

## Apocalypse 722

### Chapter 722 The Farm

"Don't stop. If you're tired, step back and let the others continue paving the way," Duke's voice rang out beside Kisha, pulling her from her momentary distraction.

Despite her lapse in focus, another part of her consciousness was still actively fighting outside using her telekinesis. She had long since mastered the art of multitasking—especially when the situation wasn't dire.

Meanwhile, Duke took command of the group behind them, issuing instructions through the walkie-talkie as they pushed forward. His priority was ensuring they lost the mutated snakes on their tail while eliminating any that got too close.

At the same time, Kisha sent out some of the Scarlet Bees to silently retrieve the mutated snakes' crystal cores, allowing them to collect these precious resources without needing to stop.

"Wifey, why don't you rest for a bit? This isn't a dangerous situation anymore," Duke said, giving Kisha an understanding look.

He had noticed how she slipped into her own world again, all while using her telekinesis to clear a path for them. He didn't want her to overwork herself, which was why he had taken command.

But Kisha simply chuckled and shook her head.

"No, it's because this is just a minor issue that it won't tire me out. Besides, we're almost at the designated place—I was just honing my consciousness," Kisha said with a shrug.

What she said was true. By multitasking, she could further sharpen her consciousness, which was good for manipulating her Telekinesis. In the past, fighting a level 0 mutated snake might have posed a real challenge, even making it difficult for them to pass through.

But now, after experiencing the recent zombie wave, most of the Winters' men—along with Kisha and Duke—found this situation far more manageable in comparison. They didn't panic; instead, they fought back steadily and efficiently.

The only ones truly struggling were the Winters' men who had remained in the hidden base with the Evans.

And worst of all, Melody kept screaming at the back of the truck, drawing even more mutated snakes toward them. Eliot and Elios were going nuts trying to shut her up, but even her mother's coaxing wasn't helping.

"Ah! There's a snake on the roof! Brother, kill that thing for me—Ahhh!" Melody shrieked, curling up beside her mother.

"Melody! Shut up! If you keep screaming like that, do you want to make sure every snake in the area comes after us?!" Ethan snapped, sliding open the small partition window from the driver's side to the back of the truck.

Only then did Melody clamp her hands over her mouth, her body trembling as she stifled a sob.

"Wuwuwu... Mom, brother is bullying me..." she whimpered, hiccupping between broken cries, but she refused to leave the safety of her mother's embrace.

"You shouldn't have come if you were going to act like this!" Ethan shouted again before slamming the partition shut.

Eric didn't stop Ethan from roaring at Melody because he knew he was right. The more she made a fuss, the more mutated snakes would be drawn to them.

While these creatures couldn't hear, their mutation had made them even more sensitive to vibrations. Their detection range had expanded significantly, and much like bats, they now used sonar to map their surroundings.

Right now, the snakes were only attacking the convoy because they had been startled out of their habitat, blindly slamming their bodies against the trucks. However, if given the chance, they would use their sonar impact—a powerful ability that could temporarily paralyze their prey's motor system, effectively stunning them.

Once immobilized, the snakes would take the opportunity to coil around their victims, strangling them to death before devouring them.

But that wasn't their only terrifying trait. These mutated snakes had evolved with deadly metal spikes protruding from their heads—sharp enough to kill a fully grown bull in a single strike.

With such lethal natural weapons, they didn't even need to rely on their sonar impact to take down prey; a single well-aimed slam was enough to do the job.

Although Melody's screaming and crying might not directly attract the mutated snakes, her hysterics were enough to disrupt the focus of the combatants.

Her incessant fussing irritated them and increased the risk of someone making a fatal mistake in battle. A single lapse in concentration could lead to casualties, something they couldn't afford in this situation.

Instead of dealing with her ear-piercing screams, which were as distracting as they were grating, the group would have much preferred if Melody simply kept quiet.

Ethan knew coaxing her wouldn't work, so scaring her into silence was his only real option—and, fortunately, it worked.

After Ethan snapped at her, Melody clamped her mouth shut, doing her best to suppress her sobs. She buried herself in her mother's embrace, trembling as she swallowed down her cries.

With the sudden silence, the tension in the truck eased slightly, and the group could refocus on fending off the mutated snakes without unnecessary distractions.

As soon as they escaped the encirclement of the mutated snakes, their truck was left riddled with holes from the impact of the creatures' metal-spiked heads. Fortunately, the mutated snakes were slower than the trucks and couldn't keep up once the convoy accelerated.

They sped through the dirt road, determined not to become sitting ducks in the open field surrounded by tall grass.

However, as they approached the farm, what they initially mistook for smoke from Dracon's group cooking a meal turned out to be something far worse. The entire area was engulfed in raging flames.

Only after getting a clearer view did they realize the thick, black smoke billowing from the direction of the farm was not from a harmless fire like a bonfire to keep the predators at bay—it was a disaster unfolding before their eyes.

"Hurry! Take cover!" Dracon urged his people as they battled the mutated snakes slithering in from the river. "Stay away from the water! They might drag you under!" he warned, noticing some of his people—mostly civilians—running dangerously close to the river in their frantic attempt to find shelter.

Not far from the chaos, Kisha's convoy came to an abrupt halt, their eyes widening at the carnage unfolding on the farm. The mutated snakes were wreaking havoc, turning the place into a bloodbath.

One mutated snake lunged, sinking its fangs into a man's head, ripping off his upper shoulder along with it in a single bite. The horrifying scene only worsened as the snake swallowed the chunk whole, then struck again, devouring the rest of the man's body before it even hit the ground.

All around, mutated snakes rampaged—some slithered erratically, slamming their metal-spiked heads like living battering rams, while others whipped their massive tails, cutting off any chance of escape and herding their prey toward certain death.

"Fuck! We're all gonna die here!" someone screamed in panic as he ran, only for his body to suddenly freeze mid-stride. It was as if an invisible force had seized him, locking every muscle in place.

His lips trembled, but no sound escaped. His eyes darted wildly, filled with terror, searching for help—until they landed on Dracon and the others hiding nearby.

Without hesitation, Dracon raised his shotgun. He didn't waste time with words. He sprinted toward the man, aimed, and fired a round straight into the mutated snake's eyes.