

Apocalypse 747

Chapter 747 When Everyone Work Together

But the Patriarch wasn't someone who gave up easily. As a seasoned businessman, he had weathered countless setbacks and challenges. With practiced precision, he fired his crossbow in rapid succession—each shot clean and calculated, taking down five zombies at a time. It moved with such efficiency that it resembled an automatic assault rifle.

The two old men exchanged a brief glance, silently acknowledging their unspoken competition. It might've looked childish to an outsider, but it fueled their determination, pushing them to fight harder and more actively.

Within just fifteen minutes, Kisha's team had broken through the encirclement of the zombie horde, cutting them down with brutal efficiency. Meanwhile, the Scarlet Bees worked silently in the aftermath, using their smallest forms to gather the crystal cores.

They deposited the collected cores into Kisha's pouch before resuming their positions, quietly scouting the area around the group to protect them from any sudden ambushes.

No one noticed the Scarlet Bees as they moved silently through the chaos, working efficiently in the shadows. Meanwhile, Kisha and the others sprinted toward the target location, already having covered more than 500 meters.

Suddenly, Tristan teleported to their side, his presence sharp and sudden. Without a word, he handed Kisha a pouch filled to the brim with crystal cores.

It was clear that he and Sparrow had been fiercely battling on the front lines, all while keeping tabs on the situation and ensuring Kisha stayed updated.

"Young Madam, we encountered a zombie horde about 100 meters away, and another wave of 200 to 300 zombies is approaching from the west at nine o'clock and the east at one o'clock," Tristan reported quickly. "Sparrow and I managed to thin their numbers, but it wasn't enough."

As soon as Kisha gave a firm nod, Tristan vanished into thin air once more.

Even before Kisha's team could catch their breath, the next wave of undead was already closing in.

Melody, who had yet to awaken her ability and had never experienced this level of physical strain before the apocalypse, was struggling to keep up. She panted heavily, her chest burning and her legs feeling like lead after the relentless cycle of fighting and sprinting.

Exhaustion weighed her down, and frustration boiled beneath the surface. Her eyes narrowed at Kisha, convinced this was deliberate—that Kisha was pushing her on purpose, knowing full well she was the only one in the group still unawakened.

But really, what could Kisha do? It wasn't like she could give Melody special treatment—not in the middle of a mission. The whole reason she brought her family out here was so they could experience the reality of life beyond the safety of their walls.

That meant facing hardship head-on. They needed to understand just how dangerous the outside world truly was.

There was no room for rest. If they stopped now, the zombies would catch up and surround them. They didn't have the luxury of staying in one place. They had to keep moving until they found a safe spot to breathe—if they ever even got that chance.

These harsh truths were necessary. Kisha believed that only by confronting them would her family learn to stay alert, to never let their guard down, and to always expect the unexpected.

That meant Kisha and the others didn't have time to babysit anyone. Everyone had to learn to stand on their own, no matter how difficult or dangerous it was. And so far, Kisha was genuinely proud—both her and Duke's family had clearly understood that point.

They were fighting their way through the zombie encirclement without leaning too heavily on her or Duke, pushing themselves with real grit.

Even Grandma Aldens, whose awakened ability was more support-oriented—similar to Kisha's 'One Body and Healing Dome skills'—made sure she wasn't a burden. Her awakened ability could dispel negative emotions and uplift morale, and thanks to that, the group was now fighting with fierce determination.

A healthy rivalry had even begun to blossom, especially between Grandpa Aldens and the Patriarch, who seemed to be silently competing with each other. It was almost childish—but it pushed them to fight harder, which helped the team overall.

And Grandma Aldens? She wasn't just sitting back. Despite refusing a special weapon from Kisha—insisting it would be wasted on her—she chose a good old spiked baseball bat instead.

Years of manual labor gave her more than enough strength. Her swings weren't just for show—each hit could crack a zombie's skull in one go, brain matter splattering across the ground.

It was messy and gruesome, but she still wore a smug smile, proudly showing off to her husband that she wasn't some idle old lady—she could hold her own just fine.

Of course, Keith and Grandpa Aldens were doing everything they could to make sure no zombies broke through their line of defense. But occasionally—only with Kisha's careful planning—she would allow a zombie to slip close to her grandma.

