

Apocalypse 720

Chapter 720 Incoming!

Figuring out how to use this new power was something she'd have to experiment with later. For now, since she had no concrete clues, she decided to set it aside. There was no point in worrying over something unknown—not when she lacked the necessary information.

Once she had finished reviewing everything she needed to, Kisha stretched her limbs with a satisfied sigh. Across the passenger seat, Duke stole a glance at her, his expression unreadable.

"Wifey, you look happy. Did you get something nice again?" Duke asked, his gaze fixed on the road while Kisha looked back at him with an amused expression.

By now, he was used to seeing her stare off into space, only to suddenly smile as if she had discovered some grand secret. He didn't know the full details of her abilities—only that she had some kind of unique gift—but that was enough for him to recognize the signs.

And right now, with her eyes squinting like a mischievous cat that had just stolen a fish, he was certain—Kisha had definitely gotten something good again.

"You could say that," Kisha said proudly, beaming at Duke. But deep down, she knew she hadn't achieved all of this on her own. Many people had helped her along the way, and at the very top of that list was the man before her—her husband.

"Say, hubby, what gift would you like to receive? Maybe we'll get lucky and find something," she asked, tilting her head playfully.

Duke chuckled, his eyes crinkling with amusement, though he kept them focused on the road. His attention, however, remained on Kisha. "Wifey, whatever you give me is special. I'll accept anything, as long as it's from you."

"Well, that's sweet, but if you had to be specific, what would you want?" Kisha prodded, not letting him off the hook so easily.

Duke thought for a moment before answering casually, "Well, I've really taken a liking to the Kratos set. You've already given me two pieces."

"Alright then, let's do our best and complete the set," Kisha decided. "Once you have all the pieces, you might unlock a set effect like Vulture's Blast set..."

At her words, a bubbling excitement stirred in Duke's chest—an eager anticipation he couldn't quite explain. But one thing was certain: he was looking forward to it. With a pleased hum, he nodded, his enthusiasm clear.

After several hours of uninterrupted travel, Duke, Kisha, and the rest of the group neared a dirt road leading to another farm under Duke's ownership. The land stretched endlessly before them—a vast expanse of fertile soil. Though no crops had been planted yet and only wild weeds thrived, the lush greenery was a refreshing sight.

So far, there was no sign of zombies, making the area seem eerily peaceful. But just as that thought settled, something lunged out from the tall grass, slamming into Sparrow's truck windshield with a sickening thud.

Reacting instantly, Sparrow activated his 'Perception Skill', causing time to slow around him. His sharp gaze locked onto the creature—a massive mutated snake, its grotesque form emerging from the overgrown field as it struck.

"Shit!" Sparrow cursed, yanking the truck sharply to the left to avoid the mutated snake. The creature had gleaming metallic spikes protruding from the back of its head, making it look even more menacing.

Vulture, though startled, reacted just in time. He caught sight of the massive serpent as it narrowly missed slamming directly into them, leaving only a deep dent on the side of the door and a slight crack on the windshield. "The fuck?! Was that an anaconda?! That thing is huge!" he exclaimed.

As the mutated snake crashed onto the dirt road, Vulture wasted no time. He manipulated the ground beneath it, causing the earth to rise and pin the beast down, preventing it from lunging at them again. Despite this, Sparrow didn't slow down, keeping his foot on the gas.

Then, Kisha's voice crackled through the walkie-talkie.

"Everyone, keep driving! Do not stop to check the situation outside," Kisha's voice came through the walkie-talkie, firm and urgent. "The first truck was attacked by a mutated snake, and I suspect there are more lurking in the grass. Stay on course, drive fast, and be ready for a fight at any moment!"

Heeding her warning, the trucks behind Sparrow's vehicle maintained their speed, skillfully maneuvering around the thrashing snake that was still struggling against the earth's grip. The entire convoy stayed on high alert, keeping a safe distance while sticking to the center of the dirt road.

This way, they could create some space from the tall grass and have a clearer view of any movement—whether it was another mutated snake slithering toward them or any other lurking threat.

As if Kisha's words had been a prophecy, mutated snakes suddenly jumped from the tall grass, launching themselves at the vehicles. Their massive jaws gaped open, revealing foot-long fangs, and their mouths—large enough to swallow an adult whole—snapped hungrily as they lunged.

Vulture and the others wasted no time, unleashing a barrage of attacks with their awakened abilities. Kisha, spotting one of the enormous snakes, seized control of its tail with her telekinesis.

With a swift motion, she slammed its head into the ground with tremendous force. However, the creature refused to die, thrashing violently in an attempt to escape her invisible grip.

Undeterred, Kisha tightened her hold and swung the snake like a weapon, using it to strike down the other incoming mutated serpents—wielding it like a deadly, oversized nunchaku.

Meanwhile, the other awakened ability users rained down wind blades, slicing through both the attacking snakes and the tall grass where more of the creatures lay hidden.

Even Mrs. Winters refused to remain idle. She activated her wood-elemental awakened ability, weaving thick, thorned vines around the entire truck. The sharp thorns ensured that any mutated snake that slammed into the vehicle wouldn't escape unscathed, their bodies impaled by the barbs. At the same time, the vines acted as a cushion, absorbing most of the impact and preventing damage to the truck.

However, Mrs. Winters wasn't as powerful as the others and had limited spiritual energy. Maintaining such an extensive defense was draining, and she couldn't fully cover the vehicle without frequent pauses to drink a black vial of liquid to replenish her spiritual energy. As a result, it took her longer than she'd hoped to complete her protective barrier.

Keith, however, didn't remain idle either. As a support-type awakened ability user, he had trained in close combat under Eagle, Hawk, and Ethan long before his sister appeared. But that wasn't all—he had also honed his skills with long-range weapons.

Fortunately, Kisha had equipped him with a specialized longbow, one that wasn't just an ordinary weapon. This bow enhanced his precision and featured a locking function, allowing his shots to home in on targets like a missile once he released the arrow.

Positioning himself near the rear, Keith fired arrow after arrow without hesitation. The best part was that he never had to worry about running out of ammunition—his bow didn't require physical arrows.

Instead, it converted his spiritual energy into powerful projectiles, each one carrying immense force capable of piercing even a strong defense far more effectively than a traditional metal-tipped arrow.