

## Apocalypse 372

### Chapter 372 End Of Battle

The sheer destruction Duke wrought left the other awakened ability users awestruck, their eyes wide with disbelief. It was as if he had single-handedly become a one-man army, obliterating wave after wave of the undead with terrifying ease.

His power was unmatched, and the devastation he had caused made it clear—no zombie could survive the onslaught of Duke's overwhelming elemental might. The battlefield had become his domain, and the enemy was utterly outclassed.

Although Duke's Fire Meteor was no larger than a fist, the concentrated fire essence within it was enough to engulf and obliterate clusters of zombies with each strike.

And it wasn't just one—dozens of fiery meteors rained down, resembling a miniature meteor shower from the sky. The intense heat scorched the air, leaving trails of smoke and ash in their wake.

As if that weren't enough, devastating lightning bolts followed, striking down without warning, electrifying the battlefield and leaving the zombies charred. Ice spears materialized around Duke like deadly projectiles, each one launching with the force of a ballista.

They pierced through the nearest zombies, sending them flying with the sheer impact. His relentless assault purged the undead in waves, combining fire, lightning, and ice in a terrifying display of elemental mastery that left nothing but devastation in its path.

However, the sheer magnitude of Duke's Area of Effect (AOE) attacks came at a cost. His spiritual energy drained rapidly, as if pouring through a sieve.

Despite this, his onslaught had successfully decimated most of the advancing horde without drawing too much attention, preventing additional waves of zombies from being attracted from within the city.

With the remaining zombies now more manageable, Duke confidently left the rest to the other awakened ability users. Exhausted but satisfied, he stepped aside to rest and recover his depleted spiritual energy.

On Kisha's side, the mental strain intensified with each attempt to control the large truck, sweeping away waves of zombies outside the wall. She could feel her focus slipping, knowing that this method was only a temporary solution.

The uncertainty of how many more zombies would flood in from the western side weighed on her mind. Deep down, she knew she couldn't keep this up indefinitely, and the toll on her mental energy made it clear that she needed another plan soon.

If the battle dragged on, Kisha knew her side would eventually be at a disadvantage. She couldn't afford to pull manpower from the other sections of the wall, not knowing how long the siege would last or if a surprise attack might come from another direction.

Realizing the truck wasn't a sustainable solution, she abandoned it and instead focused on the smaller fragments of debris scattered around.

She also reached out with her telekinesis, sensing the countless daggers strapped to the waists of soldiers and warriors nearby, preparing to use them in a more strategic approach.

Kisha closed her eyes, focusing intently as she felt the presence of every dagger around her. It was as if invisible hands materialized behind her, guiding the weapons into her control.

Soldiers and warriors looked on in shock as their daggers lifted off from their belts, swirling through the air before coming to rest in a formation around Kisha, poised and ready for her command.

The daggers floated in a perfect formation around her back, shimmering under the faint moonlight. Once Kisha was certain she had gathered every blade in the vicinity, her eyes snapped open.

In an instant, all the daggers pointed to where her gaze fixed, sharp and deadly. With a knowing smile, she unleashed them into the battlefield.

The blades danced through the air, slicing through the chaos and finding their mark with precision—piercing one zombie skull after another, like an elegant yet deadly waltz of steel.

The dagger whirled through the air as if it were alive, darting with the precision of a well-controlled drone. One by one, it struck down the zombies with lethal accuracy, each blow swift and unstoppable.

The undead fell like flies, powerless to defend themselves. Not a single one reached the outer wall; they collapsed halfway, unable to comprehend what invisible force was cutting them down before they could even see their demise approaching.

As the gunfire subsided, all eyes fixated on the dagger slicing through the battlefield, effortlessly decimating the incoming zombies.

Kisha stood in awe, sensing her abilities had expanded—her telekinesis now stretched farther, moving with newfound speed and precision.

It was as if her reach had grown beyond its former limits, allowing her to control the dagger with an ease she hadn't felt before.

The other awakened ability users, inspired by Kisha's remarkable display of power, were fired up as well. They continued summoning earth spikes around the wall, fortifying the defenses.

Meanwhile, the newly awakened, fresh out of the medical facility and recently trained by Vulture to harness their abilities, joined in, doing their best to contribute to the fight despite their inexperience.

Newly awakened fire ability users hurled fireballs into the fray. Even when they missed their mark, the flames ignited the heaps of zombie corpses strewn across the battlefield.

The advancing zombies, once caught in the blaze, staggered forward but were eventually consumed by the spreading fire, their relentless march ending in a scorching demise.

None of them felt completely drained, and whenever someone began to run low on spiritual energy, Kisha would instruct them to step back and take a short break.

Once they'd rested for a few minutes, they would rotate back in, seamlessly taking their positions again, keeping the flow of power and defense steady.

Thanks to Kisha's passive skill, the group relentlessly attacked the incoming zombies from the residential area. Soon, the streets beyond the wall were engulfed in black smoke, with flames spreading rapidly from one corpse to another, turning the area into a fiery wasteland.

Kisha and the others were relieved to see that the spreading fire was already taking care of the corpses outside the wall.

This spared them the time and effort of gathering the bodies in one place for disposal, ensuring the flames would prevent any potential diseases from spreading through the wind or insects.

The battle raged on until dawn, with the first light of the rising sun filtering through the eastern buildings. As the waves of zombies dwindled, only a few stray ones remained scattered across the streets.

Kisha, sensing the shift, allowed the snipers to handle the remaining undead, giving herself and the other awakened ability users a much-needed chance to rest.

Although their stamina and spiritual energy were replenished, the continuous use of their abilities left their mental fortitude strained, taking a toll on their mentality.

As the snipers in the watchtower continued their cleanup operation, the soldiers on the wall meticulously inspected the perimeter for any damage to the cargo trailers or potential breaches.

Despite the lull in the attack, tension lingered in the air, their hearts still pounding in their throats as they worked to ensure no openings had been compromised.

The other sides of the wall had also finished battling the horde, successfully keeping the zombies at bay without any breaches or casualties in their ranks.

However, the toll was evident—everyone was thoroughly exhausted, having fought relentlessly through the entire night until dawn.