

## **Apocalypse 511**

### Chapter 511 Sun Dried Zombies

"Did Captain Rose return?" one of them asked, glancing around.

Thud!

The sound echoed again—the unmistakable noise of something being forcefully driven into the ground.

Then, they saw it: numerous ice crystal spikes floating in the air, still speckled with dirt along their edges, resembling the sharp fangs of some great beast.

As their eyes followed the scene, they spotted Kisha nearby, each ice crystal spike being slammed into the ground one after another with precision.

Astonished by the sight, everyone watched in awe as their City Lord effortlessly controlled so many ice crystal spikes in the air, driving them into the ground one by one.

But the question lingered—where had she gotten them? They all glanced around, searching, but Rose was nowhere to be seen.

"Captain Rose is still out," a haggard, breathless man, still sweaty from the heat, said as he stood near one of the ice crystal spikes to cool off.

After a moment of relief, he continued, "The City Lord took these spikes from the eastern wall's defenses and brought them here temporarily. She said she'll return them once the heat wave passes, or when Captain Rose comes back. If not, she'll have her create a new ice crystal barrier for the eastern wall."

When they heard the explanation, everyone gasped, their eyes turning red with emotion.

"Our City Lord is so kind, like a guardian angel, always protecting us," a woman said, clutching her young child, whose face was as red as a tomato from the heat.

The child had looked like he might pass out at any moment and was about to be taken to the medical facility for an assessment.

But as the cool breeze from the ice crystals spread around them, the child slowly started to feel better. His dazed eyes began to clear, and his condition improved noticeably.

The extreme heat left the air still, and when a breeze did come, it felt like the sun's fiery tongue was licking their skin.

It was painful, almost burning them, and the air itself seemed to scorch the oxygen, making it difficult to breathe.

Even the plants around them were wilting and slowly dying. Watering them only seemed to hasten their decline.

To protect what they could, some tried to shield the remaining greenery from the harsh sun, covering the larger trees with tents.

This was all under Kisha's orders. With the air already thin and difficult to breathe, the absence of trees—vital for oxygen production—made the situation worse.

The plants and trees still had a chance to survive, and Kisha couldn't bear to let them perish so quickly.

The soil, though parched, still held enough nutrients to sustain life—unlike the future soil, which had turned barren and incapable of supporting growth.

After organizing everything around the base, Kisha ensured that ice crystal spikes were placed along the northern and eastern walls to shield the soldiers stationed there from the intense heat.

She also made sure everyone was taking cover from the sun's relentless rays.

Due to the extreme conditions, work around the base ground to a halt.

No one could continue their tasks effectively, and Kisha even ordered a complete suspension of work, warning that anyone who ignored the order would only end up in the medical facility.

On Duke's side, the extreme heat had taken a heavy toll on his people.

They were easily fatigued, requiring frequent breaks to cool down. After another two hours of travel, they finally reached the textile factory.

The stench hit them long before they arrived. Even from miles away, the overpowering smell of decay was unmistakable.

The zombies' skin appeared as shriveled, dried flesh, yet they still moved—albeit sluggishly, their once rapid movements now hindered by the intense heat.

"Don't you think this feels like a blessing in disguise?" one of Duke's men murmured to the warrior beside him.

From their vantage point on the rooftop of a building near the textile factory, they could see a vast sea of zombies below.

The factory, with its large workforce, was surrounded by wide streets designed to accommodate trucks coming and going without congestion.

But now, the street before it was crowded with the sluggish, sun-dried zombies, their decaying bodies barely moving in the sweltering heat.

Even the zombies' roars and growls had a dry, hollow sound to them, their throats parched by the relentless sun.

Not only were Duke and his men struggling in the heat, but the zombies too had become sluggish and brittle, like dried fish left to rot under the scorching sun.

With renewed confidence, Duke and his team began to summon their awakened abilities, launching swift attacks.

The zombies, now lethargic and slow-moving, stood no chance.

They were barely able to close the distance before being decapitated, even when Duke's team switched to melee combat. It was almost effortless.

As they fought, it became clear that nearly 95% of the zombies were wearing the factory's uniform.

These were the workers, likely caught during the blood rain while they were still on the job. It wasn't a surprise—the factory had been busy when the outbreak hit.

However, Duke and his team knew they couldn't afford to engage in a prolonged battle under the scorching sun.

So, they made preparations.

Each of them retrieved extra clothing, and Rose conjured ice crystal cubes.

They carefully placed the cubes inside the clothes, securing them around their heads, and covered them with caps to hold the ice in place.

Some ice crystal cubes were also tucked into the rest of their clothing to regulate their body temperatures and prevent heatstroke.

Once they had taken these precautions, they were ready.

With their bodies shielded from the sun's relentless heat, they could engage the zombies without risking exhaustion or collapse.

Without these preparations, even though the zombies were sluggish from the sun's effects, the team would struggle to fight effectively and might not even reach the factory's interior without succumbing to the heat themselves.

With all these preparations in place, they were able to fight as they normally would, without the constant need to stop and rest due to the heat.

This method allowed them to reduce their rest breaks, keeping their momentum going.

The group split into four teams, each assigned to protect one direction, forming a diamond-shaped formation.

The group split into four teams, each assigned to protect a different direction, forming a diamond-shaped formation.

Duke's team took the vanguard, leading the charge as Duke swung his spear while summoning ice spears that sent zombies flying before they even got close.

Clyde and Reeve led their respective teams, guarding the left and right flanks, while Fred's team held the rear.

Fortunately, Fred had awakened his ability just a day after their last mission to Port City, which gave him confidence and eased his fear of being bitten.

This newfound strength allowed the group to move efficiently, with those running low on spiritual energy retreating to the center of the formation where the support-type awakened ability users and two STAU members were stationed.

Despite the thousands of zombies in their path, the team continued to push forward without being overwhelmed.

Though they struggled, they never faltered.

Slowly but surely, Duke and the others made their way toward the factory.

Duke maintained a steady, controlled pace, ensuring that no one was left behind, even as the pressure mounted.