

Apocalypse 752

Chapter 752 Smart Way To Fight

"So, what do we do?" Tristan asked.

"We do nothing," Sparrow replied. "We wait for the others to arrive. From what I can see, that opening ahead is way too obvious—it's probably bait. They want us to let our guard down so they can hit us with a full-force ambush."

He squinted through his 'Hawk Eyesight', scanning every detail.

"And that evolved zombie with the long, oversized arms? I don't see it anymore. It might be hiding—or worse, it could be the one Young Madam mentioned. The one leading this whole bunch. We don't know. And if there are level 1 evolved zombies out there, there could be more hiding somewhere... or even stronger ones. Level 2. Maybe level 3."

Sparrow puffed out his chest a little, as if admiring his own tactical thinking. "Let's wait for Young Madam to decide. Whatever she says goes."

With that, he pulled out his walkie-talkie. Tristan just shook his head, already moving to set up the alarm system so they could hold their position and get some rest while waiting for the main group.

On Kisha's side, after hearing Sparrow's report, her brows furrowed. Zombies evolving quickly wasn't new—she had already faced a few intelligent ones before—but if what Sparrow said was true, then this one was dangerously smart. Too smart.

Setting up an ambush and deliberately luring them into a preferred location? That level of cunning was terrifying.

And Sparrow might be right—it could be hiding its real army elsewhere. Maybe the few level 1 evolved zombies they spotted were just bait, meant to lull their group into a false sense of confidence. Make them believe they could handle the situation... only to be crushed once the stronger, more dangerous ones emerged.

If they took that bait without realizing it, there might not be a way to retreat once the trap was sprung.

As Kisha and the main group steadily moved forward, her mind raced, strategizing how they would handle the tricky situation ahead.

Meanwhile, Hawk, Eagle, Dracon, and Bald Eagle's team was holding the rear, engaged in a fierce fight. A zombie horde had run straight into the wire traps they'd set up on the street.

The unsuspecting zombies were sliced into pieces as they charged forward, completely unaware of the deadly trap until it was too late. They were dead before they even realized what hit them.

"Hawk! Take the left flank! The wall of appliances was about to collapse, and the zombie horde behind that street was getting bigger! Deal with them before they draw in more!" Eagle shouted, hurling water spears into the advancing mass of zombies, pushing them back as they closed in.

Abby, keeping a sharp eye from the third floor, felt her anxiety grow. More and more zombies were streaming toward their location, as if something was drawing them in. It didn't look good.

"We're almost out of ammo up here!" the sniper reported through the radio, glancing at the nearly empty box of cartridges—only about ten rounds left. He had already fired off more than five dozen shots and was down to his last reserves.

Once those were gone, he wouldn't be able to provide any more support. To make matters worse, the zombies charging toward them were getting trickier.

They were faster now, moving with more agility. Even Eagle and Hawk were struggling to keep up. Sometimes, the zombies dodged Eagle's 'Water Spears' as they lunged forward, forcing Eagle to switch to close-quarters combat.

"Guys, relax a little..." Bald Eagle called out, grunting as he wrestled with a zombie that felt a bit stronger than usual. He grabbed its wrists, twisted, and threw it over his shoulder in one smooth motion. Without hesitation, he drove his dagger into its skull in quick succession. A sharp 'clink' rang out as the blade hit something hard.

He flicked his dagger, and a small, crystal-like core popped free, flying into the air. With a grin, Bald Eagle caught it midair.

"Yep. They've definitely gotten stronger and faster—maybe even a little smarter. Some of them don't charge straight into your blade anymore. They dodge. But hey... we're still smarter and quicker. It's getting harder, sure, but we just have to keep fighting and reinforce the barricades."

Eagle nodded and barked out commands, his voice sharp and firm. "If you're starting to feel exhausted, don't push it—fall back and help reinforce the barricades while you recover your strength. Those of you still full of energy and stamina, step up and take the front line! Rotate the moment you start to tire—we need to keep the pressure steady without burning out!"

"Yes, sir!" the Winters' men shouted in unison, immediately following Eagle's orders. Those who were panting and gasping for breath stepped back to catch their wind and began gathering appliances or any usable materials to reinforce the barricades.

Meanwhile, one of the Winters ducked into a nearby building in search of rope—but instead, he struck gold. Turns out, he had wandered into a small liquor store. His eyes lit up as he realized his unexpected luck.

"Sir! I found some liquor—we can make Molotovs!" one of the Winters shouted, holding up a box of bottles with a grin.

Both Eagle and Bald Eagle turned toward him, eyes lighting up. Bald Eagle smirked and added, "Good timing. I've got a lighter."

Eagle gave him a side-eye. "Why are you carrying a lighter?"

Bald Eagle just grinned wider, pulling out a skull-shaped lighter from his pocket. "Lighters have a ton of survival uses, you know. And hey, you never know when you'll find a good cigar. Gotta be ready for the important things in life."

"Thought so..." Eagle muttered half-heartedly as he hurled another 'Water Spear' at the incoming horde.

Almost on cue, the Winters' men scrambled to find cloth they could use to stuff into the liquor bottles. Molotovs might not match the intense fire essence of fire-type awakened ability users, but they were still effective.

If the flames could burn through zombie flesh—even without killing them outright—it would be enough. Burnt muscles meant slowed movement, and sluggish zombies were easier targets.

It was a smart way to conserve spiritual energy and keep their forces fighting longer without burning out.

Everyone moved quickly. Instead of building barricades, those resting at the rear shifted focus—stuffing strips of cloth into liquor bottles. To stretch their supply, they poured half of each bottle into an empty one, creating two Molotovs from a single bottle. Their steady hands and sharp reflexes allowed them to work fast—within moments, five Molotovs were ready.

They passed them to Bald Eagle, who wasted no time. He lit the wicks and hurled three in rapid succession toward the densest part of the horde. Flames erupted on impact, spreading fast as the fire clung to the undead, burning them down slowly and keeping the rest at bay.

As the flames engulfed the zombies, their muscles burned and stiffened, causing their bodies to curl unnaturally. Their movements slowed to a crawl, making them easy targets. Eagle took advantage of the opening, his aim sharp as he picked them off one by one—none of the burning undead could dodge anymore.

Those with awakened abilities switched tactics, conserving energy by pulling out their daggers. They lunged at the nearest burning zombies, finishing them off with quick, precise strikes.

The only downside? The stench. The reek of burning, decaying flesh filled the air, thick smoke rising and clinging to everything like a foul blanket.