

Apocalypse 817

Chapter 817 Kickstarting The Trade 4

To prevent that, Kisha deliberately alternated between easing their path and exposing them to real danger. At times, she allowed the zombies to approach in their original numbers—nearly a hundred strong—reminding everyone of the true threat that lurked in the city. During those moments, she made sure to step in and assist directly, striking a balance between support and challenge to keep the group alert and prepared.

“Alright everyone, just a few more kilometers and we’ll reach HOPE Base. Let’s push a little harder!” Kisha whispered, signaling for the group to keep moving. Thanks to her passive skills that helped replenish their stamina, everyone was able to keep running with shorter rest breaks.

After three hours of running, resting briefly, and snacking on chocolate or energy bars to stave off hunger and replenish energy—while staying hydrated with water—they were all surprised at how little fatigue they felt. The excitement of finally nearing the base kept their adrenaline pumping, driving them forward despite the exhaustion.

As soon as Kisha finished speaking, excitement surged through the group—they started running toward the zombies even before the undead reached them. Kisha’s heart jumped to her throat watching their reckless charge, and she had to sprint after them, providing support.

Luckily, she was just in time.

Jason’s team charged forward when suddenly, an agile level-1 zombie lunged out from behind the horde, aiming for Jason’s neck.

Swoosh!

A dagger whizzed past Jason's ear, the sharp whoosh freezing him in place. His eyes widened in alarm as a thin, pale zombie—its body marked with gashes and crawling with maggots—sprang from the crowd. The creature moved with terrifying speed, but before it could strike, it tumbled to the ground, black blood oozing from a wound in its head.

Kisha swiftly yanked on the rope in her hand, loosening the dagger embedded deeply in the zombie's skull. Jason's chest tightened as he realized just how reckless his impatience had been—if Kisha hadn't acted so quickly, he might have been dead.

He pursed his lips, drew his dagger, and signaled to his team to stay alert and move carefully, following their usual disciplined approach.

The incident snapped everyone back to reality, reminding them how they needed to act. But retreat wasn't an option—stepping back risked stumbling and losing ground, which could be just as deadly. They had no choice but to hold their positions and kill the zombies as quickly as possible.

What they hadn't realized in their excitement was that at least a hundred undead were closing in on them. Worse, more zombies were surging in from the corner, rushing forward with terrifying speed. It was only a matter of time before they were overwhelmed.

Panic began to ripple through Adam's group as the gravity of the situation set in.

Just as Jason, Adam, and their team began to panic, a bright orange flare shot up into the sky nearby. Their fear instantly shifted to excitement — it meant help was close. Kisha’s earlier words about her people being near suddenly felt real, filling them with renewed hope.

Then, the walkie-talkie strapped to Kisha’s waist—the same one she had absentmindedly taken from the gatekeeper before jumping down from the wall—crackled to life.

“City Lord, City Lord, do you copy?!” Fred’s voice crackled urgently through the radio. He waited patiently for Kisha’s response.

Earlier, when they returned to the base, the gatekeeper had reported that their City Lord had suddenly left the base and was running off somewhere unknown. Coincidentally, Fred and his team had been training nearby—each team had their own designated training area—and this happened to be Fred’s area where Kisha was spotted.

All the teams had come back out to search for Kisha. Despite knowing how strong their City Lord was, they understood there were situations even she couldn’t fully control. They decided to search carefully, without straying too far, because if any of them got into danger, it would only create more worry for everyone.

Luckily, each team was accompanied by a support drone patrolling ahead. The drone spotted Kisha and her group fighting off a horde of zombies nearby. The operator quickly informed Fred and instructed him to signal their presence.

Fred immediately fired an orange flare. This would alert Kisha and the people with her that backup was close, and notify other teams searching from different directions that their City Lord had been found.

Once nearby teams saw the orange flare, they would respond by firing green flares. The base, upon seeing the green signals, would then launch a larger green flare to signal all teams to return.

This was also why Kisha had led Jason and Adam's team into this dangerous area despite the massive zombie horde ahead. She wanted Jason and his people to learn an important lesson: no matter the situation, they must never be reckless. However, she didn't expect them to charge forward in excitement as soon as they heard they were close to the base.

Fortunately, Fred and his team acted quickly. Not long after, they emerged from around the corner, killing zombies one by one with precision and skill.

It was only then that Jason, Adam, and their team witnessed something extraordinary—a superhuman in action. Fireballs erupted from someone's hands, hurled straight into the nearest zombie, reducing it to charred ashes. Earth spikes suddenly burst from the ground, while others engaged in fierce hand-to-hand combat.

Not all warriors at their base had awakened their abilities yet, but the captains made sure to be fair—mixing those with powers alongside non-superhumans. When the captains deployed their teams, they brought together both awakened ability users and regular fighters to stand united.

To prevent division between regular humans and superhumans, they developed a tacit understanding: while the regular humans engaged in close-quarters combat, the awakened ability users would use their powers to provide support and eliminate as many zombies as possible, thinning the horde so the regular fighters wouldn't be overwhelmed.

Jason, Adam, and the others were stunned by witnessing this seamless teamwork and seeing superpowers flying around like they were witnessing Harry Potter in real life.

Then Jason glanced at Kisha and couldn't help but think, 'What was their base, Hogwarts?'

Then Fred appeared, assault rifle in hand, running up to Kisha and saluting sharply. "City Lord! We came to assist!"

Kisha nodded in acknowledgment. She hadn't even responded to Fred's call on the walkie-talkie yet—but here they were, arriving faster than she expected. It was clear that as soon as Fred tried to contact her, his team had already been rushing to her side.

Jason and Adam's team also came back to their senses and started fighting—they only paused briefly, pushing aside the questions swirling in their minds to focus on what mattered most: gathering as many crystal cores as possible.

With Fred's team lending their support, it wasn't long before the zombie horde was wiped out. Since Fred's team had taken down the majority of the zombies, Jason and Adam's team collected the crystal cores only from the zombies they defeated. Meanwhile, Fred's team didn't hesitate to dig out the crystal cores from their kills as well.

After all, the awakened ability users used these crystal cores to train and level up, while the regular humans knew they could also serve as a valuable currency when needed. Everyone took their fair share of crystal cores from the battle.