

Apocalypse 611

Chapter 611 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 21

Another two hours or so passed, bringing them to nearly eight hours into the "Beginning of the End" battle.

The strain was becoming unbearable. Though they could rest in brief moments when exhaustion set in, the relentless toll on their bodies and minds only grew.

Fatigue weighed heavily on their muscles, and their spirits were battered, each soldier and warrior feeling the mental and physical toll of the prolonged fight.

Yet, despite it all, they found the strength to push forward—motivated by the love they had for their families and the hope of a future together.

The human body, however, has its limits. One by one, soldiers and warriors began to collapse, convulsing before passing out, leaving the medics scrambling to keep up.

Even Duke, who had been sent to the western wall to rest and recover, had recharged quickly.

Yet, driven by his eagerness to return to the fight and his concern for the two teenagers holding the line, he couldn't stay away.

He rejoined the frontlines, only to collapse once more. This time, he convulsed and passed out, and the sight of him falling made Kisha's worry intensify.

Unable to focus solely on her own side, she too pushed herself too hard, ultimately finding herself on the brink of collapse, just like Duke.

Chaos quickly spread through their ranks. With both the western and southern walls losing their pillars of leadership, soldiers, and warriors grew increasingly nervous.

The absence of Duke and Kisha fueled their fear—how could they hold the line without them?

One mistake after another followed, and slowly, despite the lack of a commanding leader, the zombies began to advance.

They neared the wall once more, scaling it with increasing determination. As the pressure mounted, the warriors and soldiers buckled under the stress.

The zombies, relentless and uncaring, climbed over their fallen comrades, turning lifeless bodies into mere stepping stones as they steadily reached the halfway point of the wall.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! What do we do now? The City Lord's down!" one of the soldiers shouted, panic in his voice as he hurled a grenade over the wall.

"What else can we do but fight?!" another soldier snapped back, his voice tinged with frustration. "Our City Lord has been on the frontlines with us for over seven hours straight. It's no surprise she's fallen ill! It's because we're not strong enough that we're dragging her down!"

"I heard the Vice City Lord's down too!" someone else cried out, his voice breaking with worry.

"We have to hold the line until they return! Push forward!" another shouted, rallying the troops.

"Shit! I can't die here!" someone else yelled, fear creeping into their words as the pressure mounted.

As the warriors and soldiers bickered on the wall, caught between their fight and mounting fear, the medics worked tirelessly to tend to those who had collapsed—Kisha and Duke among them.

Both were taken to separate tents, where Eric Gilberts personally oversaw their care. After thorough examination, he found no physical injuries beyond the signs of extreme exhaustion and stress.

It was as if their bodies had simply shut down, like an overworked machine that had overheated and could no longer function.

At the fifteen-hour mark, the soldiers and warriors on the wall were completely drained, like withered trees desperately holding their ground against a relentless storm.

The winds and rain had battered them for so long that they were on the verge of breaking, and inevitably, they did.

The defenses on both the western and southern walls began to crumble.

Kisha hadn't anticipated this. She hadn't fallen because of exhaustion—she still felt relatively fine.

If she had even felt the slightest hint of fatigue during the more than seven hours of nonstop fighting, she would have allowed herself a brief rest.

After all, having already dealt with the evolved zombie, she knew that taking a moment to recover wouldn't endanger the western wall. But now, the situation had shifted beyond her control.

As Kisha continued to fight, her body suddenly gave out.

Without warning, her vision blurred to black, and before she could react, she collapsed to the ground with a heavy thud.

Those around her saw her fall and immediately went into a panic, rushing her to the medic. At the same moment, Duke fell in the same way.

When both were brought to the medic's tent, the sight of the City Lord and Vice City Lord unconscious sent a wave of shock through those who had carried them.

The realization that both leaders were down only deepened their anxiety, amplifying the fear that gripped the camp.

Several hours had passed, yet neither Kisha nor Duke had woken up. The pressure mounted on those still fighting on the battlefield.

Vulture and Rose had managed to send reinforcements from their teams, as they were holding up relatively well in their sectors.

However, it still wasn't enough. Both the western and southern walls were falling, and despite their best efforts, they couldn't stop the inevitable.

Just as everyone thought this might be their end, as the zombie horde began to breach the western and southern walls, a strange buzzing sound echoed through the sky.

Buzz...

Buzzz.

Before the warriors and soldiers could make sense of what was happening, the ground was once again covered with mangled zombie limbs.

They couldn't comprehend what was unfolding around them; all they saw were zombies falling, one after another, in a chaotic, gruesome display.

The air was filled with the sound of bodies being sliced apart, but the source of the attack remained a mystery—no one could see who or what was cutting through the horde.

The scene quickly turned into a macabre spectacle, a blur of dismembered corpses.

The remaining soldiers and warriors, chilled with the certainty that they were about to be overwhelmed by the zombie horde without their leaders, stood frozen atop the wall.

They watched in disbelief as the scene below unfolded, desperately trying to identify who—or what—was cutting down the zombies.

It wasn't just happening in one spot; it was as if an invisible net was systematically sweeping through the horde, silently eliminating them.

The attack moved deeper into enemy territory, beyond the wall, leaving a trail of fallen zombies in its wake.

"W-What's going on?!" one of the soldiers exclaimed, his voice trembling with confusion.

"I don't know... but... I think we might be saved!" another replied, a hint of hope creeping into his tone.

"It's the City Lord!" one of the warriors murmured in disbelief, repeating the words, "I think it's the City Lord!"

"How can you be sure?" someone else asked, and they all turned to look behind them, expecting to see Kisha's return.

But there was no sign of her. Even the warrior who had first suggested it fell silent, realizing how implausible it seemed.

"But... only the City Lord could do something like this," one soldier ventured, his voice filled with awe. "Do you think she's still protecting us, even while she's unconscious?" He slowly rose from the ground, peering over the wall to glimpse the ongoing chaos below.

"I think you're right," another soldier muttered, his voice thick with emotion. "Only the City Lord has this kind of power. She was still protecting us... worried about us, because we're so damn weak." He croaked, wiping at his eyes as they blurred with tears. They had thought it was their end, but this unexpected turn of events had shattered that despair.