

Apocalypse 588

Chapter 588 The Beginning Of The End

"Alert!"

"Alert!"

Kisha's eyes snapped open at the sound of 008's mechanical voice. Her pulse quickened as her vision adjusted, and what greeted her was a glowing new mission tab hovering in her line of sight.

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[New Mission Available]

[Sudden Hidden Mission: EX Class "The Beginning of the End!"]

[Description]:

Today marks the beginning of humanity's true end—a descent into the harshest trials yet. The time for small challenges is over.

Mission Requirement:

Survive the next 24 hours and ensure that your base withstands the storm. Protect its existence from being wiped off the face of this abyss-stricken world. Lead your strongest warriors through this first, grueling test and secure the survival of humanity's hope. Prove your worth as a leader and commander.

Mission Completion Rewards:

30 Gachapon Draws, 30 Resource Crates, 200,000 System Points, System Update +1, 1 Awakening Stone, and Title: "The Leader of the New World"

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Kisha jolted awake, her heart pounding from the vivid images of the new mission swirling in her mind. It was still dark outside, and she had no idea what time it was.

Boom!

A distant explosion shattered the silence. Startled, Kisha froze, ears straining as the sound rippled through the night.

Around her, others began to stir, roused by the deafening blast and was starting to come out of their own room to check what was going on.

Even Duke shot upright, his eyes narrowing with sharp, predatory focus. The air around him seemed to thrum with tension.

"We've got company?" His words, though phrased as a question, carried the weight of certainty.

Kisha nodded and instinctively glanced at the wall clock. It read 12:02 a.m.—just two minutes past midnight.

She realized that the notification had come precisely at 12:00 a.m. If they needed to survive for 24 hours as stated in the sudden mission, that meant their challenge would end at 12:01 a.m. the next day.

A full day of survival under these circumstances felt daunting, but there was no time to dwell on it. Kisha pushed the thought aside, focusing on the immediate demands of the situation.

Boom!

Another resounding explosion echoed from the opposite side of the wall. Instead of hearing an alarm from the base's speakers, the blasts themselves served as a grim warning—an imminent battle was unfolding in the wall.

The lack of a formal alarm meant the soldiers and warriors were caught off guard, overwhelmed by the sudden chaos.

Kisha and Duke wasted no time. They quickly got dressed and geared up, ready for action.

As they stepped out of their room, they crossed paths with the Winters. Moments later, Marcus and the children came rushing in from the outside to check on the Winters.

Meanwhile, the Winters' men sprinted toward the villa, clearly alarmed and seeking to ensure their master's safety.

However, there was no sign of Vulture. He was likely still out on patrol, guarding the perimeter near the walls.

After donning their cloaks, Duke leaned in and kissed Kisha's forehead. His gaze was intense, brimming with trust and determination. "You better stay safe and protect yourself out there," he said firmly.

Kisha nodded, and with that assurance, Duke started sprinting off. But before he got too far, Kisha's voice rang out behind him.

"Be careful! And make sure to protect yourself too! Don't you dare die on me!" she shouted, her voice cracking with emotion.

Her eyes were noticeably red, her chest tight with unspoken fears. She hadn't told anyone, but she knew this battle would be far more brutal than the first zombie wave they had endured.

The fresh pain of Sparrow's loss weighed heavily on her, and the thought of losing anyone else—especially Duke—made her tremble. Fear clawed at her, threatening to overwhelm her resolve, but she fought to keep it at bay.

She took a shaky breath, forcing herself to steady her nerves. As she composed herself, a cold glint of determination replaced the fear in her eyes.

Without hesitation, Kisha sprinted toward the western wall, while Duke headed for the southern wall.

Duke hadn't responded to her earlier plea—he wasn't one to make promises. Instead, he let his actions speak for him, and the look in his eyes said everything Kisha needed to hear.

It was that unspoken assurance that allowed her to set aside her fear, even if only for a moment. She couldn't afford to let doubt cloud her judgment in the heat of battle.

Right now, her focus had to remain sharp. As the mission demanded, she was the commander, and it was her responsibility to lead these people through the chaos.

They had 24 hours to survive—a long and arduous test of endurance, resolve, and strength.

