

Apocalypse 544

Chapter 544 Those Who Mourn

"Ah!" The woman let out a piercing scream, suddenly shrill and filled with unrestrained terror, like the cry of an animal in its final moments.

Her frantic pleas faltered, choking off into a breathless silence.

Then, the silence shattered as a guttural, primal roar erupted from behind the door, echoing with a bone-deep ferocity that made everyone freeze.

Roar!

Grah!

Without even looking, they knew what had happened inside—it was already too late to save the woman.

This was the price she paid for concealing her son after his transformation.

The warriors under Bald Eagle, now on high alert, didn't let the grim reality slow them down.

They redoubled their efforts, kicking at the door with renewed urgency.

After several powerful strikes, the door splintered nearly in half.

Working quickly, the warriors pried it open, their movements precise and cautious.

The furniture piled behind the door served as a temporary barrier, providing a small measure of safety against the zombie inside.

It gave the team enough time to force their way in without fear of an immediate attack, but they knew the real danger was just beyond the threshold.

Through the small gap, they could hear loud, ravenous munching sounds, as if the person on the other side was desperately hungry.

Low growls rumbled from within the room, adding to the tension.

However, due to the furniture blocking their view, it took them longer to break down the door.

By the time they finally managed to tear it open, Bald Eagle had already pushed the civilians farther back to ensure no one would be caught off guard if the zombie lunged out the moment a path was cleared.

The civilians, fully aware of the danger and knowing they were powerless to help, took several cautious steps back.

Some of the warriors stood by, rifles aimed at the door, ready for any sudden movement.

Meanwhile, the rest of the team continued to work on the door, carefully moving the furniture aside.

Since not all the warriors had awakened yet, they moved with extreme caution, fully aware that any misstep could lead to a deadly bite from the zombie.

Fortunately, most of the furniture blocking the door wasn't very large—just stools, chairs, small drawers, and tables.

As they cleared the last of it, the warriors finally got a clear view inside the house.

What they saw made their stomachs twist.

The male zombie was crouched on the ground, ravenously gnawing on a body, its face buried in a pool of blood.

It didn't take much to realize the body belonged to the woman from earlier.

The zombie gripped her arm, sinking its teeth deep into the flesh, tearing away at the ligament and skin as it pulled with horrifying strength.

It was a truly nauseating sight, one that made even the seasoned warriors who had witnessed all this gruesome sight before pale as they stood frozen, forced to watch every horrifying detail up close.

Some of them, with weaker stomachs, couldn't hold back and vomited on the spot.

Despite having witnessed such scenes countless times before, the raw brutality of it still struck them hard.

The grotesque sight stirred up deep, unwanted emotions and memories they had long buried, leaving them feeling physically sick and overwhelmed.

Fortunately, the zombie was so consumed with its grisly meal that it didn't seem to notice the warriors retching in disgust nearby.

Only Bald Eagle, hardened by years of experience, remained focused.

He aimed his assault rifle steadily at the door, stepping cautiously closer.

When he reached the threshold, there was no hesitation.

With practiced precision, he pulled the trigger, the shot ringing out as he struck the zombie directly at the back of its head, ending the gruesome feast.

Bang!

Bang!

Bald Eagle fired several more shots, ensuring the zombie was truly dead before cautiously approaching the corpse.

With a grim expression, he turned his attention to the unmoving woman on the floor.

Knowing she would eventually rise as one of them, he made the decision to put her down now, rather than risk one of his warriors being caught off guard while handling the bodies.

It was a harsh choice, but one made with survival in mind.

He fired again, ensuring there would be no surprises and no more danger.

The warriors standing to the side weren't shocked by Bald Eagle's actions.

Instead, they regarded him with a deep sense of appreciation.

They knew they weren't yet strong enough to make such decisive choices themselves.

This was the kind of leader they needed—someone who could act without hesitation, even in the most brutal situations.

They understood that if their leader had been as weak-willed as some of them, they would have paid for it with their lives long ago.

Bald Eagle's strength and resolve were the very qualities that kept them alive.

After some time, the warriors regained their composure and began handling the aftermath of the situation.

As they pulled the bodies from the house, the onlookers were struck by the gruesome fate the woman had met.

It became painfully clear that trying to conceal the truth from the base's leaders—clinging to the hope of saving a loved one—was a dangerous mistake.

The woman's actions, driven by grief and desperation, had ultimately led to her tragic end.

Yet, no one could entirely blame her.

A heavy burden weighed on the hearts of those watching, as they imagined themselves in her shoes.

None of them could fathom how they would react if faced with the same heart-wrenching dilemma.

In the wake of the event, the survivors around the base grew increasingly vigilant.

They understood the dangers of concealing a zombie and made it a priority to report anyone suspected of hiding one to Bald Eagle and his team.

As a result, Bald Eagle found himself overwhelmed, constantly managing a growing list of concerns and dealing with reports from all corners of the base.

The responsibility weighed heavily on him as he worked tirelessly to ensure the safety of everyone.

Kisha and Duke didn't learn of the tragedy until much later, their attention consumed by the ongoing battle with the horde of evolving zombies attacking their base.

Once they were informed of the situation, Kisha immediately ordered Bald Eagle to organize a mourning ceremony to honor those who had turned or died during this time.

Bald Eagle and his team quickly set up a somber gathering in the square, arranging the bodies with care, their lifeless forms lined up side by side.

As the last of the deceased were placed, the survivors began to gather around the square.

Although none of the fallen were their direct family or close friends, a heavy sadness filled the air.

The sight was overwhelming, and many felt the sting of grief, their eyes filled with tears as they mourned not just the loss of life, but the deepening of the community's pain.

Without realizing it, the survivors had long come to treat everyone inside the base as family, bound not by blood, but by shared hardship and survival.

So, witnessing the deaths and transformations into zombies struck them deeply, each loss felt like a personal wound.

The mourning ceremony became a solemn, sacred moment for all of them.

With Duke leading the fire-type awakened ability users, they stood together before the bodies.