

## **Apocalypse 527**

### Chapter 527 Good News And Bad News

"They're not coming any closer?" Duke's voice came from behind, low and curious.

Kisha didn't turn around, her gaze fixed on the tornadoes spinning furiously like tops around the perimeter.

It was as if they were desperately trying to breach the base but were held back by something unseen.

"They can't," Kisha replied evenly, her voice calm but firm.

Her words sparked a realization in Duke, and his thoughts drifted to the base in City A. "Is it because of... an invisible barrier?" he asked, piecing the puzzle together.

Kisha turned to glance at him, a faint smile playing on her lips. "It's nice talking to smart people," she said simply.

There was no need for further explanation—her brief response confirmed Duke's suspicion.

His gaze shifted around, observing the area more carefully.

The barrier wasn't entirely invisible, he realized; it was more like a transparent shield.

Each time the city shield endured a powerful strike, hexagonal, interconnected tiles momentarily glowed at the points of impact.

However, since the shield hovered slightly above the ground covering their sky and around the base, the details weren't immediately noticeable unless one took the time to examine it closely.

Kisha continued to receive system notifications alerting her to the city shield's energy steadily depleting.

With a sigh, she shifted the notifications to the side of her peripheral vision and muted them to avoid further distractions.

"008, can you link the Spiritual Crystal Gatherer to the barrier at City A's Base? I want it to recover automatically," Kisha requested.

She had noticed that although the barrier's energy remained in the nine-thousands, it was still slowly decreasing.

She didn't want to wait until the barrier sustained significant damage before finding a solution to restore its energy.

"I can handle that, Host." 008 responded quickly, its actions seamless as it immediately connected the Spiritual Crystal Gatherer to the barrier.

It ensured that the crystal would supply the necessary spiritual energy to help the barrier recover, automatically shutting off once the barrier reached full energy.

This way, the crystal wouldn't inadvertently draw energy from the barrier, which would deplete it, and 008 wouldn't have to manage it manually.

The system was designed to provide energy as needed while preserving the remaining supply for other areas, ensuring the territory wasn't affected.

"Do we need to do anything else?" Duke asked, standing beside Kisha as they looked out from behind the wall.

The scene before them was chaotic—cars lay smashed and scattered like discarded toys, tossed effortlessly by the raging wind.

Large hailstones slammed into the ground with enough force to dent the pavement, while the eerie blood rain fell alongside the hail.

Fortunately, the zombies attempting to approach the base walls were shredded by the tornadoes swirling nearby.

In an ironic twist, the destructive tornadoes had become an unintentional shield, protecting the base from the approaching horde.

"Host, I have good news and bad news," 008 suddenly spoke inside Kisha's head as she stared intently ahead.

"What is it?" Kisha asked, her gaze unflinching.

"The good news is that we won't need to spend too many system points purchasing additional City Shields from the channel," 008 began. But before Kisha could feel any relief, 008 continued,

"Unfortunately, there's a catch. There are only ten City Shields left in the channel, and the maker will take quite some time to produce more. Since crafting them isn't easy, it will take months before they're restocked."

"And as we've already purchased two, only eight remain in the channel. Also, the 8-hour City Shields are completely sold out, so I went ahead and bought the remaining ones."

Kisha felt a lump in her throat upon hearing this. She understood why 008 had purchased the remaining shields—if they hesitated, someone else from another world with access to the channel could snatch them up.

Still, the cost—another 40,000 system points—felt like a stab to her chest. After the deduction, her balance was down to just 190,000 points.

"I-It's okay," Kisha croaked, trying to convince herself as much as 008.

"We don't know how long this storm will last, and the first City Shield was about to break. We really didn't have a choice." She let out a weary sigh of defeat, shoulders slumping slightly.

All she could do now was hope to earn more system points through the hidden mission.

"Don't worry, host. I can see the system points steadily increasing from the hidden mission," 008 said reassuringly.

"It means that whatever your little brother and the others are doing on their side is working." 008 wasn't just trying to comfort her—those rising numbers were real.

The points they were earning now weren't anything they had managed before, nor something they could have imagined achieving under normal circumstances.

"It's just that this Geostorm is far too deadly," 008 added, its voice tinged with sadness and worry.

"Even with the warnings, survival would be nearly impossible for most people—especially since so many are still unaware of the awakening. In some ways, humanity is truly at a disadvantage."

The weight in 008's tone was obvious.

After all, its mission was to guide its host in leading humanity's remnants to survival, ensuring their species would not be extinguished at any cost.

That was why so many of Kisha's previous missions had centered on creating a safe base and caring for others, even if it meant sacrificing herself in the process.

Through countless calculations and analyses, 008 had determined this was what the Constellation intended.

Yet, there was a nagging suspicion: more than one Constellation seemed to be issuing missions, and something—or someone—lurking behind the scenes was complicating matters for both Kisha and 008.

However, 008 chose not to share this with Kisha. She already held a poor opinion of 008's Constellation, and revealing this would only deepen her mistrust.

Instead, 008 fell into a contemplative silence. Kisha, lost in her own thoughts, didn't dwell on 008's sudden quietness.

She, too, had nothing more to say, weighed down by a growing sense of gloom.

The reality was so unfair that out of over 8 billion people, countless had already turned into zombies.

Many others had perished while fleeing, only to rise again as part of the undead horde.

Some had died during failed awakenings, and now, the storm had come—a catastrophic force.

With supplies dwindling and destruction rampant, it felt as if every possible path to survival was being systematically blocked, as though the world itself had decided to snuff out humanity without prolonging the suffering.

Perhaps it was a butterfly effect—HOPE Base had so many awakened ability users, a scenario that hadn't occurred in the past.

This abundance of power allowed their base to operate smoothly, in stark contrast to the doom others were facing.

Kisha decided not to dwell on it any longer. With nothing else requiring their attention outside, and Duke having already assessed the situation, they turned their focus to the warriors gathered in the cafeteria.

At this time, both the cafeteria and the supply center were still operational, ensuring that anyone needing to purchase supplies or grab a meal could do so without interruption.

After all, the survivors living inside the base had accumulated enough work points to ensure their comfort during these times of crisis and disaster.

They no longer felt the urgent pressure to earn more just to feed themselves or their families.