

## Apocalypse 605

### Chapter 605 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 15

"Host! You're on fire!" 008 exclaimed as Kisha's relentless attacks lit up the battlefield, with her daggers weaving through the horde like guided missiles.

Meanwhile, the soldiers found renewed purpose as they armed themselves with the newly supplied rounds of enhanced ammunition.

Previously, they had felt like insignificant participants in the battle, their efforts barely making a dent against the now stronger, more resilient zombies.

Many had seen themselves as expendable compared to the awakened ability users—the true treasures of the base.

But now, armed with superior weapons, they stood on equal footing. Even without awakened abilities, they could hold their ground and fight effectively.

Their confidence, long eroded, had been reignited, and a renewed determination surged through the ranks.

"Hell yeah!" Kisha smirked, ramping up her attacks on the relentless wave of zombies. The wood-type evolved zombie, visibly enraged by the failure of its forces to gain any ground against Kisha and her people, roared in frustration.

But the angrier it got, the more exhilarated Kisha felt. She grinned wickedly, her eyes blazing with determination.

"Push them back even harder!" she commanded, her voice cutting through the chaos like a rallying cry, fueling the morale of her people.

"Yes, City Lord!" a soldier responded crisply before launching an RPG into the heart of the dense zombie horde.

The missile struck its target with precision, triggering a massive explosion that sent zombies flying in all directions.

Three more soldiers quickly followed suit, firing their own missiles, creating a chain of deafening blasts.

The reverberations shook the walls, and the shockwaves sent hot gusts of wind sweeping over Kisha and the others.

Despite the devastating attacks, the horde barely seemed to thin down, it did so little to their number.

Undeterred, the soldiers seamlessly transitioned to the next wave of attacks. While one group reloaded, the second team, already prepared, unleashed their missiles, ensuring there was no pause in the relentless bombardment.

"Chop chop! Move it!" a soldier barked, glancing back at the team handling the RPGs.

His voice carried urgency as he turned his focus back to the incoming wave of zombies within his line of sight.

With practiced precision, he aimed his assault rifle, keeping it on single-fire mode to conserve ammunition.

Each carefully placed shot found its mark, taking down one zombie at a time. For now, a single bullet was enough to do the job, and he wasn't about to waste resources with reckless firing.

The artisans were working tirelessly, pushing their limits as they upgraded the ammunition.

With each task, their actions became more precise, their techniques more refined, and their foundations stronger.

Unlike the offense and defense-type awakened ability users who relied on battles to solidify their foundations and gain experience before leveling up, artisan-type awakened ability users had a different path.

They needed to craft as much as possible within their area of expertise to strengthen their foundation.

Only then could they attempt to advance through meditation—a slow process unless supplemented by the energy from zombie crystal cores, like what Kisha and the others do.

This disaster, ironically, was also a blessing in disguise for all awakened ability users.

Whether offense, defense, or support types, everyone would inevitably grow stronger from the relentless battles and challenges.

For the blacksmith artisans, the constant crafting and upgrading of ammunition allowed them to steadily stabilize their foundations.

If they kept this up, it wouldn't be long before they, too, were ready to level up.

The blacksmith artisans divided themselves into two groups to maximize efficiency. The first group focused on reinforcing the ammunition cartridges, while the second group worked on enhancing the gunpowder.

Once the gunpowder was ready, it was handed back to the first group to reseal the cartridges.

Meanwhile, the artisans skilled in food preparation teamed up with the cafeteria staff to produce easy-to-eat meals and snacks, ensuring the warriors and soldiers on the walls remained nourished and energized.

These collective efforts from every corner of the base strengthened the defenders' resolve.

The warriors and soldiers standing on the walls felt a renewed sense of purpose, knowing they weren't fighting alone.

The entire base was more united than ever, a unity so palpable that it stirred something within Kisha, amplifying her determination and fueling her spirit.

More than anything, Kisha could feel her skill 'People's Heart' pulsating intensely.

She didn't understand what was happening, but the energy radiating from within her seemed to grow stronger with each passing moment.

A mix of confusion and concern crept over her as she called out to 008.

"008, what's going on with this skill? Is it overheating or something?" Kisha asked, her voice laced with worry.

