

## **Apocalypse 337**

### Chapter 337 Should She Help Or Not?

Kisha, Duke, and Vulture stood in the middle of the road, bracing themselves as the tremors intensified. They were waiting, not just for the shaking to stop but to see what would emerge from the commotion.

While they had a general idea of what might be coming, Vulture couldn't understand why Kisha wasn't moving to take cover or retreating to the base to fight from the safety of the wall as she usually did. However, as he recalled her formidable abilities, Vulture chose to stay silent, trusting in her judgment.

Even though he had become proficient in his own awakened abilities, Vulture was still unable to match Kisha's feats. Her telekinesis allowed her to manipulate objects and attack wide areas with ease, while he struggled to create expansive earth spikes or erect massive earth walls capable of providing a solid shield.

However, thanks to the Scarlet Honey, he had gained significant strength and could now push and even lift a sedan car, a testament to his newfound power. Despite this, he knew he still had much to learn to reach Kisha's level.

Vulture's thoughts were interrupted when a collective growl and distant screams reached their ears, accompanied by the unmistakable sound of heavy marching. Both Duke and Vulture immediately recognized the ominous rhythm of the approaching threat.

As the tremors intensified and the growls and roars grew louder, both Duke and Vulture felt their muscles tense. Vulture swallowed hard, trying to steady himself. Kisha sprang into the air, using her telekinesis to lift objects from the ground, creating a series of stepping stones that carried her gracefully to the top of a lamppost.

Duke, with his superior strength, leaped effortlessly onto the roof of a waiting shed, positioning himself just below Kisha, from where he could scan the horizon more effectively.

Feeling anxious about being left behind in the middle of the road while Kisha and Duke took elevated positions, Vulture quickly searched for a vantage point of his own. He soon decided to jump onto the roof of a nearby car. Although it was not as high as Duke's or Kisha's positions, it offered a better view than being on the ground.

From this vantage point, he could at least see beyond the immediate obstructions on the road, such as various abandoned vehicles, and have a clearer sense of the approaching danger.

Soon, a mass of black appeared on the horizon, advancing rapidly from the other end of the road. At the forefront were survivors, scrambling frantically as they navigated through the maze of obstructing vehicles. Some squeezed between the wrecks, while others darted along the clear path left by Sparrow's team, who had bulldozed their way through earlier to create a passage.

The scene was a chaotic trail of desperate movement and mounting danger.

The people who attempted to use the vehicles as a shield against the advancing zombie horde made a fatal mistake. Trapped between two delivery vans, one man tried to crawl underneath for cover. But the zombies were too close, and before he could escape, one of them lunged at his back, sinking its teeth into his neck.

The man's ligaments were visible, tearing slowly, with bits of flesh still clinging to his skin like roots. Blood sprayed as he screamed in agonizing pain, struggling to roll on the ground in a desperate attempt to escape the relentless undead with the last of his strength.

As the zombies closed in, they began to swarm the man, biting him indiscriminately. Overwhelmed by the relentless attacks, he felt the searing pain of each bite. His body convulsed violently as the agony intensified, and his final scream was muffled by the blood that poured into his mouth, choking him as he succumbed to the relentless onslaught.

The people running with him had no chance to look back or help, as the zombies behind them were like ravenous predators, snapping at their heels. If they stopped or got trapped like the man, they would face the same grim fate, with the relentless horde threatening to engulf them at any moment.

Some men, desperately clutching young children in their arms, pushed themselves to run as fast as possible, driven solely by sheer willpower. It was evident that their bodies were on the brink of exhaustion. Vulture couldn't understand why they were fleeing into the open instead of seeking refuge and waiting for a safer opportunity to emerge.

As Vulture watched the frantic scene, a man sprinting from behind noticed Vulture, Kisha, and Duke perched above, observing the chaos. The man's eyes lit up with a glimmer of hope as he realized they were living humans, despite not being able to see their faces clearly. Desperation in his voice, he shouted, "Help us! Please! If you can, just save the children!"

After his shout, the other survivors began to frantically scan their surroundings, searching for any sign of help. Their leader's call for assistance indicated that there might be someone nearby they could run to for support.

Kisha watched the scene unfold with a deep frown, troubled by the fact that these people chose to run in the open instead of seeking shelter. She couldn't shake the suspicion that they might be unintentionally drawing the zombies towards their location or even their base.

What left a particularly bitter taste in her mouth was the sight of so many children among the group, which stirred up a mix of conflicting emotions within her.

In the apocalypse, luring tactics like this were tragically common. Many had lost their lives to similar deceptions—people pretending to flee from zombies or dire situations only to turn on their rescuers once the immediate threat was gone. It was a cruel game of betrayal, akin to a dog biting the hand that feeds it.

Kisha had already fallen victim to such deceit, and now, watching the group of survivors, she saw a troubling similarity: among them were also children.

That's why Kisha hesitated to spring into action immediately and chose to observe from a distance. As she watched, the survivors continued to fall like flies under the relentless assault of the zombies, who lunged at them with ferocious hunger. Any delay or faltering meant immediate, brutal consequences.

Fortunately, the women and children were at the forefront, protected by the men who formed a perimeter around them, shielding them from both sides as they fought to stay ahead of the encroaching horde.

Kisha took a deep breath, grappling with the internal turmoil that roiled within her. Her forehead twitched with annoyance as frustration built up, her instincts urging her to leap into action. Despite the intense desire to help immediately, she forced herself to remain still and observe a little longer.

Duke and Vulture also held their positions, choosing to observe rather than act impulsively. They understood that following Kisha's lead was wiser than rushing in and playing the hero. With Kisha's extensive experience in handling such situations, they trusted her judgment.

Duke knew that Kisha's concern extended beyond her own group; the survivors living in the base were now under her protection as well. Therefore, Kisha would carefully weigh what was best for everyone involved.

The leader of the fleeing survivors was overwhelmed with frustration and helplessness as he watched his people fall one by one.