, which was why he had fled alone.

But that wasn't entirely true. In the chaos, soldiers had pushed him into a military vehicle, along with other researchers, engineers, and important figures deemed valuable by the government.

His son had been one of them, swept up in the mass evacuation to safety.