

Apocalypse 753

Chapter 753 Laundromat

"More! Get more liquor from the shop!" Eagle shouted, his voice sharp over the crackle of burning zombies as he and the frontliners fought to keep the horde at bay.

"Yes, sir! We're on it!" one of the Winters men replied. He glanced down at the bottle of liquor in his hand with a pained expression. 'Such good booze, wasted on zombie barbecue...' he thought wistfully before reluctantly handing it over to Bald Eagle, who was having the time of his life hurling Molotovs like a pyromaniac at a carnival game.

Moments later, the group who'd rushed into the liquor store returned with boxes of alcohol. Others dug through nearby shops for more cloth and even found a few extra lighters. Working together, they quickly resumed assembly—passing bottles, stuffing wicks, and igniting flames.

This coordinated effort not only kept the zombie horde at bay, it also bought precious time for the exhausted fighters to rest and recover their spiritual energy.

With more lighters on hand, they were able to light multiple Molotovs at once and hurl them in different directions, spreading fire across the horde. Only when the wave of zombies finally began to thin out did they stop throwing and switch to close combat or their awakened abilities to finish off the stragglers.

When the battle ended, they collapsed to the ground, gasping for air—completely drained, but not done yet. There was no time to rest. After catching their breath for just a moment, they forced themselves back on their feet to start collecting the crystal cores from the fallen zombies.

As they worked, they also dragged the charred corpses aside to clear the area. The last thing they needed was to trip over the remains during the next attack. Every second counted—and every small action could mean the difference between life and death.

They dragged the zombie carcasses off to the side, piling them up in an empty courtyard. It wasn't part of the main street, and since they weren't using that space for anything else, it became a temporary dumping ground. The team had already ransacked it earlier for anything useful—canned goods, liquor, water, clean clothes, and whatever else they could scavenge.

So when Eagle and Hawk turned back to check the situation, their eyes landed on the courtyard—and their brows twitched in unison. A heap of supplies was stacked neatly outside the gate, right next to a towering pile of zombie corpses. They both glanced at Bald Eagle with matching looks of disbelief and wordless accusation.

Without even realizing it, Bald Eagle and his team had turned into hoarders—just like Kisha. They grabbed anything useful they could find, piling it all up with the intention of bringing it back later.

The only problem? Unlike Kisha, they didn't have access to a spatial storage ability. So instead of storing the items neatly away, they just dumped everything outside the courtyard, probably hoping Kisha would show up and stash it all properly at a later time.

Dracon and his team, seeing this for the first time, were a mix of surprised and amused. The Winters' men had an odd balance—serious when it counted, yet always managing to slip in a joke or let their minds wander when there was a lull.

It was a strange kind of ease. Dracon and his squad had never known that kind of calm since the apocalypse began. For them, every moment felt like a battlefield—even in sleep, they couldn't let their guard down.

But watching the Winters' operate gave them a new perspective, a glimpse of how survival didn't always have to mean constant tension.

Without even realizing it, they found themselves chuckling as they watched Hawk, Eagle, and Bald Eagle bicker for the umpteenth time—this time over something completely random. Oddly enough, the familiar banter helped ease their nerves and lift the heavy tension in the air.

Bald Eagle pouted, arms crossed. "Young Madam likes to hoard supplies. I just thought she'd appreciate it when she gets back and sees how productive we were while she was away..."

At his words, both Hawk and Eagle froze mid-retort. Then, as if a light bulb had gone off, their expressions shifted into matching grins.

"You should've said that from the start!" they said in unison.

With a shared nod, they each clapped Bald Eagle on the shoulder and declared, "Alright then—every chance we get, we gather more supplies!"

"Understood!" everyone shouted in unison. Some of those who had already rested regrouped into pairs and began sweeping the perimeter, checking each building for valuable supplies. Before long, the pile of items outside the courtyard had grown significantly.

Dracon looked at the growing mound of goods with a puzzled expression. He couldn't help but wonder how they planned to transport everything back using the limited space in their trucks—they had only brought enough room for a few large items from the factory.

Still, he and his team joined in, focusing on gathering food and drinks, while Bald Eagle's group had a much broader approach. They collected everything from soap, shampoo, and detergent to anything else that could be useful in the long run.

Curious and slightly amused, Dracon couldn't help but ask.

"Why do you guys keep grabbing everything—even basic stuff like soap and shampoo? We might not have enough space to haul it all back. Shouldn't we focus on long-lasting supplies, like canned goods and water?" Dracon asked, adjusting a box filled with assorted cans and bottles he'd just hauled out of a pantry.

Bald Eagle shook his head and replied, "You don't get it. We've got plenty of food stockpiled back at the base—we're not going to run out anytime soon. But it's the daily necessities we'll need sooner or later."

He understood that while HOPE Base didn't yet have a steady water supply, Duke and Kisha had been constantly bringing out blueprints for one major project after another. It was only a matter of time before a proper water system and drainage network were built.

Until then, things like soap, toiletries, and other hygiene essentials would be incredibly valuable. And when HOPE Base opened its gates for trade with other settlements, those necessities could become just as valuable as food or medicine—because keeping people clean was key to keeping them healthy.

Although Sparrow had already gathered a ton of supplies from the Port City warehouse, Bald Eagle knew that with the number of survivors they had, even essentials like soap, shampoo, and toilet paper would run out eventually. In his mind, it was never enough.

Still, he added with a casual shrug, "Don't worry about storage. Just grab everything you can. Oh—and if you spot any appliances like a fridge, air conditioner, microwave, washing machine, or dryer, grab those too. Who knows? They might come in handy later. We might even open a laundromat in the base someday if the chance comes."

Everyone paused.

Even Eagle and Hawk turned to stare at him, utterly baffled. They couldn't begin to understand how Bald Eagle's brain worked.

A laundromat?

In the middle of the apocalypse? And why haul appliances when HOPE Base didn't even have stable electricity and water yet? It wasn't like the hidden base, which had its own power and water supply. Still, Bald Eagle seemed serious—already planning businesses like they were just a step away from normal life.