

Apocalypse 515

Chapter 515 Storm

As the sun dipped lower, Duke glanced at the sky.

Instead of the usual fiery red hue, it appeared dark and ominous, the air unnaturally still.

"Hurry up, a storm's coming," he ordered, prompting the others to look up.

Given the intense heat earlier that day, Duke knew this storm wouldn't be ordinary.

A sense of unease settled in him—he worried they might get caught outside.

Despite not having traveled too far from the factory and knowing that some zombies still roamed nearby, he pushed the STAU to bring out the trucks.

"Get the trucks ready, we need to move fast!"

"Understood, Vice City Lord!" The STAU quickly retrieved the trucks from their space.

The drivers rushed to their seats while the rest of the warriors fought outside, clearing a path.

As the engine of the truck roared to life, the warriors slowly began boarding.

Duke made his way to the front, climbing into the passenger seat.

With everything in motion, they sped off.

The zombies nearby, drawn by the noise, quickly rushed toward them.

Fortunately, the path had already been cleared, allowing the trucks to barrel through. As the vehicles surged forward, they plowed into the oncoming zombies, scattering them out of the way.

Duke and the others quickly activated their awakened abilities, ensuring the zombies didn't get too close to the front while also clearing the path ahead.

They needed to ensure the truck wouldn't get trapped in the heart of the horde.

The driver, sensing the urgency in Duke's demeanor, pressed harder on the gas pedal, pushing the truck to its limits.

With the constant threat looming, he too felt the pressure to reach their destination as quickly as possible, his anxiety rising alongside Duke's.

Duke hadn't intended for his anxiety to show, but as he glanced up at the sky, he couldn't help but feel his heart race.

The intense heat earlier in the day hinted at a storm that could be far more dangerous than usual.

The longer they remained outside, the greater the risk to his people. He was certain that Kisha had already sensed the shift in the weather and was likely preparing for the storm as well.

On Kisha's side, once the intense heat was alleviated by the Ice Crystal Spikes, everyone's condition improved significantly.

Many people, unwilling to lose a day's work, brought their tasks to the medical facility, setting up tables and continuing their work in the shade.

Kisha couldn't help but laugh as she watched them, amused by their determination.

While others focused on their crafts, she moved through the base, ensuring that everyone was safe and accounted for.

Some of the Ice Crystal Spikes were also placed in the square, providing more space for people to gather and stay cool.

As the sun began to set, Kisha started retrieving the Ice Crystal Spikes, carefully returning them to their original positions.

Meanwhile, Vulture led a group of earth-type awakened ability users to seal the holes left in the ground by the spikes.

With her enhanced telekinesis, Kisha was able to manipulate heavier objects with ease, so it only took a few trips to restore all the Ice Crystal Spikes she had taken from the southern wall.

A few earth-type awakened ability users assisted, ensuring the spikes were securely reattached, reinforcing the ground to prevent them from loosening and falling off.

Once Kisha finished, she paused at the top of the southern wall, gazing up at the sky.

The cold breeze was unnervingly still, and the once fiery red hue of the setting sun had been replaced by a dark, ominous gloom.

Having lived through the apocalypse countless times, Kisha recognized the signs.

A Geostorm was about to happen. She knew from experience that not only would the storm be incredibly destructive, but it would also bring powerful whirlwinds, torrential rain, and hail.

That wasn't all—rising seas would trigger a tsunami, swallowing any low-lying areas near the coast.

A cold shiver ran down her spine as the memories resurfaced.

"Everyone, make sure everyone is safely inside their homes—no one is allowed to stay out!" Kisha commanded sharply, startling those who were still working outside, finishing up the Ice Crystal Spikes.

"All guards stationed on the walls need to return to the base immediately and ensure no one is left outside!" Kisha added, her tone firm.

She quickly ordered the soldiers to radio all guards posted at the corners of the wall to head back to safety. As the team scrambled to execute her orders, Kisha turned to 008.

"008, find an AOE-type city shield. If possible, I need one similar to the one we have in City A," Kisha instructed, her voice steady but urgent.

"Just give me a minute, Host. I'll find it right away. Trust me," 008 said, its voice filled with determination, as though its very life depended on fulfilling her request.

Kisha felt a slight sense of reassurance wash over her at 008's words.

In her past lives, she hadn't accumulated enough points to afford such a crucial item, even a one-time-use city shield.

As a result, countless casualties had been lost to the ferocious whirlwinds that danced through the city, ripping people away and never to be seen again.

The Port City and nearby coastal areas were not only flooded—they were erased, sinking into the ocean, leaving no trace of life behind.

Fortunately, City B, being near Port City, had been partially shielded by the destruction.

The waves had been stopped by the barrier of Port City, sparing City B from total devastation.

However, the Geostorm's power was still enough to nearly wipe out the survivors, with the hail and rain bringing with it the blood rain that made the event even more nightmarish.

But this Geostorm wasn't supposed to happen now—it was supposed to occur two years later.

Kisha felt her face drain of color as a wave of dizziness washed over her.

Her strength seemed to evaporate, and she struggled to stay upright, the weight of the moment pressing down on her.

Everything was unfolding out of their timeline. She felt cornered, helpless. Then, suddenly, a thought sparked in her mind.

She glanced up once more, and a holographic map of her territory in City A materialized.

She quickly searched for Keith and her grandparents, and a wave of relief washed over her when she confirmed they were safely within the barrier.

Letting out a quiet sigh, her gaze instinctively shifted to the team's tab, where Duke's stats were displayed.

Aside from his spiritual energy, which was constantly in use, his health seemed stable—there was no sign of immediate danger.

Still, anxiety gnawed at her, and her stomach churned with worry.

She could only pray that Duke had noticed the weather shift and was heading straight home, rather than staying outside.

With no way to control the situation, she reluctantly sent Bell to find him, hoping it wasn't too late.

Noticing the urgency in Kisha's voice, Bell immediately shot out of the base at her command, heading toward Duke's last known location.

While waiting for updates, Kisha accessed her territory's interface and called Keith.

It didn't take long for Keith to answer, his voice lively and playful. "Sister! Miss me?"

He immediately shifted to a cute tone, clearly having found a quiet spot away from the hustle and bustle of the base.

"Baby brother, listen closely. Make sure everyone stays inside the base and doesn't leave for any reason. If there are still people out on supply runs, get them to return immediately. A storm is coming, and it's not one to take lightly."