

Apocalypse 591

Chapter 591 The Beginning Of The End's Battle

"Fire!!! Kill all these motherfuckers!" Vulture roared from his position on the northern side.

He was supposed to swap shifts with Bald Eagle, allowing them both to rest and alternate command, but consumed by sorrow and anger, Vulture couldn't wait any longer.

He wanted to lead the charge and be the first to strike back at the incoming horde. Without hesitation, he sent Bald Eagle to take a moment on the sidelines while he took control of the battle.

Kisha, her smirk still in place, shouted with commanding authority, "Fire!"

"Frag out!" The collective voice of the soldiers rang out as grenades were hurled into the heart of the battlefield, exploding upon impact and tearing through the mass of immobilized zombies.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

After the explosion, the soldier manning the Gatling gun opened fire, his aim precise as he targeted the zombies below.

The firepower of the Gatling gun, combined with the distance to the zombies, made it easy for him to take down several, focusing on their skulls with rapid, continuous shots before moving to the next target.

Fortunately, the wall was constructed high and reinforced with sharp, protective spikes.

As the zombies neared, they were impaled by Rose's Ice Crystal spikes—each one as durable as a diamond.

The undead were helpless against them, unable to break through and only able to fall victim to the unyielding, frozen crystals.

On Duke's side, there was no need for a shout. His actions spoke volumes.

As soon as the soldiers saw his 'Fire Meteor' descend from the sky, a fiery storm that incinerated the zombies below like a raging wildfire, they knew the battle had begun.

Without hesitation, grenades were hurled into the fray, and the soldiers unleashed a barrage of gunfire to ensure every zombie was put down.

Meanwhile, the superhumans activated their awakened abilities, cutting through the horde with lethal precision, each one determined to claim their share of the carnage.

While Duke fought on the frontlines, Reeve and Clyde stood by, watching the battle unfold.

Duke had instructed them to rest and conserve their energy, ensuring they would be ready to take over when he grew exhausted.

In the meantime, they had organized themselves into smaller teams, each one prepared to rotate in and out of the fight.

This strategy allowed them to have a rest and recharge while maintaining a constant presence on the battlefield.

Given their limited number of awakened ability users, it was the most effective plan they could have under the circumstances.

Aston and Tristan, on the other hand, were managing logistics, ensuring the flow of supplies and communication.

Kisha refrained from using her signature move, as she had already set up a maze-like barricade around the streets, strategically placing abandoned vehicles along the streets to slow the zombies' approach.

However, this meant she couldn't use her usual tactic of controlling the largest vehicle in the crowd to plow through the incoming horde.

With no other choice, she drew all the daggers she could carry and sent them into the fray, each one slicing through the battlefield like a precision drone hunting its prey that has an automatic target lock-on command on each one of the zombies.

Kisha maintained a sharp connection to every dagger, her wide-ranging vision tracking their movements, ensuring she wouldn't lose control of them.

Amid the chaos, Kisha's daggers zipped through the battlefield, weaving between the bright flashes of fireballs, wind blades, and other awakened abilities lighting up the dark sky.

The air buzzed with energy, explosions from grenades punctuating the echoes of battle as superhumans unleashed their powers.

Kisha didn't hold back, pushing her telekinesis to its limits. Her daggers flew like bullets, piercing the zombie's skulls with precision and speed.

Having honed her control over her abilities, Kisha rarely missed, even when zombies tried to evade.

However, the daggers' effectiveness waned against higher-level zombies. While they easily killed level 1 undead, the enhanced defenses of level 2 or higher level zombies caused problems.

Some daggers chipped or dulled upon impact, while one completely shattered after striking a particularly tough target.

Kisha's brows furrowed as she assessed the situation—three daggers were already rendered useless, and she couldn't afford to lose many more.

Kisha's attacks were swift and relentless, leaving no time to assess each zombie's level or their status window before striking.

She focused solely on targeting the closest threats to the wall, which had taken a toll on her daggers.

Now chipped and dulled, they struggled to remain effective. Frustration flared in her chest, and she bit her lip as she called her daggers back to her.

Hovering before her in mid-air, the weapons bore the scars left by combat and success in killing the zombies.

Though not forged from the finest or most durable materials, they had served her well—better than most.

Seeing them in such a state brought a heavy sigh to her lips. One by one, she discarded the damaged blades into a nearby box.

She couldn't afford to waste resources; the blacksmiths could smelt the remnants into something useful later.

With the worn daggers set aside, Kisha opened her inventory to look for the remaining daggers she had.

Her fingers swiftly navigated to the synthesis tab, her mind already calculating how to craft stronger replacements.

Time was of the essence, and she needed weapons that could endure the escalating intensity of the battle.

[Please put the materials in the boxes and start the Synthesis.]

Kisha quickly retrieved another set of ten daggers from her inventory and placed them into the empty slots within the synthesis tab.

She didn't spare a thought for whether anyone noticed—everyone around her was too preoccupied with battling the advancing horde at the walls.

Taking a step back to ensure she had enough space, she focused entirely on her task.

As the daggers settled into place, a soft, ethereal glow enveloped each slot. With practiced ease, Kisha tapped the "Start" button, initiating the synthesis process.

The familiar hum of energy signaled that the synthesis was underway, but it would take five long minutes to complete.

Five minutes would feel like an eternity in the heat of battle. Her absence from the frontlines for that duration could shift the tide against them, and she knew it.

With her daggers temporarily unavailable, Kisha resolved to adapt. She steeled herself, ready to fight differently, even as time ticked down on the crucial process that could soon turn the odds back in their favor.

Kisha found herself slipping into deep contemplation.

Her telekinesis, while undeniably versatile, seemed to pale in comparison to Duke's devastatingly destructive awakened abilities.

Unlike his raw power that could decimate waves of enemies, her other skills primarily revolved around group buffs and support.

Though valuable to the team, she couldn't help but feel a pang of frustration at her apparent lack of direct offensive impact using her awakened ability.

She smacked her forehead in irritation. Deep down, she believed her telekinesis held untapped potential—potential to become a truly deadly force on the battlefield.

But she hadn't yet fully explored its depths, barely scratching the surface of what her power might achieve.

Her mind wandered to the technique she had used before: bursting the heads of zombies with sheer force using her telekinesis.

It was undeniably effective, but it remained unrefined, demanding an enormous amount of spiritual energy and "Mental Capacity."