

## **Apocalypse 744**

### Chapter 744 - Incoming

Not only was Hawk immune to cold and able to endure extreme temperatures without flinching when the weather spiked, but in the chaos of a zombie horde, he didn't even need to lift a finger.

He could simply stand at the center of the carnage, flames blazing around him like a divine barrier, and the undead would fall at his feet like flies—burning alive before they ever laid a hand on him.

Effortless. Unstoppable. Untouchable.

But the truth was—it wasn't as effortless as it looked.

Maintaining the flame that cloaked Hawk's body came at a steep cost. It devoured his spiritual energy like fuel, draining him rapidly. Keeping the lava armor ablaze was like burning through gas at full throttle, and with his limited reserves, he could only sustain it for about five minutes at most.

After that, he'd need at least an hour of rest just to recover enough spiritual energy to activate it again.

So, while the ability looked godlike, it came with very real limitations.

At the three-minute mark, with only a dozen zombies remaining, Hawk wisely extinguished his flames and switched to close combat. He pulled out his dagger and fought with precision, burying the blade into one zombie's head, one after another.

By his side, Eagle stepped up to support. His element was water—versatile for humans, but tricky to weaponize against the undead. Still, Eagle had trained relentlessly, unwilling to be sidelined or feel useless among his battle-hardened comrades.

Through rigorous practice, he mastered a technique: condensing water into high-pressure spikes that spun at blinding speed, their tips sharp as drills. When hurled, they pierced through zombie skulls with brutal efficiency.

Water may be shapeless, but in Eagle's hands, it became a deadly weapon—proof that he wasn't just decoration on the battlefield.

Especially when standing beside Hawk—who radiated the overwhelming presence of a destructive Fire God—Eagle couldn't help but feel the pressure. But thankfully, his water spikes proved to be just as lethal in their own right.

As one zombie charged toward them, Eagle hurled a condensed spike of spinning water. The high-pressure drill-like tip struck the zombie square in the forehead, boring a clean hole straight through its skull. The impact sent a burst of black, foul-smelling blood spraying out the back, leaving a grotesque trail of gore in its wake. It was a grim, stomach-turning sight—but effective.

Eagle conjured one water spike after another, hurling them with precision at the oncoming zombies. Each strike hit its mark, piercing skulls with brutal efficiency.

Meanwhile, Hawk moved through the battlefield like a blazing phantom, his dagger burying into heads with practiced ease, almost as if he were dancing through death itself.

Dracon and his team, aside from the sniper's two silent kills, hadn't even made a move. Compared to Hawk and Eagle, they looked almost like bystanders—silent, unmoving, conserving their strength. The rest of the Winters' men stood back as well, eyes sharp, hands ready but idle, as though they were simply observing the show.

But this wasn't about apathy. It was strategy.

They didn't know how long they'd need to hold the line, or what threats might come next. It would be reckless to expend all their energy now, only to be left defenseless later when real trouble arrived.

Bald Eagle had learned this the hard way—how unpredictable the apocalypse could be. The moment they let their guard down, chaos always struck.

Better to be cautious than careless. If they burned out too early, they risked collapsing their entire defense line—and that was simply unacceptable.

If their line of defense crumbled here, Kisha and the others would be trapped—pinned from both the front and the rear, which would be a dangerous and potentially deadly situation.

That's why, under Bald Eagle's firm insistence, only Hawk and Eagle were allowed to engage the approaching zombies. It gave the two a chance to let off some steam while the rest stayed alert, watching and monitoring the situation carefully.

Dracon and his team observed with wide eyes, still not fully accustomed to the surreal display of awakened abilities unfolding before them.

Meanwhile, farther ahead, Kisha and her group sprinted down a narrow road. A swarm of zombies—more than just a few dozen—kept closing in on them. Leading the charge, Kisha moved like a force of nature.

Her two daggers hovered around her, slicing through any zombie that came too close, each strike flashing like lightning.

But she deliberately left the remaining zombies for the others to handle. She didn't want them becoming complacent or relying on her to shield them from every threat.

This was a team effort, and she wanted to make sure everyone stayed sharp—on their toes, alert, and aware that survival depended on their own vigilance too.

The Winters and Aldens were positioned at the center of the formation, guarding the weaker members of the group. Even Melody and Mrs. Evans were running alongside them.

Melody looked like she was about to complain—as usual—but the moment she saw the wave of zombies charging at them, her voice caught in her throat. She was too terrified to speak. Her face had turned ghostly pale, and all she could do was cling to her mother, who was pulling her along as best she could.

Melody's knees threatened to buckle with every step, but she didn't dare fall. Deep down, she knew that if she collapsed, the zombies would pounce and rip her apart. That fear alone kept her going.

Even though her body was trembling and her legs were barely holding her weight, she pushed forward—regretting, with every fiber of her being, that she had ever agreed to come on this mission in the first place.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Kisha's dagger whizzed past, still slick with the foul black blood of a zombie. Bits of brain matter clung to the blade—it had just pierced clean through another zombie's skull.

When Melody caught sight of it, she nearly screamed, but instead she picked up her pace, panic driving her forward. Kisha smirked. She'd done it on purpose—flung the gore-covered blade just close enough to rattle Melody, hoping it would finally stop her from dragging her feet.

Soon, zombie carcasses began piling up along the narrow road. Duke moved in tandem, hurling sharp ice spikes with deadly precision, clearing a path as he led Keith and Grandpa Alden along the left flank. On the right, Kisha forged ahead with Ethan and the rest, her movements fluid and unrelenting as the group pressed on through the chaos.

"Young Madam, Master, an incoming zombie horde is approaching from the east—2 o'clock, approximately 500 meters out. Estimate: over a hundred targets. Please prepare for engagement," Sparrow's voice crackled through the radio clipped to Kisha's waist.

Kisha didn't flinch or break stride. She simply relayed the alert and let everyone ready themselves—both physically and mentally—for the confrontation.

Even Mrs. Winters sprang into action, summoning more of her thorny vines, which coiled around her arms like living octopus tentacles.

If a zombie came close, she could whip the vines with terrifying precision, either tearing heads clean from their necks or pulling the zombie's head from their body using two vines.

Each of her arms now wielded three agile, whip-like vines that moved as if they had minds of their own—stretching and snapping the moment danger drew near.