

Apocalypse 745

Chapter 745 I'll Protect You

Both Duke and Kisha felt a flicker of relief seeing Mrs. Winters prepare for battle. Though she had once lived the pampered life of a wealthy heiress and wife, she had long shed the role of a helpless bystander.

After being trapped in a basement in the western part of City B—with no way out and no one to rely on until Duke and Kisha arrived to rescue them—she had vowed to change.

Once she awakened her abilities, she took matters into her own hands. Quietly, without fanfare, she trained herself—learning the limits and rhythm of her powers until the vines became an extension of her body.

Now, conjuring those vines still demanded a heavy surge of spiritual energy upfront, but once summoned, they required only minimal effort to sustain. This made her a reliable and efficient combatant—one who no longer needed protection, but could stand on the frontlines.

But Mr. Winters wasn't weak either—far from it. Just like his son, he had trained in martial arts from a young age, as was expected of heirs from powerful families. As the only heir of the Winters during his time, he had been a prime target for kidnappers seeking ransom.

His father, having no other choice, ensured he learned how to defend himself. He was even sent to train with the military for a time, where he underwent rigorous exercises with the marines and completed several real missions.

It was no surprise, then, that he raised his son well. Duke grew up strong, capable, and disciplined—just like his father.

Now, Mr. Winters stood beside his wife, two daggers gripped firmly in his hands. He hadn't awakened any supernatural abilities yet, but he didn't let that bother him. Even without powers, he could still fight.

Normally, he and his wife would stay in the rear while the Winters' elite guards handled the threats. His only concern had always been protecting her.

But now that his wife had stepped onto the front lines, he had no intention of staying behind.

With a slightly awkward breath, he raised his dagger, then drove it upward—straight through the underside of the zombie's jaw, piercing into its brain. The creature convulsed once, then fell limp.

Mr. Winters pulled his blade free, the determination in his eyes sharpening.

If his wife was going to fight, then so was he.

"Honey, go back to the middle and stay with Dad," Mrs. Winters said firmly, positioning herself at the front center of the formation. She stood like a shield, protecting her husband, her father-in-law, and the Evans mother and daughter behind her.

But Mr. Winters frowned at her words.

"What? Do you think I'm getting too old to fight now?" he asked, raising a brow just before he delivered a powerful kick that sent a zombie flying. Without missing a beat, he followed up with a swift spin kick and a double strike, sending two more crashing backward.

Mrs. Winters didn't miss a beat either—her vines lashed out like living whips, catching the zombies mid-air. With a twist and pull, she ripped their heads clean off.

She glanced sideways at her husband, the corner of her mouth twitching upward in a small, knowing smile.

"Honey, don't overthink, I just don't want you to get tired." Mrs. Winters immediately defended herself, her back was still with Mr. Winters as they move forward little by little while attacking the incoming zombies.

"Honey, don't overthink it. I just didn't want you to get tired," Mrs. Winters said quickly in her defense. Her back was still close to Mr. Winters as the two of them moved forward, step by step, fending off the incoming horde of zombies with precise attacks.

"I understand, my love," Mr. Winters replied with a warm chuckle. "It's just... it's been a while since I've been in a fight like this, so I felt a bit rusty. But I just needed a moment to adjust and—"

He paused, then suddenly leapt into the air, clearly intending to make a point. He landed gracefully on the back of a zombie, plunged both daggers into its skull, and twisted them in one clean motion.

Before the corpse even hit the ground, he had already vaulted off, spinning mid-air with impressive agility. With his head pointed downward and feet kicked up, he stabbed two more zombies nearby before landing in a crouch.

"See?" he said, looking up at his wife with a boyish grin.

Mrs. Winters raised an eyebrow, the corner of her lips twitching into an amused smile. Her husband could really be childish sometimes.

'Like father, like son,' she thought, before turning her attention back to the fight and choosing to ignore his theatrics—for now.

Kisha stared in shock, eyes wide and mouth agape—wide enough to fit a duck's egg, if anyone asked. It was her first time seeing Mr. Winters in action. She had always thought of him as nothing more than a sharp, successful businessman. Fighting like that? That was the last thing she expected.

She turned to Duke in disbelief. He chuckled softly and ruffled her hair with a smile.

"My dad trained just like me," he said simply.

There was no need for Duke to go into detail—Mr. Winters' movements already spoke volumes. Despite some awkwardness and visible strain, it was clear he had been well-trained in his youth.

Though he was a lot older now and had to exert more effort, his muscle memory hadn't faded. The way he moved carried the unmistakable mark of a man who had spent time in the military, likely during his younger years in the marines.

The years may have added some stiffness, but they hadn't dulled his edge completely. His strength, his form—it all explained why Mr. Winters still kept a fit, muscular frame. His biceps and abs hadn't withered with age, and now, that dedication to maintaining his physique was proving invaluable.

And sure enough, after just ten minutes of intense fighting, Mr. Winters was already gasping for air, his body drenched in sweat. Without protest, he retreated to the back of the formation, falling in behind his wife and leaving the frontline to her.

"Honey, don't say I'm getting old—I can still perform just fine, and you know it," he said between heavy breaths. "It's just... I haven't fought like this in a while. I might've overused my strength a bit and drained my stamina too fast."

His words weren't entirely wrong. At his age, he was doing impressively well, especially for someone who hadn't seen real combat in years. It was only natural for him to tire quickly. The problem was, he'd gone all out from the start, using flashy, high-energy moves just to prove a point to his wife—that he wasn't old yet.

If only he had fought with more restraint, focusing on efficiency instead of style, maybe he wouldn't be struggling to catch his breath now.

Mrs. Winters let out a merry chuckle as she glanced at her winded husband, amusement dancing in her eyes. Without missing a beat, the six vines coiled around her arms shot forward, grabbing six zombies at once before violently yanking their heads clean off. She turned back to Mr. Winters and smiled teasingly.

"Don't worry, honey. I'll protect you now," she said warmly.