

Apocalypse 613

Chapter 613 Is This Really The End?

All the soldiers could do now was watch in horror as the seemingly endless tide of zombies pressed closer, inching their way up the base of the wall, and the threat of running out of ammunition loomed larger than ever.

They were backed into a corner, the situation growing direr by the minute. Their warriors were down, the ammunition supplies nearly depleted, and Kisha and Duke were still unconscious, leaving the remaining soldiers with little hope.

As reality set in, even the logistics team, usually focused on supplies, started to panic. Fear spread through the base like wildfire, igniting unrest among everyone as they realized they were inching closer to the point of no return.

Despite all their efforts, they couldn't shake the feeling that they would eventually fall to the overwhelming tide of zombies.

Then, the twenty-hour mark came, and it was worse than anyone had imagined. The soldiers had exhausted every last round of ammunition, and even the artisans—who were capable of crafting on the fly—had run out of the necessary materials to create more.

Without enough gunpowder or other essential components, they were powerless. Their last option, primitive weapons like makeshift bows and arrows, were no match for the relentless horde of zombies as they couldn't even make a dent in the zombies anymore.

Even the artisans, typically resourceful and inventive, felt helpless in the face of such overwhelming odds. It was a grim reality: they were running out of time, and nothing they had could stop the inevitable.

Everyone was running out of ideas, growing increasingly desperate, and Kisha and Duke's prolonged unconsciousness only added to the mounting tension.

Eric Gilberts, despite his medical expertise, couldn't make sense of their condition. Unlike the others who had overexerted their awakened abilities and slipped into comas as a result, Kisha and Duke exhibited no obvious symptoms of that kind.

There were no signs of the usual physical backlash that accompanied the excessive use of their powers.

Eric was stumped.

The virus that had altered the bodies of awakened ability users hadn't been thoroughly studied, and with limited knowledge of how the transformation affected their physiology, he was left grasping at straws.

With no clear diagnosis, Eric could only monitor their vitals and keep them hooked up to IV fluids, though he couldn't even be sure if it would help. The uncertainty weighed heavily on him, knowing that every passing hour without an answer brought them all closer to the brink of failure.

Using the syringe on Kisha and Duke was proving to be an incredibly difficult task for Eric Gilberts. Time and again, he had wasted dozens of syringes, the needles bending uselessly as they made contact with their skin.

It was as if their bodies had transformed into something far tougher, like elephant hide—resistant and unyielding. His frustration mounted with each failed attempt.

After a considerable amount of time and an increasing pile of broken syringes, Eric had a breakthrough.

He realized that his spiritual energy could be the key. Gently, he focused his energy around the tip of the syringe, enveloping the needle in a layer of spiritual energy to add a little more strength and toughness to the needle.

With this added force, he carefully inserted the needle into Kisha and Duke's skin. The enhanced toughness of the syringe allowed it to pierce through, a small victory in the face of mounting challenges.

The word quickly spread throughout the base that the western wall was in critical condition, and the situation at the southern wall wasn't any better.

The warriors there had fallen unconscious, much like Kisha and Duke, and with ammunition and military supplies completely depleted, the soldiers found themselves in a dire situation.

It was as if they were nothing more than sitting ducks, waiting to be slaughtered by the relentless tide of zombies just outside the walls.

The zombies were now climbing the walls, and the soldiers on duty could hear the deafening, relentless banging against the gates—a sound that reverberated like a death knell.

Each thud echoed in their ears, reminding them that the gates might give way at any moment.

As the soldiers stood on the walls, cold and anxious, the grim reality set in: the end might be drawing near. The gates could fall, and with it, the inevitable wave of death would soon follow.

Some of the soldiers who had been the pillars of strength, keeping everyone's morale up while they waited for Kisha and Duke's return, now slumped to the ground in defeat.

They, too, had run out of options. With no weapons left and no way to fight back, they were helpless.

Even if they chose to throw themselves into the midst of the zombie horde, to act as bait or to make a final stand, without awakened abilities, they knew their efforts would be futile.

They wouldn't even have a chance to make it through the first wave. In the end, they would be shredded to pieces, their sacrifice nothing more than a pointless loss.

Though they appeared exhausted and helpless, the soldiers had truly given their all. As ordinary humans, they had pushed their bodies beyond the limits of endurance, but they never uttered a word of complaint.

They understood that this was the least they could offer—a silent sacrifice. Unlike the warriors who had awakened their abilities, the soldiers' strength relied purely on their grit and determination, and they knew this was their duty, no matter the cost.

"We're gonna die, aren't we?" one soldier sobbed, leaning back and gazing up at the now pitch-black sky, where not even a star could be seen.

They had managed to hold out for twenty hours, with half of that time a testament to the strength of their City Lord and Vice City Lord. But they too had given their all as mere humans, without the aid of any awakened abilities.

They had held their ground for three hours without the warriors' help, proving that they weren't as useless as they had feared.

But now?

What difference did it make?

Their ammunition and military supplies were all but gone, and the zombies, relentless and undeterred, were slowly but surely climbing the walls. Even without an evolved zombie leading them, it felt like the end was inevitable.

They could feel the ground tremble beneath them as the zombies outside the wall descended into a frenzy.

The terrifying growls and roars echoed from the horde, a sound that felt like a call from hell itself. Fear gripped their hearts, and their limbs grew cold and stiff, as the reality of their impending death settled in.

At least they would be the first to fall once the zombies breached the walls, sparing them the agony of watching helplessly as the creatures tore through the base, massacring the last of the survivors.

The thought of dying, knowing how powerless and futile they had been, was a bitter pill to swallow.

"Even if I die, I have no regrets. I fought until the bitter end," one soldier said, his voice hollow with resignation. He looked out over the wall, contemplating a desperate escape—if he jumped from the ten-meter height, he could either end it quickly by hitting his head or, at worst, become paralyzed and leave the zombies to finish what he started. Either way, he preferred the certainty of death over the pain of being torn apart alive.

"Who said you're dying?" A familiar voice cut through the air from behind them, sharp and unwavering.