

Apocalypse 612

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"Damn," another soldier chuckled softly, though his voice was strained. "Even when the City Lord's out cold, she can't rest without worrying about us. What a handful we are." The joke was weak, but it only made them cry harder.

Relief, gratitude, and fear swirled within them, overwhelming their senses. Their knees gave way, and they dropped to the ground, unable to process how Kisha was even doing all this while she was unconscious.

For a moment, they truly believed they were dying—but somehow, they had been given a second chance.

What they didn't know was that the Scarlet Bees, led by Bell, had been on standby all along, ready to step in when things got critical.

In this case, with Kisha down and the soldiers cornered, they had little hope left.

Even though the horde of zombies no longer had a commanding force behind them, the sheer number of zombies still surrounding the walls was staggering.

Without Kisha, their primary attacker who had been cutting through zombie after zombie, their own efforts felt weak and ineffective in comparison.

After hours of exhausting battle, one by one, the soldiers and warriors were succumbing to fatigue.

That's when Bell's arrival on the battlefield proved to be a game-changer, providing much-needed relief.

Her presence allowed the soldiers a moment to breathe, regain their composure, and adjust their strategies, offering them a brief reprieve from the mounting pressure.

While Bell was busy managing the zombie horde outside the walls, Eric Gilberts focused his attention on assessing Kisha and Duke's condition.

Both appeared to be in a deep, unresponsive sleep, which made him uneasy. The stillness of their state left him with a nagging sense of concern, wondering if they were truly just resting or if something more was happening to their body.

"Have the City Lord and Vice City Lord woken up yet?" Aston asked as he arrived, his face etched with concern.

Having heard what happened, he had come to check on them, sharing the same worries as the soldiers and warriors defending the western and southern walls.

Unlike the western wall, which was struggling, the southern wall was faring much better. Clyde and Reeve had stepped in to cover Duke's role, keeping the defenses stable.

Meanwhile, Kisha had been fighting alone in her section, relying on Bell to take over when the situation demanded it. Fortunately, Kisha had made some preparations in advance, preventing the worst from happening.

Since the battle had raged on for more than half a day, the cafeteria had already begun delivering meals to the soldiers and warriors.

Even those too preoccupied to stop and eat were forced to take a break by the food runners, who understood that proper nutrition was just as vital as stamina boosters and vials of black liquid.

No matter how fierce the fighting, their bodies still needed real sustenance. Even the frontline fighters had no choice but to shove food into their mouths between attacks—one hand gripping a meal while the other continued firing using their weapons or conjuring an elemental strike.

However, after fighting for an extended period, exhaustion was beginning to take its toll. Many were growing weary, even on Vulture and Rose's side, despite the rotation of manpower. The news about Kisha and Duke only heightened their concerns, adding to the mounting pressure on the battlefield.

By the seventeen-hour mark, even the Scarlet Bees were reaching their limits. Bell had no choice but to order them to stand down and rest—any further, and they would collapse from sheer exhaustion and die.

This meant the soldiers and warriors had to take charge once again. Fortunately, the Scarlet Bees had bought them a crucial two-hour window to recover, allowing them to fight more effectively. However, Kisha and Duke had yet to wake up.

Knowing that their leaders had pushed themselves to the brink, the soldiers and warriors felt a deep sense of duty to fight even harder.

Some warriors were already bleeding from their noses and ears, their heads pounding as if they were about to split open. Despite this, they stubbornly refused to back down, determined to hold the line until Kisha and Duke woke up.

The soldiers had to force some of them to step back and rest, but the warriors resisted, their resolve unshaken.

To them, enduring this battle a little longer was their way of repaying their leaders' sacrifices—to buy Kisha and Duke the time they needed. After all, they just had to hold on for a few more hours.

But the soldiers weren't having it. "You want to push yourselves to the brink? Are you trying to explode your energy core and give our City Lord even more problems? Get a grip and take a rest!" one soldier barked, his voice sharp and commanding. Without hesitation, the soldiers dragged the warriors back to the tents to recover.

Thankfully, the batch of the newly upgraded ammunition had arrived, which gave the soldiers a small sense of relief—they were no longer fighting with inadequate resources.

However, even with reinforcements from other teams stationed at different walls, their numbers were still dwindling rapidly. The warriors were dropping one after another, succumbing to the backlash of overusing their awakened abilities.

Blood poured from their noses and ears, and in the most severe cases, blood wept from their eyes. It was a dire sight, and no matter how many reinforcements arrived, the strain on their forces was unbearable.

Fortunately, they had all been warned by their City Lord about the dangerous symptoms that came from overusing their awakened abilities—symptoms that could lead to death or irreversible damage.

The soldiers knew they had no choice but to intervene and prevent their comrades from self-destructing. It was clear that this wasn't the kind of sacrifice Kisha would ever want to hear about.

After all, awakened ability users were invaluable, and Kisha would never want one of her warriors to perish needlessly. Their lives were too precious to be squandered like that.

Now, the soldiers were mostly the only ones left holding the line on the walls, struggling to fend off the relentless zombie horde. Their situation had grown increasingly dire.

The zombies were piling up faster than before, overwhelming them, as the firearms and grenades they had weren't nearly enough to push back the wave.

Each shot and explosion seemed less effective, and the pressure was mounting with every passing moment. They were clearly at a disadvantage, fighting a losing battle against the sheer numbers of the undead.

"Fuck! This isn't cutting it anymore! We need more firepower!" one soldier shouted, desperation creeping into his voice as he launched another RPG. But even their supply of RPG missiles was dwindling fast, and their stockpile of grenades was nearly exhausted.

The soldiers could feel the weight of the situation pressing down on them, and anxiety spread quickly through their ranks. There was no armory here, no backup supply of weapons or ammunition. What they had was all they could rely on, and once it was gone, they'd be defenseless.

The sight below the wall only fueled their growing panic. The zombies were piling up faster than ever, their numbers overwhelming. The spikes that had once formed the first line of defense were now buried beneath a sea of rotting corpses, rendering them useless.

The undead had trampled and piled on top of one another, creating an ever-expanding mass of death.