

Apocalypse 513

Chapter 513 Fred's Awakened Ability

"Vice City Lord, you need to rest too," Evelyn said, her voice filled with concern as she approached him.

Duke had been drinking the vial of black liquid almost nonstop, yet he hadn't taken a single rest, unlike the others.

Not only had he been continuously conjuring ice spears, fire meteors, and lightning rains—each draining an immense amount of spiritual energy—but he was also actively engaged in combat with his spear.

No one could match his pace.

While others relied on their melee weapons, they couldn't focus on their awakened abilities at the same time, as the distraction would weaken the effectiveness of their attacks.

But Duke was pushing himself beyond what anyone else could handle.

Despite Duke's relentless efforts, each of his attacks continued to hit with devastating force, annihilating everything in his path.

Even though he had been drinking the vial of black liquid consistently, the truth was that he had only consumed two, unlike the others who had already taken three to five.

It just so happened that every time he drank, Evelyn happened to be nearby, leading her to believe he had been drinking more than he actually had.

Thanks to the spiritual fruits and crops he had been consuming ever since Kisha discovered them, Duke's spiritual energy's quality had greatly improved.

As a result, not only did he require less energy to conjure his skills, but his abilities were also significantly stronger.

Now, even when casting a powerful AOE (Area of Effect) skills like Fire Meteor and Lightning Rain, his spiritual energy consumption remained minimal.

With a nod, Duke replied, "No need, I'm not tired at all." After answering, he turned his attention back to the front and resumed his attacks.

Thanks to his purer spiritual energy and larger spiritual pool, he was able to perform better than the others.

This allowed him to recover from any energy depletion more efficiently, requiring less frequent refills compared to the rest of the group.

Perhaps it was due to the previous incident when Duke's energy core had been damaged and then healed, but now his energy core was sturdier than before.

Unlike the others, even if he exhausted his spiritual energy and replenished it with the vial of black liquid, it would take several refills before he felt any strain on his core.

After consuming five vials of black liquid, the others would start feeling discomfort in their bodies.

Left with no choice, they had to move to the center of the formation to rest, preventing further strain and avoiding the risk of their energy cores collapsing from overuse.

"Just a little more—we're almost inside the factory!" Duke shouted, his voice cutting through the chaos as he noticed more warriors retreating into the formation, their faces strained with discomfort.

"If you're feeling unwell, don't push yourselves just because we're close. You'll only make things worse."

His firm reminder resonated with those still fighting despite the throbbing pain in their heads.

Reluctantly, they paused and retreated into the formation to recover.

Even Reeve and Clyde tempered the intensity of their attacks, prioritizing caution over recklessness, aware that overexertion could render them liabilities later.

"Quick, open the door!" Fred yelled urgently as they reached the first warehouse, where stacks of textiles ready for delivery were stored.

"But it's locked, sir!" one of the warriors called out, pointing to the massive padlock securing the door.

"Forcefully open—" Fred began, but before he could finish, Evelyn stepped forward, grabbed the lock, and gave it a seemingly gentle tug.

To everyone's astonishment, not only did the lock come off, but a portion of the door was torn away with it.

Silence fell as all eyes turned to her in shock, their expressions shifting from disbelief to thinly veiled fear.

They gulped nervously, exchanging glances.

'No matter what, we can't afford to offend Sister,' they collectively thought, quickly plastering ingratiating smiles on their faces as they looked at Evelyn with a mix of awe and apprehension.

"Thank you, Sister," they chorused with nervous smiles. Evelyn gave a curt nod before calmly returning to her position to fight.

Unlike the others, Evelyn didn't need to conjure elaborate attacks.

She simply controlled her spiritual energy, channeling it through her body to enhance her strength and transform her skin into steel-like armor.

This efficient use of energy consumed far less spiritual energy compared to the others' offensive abilities.

As a result, she hadn't needed a single vial of black liquid since the battle began.

The only thing weighing on her now was fatigue from prolonged exertion, but even that she managed to endure with her remarkable resilience.

Duke and the others quickly adjusted their formation.

Fred and his team took the lead, positioning themselves at the front to handle the task of opening the door, while Duke and the rest focused on holding off the rear to protect the group.

As soon as the door creaked open, Fred's team snapped to full attention, their weapons ready, eyes darting into the dim interior, wary of any ambush waiting on the other side.

"Vice City Lord, the door is open!" Fred called out, his voice steady despite the tension crackling in the air.

"Move inside quickly! We'll take five minutes to recover while the Space-Type Ability Users handle the supplies. Those who can still fight, guard the STAU. The rest, focus on recovery," Duke ordered, his voice calm but commanding.

Even as he issued instructions, Duke continued to swing his spear with precision, though he had deliberately reduced the frequency of his awakened ability attacks to conserve energy.

Fred and his team nodded sharply, immediately moving to secure the area, while the two STAU perked up, ready to act at a moment's notice.

Fred raised his assault rifle, his ears pricked and his senses on high alert as he and his team carefully surveyed the dimly lit warehouse.

One of them quickly searched for a light switch, hoping the factory's backup generator would activate automatically.

Unfortunately, the generator was an older model that required manual operation to start.

With no functioning lights and the generator located elsewhere, they had no choice but to proceed cautiously in near darkness, fumbling their way forward while remaining vigilant.

The reason Fred still used his assault rifle was tied to the unique nature of his awakened ability.

Similar in concept to "Hawkeye from the Avengers," Fred could create specialized projectiles with unique properties based on his intent.

His skill allowed him to infuse empty cartridges or arrowheads with his spiritual energy, transforming them into custom-made ammunition with specific effects.

These effects varied depending on how he channeled his energy.

For now, Fred had mastered two distinct bullet types: one packed with raw spiritual energy that acted as an enhanced standard bullet, capable of piercing through with much greater force, and another that exploded on impact, dealing substantial area damage.

However, his ability came with limitations.

Preparing these bullets took time, as he had to infuse each cartridge individually.

Fred could also use arrows if equipped with specialized arrowheads, but currently, he only had bullets ready for use.

The drawback was that his weapons and ammunition weren't crafted from special alloys capable of withstanding prolonged exposure to his spiritual energy.

Overuse could degrade the materials, potentially causing bullets to explode prematurely while being loaded or fired, posing a risk even to him.