

Apocalypse 830

Chapter 830 A Little Act

"We should head southwest! That's where the car dealership street is—but the problem is, it's right along the main road," Clyde said as they continued running. So far, they had only covered around two kilometers from the base.

They could've taken a truck to get there faster, but bringing an armored vehicle would've drawn too much attention from the zombies. And since their destination was along a busy street, reaching it with a loud vehicle would've made them an easy target, possibly getting them overrun before they even arrived.

While their team was made up of powerful irregular awakened ability users, they still weren't strong enough to fight off thousands of zombies nonstop. If they got surrounded, they could easily be trapped.

More importantly, they were currently escorting a group of regular people without any awakened abilities. This wasn't just a supply run—it was a demonstration. Kisha had assigned this escort not only to help Jason and his group, but also to show them how HOPE Base operated.

This mission had a deeper purpose: to open up trade routes with other survivor settlements and formally launch the Central Hall. Through the Central Hall's mission board, survivors would soon be able to post and accept missions—whether it was requesting an escort out of City B or sending someone to retrieve valuable items from dangerous areas.

In exchange, they could offer rewards such as crystal cores or much-needed supplies. And if Jason's group could witness firsthand how HOPE Base handled these missions, it might help set the standard for future cooperation.

While survivors from other bases could request help through the mission board, HOPE Base itself could also post missions, open to both its own residents and outsiders. Each mission would offer a reward in exchange for successful completion. This system would allow the Central Hall to continue the mission system originally established by the Coltons and the former Minister of Defense.

The mission board would be invaluable—not just for the base, but for all survivors. Even if people had no supplies to trade, they could still offer their skills and strength. Through this system, Kisha could issue multiple missions under the name of HOPE Base to clear out areas near their territory. That way, if expansion became necessary, she wouldn't need to rely solely on her own people. Instead, she could incentivize the task by offering supplies as rewards. In doing so, the base benefits, survivors gain resources, and everyone wins.

If people witnessed firsthand how powerful the warriors of HOPE Base were, the impression would be etched into their minds. As a result, when survivors needed escort missions or protection, they would naturally turn to HOPE Base, solidifying its role as a dependable leader and strengthening its position at the center of the emerging alliance.

Through these seemingly small actions, Kisha was methodically paving the way to rebuild human society, ensuring that not only her own base grew stronger, but that surrounding settlements did too.

With HOPE Base rich in resources, it was only a matter of time before greedy predators came looking to take what wasn't theirs. That's why forging alliances now and reinforcing the strength of her people was essential. When the time came, HOPE Base would not stand alone, and Kisha would be ready.

After all, in the apocalypse, survival meant more than just fighting the undead. It meant learning to navigate the dangers of human ambition and greed.

"Let's take a five-minute break over there and plan our route!" Fred called out, pointing to a nearby convenience store that offered a clear vantage point of the surrounding streets. It was a strategic spot—ideal for regrouping and scouting ahead while everyone caught their breath.

"Roger that!" Clyde replied, then swung his arm with force. A wave of pressure slammed into a dozen incoming zombies, flattening them instantly. The impact cracked the pavement and left a shallow crater, with black blood splattering across the ground like ink.

Fred slung his assault rifle over his shoulder and drew his dagger. He couldn't afford to keep using spirit-charged bullets endlessly. The enhanced rounds placed too much strain on the rifle—prolonged use would warp the barrel or cause it to explode from the inside out. To preserve its durability, close combat was the safer choice for now.

Evelyn bolted forward, her arms morphing into gleaming, sharp blades as she sliced through the wave of zombies in front of her. Behind her, Fred covered her back, the two moving in perfect sync. Meanwhile, Rose stood off to the side, lazily flicking 'Ice Needles' like bullets into the approaching zombies. She yawned, looking thoroughly bored.

'Are they seriously playing Power Rangers right now?' Rose mused, watching the dramatic choreography of Fred and the others. Kisha had already briefed them on the purpose of this mission—they needed to put on a show for Jason and his team.

Even Fred, the ever-serious former S.W.A.T. officer, was playing along. It had all been Clyde's idea: fight with flair, make it look heroic and over-the-top to leave a deep impression. That way, when Jason and the others returned, they'd see the value of HOPE Base's escort services and willingly pay in crystal cores.

A live training session and extra income? Not a bad deal. But now, it felt like they were going a little overboard.

Rose wasn't interested in joining their theatrics. She'd been told to play "Power Ranger Pink"—whatever that was. Clyde and the others occasionally struck ridiculous "cool" poses mid-fight, and Jason's group assumed those were part of activating their awakened abilities. If only they knew the truth, they'd probably laugh themselves to death.

Especially Rakan. Rose nearly choked on her own saliva, remembering how the grim, stoic man had performed a dramatic pose as "Power Ranger Black"—complete with a scowl that could curdle milk. Watching him and his "minions" had nearly broken her composure more than once.

'These guys must be so bored that Clyde—this overgrown kid—decided to spice things up. And somehow, I'm the only one laughing my ass off,' Rose thought, biting her lip to suppress a grin as she launched another flurry of 'Ice Needles' at the incoming zombies.

When they finally reached the convenience store, Fred and Evelyn swiftly cleared it of zombies while Rakan and his team swept the area around the building to check for any threats. Once they were sure it was secure and no undead were lurking nearby, two of Rakan's men crouched down face to face, placing the backs of their hands together like a platform.

Rakan took a few steps back, then sprinted toward them. Using their braced hands as a springboard, he leapt into the air as the two men pushed upward with force and precision, propelling him up to the roof with powerful momentum.

As soon as Rakan landed on the rooftop, he rolled a few times before coming to a stop—one palm pressed against the ground, one foot planted firmly, and the other knee bent in a crouched stance.

Once he was in position, his men quickly fanned out, guarding key entry points and vantage spots to prevent any surprise attacks from a zombie horde. Meanwhile, Rakan maintained watch from above, scanning the area for movement.