

Apocalypse 603

Chapter 603 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 13

"Fuck, we need more grenades!" A soldier barked into the walkie-talkie, his voice strained with urgency as he called logistics at central command.

Aston and Tristan, picking up on the desperation, immediately responded.

"Where should we send them?" Tristan asked, his tone sharp and focused.

"The western wall!" the soldier shouted over the chaos.

"Hell, another wave of zombies is surging from here! That damn evolved zombie is furious—it's trying to drown us in sheer numbers! Get those supplies here fast! We're running low on ammo for the Gatling guns and the rest of our firearms!"

He paused for a brief second before adding, "Do you have any RPG? We might seriously need one out here!"

Tristan and Aston exchanged a tense glance before Aston grabbed the walkie-talkie. "We'll send what we can—hold on! We'll get it to you as fast as possible!" he assured, his voice steady despite the chaos and loud noises.

After ending the transmission, Aston raised his hand in a sharp signal. "Gather up!"

The survivors assisting nearby, though unfamiliar with military signals, quickly understood his words and moved to form a loose circle in front of him.

Tension hung in the air as some had overheard the desperate radio conversation, while others, too occupied with their tasks, had missed it entirely.

The cacophony of noise around them—gunfire, explosions, and the distant groans of the undead—made it nearly impossible to catch every word, but the urgency on Aston's face was enough to silence any questions.

"Prepare more grenades, all types of ammunition, and if there are any heavy firearms we haven't accounted for—find them and report immediately! They might be critical at the Western wall—ASAP!" Aston's voice thundered through central command, his expression grim and unyielding.

The urgency in his tone left no room for hesitation or questions; the team scattered at once, moving with swift precision.

They gathered every available resource, organized the supplies with practiced efficiency, and loaded them onto a forklift to ensure the delivery to the Western wall would be as fast and seamless as possible.

Fortunately, during the earlier chaos, the survivors had already taken the time to organize the supplies.

Ammunition was neatly arranged by size and type, making it easy to identify and grab without needing specialized knowledge.

When Aston gave the order to send all kinds of ammo and firearms, the team wasted no time—they loaded everything onto a forklift and assigned a man to transport it to the Western wall.

While waiting for the forklifts to return, others began scouring the area for any high-damage firearms that might still be available, ensuring no resource was left unused in their fight for survival.

"Sir! We have some rocket launcher over here!" an excited civilian shouted from another corner, his voice carrying a hint of expertise despite his non-military background.

When his words didn't immediately catch anyone's attention, he sprinted over to Aston, his excitement barely contained.

"Sir, I found some RPGs! They were hidden under a tarp, which is probably why no one noticed them earlier. But I'm pretty sure these are the latest military models!"

Aston raised an eyebrow as he listened to the man, quickly processing the information. "Prepare a dozen RPGs immediately and send them to the western wall along with the other supplies," he commanded sharply.

The urgency in his tone left no room for delay; the soldiers at the western wall had specifically requested rocket launchers to help thin out the incoming horde.

Before he could fully focus on the western wall's situation, another distress signal crackled through the radio—this time from Duke's position at the southern wall, urgently requesting more ammunition and other supplies.

Aston's jaw tightened as he made a quick decision.

"Logistics team, double-time! Get the supplies to the southern wall immediately!"

Without wasting another second, he delegated the tasks to the survivors working in logistics, trusting them to organize and deliver the much-needed items to both critical points as swiftly as possible.

The walkie-talkie crackled to life once again. "Sir! Sir! Can you hear me?" came the voice of an excited middle-aged man, his tone filled with urgency and enthusiasm.

Aston immediately grabbed the device. "What is it?" he replied, his voice steady and commanding.

"Sir, as an artisan-type awakened ability user, we've been experimenting in the workshop with empty bullet casings. We managed to create a dozen impact-exploding rounds!" the man reported eagerly.

"All the blacksmiths have been working together, and we've confirmed that the ammunition is safe—it won't explode in the barrel. Since we've heard the zombies' defenses have become stronger, we figured we needed to improve our weapons."

"We've been working on this for a couple of days now and finally achieved the right balance of gunpowder."

"Although our supply of potassium nitrate and sulfur is limited, we have plenty of charcoal to keep production for a limited number. Would you like us to deploy these rounds for testing?"

The excitement in his voice was palpable as he awaited Aston's response, clearly hopeful that his creation could make a difference in the intense battle.

Aston's ears perked up as he heard the report. The situation at the walls was dire, and he knew the soldiers desperately needed something stronger than standard rounds—normal bullets simply wouldn't cut it anymore."

"He fell into deep contemplation for a full minute, weighing the options. The man on the other end of the walkie-talkie remained silent, patiently awaiting Aston's decision.

Finally, Aston spoke with firm resolve. "Can you modify the ammunition we already have? Instead of using spent bullet casings, focus on remaking these live rounds."

"That way, you'll have more gunpowder to work with, and we'll end up with upgraded bullets ready for immediate use."

He paused, his mind racing with the potential impact. "Once it's proven that these enhanced rounds are more effective against the zombies, it'll be a game-changer."

"The soldiers will have a better chance at achieving one-hit kills, conserving ammunition, and holding the lines longer. We don't have unlimited supplies, and we've yet to secure more gunpowder, so this might be our best shot."

Aston's voice carried both urgency and determination as he made his decision, knowing that every moment counted in their fight for survival.

"Yes, sir!" the voice on the other end of the line responded with unwavering resolve.

Without wasting a second, the artisans began packing the impact-exploding rounds into a secure container.

A member of the logistics team arrived shortly after, and the artisans carefully explained safety protocols to ensure the bullets would be transported without any mishaps.

Not long after, the logistics team delivered a fresh batch of ammunition to be remodeled. The artisans worked meticulously, extracting the gunpowder with steady, delicate hands to avoid any accidental detonations.

Thankfully, their extensive experience handling gunpowder had sharpened their skills and instincts, allowing them to carry out the delicate process with confidence.

With each round, they carefully repacked the gunpowder into its new form, ensuring everything was precise and safe for use.

When the impact-exploding rounds arrived at the western wall, what was described as "a few dozen" turned out to be several crates of ammunition.

The logistics team quickly briefed the soldiers on how to use the rounds, and their excitement was immediate.

The potential of these new rounds to turn the tide of the battle was clear, sparking a renewed sense of hope and determination among the troops.