

Apocalypse 278

Chapter 278 The Mass Awakening Started

"No! Stay away from my wife!" the man shouted, his voice filled with desperation as he gripped his knife tightly. His eyes were bloodshot, and he brandished the weapon with a fierce scowl, clearly beyond reason.

"What's happening here?" Kisha asked, stepping closer. The crowd parted quickly as they realized the City Lord had arrived. With a clear path now open, Kisha approached the scene, while a brave soul stepped forward to explain the situation.

"City Lord, the woman there suddenly collapsed, and the man with the knife rushed to help her. Despite his efforts, she hasn't responded, and her face is flushed red. We initially thought she might have a fever or some illness, so we intended to take her to the nearby doctors, especially given your recent briefing on awakening and its symptoms.

However, since you mentioned that not everyone succeeds in awakening, the man appears to have panicked. He fears that if she fails to awaken and turns into a zombie, the doctors might put her down. That's why he's been resisting our attempts to get her medical help." He finished with a deep sigh and a shake of his head.

Kisha remained silent, reflecting on the situation. She had indeed warned them about the possibility of failing to awaken and the subsequent risk of turning into a zombie. She had hoped that this warning would lead people to understand the importance of sending those who fell ill to the designated quarantine area, where doctors and soldiers could monitor their condition and intervene if necessary.

If a person were to turn into a zombie in the middle of the base, it would cause chaos and exacerbate the situation significantly. That's why the medical team and the soldiers partnered with them took the order very seriously once it was issued.

Kisha anticipated that some people, like this man, might resist following protocol due to their fear of losing family members if they failed to awaken, which was understandable. However, they also needed to prioritize the safety of the larger group. Fortunately, someone had already gone to the medic's tent to call for the doctor and soldiers to transport the woman.

They were on their way, and the crowd had been instructed to keep their distance while monitoring the woman for any changes.

Kisha, on the other hand, activated her 'Eye of Truth' gift to gain a clearer understanding of the situation.

[Evelyn Steel]

Level 0

Morality: Good

Strength: 8

Stamina: 10

Defense: 14

Agility: 6

Mental Capacity: 9

Charm: 6

Leadership: 4

Title: None

Skills: None

Talent: Control Over Metal

Gift: Woman of Steel

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Kisha's eyebrows shot up as she examined Evelyn's status window, realizing she had stumbled upon another significant find. However, she grew concerned that delaying intervention might not result in the woman turning into a zombie but could lead to severe brain damage from the fever instead and turn her into a fool if not a zombie.

Kisha took a step closer, and the man shielding the woman visibly tensed at her approach. Despite his evident fear, he maintained his stance, brandishing his knife towards Kisha without retreating. The crowd gasped in shock at his audacity to turn hostile toward their City Lord, but Kisha remained calm and composed, continuing her advance with unwavering poise.

"City Lord, please, don't come any closer!" the man shouted, causing Kisha to halt her steps.

"Why? Don't you want me to help your wife?" Kisha asked with a deadpan expression, leaving everyone uncertain whether she was angry or genuinely concerned.

"But we're not sure if she'll awaken or turn into a zombie... I'm afraid of the latter. I'm not scared of her turning, but I'm terrified that she might die because of it." The man sobbed, his knife trembling with each shuddering cry, yet he still held his ground.

'What resolve,' Kisha thought to herself, admiring the man's unwavering loyalty. His dedication was remarkable and it warmed Kisha's heart, prompting her to soften her tone. "But I don't believe she will turn..." Her statement drew puzzled looks from the crowd as if she were naively offering false hope without any certainty of success.

"City Lord, thank you for trying to reassure me about my wife," the man said, his voice trembling with gratitude. "Maybe I should just take her outside and return only if she truly succeeds. That way, we won't risk anyone's safety, and we can rejoin the base and work together once she's well." With that, he sank to the ground beside his wife, a look of resignation on his face.

He wanted to remain optimistic about his wife's situation, but the relentless string of cases where people had turned into zombies, including his own child and other family members, had deeply affected him. The weight of these tragedies had made it so that even a glimmer of hope felt perilous; he feared that any hope might lead to a crushing disappointment that he wasn't prepared to handle.

He couldn't bring himself to hope, fearing that even a sliver of optimism might shatter the fragile stability he had left. The hope he once had for a miracle to save his baby girl from turning into a zombie had only led to heartbreak.

In the end, he was forced to end her suffering while watching his wife crumble emotionally, unable to reconcile the loss of their daughter and the destruction of the rationality that had once defined her.

It felt as though life was mocking him once more, driving him to a desperate point where he feared anyone touching his wife might inadvertently end her life. His desperation to protect her stemmed from a deep mistrust, convinced that only he could safeguard her from further harm.

Because he knew that everyone would always prioritize their own safety once shits hits the fan and that includes killing his wife the moment they see a little chance of her turning into a zombie and might attack or spread the virus. That's why, his only option now was to offer to get out of the base with his wife and only return once she succeeded.

"But if you take her outside, you might not be able to protect her from the zombies and she could end up suffering a far worse fate," Kisha said bluntly. She knew that stepping beyond the gate meant facing a

horde of zombies that would overwhelm anyone in seconds, like throwing a piece of bread into a swarm of starving piranhas—they would tear apart and devour any living thing that came near.

Kisha refused to let this potential asset be lost so easily. She saw the possibility of this woman becoming a formidable superhuman in the future, potentially ranking among the strongest awakened ability users in the country.

Though this was speculative, the fact that she hadn't encountered anyone like this in her previous lives suggested that such individuals were often lost during their awakening, mistakenly believed to be turning into zombies and thus eliminated prematurely.

After hearing Kisha's blunt remark, the man sobbed, his hope and options seemingly evaporating. Clutching his wife tightly in his arms, he felt lost and uncertain about what to do next.

"How about this," Kisha began. "We'll send her to the quarantine area, and I'll arrange for you to stay in the room with her while doctors and soldiers monitor her condition. This way, you can be by her side and ensure she's safe, while we keep a close watch on her.

You won't need to worry about anyone harming her out of fear." Kisha proposed, confident in her assessment that the woman would successfully awaken her ability if her speculations were correct.