

## Apocalypse 338

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The thought of the children perishing alongside them was a nightmare he dreaded. He swung his makeshift spear desperately at any zombies that came too close, but his limited reach and meager defense were inadequate to protect everyone—or even himself. The dire situation left him feeling powerless and defeated.

As they ran, the survivors drew closer to Kisha's position, and one by one, more of them began to notice her, Duke, and especially Vulture, who stood atop a car gripping his weapon. The sight of the three figures, armed and seemingly calm amidst the chaos, caught their attention, adding a flicker of hope but also confusion as to why they weren't stepping in.

They felt a surge of hope at the sight of Kisha and her group, and tears welled up in their eyes, momentarily blurring their vision. Struggling to hold back their emotions, they shouted in unison, "Please help us!" One of the women at the front, clutching a small child no older than two, cried out desperately.

Her voice, hoarse and raw, grated like metal scraping against the pavement, but she didn't stop. She continued screaming at the top of her lungs, her voice breaking with the strain as she pushed her vocal cords to their limits.

Kisha was still hesitating when, out of nowhere, an agile zombie lunged at her from the left side of the road. No one saw where it came from, and everything happened so quickly that no one had time to react. They all looked on in horror, their eyes widening like saucers. But with the threat approaching fast, there was no time to stop.

Just then, Kisha flinched, raising her right arm in a casual motion as if shooing away a fly. In that instant, a small piece of metal debris shot out of nowhere. For a moment, everyone thought it was a sniper's bullet, believing Kisha's gesture had signaled a hidden marksman to take the shot.

The zombie that had lunged at the woman suddenly collapsed with a gaping hole in its head. Seeing this, the survivors felt a surge of renewed hope. They believed that if they could just make it past where Kisha and the others were standing, they would be safe.

Fueled by this thought, everyone pushed themselves harder, sprinting with every last ounce of energy and adrenaline, driven by pure survival instinct.

Despite Kisha's earlier attack, she, Duke, and Vulture remained in their positions, continuing to observe the unfolding chaos. Many men still fell, torn apart by the relentless zombies, while the survivors could do nothing but cry out in horror and anguish as they watched their loved ones die one by one, all while desperately running for their lives.

After a brief pause, Kisha leaped from the lamppost, moving like a bullet past the fleeing survivors. Before they could even comprehend what was happening, her long katana had already sliced through a zombie that was mere moments away from sinking its teeth into the back of the person who had stumbled in panic at the rear of the group.

Seeing Kisha spring into action, both Duke and Vulture wasted no time following suit. Duke launched himself into the air with immense power, taking a huge leap before crashing down with such force that a small whirlwind formed from the impact. He swung his spear in a wide arc, nearly a full 360 degrees, wiping out a cluster of zombies in one swift motion.

Meanwhile, Vulture hopped from car to car, leaping from the last vehicle and swinging his massive hammer upward, channeling all his strength into delivering a crushing, devastating blow to the nearest zombie.

With the sheer weight of his massive hammer and raw strength, Vulture's strike created a small crater in the ground, turning at least three tightly packed zombies into minced flesh. The combined power of Kisha, Duke, and Vulture was equivalent to that of an entire battalion wielding firearms, but instead of guns, they relied solely on melee weapons.

In mere seconds, they managed to take down dozens of zombies. However, it was far from easy—nearly a thousand undead were swarming around them, making the fight intensely perilous despite their prowess.

Kisha's voice cut through the cacophony of zombie roars and growls as she bellowed, "Vulture!" Despite the chaos, her command was faintly but clearly heard by both Vulture and Duke. "Get the survivors back to the base!" she shouted again, her tone urgent and commanding. Without missing a beat, Kisha drew her smaller katana, executing a rapid, spinning attack like a lethal whirlwind.

As Kisha spun with deadly precision, her blade sliced through limbs, stomachs, and heads ruthlessly and indiscriminately. Upon hearing her command, Vulture wasted no time. He swung his hammer with a powerful sideways arc, sending two zombies soaring out of the crowd. The survivors watched in awe as the zombies flew through the air like paper dolls.

Vulture pushed his way back through the stunned survivors, who were still in shock from witnessing Kisha and the others' overwhelming firepower. Their hearts pounded as if they fell to their stomach, and their stomachs churned with a violent, unsettling sensation. Their mouths opened and closed as if trying to form words, but they could only watch in awe as Vulture made his way toward them.

The survivors were baffled by how Vulture had managed to return from the heart of the horde to where they stood. He seemed to wade through the zombies with ease as if it were a casual stroll.

As he stood among them, his massive hammer never paused in its relentless swing. The survivors could clearly hear the sickening crunch of zombie skulls shattering under its impact. Each blow produced a deep, resounding thud, a sound so solid it seemed capable of cracking the pavement with even the slightest touch.

"You all, gather together and follow me back!" Vulture commanded after quickly assessing the twenty or so survivors. He urged them to move forward while positioning himself at the rear, guarding the group alongside the men who could still move, including their leader.

The survivors felt a surge of silent relief when they heard Vulture's promise to lead them to safety. However, their hearts couldn't fully settle as they remained in a place where zombies could emerge from any crevice at any moment, just as one had earlier. Fortunately, Kisha had reacted swiftly, saving the woman and child before the zombie could even get close.

The survivors glanced anxiously at the surrounding buildings and roads, hoping to spot others who might join Kisha and Duke in their fight. Most hesitated to leave, torn between the urge to flee and the fear of abandoning their saviors.

Despite Kisha and Duke's strength, the sight of just the two of them holding back hundreds of swarming zombies made them doubt if they could truly hold their ground alone.

"What about them?!" the leader asked anxiously, pointing toward Kisha and Duke, still surrounded by the horde of zombies. Black blood splattered through the air, and dismembered limbs flew as they continued to fend off the undead. It was clear they were holding their own for now, but the leader's worry deepened. How long could they keep this up?

Eventually, exhaustion would set in, and when that happened, they might be overwhelmed and meet the same fate as the others.