

Apocalypse 904

Chapter 904 Gathering More Supplies

But Rakan could also see that Levi had never received any formal martial arts training. He was relying purely on instinct, letting the situation guide his movements. Every action he took was improvised, shaped by the circumstances around him.

And yet, that raw instinct was exactly what impressed Rakan the most.

He was certain that with proper guidance and training, Levi could improve rapidly, far beyond his current level. The potential was undeniable. So, Rakan made a silent decision: once they returned to the base in a few days, he would personally train this kid and teach him real combat techniques.

After observing for a moment longer, Rakan joined the fray. With a single, savage slash, he cleanly severed a zombie's head from its neck. His long dagger, slick with black blood, still gleamed coldly in the dim light. Side by side, he and Levi dominated the fight, cutting down zombies with brutal efficiency.

Their momentum left little for the others to handle. Rakan and Levi only allowed one or two zombies to slip past them at a time, deliberately leaving those for the rest of the team, especially the newcomers. It was a way to help them practice, to force them to face their fear head-on.

And that fear was no small thing.

These creatures weren't just monsters; they were the same beings that had slaughtered their loved ones. For many of the recruits, seeing a zombie meant reliving the moment a parent or sibling was

bitten and turned. Facing those nightmares in the flesh made their knees shake, their hearts race, and their hands tremble.

Still, Rakan knew this was necessary. The only way forward was through the fear.

Rakan's subordinates patiently guided the group. Although these newcomers were among the best and most talented warriors from the military academy, their training had been limited to controlled environments with other humans.

Ever since they'd taken refuge in the HOPE Base, they hadn't faced real combat, especially not against zombies. After enjoying relative comfort and safety for so long, reality was bound to hit differently once they encountered the undead.

At first, the rookies fought clumsily, like newborn calves finding their footing. Rakan's men stayed close, providing support and watching their backs. But the hesitation didn't last long.

Once the newbies got their first kills, confidence began to build. Their fear started to ebb, and they gradually regained their rhythm. With each zombie they took down, their movements grew sharper and more decisive.

Soon enough, they were fighting alongside Rakan and Levi at the front lines. Even then, Rakan's subordinates remained alert, keeping a close eye on them. After all, a sudden rush of confidence could be just as dangerous; charging blindly ahead would be nothing short of suicidal.

After helping the newbies get their first kills, Rakan's team allowed them to start using their awakened abilities. Those without any abilities continued to rely on their daggers, focusing on refining their movements and combat techniques.

Occasionally, Rakan's people would offer constructive feedback, pointing out, for instance, when a swing was too wide or left an opening that an enemy could easily exploit. Mistakes like that could be fatal in real combat.

The newbies, eager to learn and grow stronger, took every piece of advice seriously. They paid close attention to their actions and adjusted their techniques accordingly.

This is the true value of practical training; they were learning in real time, gaining experience that no classroom or textbook could ever fully provide.

While the others were busy training the military academy recruits, Sparrow and Vulture stood on top of the truck, keeping a watchful eye on the area. Sparrow, in particular, used his 'Hawk Eyesight' to monitor everyone's movements across the vast parking lot.

If he spotted someone, especially a regular human, on the verge of being bitten and no one nearby had reacted in time, he would immediately release a 'Wind Blade' to decapitate the attacking zombie before it could land a blow.

Before long, the group successfully cleared the parking lot. With the warm-up complete, it was time for the real fight.

Everyone regrouped near the truck, and once they were all back, Sparrow signaled to a Space-Type Ability User to store the truck inside their spatial dimension, just in case any scavengers tried to steal it while they were inside the supermarket.

The STAU nodded, waved his hand, and the massive vehicle vanished into his space.

With that taken care of, Sparrow gave the signal to move out. "Alright, everyone," he called out. "Let's head in. Stay alert and prioritize your safety."

"Roger that, Captain!" everyone shouted in unison as they moved into position.

Since they were already divided into three teams, each led by Fred, Clyde, and Rakan, they quickly settled into formation. Fred's team took the rear, leaving the vanguard to Sparrow and Vulture, who were already leading at the very front. With Fred covering the back, it ensured their formation was protected on all sides.

Clyde positioned his team on the right flank, just behind Vulture, while Rakan's team moved to the left flank, following closely behind Sparrow. The setup felt balanced, well-distributed, and strategic, allowing both Sparrow and Vulture to provide immediate support to Clyde and Rakan's teams if anything went wrong once they entered the supermarket.

And so, they stepped through the entrance of the supermarket. Sparrow walked in with calm confidence, while Vulture strode forward like he owned the place, his posture bold, almost arrogant.

With the ability to summon an 'Earth Armor' at any moment, he had every right to act that way. As the team's designated tank, he could shield himself from harm with ease, while Sparrow played the role of the main damage dealer, ready to strike down any threat in an instant.

The rest of the group functioned as support, maintaining formation and staying alert. Among them were the non-combatants, Grandpa and Grandma Aldens, along with the Space-Type Ability Users (STAU), who were positioned safely within the group, protected on all sides as they moved forward with the crowd.

As they stepped into the supermarket, they were met with a scene of utter devastation. The entire place was in disarray; shelves had toppled over, likely during the earthquake that struck when the apocalypse began. Items were scattered across the floor, some crushed under fallen metal racks.

Rotting corpses lay sprawled across the aisles, some already reduced to little more than bones. Puddles of dark, putrid liquid surrounded them, a result of decaying flesh, and maggots writhed through what remained. The stench was overwhelming, thick, foul, and nearly unbearable.

Those who had seen the worst, like Sparrow and Vulture, simply wrinkled their noses and turned their heads away. But the newbies weren't as composed. Many of them staggered to the side, gagging violently.

Some vomited up their last meal, and even when their stomachs were empty, the strength of the smell kept triggering dry heaves until their senses finally dulled to the stench.

Once they recovered, they began checking the shelves for supplies. The Space-Type Ability Users (STAUs) were tasked with storing anything that was still edible or useful, carefully collecting what little remained untouched by rot and ruin.

They grabbed whatever was still salvageable, chips, biscuits, and other sealed snacks and food, but avoided the moldy bread, shriveled produce, and the rancid, decaying meat and seafood. It was clear from the state of the shelves that others had already looted the supermarket before them; the place was eerily quiet and free of zombies.

Fortunately, the people who had ransacked the place didn't bother with household items like dishwashing liquid, detergent, fabric softener, or even appliances. Vulture quickly instructed the STAU members to collect and store everything they could; these were some of the few items left in abundance throughout the supermarket.

After all, in the chaos of survival, most people didn't have the luxury to worry about washing dishes, clothes, or even themselves.

They managed to gather a large haul, and out of everyone, Vulture looked the most pleased.

Despite the dim lighting, most of them had no trouble navigating through the darkness. Many had awakened abilities that enhanced their vision, and those who hadn't relied on their powerful flashlights, which illuminated a clear, two-meter radius around them.

With the front area mostly picked clean, Sparrow motioned for the group to move toward the back storage room, hoping the reserve supplies had been left untouched.

Everyone gathered at the back door, but when they tried to push it open, it wouldn't budge; it was locked from the inside. Sparrow exchanged a glance with Vulture, who gave a nod, and they quickly called for Evelyn. Without hesitation, Evelyn stepped forward and used her metal-type awakened ability to manipulate the lock, unlocking it with precision and without damaging it.

She made quick work of it, and the door clicked open. Sparrow, now more alert, took the lead with Vulture close behind. Before heading in, they left Fred to guard the exit, ensuring they had a clear escape route in case anything went wrong inside.