

Apocalypse 886

Chapter 886 Heading Back To City B

Thanks to the food, though not always enough to eat their fill, many felt noticeably stronger lately. They still had some supplies left from their last run to City B, and even though the trip usually took a full day due to multiple detours, Jason figured that if they managed to gather enough crystal cores this time, they might be able to return there again within two to three days.

So, they ramped up their efforts to gather more crystal cores. Jason assigned someone on the team to work on detailed illustrations of the mutated zombies they had identified so far, compiling their physical characteristics and all the information they had gathered into a proper report. Once that task was underway, he returned to the hunt.

After observing Clyde and the others, they had learned that using guns only attracted more zombies and would give away their position through the loud sounds. So, once they returned to Gale City, they relied entirely on close combat. To protect themselves from bites and scratches, they made sure to layer up, wearing thick clothing and makeshift armor that could absorb or resist damage.

Jason also adjusted their formation tactics. Instead of moving in pairs, each unit now operated in groups of three for better coverage and support. He was the only one who moved solo, confident in his strength, while two to three scouts were stationed on higher ground to keep an eye on the battlefield. Even those scouts had backup watching their blind spots to ensure no one was left vulnerable.

Before the sun dipped below the horizon, Jason and his team returned to camp with a total of two hundred and ten crystal cores. Content with their haul, they made their way back, greeted by the familiar sights of the camp slowly coming to life. Some people were already preparing food over makeshift stoves, while others, mostly the elderly, were reinforcing the barricades and walls with whatever materials they could find.

"Captain, you're back! How was the hunt?" one of the guards called out with a bright grin, jogging to open the gates for them.

Jason didn't respond immediately. Instead, he and his team walked through the gate, dust clinging to their clothes, and only then did he pull down the cloth covering his face.

"It went well. We had a good haul," Jason said, his voice calm but edged with fatigue. "How's everyone holding up?" he added, his eyes scanning the camp as his shoulders finally relaxed.

"Everyone's spirits are much better now," the man replied with a hopeful smile. "A lot of people have started helping out around the camp; they're no longer feeling useless or hopeless. Maybe this time, we really can improve things around here."

As he spoke, he quickly closed the gate behind them and double-locked it, making sure no one, zombie or outsider, could get in easily.

"Oh, and some of the older guys managed to modify the nail gun into a weapon. It's pretty sleek, silent, too. It's not strong enough to take down high-level zombies, but it's perfect for dealing with the low-level ones. At the very least, it gives the weaker folks something to defend themselves with."

"That's good. Let them keep themselves busy with those things. I've come to realize that nothing is ever truly useless; it all depends on perspective," Jason said with a small smile. It was something he had learned firsthand at the HOPE Base after witnessing their thriving community. He wanted to emulate that, wanted to encourage his people to contribute not just for themselves, but for the camp as a whole.

Of course, it hadn't been easy at first. The first step was always the hardest. Everyone had been skeptical, weighed down by fear and doubt. But somehow, they pulled through.

Maybe it was because he and his team had brought back so many supplies, or maybe it was the stories they shared, tales of powerful people fighting back, surviving, building something out there in the middle of the apocalypse. Whatever it was, it sparked something in his people.

And now, just like him, they were beginning to hope. Maybe, just maybe, they'd awaken their abilities too someday.

Soon enough, Jason's preparations were complete. He and his team had successfully compiled detailed information on the mutated zombies after a few more rounds of reconnaissance. They even managed to draw some fairly accurate illustrations, which left them feeling quite satisfied with their work.

They then loaded up the same Jeep they had received from the HOPE Base, still sturdy and reliable, and this time, they also managed to stockpile some backup fuel, just in case. At least now, they wouldn't have to worry about breaking down in the middle of nowhere or getting stranded during a zombie horde attack.

Jason glanced at his team and asked, his voice tinged with excitement, "Everyone ready to head out?"

After two more days of successful hunting, they'd managed to collect nearly five hundred crystal cores. They were fortunate enough to stumble upon a number of nearly immobilized zombies, some with broken legs or arms, which made their job a lot easier. And Jason wasn't about to let that kind of luck go to waste.

"We're all set, boss," one of his team members replied confidently.

Jason turned to glance at the people stationed at the gates and along the perimeter walls. "I'm leaving the camp in your hands for now," he said, flashing a small grin. "And once we get back, we'll have a feast."

"We'll be expecting more of those sweet fruits and jars of pickles then," one of the older men chuckled in response.

By now, most of them had their guns slung across their backs but were more reliant on melee weapons. Jason had recently begun training everyone to improve their physique and combat skills, believing that a stronger, more capable body would greatly increase their survival rate.

Thanks to the steady stream of supplies and the inspiring stories shared by Jason's team about the HOPE Base, morale had lifted significantly. The people began to follow Jason's plans with renewed energy and were now seeing a clearer path forward. And witnessing this shift in his people gave Jason a much-needed boost, too.

"Alright, while we're out, don't slack off on your training, and no matter what happens, remember everything I told you for times of danger," Jason reminded them firmly.

He had already set multiple contingency plans in place: backup rendezvous points, emergency escape routes, and supplies hidden in inconspicuous but accessible spots. If anything were to go wrong at the camp while he and his team were away, everyone would know where to go and what to do.

It was something he learned from Clyde, who once mentioned that their City Lord, Kisha, always stayed ten steps ahead. In the apocalypse, nothing was ever certain, and the only way to survive was to plan for every possible outcome.

So, after each day of hunting, Jason made sure to dedicate time each night to prepare emergency protocols, mapping out different scenarios and sharing them with his people, just in case.

Now, Jason felt more confident about leaving his people behind. The apocalypse was unpredictable, and when he first left for City B, all he had was determination and hope. Back then, it hadn't fully sunk in that danger could strike his camp at any moment while most of their combatants were away.

But things had changed.