It wasn't recklessness; it was intentional. Kisha didn't want her grandmother to feel useless or like she was just being sheltered in the back. So, every now and then, she let her smash a few skulls, just to lift her spirits.

At first, Kisha had been worried. Her grandma was such a gentle soul—someone who used to apologize for stepping on a bug. She reminded Kisha of her past self. But seeing how much her grandmother had changed for the sake of her grandchildren—how fiercely she swung that bat—reassured Kisha deeply.

It made her proud. So, little by little, she allowed more zombies to approach her grandma's side, always under the careful watch of one or two Scarlet Bees to ensure her safety.

Surprisingly, even the Evans brothers were holding their own, skillfully fighting off zombies with nothing but daggers. Meanwhile, Keith was unleashing arrow after arrow, his spiritual projectiles filling the sky like a deadly rain.

He aimed high in a precise arc, deliberately using a parabolic shot—not just to increase his firing speed, but also to avoid accidentally hitting allies, even though his longbow had a target-lock feature that made such accidents unlikely.

Still, Keith preferred caution. After firing ten consecutive arrows skyward, the projectiles arced gracefully before raining down on the advancing zombies. Each arrow struck with precision, piercing clean through skulls—some embedding so deep they sank from the crown to the jaw—and the zombies crumpled with loud, wet thuds.

His grandfather, watching this display, could only click his tongue in annoyance. He had been saving those zombies to deal with himself, only for Keith to snipe them before they got close.

Picking up on his grandfather's frustration, Keith adjusted his aim, calculating his shots so that two or three zombies still made it through for the old man to handle.

Kisha couldn't help but chuckle at the sight. Her family really was acting like they were enjoying a day out rather than fighting for their lives.

Maybe it was thanks to her grandmother's newly awakened ability—one that stabilized their emotions—keeping fear and panic at bay. As a result, they weren't just fighting. They were learning to fight smart, think fast, and make every move count.

Duke wasn't just playing around either. Determined to spare Kisha from overexerting herself, he relentlessly unleashed his elemental abilities from above.

At first, the sight of his power—lightning raining down from the sky—left everyone in awe and even a little fearful. The sheer force of it was intimidating.

But after witnessing it more than a dozen times, the initial shock wore off, though their hearts still trembled with each strike.

Every bolt of lightning was devastating. A single strike could instantly reduce a zombie to a pile of charred bodies, almost turning into ashes. The air grew thick with the stench of burnt, decaying flesh, making it hard to breathe.

Smoke curled across the street in heavy waves. Even the elite Winters' men from the hidden base instinctively stepped back, afraid they might be caught in the blast radius of one of Duke's attacks.

When he wasn't using lightning, Duke hurled blazing fireballs at the swarming undead. But he didn't stop there. With three newly unlocked skills, he expanded his combat arsenal. One of them—Absolute Zone—gave him absolute control over the flow his enemies within a certain radius.

Inside that zone, everything slowed down, as if time itself bowed to his will. He could even rewind it by a few seconds, making it seem as though he could predict his enemies' actions before they happened.

While activating his Absolute Zone, Duke decided it was time to conserve his spiritual energy. He dismissed his elemental awakened abilities, knowing it would be a waste to keep using them when only a few hundred zombies remained—nothing he and Kisha couldn't handle. Besides, he had already made his point.

He'd shown off just enough to impress his in-laws, proving that he was powerful and more than capable of protecting Kisha. With that goal met, he transitioned to melee combat, just like Kisha preferred.

Gripping his spear tightly, Duke lunged forward. With a single horizontal swing, his spear sliced through six zombies in front of him as effortlessly as a hot knife through butter. Their decaying bodies crumpled to the ground before they even realized what hit them.

Then, with a fluid motion that looked straight out of a martial arts film, Duke readjusted his spear. He spun it around his arms and behind his back with practiced grace before driving it forward into a zombie's skull.

The combination of his raw strength and the spear's special 'Stab effect' caused the zombie's head to explode on impact—leaving nothing but the twitching body as it collapsed to the ground.

But Duke didn't even pause.