

Apocalypse 743

Chapter 743 Hawk's Ability

After setting up the traps, Dracon and his team led the civilians into a nearby building, ensuring all other exits were properly sealed to prevent zombies from infiltrating.

The civilians would be safe inside, hidden from the dangers outside, while Dracon and his team held the line. Abby stayed with the civilians, holding a walkie-talkie to maintain communication.

This way, they could stay in contact with the team outside, ensuring that everyone was on the same page and aware of what was happening both inside and outside the building.

With the plan now in motion, Dracon and his team of combatants set out to secure a defensible building. They chose a structure with limited entry points—just one main entrance—which would reduce the risk of zombies breaking in from multiple directions.

The building they selected had a sturdy gate and reinforced doors, essential for keeping the undead at bay while they cleared the surrounding area. It stood three stories tall, with a roof that could potentially serve as an evacuation point.

After a quick assessment, Dracon determined the structure—a former post office—was their best option. Its slightly larger size and solid layout made it ideal for both defense and temporary shelter. Leading his team inside, Dracon initiated a full sweep of the building.

They tested the durability of the gates and doors themselves, ensuring they weren't easily breached. Thankfully, they held firm.

Inside, the team encountered fewer than a dozen zombies, all dressed in work uniforms—likely former employees who had turned. Room by room, they cleared the area methodically, confirming there were no lingering threats before allowing the civilians inside.

Once the space was secured, they dragged the bodies out into the courtyard and piled them up to be dealt with later.

Abby and the rest of the civilians were directed to the second floor. Luckily, since the post office didn't have a basement, they didn't have to worry about zombies sneaking in from below.

Keeping everyone on the second floor added another layer of security; in case the first floor was breached, they could still retreat to the third floor and hold out until backup arrived.

To enhance their safety measures, they gave Abby a pair of binoculars so she could assist with lookout duty from the second floor. In addition, a sniper team was positioned nearby—one sharpshooter hidden on a rooftop with a partner covering his back.

From their vantage point, they could monitor most of the surrounding streets, significantly expanding their field of surveillance.

As for the streets that were in their blind spots—narrow alleys and tight corners—they rigged them with traps. Old appliances and tangled wires were stacked to form makeshift barriers, not only blocking access but also serving as early warning systems.

If anything or anyone disturbed the pile, the resulting noise would alert the team immediately. These blocked paths were also chosen intentionally, as they weren't part of the planned escape routes.

To avoid drawing unwanted attention, Hawk and Eagle implemented a strict "no firearms" policy. All team members, including the civilians under protection, were ordered to switch to cold weapons.

Guns were holstered, and instead, everyone was armed with tactical daggers or other silent alternatives. Dracon, hearing this for the first time, was initially skeptical—but he trusted his comrades' judgment and followed suit.

Since they were all highly trained in close combat, switching to tactical weapons wasn't a problem. Dracon and his team made the transition without complaint. Still, one of them couldn't help but voice the question lingering in everyone's mind.

"Do zombies really get attracted by sound?"

Eagle gave a simple, firm nod.

That was all it took. The entire team silently agreed—no unnecessary noise. They moved with precision, every step calculated to avoid alerting nearby threats.

However, their earlier route hadn't been entirely quiet. The rumble of their truck had stirred up nearby hordes. Zombies that had been lingering in the streets were now slowly trailing the noise, drawn toward their position.

The sniper watching from above picked up on the movement and quickly radioed in.

"One klick out. Three dozen incoming."

He adjusted his scope, his eye steady. Then, without hesitation, he pulled the trigger.

Bang! Bang!

Two muffled gunshots rang out in quick succession—sharp, but subdued thanks to the sniper's silencer. Two zombies dropped instantly.

"Be advised," the sniper's voice crackled through the radio, calm but edged with tension. "These ones are more agile than before. Keep your eyes peeled—don't get cocky."

He exhaled slowly, adjusting his aim again. If he hadn't been such a seasoned marksman, he might've missed. These zombies weren't like the sluggish ones they were used to. They were running now—fast, almost like regular people. The change had caught him off guard.

He knew if it surprised him, it could surprise the others too. And in this kind of situation, a moment's hesitation could cost a life. That's why he issued the warning—better shaken than bitten.

Sure enough, the moment his words came through, the rest of the team stiffened, expressions hardening with renewed focus.

But Hawk and Eagle's squad didn't even flinch. They'd already been briefed about the mutation by Sparrow and the others from HOPE Base, who had firsthand experience fighting one of the recent zombie waves.

While Dracon's team fought with the precision and discipline of seasoned veterans, only the rooftop snipers were permitted to use firearms for cover fire. Everyone on the ground was locked in brutal, close-quarters combat.

As soon as the wave of three dozen zombies came into view—just as the sniper had warned—Dracon's team readied for impact. But before they could even make a move, Hawk and Eagle exchanged a knowing glance, their lips curving into confident smiles.

This was their moment.

Without hesitation, Hawk stepped forward and summoned two blazing fireballs into his palms. With a motion as clean and practiced as a pitcher on the mound, he hurled one straight at the lead zombie, striking it square in the face. The impact instantly engulfed the creature's head in searing flames.

The zombie didn't scream—it couldn't—but the fire devoured it in seconds.

Hawk wasn't just any fire-type awakened ability user. His rare 'Gift: One With Fire' and 'Talent: Embody Fire' made his flames far deadlier than ordinary. His fire wasn't just hot—it was alive, volatile, and merciless.

Without pause, he let the second fireball loose and then waded straight into the fray, his body igniting like a walking inferno. His clothes didn't burn—only the air around him shimmered with heat.

Any zombie that got too close was incinerated on contact, either scorched by his touch or drawn to his living flame like moths to a bonfire—only to die before they could ever sink their teeth in.

Dracon, momentarily stunned by the display, paused with his team. He hadn't expected this kind of firepower. Hawk didn't just fight—he became the battlefield.

The most unbelievable part was that Hawk's flames seemed alive—as if they had a will of their own. They could distinguish friend from foe with eerie precision.

When an ally accidentally got too close, the fire around him would instantly lower its temperature, becoming nothing more than a comforting warmth. But if an enemy approached, the flames flared with lethal intent, scorching them into ash on contact.

It was a power that left many in awe—and more than a little envious.