She couldn't afford for 'People's Heart' to malfunction—not now when she was relying on it so heavily.

If something went wrong, she wouldn't know how to manage without it.

The western wall's defense depended on her, and they were only six hours into the battle.

With another grueling 18 hours ahead, Kisha knew her current stats wouldn't sustain her without reinforcements or the extra boost provided by the skill.

She desperately needed 'People's Heart' to hold out, or everything she worked for might collapse.

"Um... Host, I'm not sure either," 008 replied nervously, its uncertainty causing Kisha's anxiety to spike.

If even 008 didn't know what was happening, then who would? A chill ran down her spine as fear gripped her—this was the last thing she needed right now.

Her heart pounded erratically, the unease clawing at her mind.

Yet, she forced herself to maintain a calm, composed expression, refusing to let anyone see the storm brewing inside her.

She kept her focus on the battlefield, her attacks relentless as she struck down zombie after zombie.

But deep down, the uncertainty gnawed at her.

With no answers and no solutions in sight, all she could do was push forward and keep worrying silently while ensuring the defense of the wall didn't falter.

Meanwhile, trouble found its way to Duke and his team on the southern wall. A thick mist blanketed the entire area, and Duke immediately recognized the presence of an evolved zombie lurking somewhere in the shadows.

The mist wasn't just an inconvenience—it was a deadly veil that obscured everything around them.

Visibility was so poor that they couldn't even see their own feet, let alone the direction of the next attack.

It wasn't the light, hazy kind of mist; it was dense and suffocating, more like the heavy smoke from a burning building.

The oppressive atmosphere left everyone on edge.

Though it wasn't as deadly as the fog they had faced in the forest when he and Kisha battled the mutated tree, it was more than enough to blind them to the lurking dangers.

The uncertainty gnawed at their nerves, making it clear that this fight would require every ounce of their focus and strategy to survive.

"Vice City Lord, this isn't good!" Clyde reported urgently, his tone laced with worry.

"We've already requested another round of ammunition from the central command, but if this keeps up, we're doomed. I heard the western wall was facing an endless surge of zombies, like waves crashing against the shore. They can't be in good shape, but honestly, our situation isn't much better!"

Clyde, now acting as Duke's vice commander on the battlefield, was no stranger to the front lines anymore.

He had already proven himself, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with the soldiers, fending off zombies and killing them with relentless effort.

Everything had gone smoothly when Reeve had taken charge after him; their coordination and teamwork were solid, and they managed to hold their ground.

But just three hours into the battle, a thick mist began to creep out from within the city.

At first, they thought it might be another natural phenomenon, like the Geostorm that had ravaged the area just a few days ago.

Yet, the unease settling over the battlefield made it clear that this mist was no ordinary occurrence—and its origins were far more sinister.

As time passed, an unsettling realization began to creep over them: something was deeply wrong with the mist.

It wasn't just obstructing their view—it seemed to muffle the sounds of the zombies as well.

The eerie silence made it nearly impossible to anticipate the enemy's movements, and more than once, a zombie suddenly appeared out of nowhere, catching them off guard.

Fortunately, the sturdy wall still stood between them and the horde, offering a fragile sense of security.

But for how long?

The oppressive atmosphere and dwindling visibility were making everyone on the wall increasingly anxious.

They couldn't afford to attack blindly—doing so would not only waste precious ammunition but also drain their spiritual energy, resources that were far from limitless.

"Stay focused and keep in line. Don't get too distracted," Duke said firmly.

Though his voice wasn't loud, it carried effortlessly across the distance, cutting through the eerie silence.

Perhaps it was because the usual cacophony of growling zombies had faded, replaced by the oppressive silence of the mist.

Hearing his steady tone, the soldiers straightened, their nerves slightly eased.

If Duke was there, they felt they could trust him to find a way through this chaotic mess.

With renewed determination, they turned their focus back to the battlefield beyond the wall.

But the view was grim—nothing but dense, choking mist stretched out before them.

It was as though the zombies had learned to cloak themselves within the fog, launching sudden, stealthy attacks that caught the soldiers off guard.

More than once, a zombie appeared just feet away from the wall, its proximity shocking them as it emerged like a phantom from the haze.