

## **Apocalypse 104**

### Chapter 104 They are Awake

The next sound Tristan heard from outside was the sporadic discharge of a few single gunshots. Then, their comrades' voices pierced through the tension. "They're all down. We'll handle the zombies that breached through and secure the main door."

The uninjured members swiftly took charge, killing the zombies that had infiltrated the apartment with cold precision, opting for silent weapons to prevent attracting more undead. Meanwhile, Bald Eagle led the rest in attending to the wounded, ensuring their comrades received the necessary care and attention.

Regrettably, they suffered the loss of three more elite comrades, who valiantly sacrificed themselves to protect their brethren, ensuring that more of their comrades would survive at the cost of their own lives. Amidst the heartache, Bald Eagle and his companions, tending to the wounded, struggled to contain their sorrow, tears silently slipping down their cheeks.

Meanwhile, others tenderly carried their fallen comrades to the living room, where they reverently lined them up, a somber tribute to their bravery and sacrifice.

Even within the confines of the room, the weight of their grief hung heavy in the air, rendering everyone speechless as they honored the memory of their fallen comrades. Duke's brow furrowed deeply, sensing the somber atmosphere that enveloped them. Though unaware of the events that unfolded while he was unconscious, he understood the gravity of the situation.

Had he not awakened when he did, more lives would have been lost in the relentless onslaught.

He clenched his jaw tightly, drawing in a sharp, deep breath to temper his anger, the desire to exact vengeance burning fiercely within him. Yet, as he glanced down at Kisha sleeping peacefully beside him, a measure of solace washed over his tumultuous emotions. Observing her serene countenance and steady breaths, he felt a sense of calm enveloping him.

It was a rare respite, a moment of restorative rest that he attributed to Kisha's presence, revitalizing his weary body and soothing his troubled mind.

Unbeknownst to him, his gaze softened as he tenderly regarded Kisha, his mother observing him closely with a knowing expression. With a gentle nod, she redirected his attention back to the woman resting on the bed, her form a serene contrast to the surrounding chaos.

She felt a growing anticipation about meeting Kisha, eager to discern whether Kisha would positively influence her son. Her curiosity extended to understanding more about her potential future daughter-in-law.

While she had previously consented to the marriage alliance per her best friend's suggestion, she wasn't inclined to disregard her son's desires, particularly if he had already developed feelings for someone else.

She resolved to discuss it with her friend once they were face-to-face. In a world already fraught with chaos, adhering strictly to the confines of a prearranged marriage alliance is already of the past. She harbored a hope that her decision wouldn't strain her friendship with her closest friend.

Before immersing himself in the chaos that happened around him, Duke took a moment to allow the surge of power within him to settle. With closed eyes and controlled breaths, he sought to gain deeper insight into his awakened abilities. Embracing the power, he integrated it seamlessly into his body and mind, as though it had always been a fundamental part of his existence since birth.

In a remarkably short span of time, Duke had assimilated with his newfound powers, a feat that had taken Sparrow and Vulture a week to achieve familiarity with.

Having acquainted himself with his newfound abilities, Duke slowly opened his eyes, his focus intense yet outwardly serene. Only 20 minutes had elapsed since he began attuning himself to the power coursing through his body.

"Can someone fill me in on what happened while I was unconscious?" Duke's voice was calm, but beneath the surface, it carried a weight of anticipation, like the eerie calm preceding a storm.

As the one who was privy to every detail since Duke's collapse, Vulture emerged. "Master, following your and Young Madam's loss of consciousness, we located Tristan who guided us to your parents. Regrettably, shortly thereafter, we discovered an infiltrator among us, covertly divulging your parents' whereabouts to the Coltons."

Vulture extracted the undamaged communicator from the southeast section. "The mole has been equipped with a locator, allowing the Coltons to track the Winters' movements and hideouts. They believed they had complete control, and were merely toying with our people.

Vulture steadied his ragged breath, fueled by anger. "Their strategy likely aimed to crush hope and morale, softening us up before a final blow. Alternatively, they may be biding their time, anticipating your search for your family, intending to strike at the entire Winters clan in one fell swoop."

Despite Vulture's revelations, Duke remained outwardly stoic. His calm demeanor, however, sent a chill through the room, a silent warning of the tempest within. His aura crackled with a palpable sense of

menace and suppressed rage, filled with bloodlust but he remained expressionless. A sight that unnerved even those who knew him best.

Vulture swallowed hard, the lump in his throat almost suffocating as he pressed on with his account. "Upon reuniting with the Winters, an assassin emerged from the sewers we'd traversed, sabotaging them in the process. Our access was compromised, rendering that route impassable.

With the mole and the assassin neutralized, our next move was to navigate the building via the emergency exit to the 10th-floor garden to reach this current apartment. However, our adversaries anticipated our path and deployed a sniper, claiming the life of one of our own and nearly claiming Mrs. Winters' life."

After Duke absorbed the final revelation, his gaze snapped to his mother, her complexion drained, her figure appearing fragile, with a gauze adorning her forehead. Despite the seething anger brewing within him, he contained it, allowing Vulture to proceed. Sensing Duke's turmoil, Vulture pressed on with his summarized report.

"After crossing over, one of our men inspected the equipment seized from our enemies, revealing embedded locators. To buy us time, we dispersed them several floors below, creating a false trail. Additionally, our resourceful comrade created a makeshift jammer from salvaged communicator parts, albeit its potency is modest.

This jammer successfully interfered with the heat detector drones and was strategically placed in multiple locations." As Vulture concluded, a note of pride crept into his voice, acknowledging his comrade's ingenuity in crafting the jammer from dismantled materials.

"Despite its limited effectiveness, the jammer still caused significant disruptions to their devices, buying us invaluable time. However, we didn't rely solely on that. We held them at bay for over five hours until

your awakening. As you can observe, the death warriors are now resorting to a cruel tactic—planning to torture us by executing our comrades and potentially your parents one by one.

Instead of a swift assault using explosives upon discovering our location, they've opted for a pincer attack, likely aiming to cripple us emotionally and physically."

"I simply cannot fathom the mindset of the Coltons' young master. To put it bluntly, he's utterly deranged," Vulture remarked, his voice thick with disdain.

"Why complicate matters? The solution is simple: eliminate them all," A captivatingly hoarse voice interjected, abruptly diverting their attention to the figure reclined on the bed beside Duke. As Kisha's eyes fluttered open and she attempted to rise, Duke gently restrained her, mindful of the glass shards littering their bed.

Scooping her into his arms, he settled her onto his lap, ensuring her safety.