

Apocalypse 370

Chapter 370 Emergency! 2

Kisha was uncertain about the situation, so she, Duke, and Aston decided not to waste time pondering the issue without any leads. Instead, they headed directly to the most crowded gate—the western part of the base, where the residential buildings and the majority of the population were concentrated.

Kisha and Duke made their way to the west gate in their sleepwear and pajamas, but no one paid much attention to their attire. Even Aston was in his pajamas and robe. Along the way, they saw soldiers and warriors hastily donning their protective gear and weapons, nervously moving about.

Before long, a cacophony of distant growls and roars filled the air, followed by the crack of gunfire from atop the wall. Kisha, Duke, and Aston arrived at the wall shortly after.

Soldiers lay prone along the wall, while some threw grenades into the midst of the advancing horde. With thousands of zombies closing in, firearms alone weren't sufficient to handle the threat.

Seeing the situation, Kisha quickly intervened, instructing them to cease using grenades. The loud explosions would only attract more zombies from within the city. She also directed Aston to send messengers to all gates, instructing them to stop using grenades and to call in all awakened ability users instead.

Understanding Kisha's reasoning, Duke swiftly turned and headed toward the southern gate, the next most crowded of the four. Aston watched them, feeling the unspoken trust between Kisha and Duke.

They didn't need words to communicate; a brief exchange of glances was enough. After a mutual nod, Duke nearly sprinted toward the southern gate.

Kisha climbed to the top of the wall to assess the situation. From her vantage point, the scene was chaotic: a massive horde of zombies surged from within the city, driven by an almost primal frenzy.

They were unrelenting in their advance, pushing and shoving each other in their blind, single-minded pursuit of the wall. The ground was littered with the remains of their fallen kin, yet the horde continued to trample over the carcasses with relentless determination.

Their sheer numbers and frenzied behavior made it clear that this was no ordinary attack; something had driven them into a frenzy, and the wall was their singular focus.

Kisha observed with furrowed brows as the zombie stampede surged forward. The sheer force of the horde pressing against the wall was palpable.

The cargo trailers that formed part of the wall's structure began to tremble under the relentless assault, the sound of scraping metal and groaning wood echoing through the night.

Soldiers stationed on top of the wall clung to their positions, their faces etched with fear as the vibrations threatened to dislodge them.

The weight of the situation was clear; the defense wall was under severe strain, and the terror in the soldiers' eyes spoke volumes about the danger they faced.

Despite the relentless barrage of gunfire aimed at the nearest zombies, Kisha's attention was drawn to a growing problem. The corpses of the fallen zombies were accumulating at the base of the wall, forming a grim, shifting mound.

Her frown deepened as she realized the potential danger this posed. If the pile continued to grow unchecked, it would eventually serve as a makeshift ramp, allowing the zombies to scale the wall and breach the defenses.

The sight of the ever-growing heap of carcasses was a stark reminder that the wall's security was in imminent peril, and immediate action was needed to prevent a catastrophic breach.

Even if Kisha managed to halt the soldiers' gunfire, the relentless advance of the zombies and the growing pile of corpses would still pose a grave threat.

The sheer mass of the undead could potentially use their numbers to push against the wall, threatening to breach the defenses through sheer force. The sight filled her with a rising sense of dread.

Aston, who had climbed up the wall to assess the situation, was visibly shaken. His face went ashen, paling to the color of a sheet as he took in the grim tableau before him. His breath caught in his throat, and the sight of the soldiers around him, their faces etched with fear and their hands trembling uncontrollably, only compounded the gravity of the situation.

Despite their fear, they continued to fire, their bodies quivering as they fought to keep the horde at bay. The tension and urgency in the air were palpable, and it was clear that every moment was critical in the struggle to protect the wall and the base.

"C-City Lord..." Aston stammered, his voice trembling as he instinctively grasped at Kisha's sleeve. His eyes were wide with fear, reflecting the dire situation unfolding before them.

Kisha took a deep breath, her eyes fluttering shut for a moment as she steeled herself. When she opened them again, her gaze was fixed on the overturned truck blocking the road.

With a focused mind, she extended her hands in front of her, her fingers splayed as she engaged her telekinesis. The truck began to tremble and lift off the ground, but the immense weight and size made the effort extraordinarily taxing.

Kisha's limbs quivered under the strain, beads of sweat forming on her brow. Despite the growing pressure and her own growing fatigue, she refused to relent.

Her concentration was unwavering as she maneuvered the truck, her willpower driving her through the physical and mental exertion.

Each movement was slow and deliberate, but she pressed on, determined to clear the obstacle and create a vital barrier against the encroaching horde.

As Kisha managed to fully lift the truck, the soldiers looked on in astonishment, their fear momentarily eclipsed by the sheer force of her ability.

With a swift, sweeping motion, she directed the truck, using it as a battering ram to clear the zombies from the open street. The massive vehicle crashed through the horde, scattering the undead and creating a temporary but much-needed path.

The sight was both dramatic and awe-inspiring, with zombies tumbling aside and the street clearing just enough to offer a brief respite. However, with thousands of zombies still advancing, Kisha's efforts only created a small breach in the overwhelming tide.

Yet, the impact of her actions was profound. The soldiers, who had been on the brink of despair, now saw a glimmer of hope. The path she had cleared, though modest in the grand scheme, was enough to inspire them and renew their resolve.

Kisha, still exerting tremendous effort, continued to manipulate the truck with her telekinesis. She shifted its position to sweep away the zombies gathered at the base of the wall, clearing away the growing pile of carcasses that could be used as makeshift ladders by the undead.

With each movement, she created more space, preventing the zombies from climbing over and threatening the top of the wall.

As Kisha worked, the air buzzed with the arrival of the awakened ability users. They appeared one by one, their diverse powers coming into play. Many of them were earth elemental users, and their arrival was timely.

They quickly set to work, using their abilities to create formidable barriers. Massive earth spikes erupted from the ground, thrusting upward to form a jagged, towering wall of stone around the base of the existing defenses.