

## **Apocalypse 520**

### Chapter 520 Battery

They waited, praying the waters would recede or the earth would harden enough to allow them to move safely again.

Their only hope now was to survive long enough to find a new location to rebuild their lives.

As everyone scrambled to find a safe place after Keith's warning, there were still a few stubborn individuals who refused to listen.

They dismissed the warning, convinced the storm wasn't as bad as it seemed and that the person broadcasting the message was simply trying to scare them into abandoning their shelters or bases.

After all, fewer people meant more supplies for the rest.

But when the storm unfolded exactly as it had been predicted, those same people were the first to suffer.

They became the first victims, their lives claimed by their stubbornness. And in the end, there was no pill for regret.

Back on Kisha's side, she stood resolutely atop the city wall after activating the City Shield and ensuring the people were safely in their homes.

Her eyes were fixed on the horizon, scanning the distance for any sign of Duke's convoy.

The sky had already darkened, and the wind was growing fiercer, whipping through the air and stirring up smaller debris.

Nearby, small whirlwinds began to form, their swirling shapes a testament to the escalating storm.

Yet Kisha remained unmoving, her silhouette a steady figure against the chaos.

She refused to leave her post until she was certain that Duke was close, her resolve unwavering despite the mounting tension in the air.

"C-City Lord!" A man in a white lab coat came rushing out from the base, his disheveled appearance and breathless excitement making him look both eager and haggard.

His eyes sparkled, and a wide grin stretched across his face, barely contained. "I—I have something to tell you!" he exclaimed, his voice brimming with urgency.

Kisha turned her head slightly, her gaze cool and indifferent as it briefly shifted from the distant street.

"What is it?" she asked, her tone calm and composed, her focus still fixed on the horizon.

"My team and I managed to build a small battery capable of storing electricity, using lightning as the energy source," the man explained, his excitement evident.

"However, to make it work, we need to install the pole at the highest point here. The problem is—it's heavy and requires precise placement."

Kisha's eyebrows rose instinctively as she glanced around, her sharp gaze taking in the surroundings.

The highest point in the base was the Central Hall's dome-like roof, where a flagpole stood in the center, the flag whipping fiercely in the wind.

It didn't take long for her to piece it together—the man was asking for her help to use her telekinesis to place their pole in that spot.

Without hesitation, she made her decision, offering no objections.

"Lead the way," Kisha said, casting one last glance at the street behind her before following the engineer.

She knew that once Duke was nearby, Bell would notify her, and it wouldn't be too late for her to return.

The engineer guided Kisha to the front of the Central Hall, where a few meters of pole lay on the ground.

Several engineers were gathered around it, checking its connections to a laptop, while multiple wires snaked through the pole. At the other end, the setup resembled an intricate electric circuit.

The person in charge, Engineer Steel, was barking orders to the team, urging them to work faster.

He was determined to have the pole installed before the storm hit.

Connected to the pole was a tangle of wires, leading to a massive machine placed on a small trailer.

The machine was so large it took up the entire back of the trailer, and the pole itself, which Kisha was expected to place atop the Central Hall, was as thick as her waist.

'No wonder they needed my help,' Kisha thought.

Even a superhuman would struggle to lift that massive pole, let alone position it atop the roof.

No matter how many people worked together, they'd still need a crane, and their largest one was tied up in the workshop.

The fastest solution was Kisha's telekinesis, something they'd already witnessed in action. They knew this task would be child's play for her.

When Engineer Steel gave the signal, Kisha stepped forward.

"City Lord, please, we'll leave it in your care," Engineer Steel said, his voice full of anticipation.

Kisha nodded, her focus sharpening.

She raised the pole effortlessly with her telekinesis.

Ever since her Mental Capacity exceeded one thousand, her control over her powers had grown immensely.

The weight of the pole barely fazed her, and as she lifted it higher, she felt no strain at all.

Feeling emboldened, she allowed herself to float upward, her body rising into the air. The sight left the watching engineers gasping in surprise.

Kisha's telekinesis wasn't limited to inanimate objects or external things, so she figured she could use it to lift herself into the air.

And she did, effortlessly.

Now, alongside the massive pole, she too was floating, something she had never managed to do before.

Typically, only high-level wind-type awakened ability users allowed for this kind of flight, as those users could make the wind feel like an extension of their bodies, manipulating it as they wished.

Though Kisha appeared calm and indifferent as she floated, her heart raced with excitement.

This was her first time experiencing this sensation, and deep down, she couldn't help but revel in the thrill of soaring through the air.

After enjoying the sensation of floating, Kisha focused her telekinesis with precision.

She carefully guided the pole into place on top of the Central Hall's roof.

With expert control, she bolted it securely, using the pre-positioned bolts at the base of the pole where the circuit was attached.

Only when she was certain the pole was firmly in place did she float around it, inspecting her work one last time before descending.

When she landed gracefully on the ground, the engineers gasped in awe.

"Woah! City Lord, you can fly!"

"Was that part of your awakened ability?!"

"That was amazing!" The engineers gathered around her, their admiration evident as they gazed at her in awe, almost treating her like an idol.

Kisha wouldn't deny that she felt a sense of pride from the praise, but at the same time, she couldn't help feeling a bit shy.

She wasn't used to this level of admiration.

Even when she built shelters for people in her past lives, they had always treated it as something she was simply supposed to do—as if it was her duty and responsibility.

Instead of gratitude, she had often been met with scorn or dismissive side glances.

Now, with more control over her telekinesis, Kisha felt a newfound sense of possibility.

She realized she could do far more than she had before, not just move objects or herself.

After the engineers praised her, they huddled together around Engineer Steel, who was holding a laptop under his arm.

Intrigued, Kisha moved closer to see what they were doing.

Engineer Steel ran a program on the computer, then looked up toward the pole.

A black loading prompt appeared on the screen.

Moments later, several more black screens popped up, indicating progress.