

Apocalypse 589

Chapter 589 Battle Preparation

Everyone marched directly to the central square, where Kisha and the core members of the management were already standing on the podium.

As the soldiers and warriors arrived, they lined up in formation, falling into a tense silence.

Though the invisible barrier surrounding them gave an illusion of safety, they all knew it was only a temporary solution.

Those with sharp minds had already surmised that the real purpose of this gathering was to discuss their next steps in confronting the growing threat that loomed over them.

"Everyone, quiet!" Aston commanded, his voice cutting through the murmurs of the soldiers and warriors.

Even the civilians gathered at the edge of the central square fell silent, eager to understand the situation.

They had already overheard the whispers and sensed the growing unrest.

The loud explosions and the constant roar of Gatling guns from various directions around the wall had only intensified their fears.

It was clear to everyone that the HOPE base was facing a major crisis, and they were all desperate for answers.

When the crowd finally fell silent, Aston gestured to Kisha, giving her the stage to speak.

With a calm and composed expression, Kisha began. "I know many of you have already seen or heard what's happening outside. Unfortunately, it's another zombie wave, but this time it's stronger and larger than anything we've faced before. Be prepared, this battle will be longer and more challenging."

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd. If Kisha was saying this wave was bigger than the last—when thousands of zombies had already attacked—then this could mean millions, the entire city now turned into mindless horrors of flesh-eating zombies.

The gravity of the situation hit like a tidal wave. Some of the civilians began sobbing, their legs buckling beneath them as panic spread like wildfire.

"What are we going to do?"

"We're going to die, aren't we?"

"Huhuhu... I don't want to die yet."

"What about my children?..."

Panic spread like wildfire as the crowd erupted into cries of fear. Grievances and worries filled the air all at once, the murmurs escalating into a chaotic roar.

"Please, quiet down," Kisha's voice cut through the chaotic scene. Though it wasn't as loud as Aston's, there was an undeniable authority in her tone.

Instantly, the crowd fell silent, their eyes locking on her. Most of the tears that had been falling were now subdued, the quiet sobs barely audible in the stillness.

"I know that many of you are frightened and uncertain, but we've already been thrust into this situation, and there's no running away. Instead of cowering in fear over what's ahead, why don't we stand together and fight for our future?"

"Yes, we're outnumbered, and yes, the enemy is strong, but we are not weak. We cannot go down without a fight."

"If we let fear consume us, we'll dishonor all the sacrifices we've made, all the hard work we've put in just to survive and find a safe haven. Let's not let it all be for nothing."

"Now, we have this safe haven—a place where we can rebuild, where we can create a better future for ourselves and our families, or for the families we'll one day have."

"Can we really let it all slip away so easily?" Kisha asked, her gaze sweeping over the faces of the soldiers and warriors.

They all stood in stunned silence, their eyes fixed on her, processing her words.

Yes, she might be manipulating their emotions, but this was a necessary tactic to boost her soldiers' morale.

They needed to understand that retreat was not an option.

It was do or die.

If they allowed fear of death or the unknown to dictate their actions, the fragile peace they had fought so hard to build would slip away forever—just a distant illusion, and they would never find peace in this forsaken world.

They had no choice but to grit their teeth and toughen up, especially for those with children or loved ones to protect.

As the combatants heard Kisha's words, flashes of memories surged—moments of hardship when they fought to live just one more day, desperate to avoid being devoured by those monsters or becoming one themselves.

They had done everything they could to survive until they found this shelter. At first, they thought they'd escaped one nightmare only to fall into another under the Coltons' rule.

But then Kisha and her group had taken over, transformed the base, and improved the lives of the inhabitants.

For a brief moment, they experienced what felt like a return to normalcy—safety, stability, a sense of peace, even if it was fleeting.

Thinking back, it had only been a little over a month since the apocalypse began, yet it felt as though years had passed.

They had all endured unimaginable hardships, each of them narrowly escaping death in their own way.

So, when Kisha said they shouldn't go down without a fight, a fiery warmth spread from the pit of their stomachs to their chests, fueling their determination.

[Active Skill: Lion's Roar Activated]

[Active Skill: One Body Activated]

With the Lion's roar resonating through the air, her "One Body" skill activated in tandem, amplifying the effect.

Alongside it, Duke's Kratos' Cloak boosted everyone's morale, igniting a surge of energy in everyone present.

A wave of excitement and strength washed over the crowd as they shouted in unison, their blood pulsing with newfound bravery.

It felt as though courage had taken root in their very veins, pumping through them with an unstoppable force.

"Huha!!!"

"We won't go down!"

"We won't go down without a fight!"

The soldiers and warriors chanted in unison, raising their fists in the air to show their unwavering support for Kisha's words.

Alongside her skill buffs, the effect of Reeve and Clyde's group synergy also played a crucial role, adding to the collective strength that surged through the ranks.

Their chant echoed through the open square, louder and more resolute than the distant roars and growls of the zombies clawing at the City Shield outside the walls.

The sound of unity and determination seemed to challenge the oppressive weight of fear.

With their fighting spirit reignited and morale bolstered by Kisha's powerful words and the help of the buffs, the soldiers and warriors were swiftly sent back to their posts.

Kisha handed the remaining three ice bombs to Bald Eagle and Rose, entrusting them with their strategic use.

Since Sparrow was no longer with them, Rose stepped up to take charge of the Eastern wall alongside Evelyn.

Bald Eagle was assigned to the Northern wall, while Reeve and Clyde were dispatched to back up Duke at the Southern wall.

This area, being one of the base's most vulnerable points, faced the second-largest wave of zombies.

The effects of Reeve and Clyde's group synergy would prove invaluable in supporting Duke's efforts to hold the line.

Kisha then deployed the STAUs to the field, assigning them the critical role of supporting the fighters stationed atop the walls.

Each of the STAUs was positioned strategically at one of the cardinal directions—North, South, East, and West—to ensure efficient supply distribution and reinforcement.

The fifth STAU member remained stationed at the central command hub alongside the logistics team, tasked with coordinating and providing additional supplies to any direction as needed.