

## **Apocalypse 768**

### Chapter 768 - Returning

Kisha felt pretty pleased with herself — and for good reason. She was right. Learning new skills still depended on natural talent.

No matter how many manuals she collected or how much she practiced, if she lacked the talent, it would just be wasted effort.

But if she used the manual and passed the knowledge to someone truly gifted, she'd basically be recruiting skilled workers for free. Either way, she was the one coming out on top.

After hearing her reasoning, 008's tone changed completely. Kisha could almost imagine the little system grinning from ear to ear.

"Ha! Capitalist!" Kisha rolled her eyes.

Now that 008 realized the bigger picture — that they could produce more products, attract a wider range of customers, and earn even more — it had nothing left to nag about.

How could it mock Kisha now?

Even if she couldn't personally master potion-making, teaching someone else would still serve her goals perfectly. Besides, having the knowledge meant no one could trick her, steal ingredients, or shortchange

her. In the end, knowledge was power, and even without innate talent, it would open countless doors for her.

Besides, Kisha could speak so confidently because she already had someone in mind who could learn the alchemy technique in her place. She had her backup plan ready, ensuring that her time for inscribing wouldn't be affected at all.

Meanwhile, as Kisha and the others made their way back, on Eagle, Hawk, Bald Eagle, and Dracon's side, things were getting chaotic. Due to the early reinforcement calls triggered by the presence of a potential evolved zombie, their team was now nearly overwhelmed by the flood of incoming zombies attacking from all sides.

"Shit! More Molotovs!" Hawk shouted, frantically flicking his lighter, but no flame sparked to life. "Damn it! Out of gas—of all times, you decide to quit on me?!" he muttered under his breath, shoving the useless lighter back into his pocket.

Without wasting another second, he raised his index finger and summoned a small flame using his fire-type awakened ability, the flickering light hovering like a makeshift lighter.

Stretching his hand out to the side, he waited for the others to pass him more Molotovs, all while keeping his eyes locked on the incoming horde of zombies closing in fast.

"No more!!! We're out of alcohol!" one of their teammates shouted in distress. Around them, empty crates were all that remained — the last of the alcohol and flammable materials had already been gathered and used.

They had scoured the entire area, but now, there was nothing left. No other choice remained: they would have to face the incoming zombie horde in brutal close combat or rely on their awakened abilities.

Earlier, the zombies had seemed desperate to rush past them, driven toward some unknown destination. But now, the frenzy had ceased. Worse, the zombies had turned their bloodthirsty eyes toward them. There was no mistaking it — this time, the horde wasn't passing by. They were here to devour them.

And so, all they could do now was fight.

There were no Molotovs left to rely on — even the snipers had run out of bullets. They had collected the spent cartridges from the ground, storing them in their backpacks, hoping they could be used later to craft new ammunition.

For now, with no Molotovs left, Hawk and Eagle unleashed their abilities: fireballs and water spears exploded across the battlefield. Hawk, however, refrained from summoning his lava armor. He knew it would rapidly drain his spiritual energy, and they had no idea how long they needed to hold out.

The main team was still out of radio range, leaving them completely cut off from updates or support.

Then, without warning, Tristan appeared — teleporting in after several rapid jumps. He stumbled slightly, pausing to catch his breath and steady the dizziness before speaking. Although space and time flowed for him like water, he was still far from fully getting used to the disorienting sensation of tearing through it, so he still needed time to adjust.

Seeing Tristan appear, Hawk and Eagle's eyes immediately snapped to him. Noticing his disoriented state, they waited in tense silence for him to gather himself.

After a minute, Tristan finally delivered Kisha's message: "Young Madam said you only need to hold this place for less than an hour. We'll be back soon and then return to the hidden base."

Hearing that, both Hawk and Eagle visibly relaxed.

If it were just less than an hour, they could manage. As long as nothing unexpected happened, they were confident they could hold the defensive line.

They exchanged quick nods, steeling themselves for the fight ahead.

Before Tristan could teleport away again, Bald Eagle called out,

"Wait! Tell Young Madam we gathered some random supplies from the surrounding area. She might want to bring them back with us?"

He sounded a little unsure, nervous about whether Kisha would approve, but he still thought it was worth mentioning.

Tristan simply nodded before teleporting back to Duke and Kisha's side. Once he arrived, he quickly relayed Bald Eagle's message. Kisha's face brightened with a visible smile — today had been incredibly

productive, and hearing that her team had salvaged supplies only lifted her mood further. Renewed with energy, she picked up the pace, cutting down any zombies that dared block their path.

Back at the defensive line, Hawk and Eagle dove back into the fight.

They stood firmly at the front, while the others provided cover and support.

Some had managed to scavenge weapons like axes and baseball bats, using them to crack skulls. Even though the zombies were now mostly level 1 — tougher and more resilient than before — the improvised weapons still dealt decent damage.

To conserve what little stamina and spiritual energy they had left, the team alternated between close combat and the use of their awakened abilities.

Whenever their spiritual energy ran low, they would each take a vial of black liquid, restoring just enough strength to keep fighting.

Hawk and Eagle were stunned by the miraculous effect of the vial of black black liquid the first time they used it.

Meanwhile, Bald Eagle and his team looked on smugly, clearly enjoying the moment. After all, this was the first time Hawk and Eagle had gotten a glimpse of the incredible items Kisha kept hidden in her inventory — and the vial's ability to instantly replenish their spiritual energy left them amazed.

They couldn't stop laughing as they fought on the frontlines, feeling almost invincible.

However, seeing their reckless enthusiasm, Bald Eagle quickly stepped in to warn them: overusing the vial of black liquid could cause serious backlash — and in the worst-case scenario, it might even cause their brains to explode from overstrain.

The warning effectively sobered them up. Hawk and Eagle immediately reined in their excitement, becoming more cautious with their spiritual energy management and careful about when they drank the vial of black liquid.

Hawk and Eagle each took a section of the defensive line to cover, working alongside their teammates.

Meanwhile, at the post office building, Abby and the civilians also received word from Dracon that Kisha and the others were on their way back.

They stayed on high alert — some men guarded the main entrance, while Abby and a few others kept watch over the surrounding paths, ready to report any unusual activity to Dracon that might pose a threat to their safety.