

## Apocalypse 754

### Chapter 754 Bald Eagle's Sideline

Seeing their confused expressions, Bald Eagle simply shook his head with a sigh. "Don't ask—just do it. You'll understand later," he said firmly. And, as it turned out, he wasn't wrong.

Actually, after spending so much time with Duke—who was a savvy businessman—Bald Eagle had unknowingly picked up a business-minded streak himself. In fact, in the future, he'd end up running a little sideline of his own: a laundromat.

Once HOPE Base established a stable water and electricity supply, people from nearby settlements and residents alike would flock to Bald Eagle's place to get their laundry done. It turned out to be a surprisingly successful business—because really, when does a laundromat ever go out of style?

Naturally, Bald Eagle seized the opportunity. He opened his shop, hired some help, and ran things smoothly while still fulfilling his frontline duties. Who would've guessed that slinging clean clothes would become such a lucrative venture in the middle of an apocalypse?

But right now, no one had the time—or the mindset—to think about things like that. Not Eagle, not Hawk, not even Duke or Kisha. Both leaders were focused on strengthening the base, building it into a powerful and secure haven. The idea of comfort or daily convenience hadn't really crossed their minds.

Kisha, for instance, figured everyone could just wash their own clothes by hand if needed. At the moment, they had very few artisans working on daily essentials like handmade soap or natural detergents—most of their energy was channeled into producing food and practical supplies.

After all, everyone here had once faced the gnawing pain of starvation, and the memory of nearly dying from hunger left a deep mark. So food was always the top priority, followed closely by weapons and survival gear.

Maybe right now, only Bald Eagle could see the potential in a different kind of opportunity. As the captain of the City Patrol, he saw more than just enemies or threats—he saw the rhythms of daily life, the needs people rarely voiced, the little inconveniences that piled up.

And in those quiet observations, he realized something vital: making people's lives easier could be just as important as guarding them with a blade. It was that unique perspective that made him think beyond survival and into sustainability—and maybe, even comfort.

So even though Eagle, Hawk, and Dracon were all skeptical, they still went along with it. After all, they were already hoarding supplies—what difference would it make if they added a few more bulky items?

The pile they'd already gathered was massive and clearly impossible to carry by normal means.

But unlike Dracon, Eagle and Hawk had a rough idea about something important: Kisha and Duke seemed to have some kind of storage ability, given how they could bring out supplies from seemingly nowhere.

Bald Eagle was clearly aware of that too. So after putting two and two together, they figured—why not? They started grabbing anything useful they could find, loading up until several piles of supplies were scattered outside.

They only stopped when trouble rolled in—a fresh zombie horde appeared, forcing them to drop everything and switch back into combat mode.

On Kisha's side, they were already rounding the corner where Tristan and Sparrow were waiting. Most of the group with them were panting and gasping for air after sprinting nonstop.

Their legs felt like they were about to give out—especially the Evans family, who weren't used to such rigorous training, aside from Ethan. Even the Aldens were struggling, and the Winters weren't doing much better. Only Kisha, Duke, and their own people seemed unfazed.

Thankfully, Kisha's passive skills helped the group recover some stamina and energy, but their muscles still ached—something her healing dome couldn't fix fast enough.

So, the moment they reached the rendezvous point, the Evans, the Aldens, and the Winters collapsed onto the ground, sitting on their asses without a second thought for appearances or pride.

Their knees had buckled beneath them, and even Keith was gasping like his lungs were about to dry up.

Meanwhile, Kisha and Duke stood tall, barely even sweating as they calmly scanned the area. It was hard to comprehend how they could look so composed—but then again, what was there to understand? Kisha and Duke's bodies had already evolved far beyond the limits of ordinary humans.

Not long after, Tristan suddenly appeared out of nowhere, and Sparrow leaped down from the tall building, carrying a large backpack.

"Young Madam!" Sparrow saluted as soon as he landed on the ground. "I've marked all the areas on the map where I've seen movement, including the opening we observed. However, as I mentioned earlier, it's highly likely that opening is a trap. As for the metal drums we're looking for, they're located in the fifth warehouse—just sitting there, unused."

Sparrow handed Kisha the map she had given him earlier before he and Tristan went ahead to scout.

Kisha raised an eyebrow, eyeing him carefully. "How did you know the fifth warehouse was housing the empty metal drums? You didn't go inside to scout, did you?"

Sparrow immediately shook his head, quickly defending himself. After all, if he had gone inside, it would have been a direct violation of Kisha's orders, and that would mean he wasn't following instructions. He wasn't about to risk that.

"Young Madam, while scouting, I considered rummaging through the workers' quarters. I didn't expect to get lucky enough to find the warehouse map," Sparrow explained, pulling the map from his bag and handing it to Kisha.

"This kind of map is usually only given to high-ranking workers, like team leaders, who guide the newer employees when the production areas are expanded. Team leaders and above receive these maps, along with a regulation notebook, so the newcomers can easily get familiar with the layout and the rules of the factory."

Sparrow let out a relieved breath, rubbing his chest as if he had narrowly escaped a heart attack. The thought that Kisha might believe he hadn't followed orders sent a wave of fear through him.

Disrespecting his direct superior's authority would be disastrous—Duke would surely squash him like a fly if he found out. Sparrow knew that only in an emergency situation, where lives were at stake or the mission was compromised, would he have the justification to stray from his orders.

But in this case, neither his life nor the mission had been in danger, and he had no excuse for diverting from the plan.

"Oh!" Kisha exclaimed as she took the map, scanning it carefully. She then integrated the map with 008, allowing the system to help guide them through the factory more efficiently.

As the layout of the building appeared on her screen, she would also be able to see the exact locations of the zombies inside when she got close enough.

With the knowledge that an evolved zombie was pulling the strings from the shadows, Kisha knew she had to rely on 008's navigation to minimize the risk and stay prepared for any ambushes

This was why Kisha wasn't overly nervous when she heard that their only way in might be a trap. According to her mission, her options were simple: either break out of the encirclement or eliminate all the zombies.

While it seemed like there was a choice, the reality was that she had no option but to grit her teeth and face off against the potential zombie king. Given the evolved zombie's status, Kisha could only assume it was no less than level 5, meaning the battle ahead would be brutal.