Around Kisha, warriors and soldiers moved with urgency, rushing to their posts with weapons and supplies in hand. The air buzzed with tension and the sound of hurried footsteps.

When Kisha reached the western wall, the scene was already chaotic. Soldiers were hard at work: one manned the mounted Gatling gun atop the wall, its barrels ready to roar into action, while others prepared their grenades.

"Frag out!" a soldier shouted, hurling a grenade over the wall.

A sharp explosion followed, shaking the ground beneath their feet. Without hesitation, another soldier stepped forward, readying the next grenade as the first detonation echoed through the air.

"12 o'clock, 1 klick away! Zombie wave incoming!" A soldier on lookout shouted, his voice urgent as he scanned the streets with his binoculars. He motioned for the others to prepare for the oncoming assault.

The horde was massive—zombies pouring out from the heart of the city toward the base.

The soldiers knew they had no choice but to use grenades to thin out the massive cluster of the undead.

The creatures seemed unnaturally fast, moving with a terrifying urgency, almost as if they were under the influence of some kind of stimulant or enhancement.

Kisha narrowed her eyes and activated her 'Eye of Truth,' focusing on the nearest zombie to the wall. She needed to assess the enemy's status quickly before the huge battle erupted.

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[Zombie (Normal Grade) "Buffed By the Event"]

Level 1 (Exp: 0/300)

Morality: Corrupted

Strength: 20

Stamina: Null

Defense: 20

Agility: 20

Mental Capacity: Null

Charm: Null

Leadership: Null

Skills: None

Description: A human infected by an ancient virus loses their brain function and rationality, leaving only their primal instincts. This transforms them into a relentless, ravenous beast driven by an insatiable hunger.

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Kisha turned her attention to another zombie, inhaling sharply as she assessed its status. Most of the incoming zombies were now Level 1, but some were still in the midst of their evolution, their levels and stats marked as [??].

The uncertainty of their progression sent a chill through her. These creatures could be leveling up to Level 2—or higher—and that thought terrified her.

What made it worse was the realization that most of her warriors were still only Level 1, with some barely even having leveled up at all.

Facing evolved zombies would put them at a severe disadvantage. She could feel the weight of the situation sinking in—their chances of survival were growing slimmer by the second.

The sheer number of zombies alone felt overwhelming, as if the horde was intent on wiping out the entire base.

It seemed like nothing more than a matter of time before they were overrun, the base flattened under the weight of the undead.

Kisha's eyes narrowed as she watched the zombies relentlessly approaching the wall. Her voice trembled slightly with anxiety. "008, do we still have any City Shields left? Or is there anything we can buy from your sales channel?"

"Host, we still have some City Shields in stock," 008 responded promptly. "Would you like me to activate them now?"

"Yes, we need to formulate a plan and make sure everyone understands what to expect," Kisha said, her voice firm, though tension pulsed through her words.

"We can't let them expend all their energy at the start, or we won't last through the next 23 hours or so."

Her jaw tightened, and her fists clenched in determination. In response to her will, the familiar transparent shield began to materialize.

Slowly, it stretched outward, enveloping the entire base, rising up to the sky.

The warriors and soldiers watched in awe, their eyes wide at the sight. The shield glinted in the dim light, resembling a massive, transparent glass barrier—clear, but not fully invisible.

They could see the shimmer of light across its surface, the subtle movement of energy as it formed.

Once the shield had fully encased the base, it became nearly invisible, only faintly reflecting light energy when the zombies struck it.

The soldiers and warriors could see the impact: the zombies seemed to stop abruptly, as if some invisible force was halting them from advancing.

The zombies slowly piled up around the barrier, their relentless movements stalling as they were unable to advance.

Soldiers and warriors stationed along the wall stopped in their tracks, eyes wide and mouths agape, mesmerized by the spectacle unfolding before them.

Some managed to regain their composure, but the sight left an undeniable impression.

Then, the base's speaker system crackled to life, cutting through the stunned silence.

"All soldiers and warriors, report to the Central Square, ASAP! I repeat, all soldiers and warriors, head to the Central Square, ASAP!" The voice, a man's, blared urgently over the speaker, the sound of a panic-stricken command echoing through the base.