

Apocalypse 526

Chapter 526 Hell Descended On Earth

It was only now that Duke realized just how much Kisha had already thought ahead.

Even before they left, she had been making careful plans for their territory.

The more he explored, the clearer it became: this was the solution Kisha had mentioned before the apocalypse began.

She had always been confident, telling him that she had found a way to manage their base, no matter where they were.

Now, he understood. She had devised a strategy to ensure their territory would remain safe and secure, a place where they could raise livestock, grow crops, and sustain themselves.

'No wonder she was so confident back then,' Duke thought with a mixture of admiration and awe.

He looked down at the woman sleeping peacefully in his arms, her features softened in rest.

A fond smile spread across his face as he reached out and gently pinched the tip of her nose.

Instinctively, Kisha scrunched up her face and swatted at her nose before settling back into a deeper sleep.

Duke chuckled softly, his heart light with affection, before letting out a quiet, heartwarming laugh.

'My wife is truly amazing,' Duke thought, his heart swelling with admiration.

He leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on Kisha's forehead before gazing at her with affectionate warmth.

After a moment, he turned his attention back to the territory's interface, his fingers gliding over the holographic controls.

As he explored, something caught his eye—the dome-like barrier surrounding the base.

The numbers were steadily dropping, and as he zoomed in for a closer look, he saw that the barrier was taking a beating.

Large hailstones were relentlessly crashing into it, causing the energy level to dip.

Fortunately, their territory was nestled in the mountains, which helped shield the base from the worst of the storm.

Unlike their HOPE base, which was exposed to the full fury of the storm, the mountain acted as a natural buffer, absorbing some of the impacts.

Though he hadn't seen the full extent of the chaos outside yet, the strikes of lightning hitting the pole gave him a clear idea of the storm's deadly nature.

He couldn't help but think that if he and his team had been caught outside in this storm, survival wouldn't have been guaranteed.

Seeing how much better the base in City A was faring brought him a small sense of relief, though the tension still lingered.

Eventually, his exhaustion caught up with him. With a quiet sigh, he slowly laid down on the soft grass, careful not to disturb Kisha as she slept in his arms.

Kisha instinctively nuzzled her head deeper into his chest, and Duke smiled, feeling the soothing rhythm of her breathing.

He buried his nose in her hair, inhaling the calming scent that always brought him comfort.

As his eyes fluttered closed, a contented smile tugged at his lips, and soon, both of them were lost in the peaceful embrace of sleep.

As the couple rested, finding solace in each other's presence, both City A and City B were managing to weather the storm thanks to their protective city shields and barriers.

However, the same couldn't be said for other bases.

Despite receiving warnings from Keith, most survivors were helpless in the face of the chaos that surrounded them.

The tornadoes ravaged the land, and while many sought refuge underground, the relentless storm brought its own set of challenges.

Floodwaters began to rise, submerging large swathes of land.

As the floodwaters crept higher, mutant rats, driven from their dens by the rising water, started to emerge in swarms.

The tornadoes, now mixing with the water, became even more deadly, carrying both brutal winds and torrents of rain, making it almost impossible to escape.

Survivors who managed to find temporary shelter were soon faced with the new nightmare: the mutant rats, relentless and territorial, were drawn to the same safe places.

What little refuge they had left was quickly shrinking.

With no other option, the survivors banded together, but fighting the mutated rats was no easy task.

The rats were fierce and aggressive, turning the situation into a deadly battle for survival.

There was no peace, no reprieve—only the desperate struggle to stay alive.

Other places fared no better, but the survivors' troubles didn't end with the storm.

Along with the violent weather came the blood rain, a sinister downpour that spurred the already frenzied zombies into even greater chaos.

The zombies, drawn to the blood rain, became wild and erratic, feeding off the energy of the virus that came with the storm.

In an unexpected turn of events, the mutated rats, now more aggressive and territorial than ever, fought back fiercely.

The zombies, in their bloodthirsty frenzy, clashed with the rats, creating a chaotic battlefield.

As the rats began to lose ground, the survivors, trapped in between, saw a fleeting chance for escape.

"Hu hu hu! This is hell descending on us!" A voice cried out, filled with hopelessness.

"I don't want to die like this!" Another screamed, their voice muffled by the torrential rain.

"Help, somebody help!" Yet another cry echoed through the storm, desperate and filled with fear.

The cries of the dying were drowned out by the relentless storm and the deafening thunder, but they still rang out, each one carrying the weight of terror.

Some survivors were not even given the chance to escape.

Large hailstones pounded from the sky, mercilessly striking those unlucky enough to be caught outside.

Bodies were battered and heads crushed, their blood mixing with the storm, leaving only lifeless figures in the wake of the chaos.

Yet, there was nothing anyone could do.

Everyone was fighting for their own survival, each struggling against the storm, the zombies, the mutants, and the fury of nature itself.

If anyone said the world had descended into hell, no one would argue.

At that moment, it truly felt like the gates of hell had opened, unleashing chaos and destruction.

The survivors weren't just grieving the loss of their loved ones—they were also watching their precious supplies disappear, swept away by the fury of the storm.

Yet, even in the face of such devastation, they held onto one last hope: survival. They fought tooth and nail, desperately trying to salvage whatever they could, knowing that those supplies were their lifeline.

Without food, water, and medicine, surviving the storm would mean nothing.

Starvation would claim them just as surely as the storm had.

The harsh truth hung heavy in the air: survival wasn't just about weathering the storm—it was about holding onto the means to keep going after it passed.

When Kisha and Duke finally woke up, less than 10 hours had passed since they fell asleep.

By the time they stepped outside, it hadn't even been an hour, and the storm had worsened.

Kisha motioned for Duke to take a shower first while she stepped outside to patrol, needing to assess the situation herself.

The dark, swirling clouds gave the sky an eerie, nighttime feel, even though it was still day.

Three—or maybe more—massive tornadoes were circling the city shield, their winds howling like beasts as they battered the barrier with relentless force.

Kisha's heart skipped a beat as she watched the monstrous tornadoes, their twisting, dark forms resembling looming giants, their power overwhelming and frightening.