

Apocalypse 336

Chapter 336 Danger Incoming?!

The trio moved a short distance away from the main group, and the four soldiers trailing Kisha seized the opportunity to devour as much food as they could, as if escaping from a harsh punishment. They downed their bottles of cold tea in swift gulps to wash the food down before hastily catching up with Kisha and the others to resume their role as escorts.

"Help!"

"Help us!"

But they hadn't traveled far when Kisha heard distant screams. Instantly alert, she scanned the perimeter and noticed a loud, rhythmic marching sound coming from the east. It was unlike any ordinary group—there were hundreds, and the vibrations through the ground confirmed their massive presence.

Kisha glanced back at Duke, and their faces mirrored each other's expressions of horror and anxiety. Without hesitation, she turned and shouted toward the group behind her, "Get everyone back inside the wall now!"

The four soldiers who had just caught up with Kisha were momentarily taken aback by her urgent command. However, seeing the grave concern etched on her face, they quickly snapped into action and hurried back to the barricade where the warriors were still at lunch.

"Go back!!!" the soldiers yelled at the top of their lungs as they sprinted towards the barricade, frantically waving their arms to grab everyone's attention. However, their voices were lost in the

distance, drowned out by the laughter and lively banter of the warriors who were too engaged in their playful exchanges over their grueling lunch to notice the urgent warnings.

But the four soldiers refused to give up. They kept shouting, their voices growing hoarse as they continued their desperate pleas. Eventually, one of the warriors noticed their frantic gestures. Initially, the soldiers' warnings went unnoticed; from a distance, their expressions were unreadable. It wasn't until someone managed to silence the crowd that the urgency of the soldiers' shouts became clear.

"Go back inside!!!" The warriors fell silent as they heard the soldiers' urgent cries. Confusion spread among them—were the soldiers asking them to retreat in full, or just a portion of their group? Uncertainty lingered as they tried to understand the reason behind the frantic instructions.

Their questions were quickly answered. "All of you, go back!!!" one soldier shouted as they neared the barricade, panting heavily. Their assault rifles were slung across their backs, and they sprinted at full speed.

When the soldiers reached the other side of the barricade, they came to a halt, struggling to catch their breath. They coughed and gasped for air, their exhaustion evident. Someone from the truck quickly grabbed a bottle of cold tea from the box and distributed it to the four soldiers.

Aston, puzzled, glanced back in the direction from which the soldiers had come, scanning the area with concern. His frown deepened as he realized he couldn't spot any sign of Kisha, Duke, or Vulture, who had headed that way for inspection.

"What's happening?" Aston asked, his tone stern and commanding.

One of the soldiers, still catching his breath, stammered, "W-we were ordered by the City Lord to get everyone back inside the Wall." Bent over, leaning on his knees for support, he uncapped the bottle and gulped down a mouthful of cold tea, sighing in relief as the cool liquid soothed his parched throat and hoarse voice.

"Why does the City Lord want us back inside?" Aston pressed, his brows furrowing tighter.

"We... don't know," the soldier replied, taking a deep breath to steady himself. "But she looked dead serious. Whatever it is, it seems big."

"It might be a zombie raid..." one of the soldiers muttered absentmindedly, the urgency of Kisha's orders making that the only explanation that came to mind.

The moment he said it, the others' expressions hardened. Some instinctively began to move toward the direction where Kisha, Duke, and Vulture had gone, but Aston quickly stopped them. "No," he commanded, "pack up and get on the truck. We're heading back to the wall—now."

Many were on the verge of protesting, eager to provide support to Kisha and the others. If it truly was a zombie raid, the overwhelming numbers could trap or, worse, kill them. The thought of leaving Kisha and the team to face such danger alone weighed heavily on them.

"Pack up, now! On my command!" Aston's voice didn't rise, but his authoritative tone cut through the air, silencing any objections. "Do you really think you'll be of any help? You'd just be a burden to them if you stayed!" His words hit harder than any shout, leaving everyone speechless.

Deep down, they all knew he was right—Kisha had sent them back because she understood better than anyone that their presence would only hinder, not help.

With heavy hearts, the warriors quickly joined the soldiers in packing up the trays, large food containers, boxes of tea, and utensils that had been set up for lunch. In a matter of minutes, thanks to their collective effort, everything was packed away efficiently. No time was wasted as they boarded the truck, ready to head back inside the safety of the wall.

Even after they returned to the wall, there was no sign of Kisha, Duke, or Vulture in the distance. Growing anxious, Aston climbed to the top of the wall, binoculars in hand, scanning the perimeter where the trio had gone. His unease deepened with every moment he couldn't spot them.

On Kisha's side, the moment she sent the soldiers off, both Duke and Vulture began to feel the tremors in the ground growing more pronounced. They exchanged a glance before instinctively shifting into an offensive stance.

Fortunately, both had brought their weapons when they left the wall—Duke gripping his weapon tightly, while Vulture wielded his massive double-headed hammer, which looked heavy enough to crush anything, ready to burst a head or whatever might come their way.

It was only when Duke began practicing with his new weapon that Vulture noticed the gleaming spear in his hands, practically glowing and emitting golden lightning. Vulture couldn't tell if it was Duke's elemental ability or the spear itself, but he felt a pang of jealousy as he watched Duke skillfully swing it. His eyes stayed glued to the weapon, mesmerized.

When Duke stopped, he tapped the spear lightly against the pavement, pointing it toward the sky, and with just that small movement, a large crack formed in the ground. Vulture's jaw dropped, his gaze fixed on the spear, and in that moment, he knew—it must have come from Kisha.

Unbeknownst to Vulture, Duke was fully aware of the way he was eyeing the new spear. In fact, Duke was intentionally showing it off, much like a child with a new toy. He didn't care if it seemed childish; he was too overjoyed by the incredible gift from his wife. He wanted to share that excitement with everyone but refused to let go of the spear or let anyone else touch it.

Not that anyone could touch it anyway—being a legendary-grade weapon, it was almost sentient, capable of choosing its own wielder. If someone unworthy tried to lift it, the weapon would reject them outright, refusing to even budge, a clear sign that it did not acknowledge the person.