

## **Apocalypse 512**

### Chapter 512 Textile Factory

"Those low on spiritual energy, move to the center!" Duke commanded, his spear cutting through the advancing horde without pause.

Draped in his Kratos Cloak, Duke stood unwavering at the vanguard.

Though its fur-lined neck seemed stifling and ill-suited to the searing heat, they had found ways to mitigate the discomfort, allowing him to wear it without issue.

The golden lion embroidered on the back of his cloak gleamed in the sunlight, exuding an aura of strength and heroism.

His commanding presence was like a beacon, inspiring those around him.

Unbeknownst to the others, this surge of energy wasn't purely emotional—it was an effect of the cloak itself, a hidden skill amplifying morale and resolve.

Fueled by this unseen force, the team fought with renewed vigor, their strikes sharper, their movements more decisive, as if Duke's unyielding figure lent them his strength.

At this moment, the Kratos Cloak's added skill, 'Commander's Berserk', was actively boosting the team's strength.

Simultaneously, its morale-enhancing effect heightened their fighting spirit, courage, and determination, allowing them to press forward with greater ease.

A faint smirk tugged at the corner of Duke's lips as he drove his spear through the head of a zombie blocking his path.

The team was now closing in on the gates of the textile factory, though the throng of zombies around them grew denser.

Fortunately, the effects of Clyde and Reeve's 'Group Synergy', were also in full swing.

The ability significantly reduced their team members' fatigue, accelerated recovery, and provided an additional boost to their overall strength.

Together, these layered effects created a formidable advantage, keeping the group cohesive and their momentum steady as they carved a path through the undead horde.

Some of the support-type awakened ability users also contributed by casting boosting skills on the warriors.

However, a challenge arose with two of them—their abilities provided random stat boosts, leaving them uncertain about which attribute would be enhanced after each cast.

"Here, drink this," one of the STAU said, handing a vial of dark liquid to a warrior who had retreated into the center of the formation to recover their depleted spiritual energy.

"Thanks," the warrior replied, instantly downing the vial of black liquid without a second thought.

As soon as he did, a surge of energy coursed through him, restoring his depleted spiritual reserves.

He glanced thoughtfully at the STAU, realizing the liquid's origin likely wasn't as mysterious as it once seemed.

With the emergence of so many awakened abilities in their base—spanning diverse and unexpected skills—most people now assume that the vials were crafted by an artisan-type awakened ability user or perhaps a skilled awakened ability user medical staff member.

This shift in perception had allowed Kisha and the STAU to distribute the vials of black and blue liquid more openly without arousing suspicion, ensuring its benefits reached those in need.

They could now use the vials freely without needing to be overly cautious, and the warriors no longer questioned their origin, acting as if they had already pieced its origin together.

Because of this, those who stepped into the center of the formation for a brief rest would quickly drink a vial of the black liquid, recover their strength, and rejoin the fight with renewed vigor.

"We're almost at the gate! Everyone, hold the formation!" Duke's commanding voice rang out, and the team responded with renewed intensity.

Their attacks grew fiercer as windblades, fireballs, ice spears, and more filled the air, cutting through the horde of zombies.

Evelyn, her hands transformed into gleaming steel, drove her fist through the skull of a zombie advancing toward her.

Another lunged at her, baring its jagged teeth, only to bite down on her steel arm.

Instead of panicking, Evelyn let out a low chuckle as the zombie's teeth shattered upon impact, scattering across the ground.

With a swift, effortless motion, she swung her arm, decapitating the creature in one clean strike.

Evelyn stood firmly in front of Reeve, acting as his shield while he unleashed sonic boom after sonic boom.

Each explosive wave tore through the horde, catching dozens of zombies at a time and causing their heads to burst like balloons.

Reeve's large-scale attack left everyone both envious and astonished by its devastating effectiveness.

On the other flank, Clyde was equally relentless.

With no need to hold back for fear of harming his team, who remained safely behind him, he manipulated gravity with precision.

Each wave of his hand sent the approaching zombies crashing to the ground under crushing gravitational impact.

His ability cleared the path on his side, leaving no zombie able to draw near.

Meanwhile, Clyde sent Rose to assist the vanguard, adding her ice-type abilities to strengthen their frontline.

This coordinated strategy ensured that every side of the formation was secure, making their advance more efficient and less dangerous.

With their combined efforts, the team pushed forward steadily.

Not long after, they reached the factory gate, their formation still intact despite the relentless assault they sustained.

The factory gate was no haven.

Even inside, the area was teeming with zombies, leaving no opportunity for the team to rest.

The sun was already dipping low, and in an hour or two, night would fall—a dangerous prospect in their current situation.

Staying in that place during the night was not an option.

Recognizing the urgency, Duke increased their pace slightly, his focus unwavering.

He kept a vial of black liquid within easy reach at all times, ensuring his spiritual energy remained intact.

Reeve and Clyde were each provided with a supply of vials of black liquid as well, enabling them to maintain their effectiveness in battle.

At the center of the formation, the STAU meticulously managed the distribution of the vials, ensuring every fighter had a spare on hand.

Their efficiency allowed the team to keep moving, maintaining the formation's integrity and their momentum toward the factory's interior.

But that didn't mean the team emerged unscathed.

Injured warriors—whether bitten or scratched—held their positions with grim determination until their strength began to falter.

Once they could no longer endure, they were carefully escorted to the center of the formation.

There, they drank the blue vial of liquid to heal their wounds and recover their strength.

Only after they were fully patched up did they rejoin the fight, seamlessly returning to their assigned positions.

Though the relentless battle felt like an eternity, in reality, only 15 minutes had passed since they began forcing their way inside.

"Close the gates!" Duke ordered, his voice sharp and commanding.

At the same time, Reeve unleashed another powerful sonic boom, clearing a path through the sea of zombies.

Without hesitation, Fred's team rushed to the massive sliding gate, pushing it shut with all their strength.

The heavy gate clanged shut just in time, cutting off the zombies from the street and reducing the number of enemies they would have to face inside.

As Duke and his team entered the factory's vicinity, the sound of the commotion outside attracted the attention of the zombies within.

A few dozen stumbled toward the gates, but before they could catch their breath, hundreds more emerged from deeper within the factory, surrounding them from all sides.

To make matters worse, the zombies outside continued to push against the gate, threatening to break through.

Reluctantly, Duke and his team pressed on, fighting their way through the overwhelming horde as they moved deeper into the factory.