

Apocalypse 52

Chapter 52 Moving Boxes

The gatekeeper chuckled at the lookout's report. "Are you joking? How many times have we mistaken zombies for survivors?" He didn't take the lookout's words seriously.

He knew well that besides occasional rescue missions, survivors rarely lasted long outside due to the overwhelming number of zombies infesting every street. The zombies weren't just terrifying because of their sheer numbers, but also because of the difficulty in killing them, especially for civilians unfamiliar with their weaknesses.

"No, it's serious! They're heading this way," the lookout insisted.

"Sure, whatever you say" the gatekeeper replied dismissively, letting out another chuckle before setting down the radio and disregarding further calls from the lookout.

"Master, the bees have spotted a few black boxes moving in this direction," Bell informed Kisha through their telepathic link.

"Black box?" Kisha repeated with a furrowed brow, her pace steady as they continued towards the gate.

"Yes, they described it as what you typically use for travel," Bell clarified.

"So, you're saying there are multiple vehicles approaching?" Kisha sought confirmation.

"Yes, master," Bell affirmed.

Kisha's eyes narrowed as they neared the gate, just a few blocks away. "Everyone, move! Run forward!" she bellowed at the top of her lungs before breaking into a sprint herself.

Without hesitation, Duke, Sparrow, and Vulture followed suit, matching her pace without questioning her command. However, the others were momentarily taken by surprise, unsure of what was happening. Only Fred and Nancy reacted quickly, sprinting alongside them. Nancy even supported the older woman who had always assisted her with her baby, urging her to run.

The woman leading the second group felt a sense of unease creeping over her, unable to shake off the feeling that something was wrong. "Run! Run now!" she shouted urgently from the rear, before swiftly joining her group in a sprint forward.

Observing Kisha and the others sprinting as if their lives depended on it, the remaining individuals, who had been standing by, wasted no time in joining the frantic run. Having spent several days with Kisha and her group, they had come to understand that she was not one to act without reason or impulsively.

Despite this, fear began to gnaw at every fiber of their being as the unknown loomed before them.

Despite their uncertainty about what was happening, they ran, pushing their exhausted bodies to limits they had never reached before.

In just five minutes, they arrived at the closed iron gate. Relief flooded through the survivors, tears welling in their eyes as they realized they were safe. Some began pounding on the gate, pleading, "Open the gate, please!"

Despite their extreme fatigue, the survivors were fueled by adrenaline, their weariness overridden by excitement and hope as they continued to call out to the people on the other side of the gate.

However, their hopes were short-lived. Soon, the distant roar of car engines reached their ears, accompanied by another, more ominous roar—the sound of a zombie horde following the vehicles as they drove in their direction.

The survivors standing at the gate felt their entire bodies tremble with fear as they beheld the overwhelming number of zombies before them, more than they had ever seen. Their pounding on the gate became more frantic, fueled by the realization that they were utterly unequipped to face such a massive horde.

Even Kisha knew that those numbers were more than she could handle even if she had awakened her ability.

Startled by the commotion outside and recalling the lookout's earlier report, the gatekeeper hastily ascended the stairs to peer through the peephole. As he looked, his heart sank; indeed, there were not just a few, but dozens of survivors gathered outside. His eyes widened as he also spotted the approaching trucks, confirming the urgency of the situation.

"Open the gate! Call the medics!" he shouted urgently, his voice echoing with alarm. "Arm yourselves and take position! We've got a zombie horde incoming!" With a swift motion, he sounded the alarm bell, signaling to those inside to prepare for battle.

But the alarm not only alerted his people but also the nearby zombies, soon, zombies from other streets started to emerge and move towards Kisha's group.

Kisha moved back to the rear to protect the civilians as they went inside the gate, Duke, Sparrow, Vulture as well as Fred took position at the rear together with Kisha and even the woman leading the second group stayed at the back.

Kisha wasted no time waiting for the zombies to reach the gate. With swift precision, she advanced towards the approaching undead. Before the zombie could even graze a strand of her hair, she expertly drove her smaller katana into its head. Without pausing, she swiftly swung the blade to the side, causing the zombie's head to detach and drop to the ground.

Without hesitation, she swiftly moved to the next nearest zombie, her katana slicing through its neck with precision and force. The head rolled from its neck, hitting the ground with a thud. In one fluid motion, she sidestepped, executing a swift turnaround kick to another two nearby zombies, followed by a quick stab to its temple.

As she landed, she stomped her foot down on one zombie she had kicked moments before, causing black blood to splatter across the ground.

Her relentless assault showed no signs of stopping; she continued her killing spree without pause as if facing her greatest adversary. Her eyes turned dangerously cold, reflecting the intensity of her focus.

The lookouts stationed nearby, originally tasked with monitoring the incoming trucks, were completely absorbed by the scene unfolding before them. The ferocity of Kisha and her group's battle had completely captured their attention.

Her movements were fluid and deadly, each strike aimed with precision at the heads or necks of the zombies, swiftly incapacitating them. As Kisha advanced, the bodies of the undead lay motionless in her wake, with black blood trailing along the path she took. The scene was undeniably gory, sending shivers down the spines of those who were mere spectators.

Instantly, a sense of fear and awe gripped them as they watched Kisha in action, likening her to a trained assassin effortlessly dancing through the battlefield.

Bang-

Bang-

Bang- Bang-

Resounding gunshots echoed from the top of the cargo trailers, makeshift walls manned by armed men lying prone as they aimed their guns at the approaching zombies.

Despite the gate slowly opening, Kisha and Duke pressed on with their assaults. Not everyone had entered yet, and although the personnel from the evacuation center were helping to control the influx of zombies, the gunfire only seemed to draw more undead towards them.

The soldiers positioned atop the wall were well-trained marksmen, providing effective cover fire for Kisha and the others. However, despite their prowess, Kisha and Duke refrained from unleashing their

full fighting capabilities in front of the others. Nevertheless, their skill and determination were evident to those who witnessed them, instilling a sense of fear and awe.

As the survivors rushed inside the gate, Kisha and her group gradually retreated as well, ensuring everyone made it to safety before following suit.