

## Apocalypse 769

### Chapter 769 Team Work

"Hold on a little longer!" Hawk shouted to his team, his voice cutting through the chaos. He took a sharp, sudden turn and spun into a powerful roundhouse kick, sending a zombie flying into the wall.

The impact was strong enough to crack its ribs, but it wasn't enough to stop it—the creature staggered, groaning, and lunged toward him again. Without hesitation, Hawk seized the opening, lunging forward and driving his dagger straight into the zombie's skull.

Thud...

The corpse collapsed to the ground, but Hawk didn't waste a second. His sharp gaze locked onto his next target. He grabbed a nearby traffic sign, yanked it free, and slammed it down on another zombie's head.

With a swift jump, he kneed the zombie under the chin and simultaneously struck it with his elbow—crushing its skull between his knee and arm. The zombie dropped to the ground, dazed but still twitching. Without mercy, Hawk stomped down on its head, crushing it under his boot like a watermelon.

Just as Hawk was about to turn around, a spray of zombie's black blood splattered across his face. He froze, only then realizing that a zombie had managed to sneak up behind him, its jaws snapping inches from his neck.

Before he could react, Bald Eagle appeared out of nowhere, swinging an axe he had found near the emergency exit. The blade struck the zombie's skull with a sickening crack, burying deep into the side of its head.

The zombie dropped lifelessly to the ground, the axe still lodged in its skull. Planting his foot firmly on the zombie's head, Bald Eagle yanked the weapon free with a grunt. Hawk, still a little stunned, blinked through the blood covering his face and stared at Bald Eagle with a dazed, incredulous expression.

Bald Eagle only chuckled, clapped him firmly on the shoulder, and without missing a beat, turned back to the fray, hacking down another zombie with a wild, almost gleeful swing of his axe.

When another zombie crept up behind Hawk, its teeth bared and ready to bite, he reacted instinctively. Without even turning, he clenched his fist and drove his arm backward, slamming it into the zombie just above his shoulder.

The force of the blow sent the creature staggering. Only then did Hawk glance back, his face dark and thunderous as he drove his dagger straight into the zombie's skull.

After finishing it off, he immediately sprinted around, searching for something—anything—to wipe the blood off his face. His stomach churned, and he felt like he might lose all his lunch right there. As he wiped at his face, he couldn't help but shoot a resentful glare at Bald Eagle.

On the other side of the street, Eagle unleashed a flurry of three consecutive roundhouse kicks, sending three zombies flying backward. As they staggered, he didn't miss a beat—springing forward on his heels and driving his dagger into each of their skulls with ruthless precision.

Another zombie lunged at him from the side, but Eagle stayed fluid, ramming his elbow into the front of its neck. A nearby teammate, quick to catch the opening, plunged a blade into the back of the zombie's head, finishing it off.

Without pausing, Eagle swept his leg under another zombie, toppling it to the ground, where another teammate swiftly stabbed it through the skull.

With their seamless, coordinated movements, the team carved through the horde, killing more and more zombies in brutal close-quarters combat.

As the battle raged on, Eagle's radio crackled to life. "Roger, can anyone hear me? We're one click away from your coordinates. Be ready to move," Kisha's voice came through, steady and clear.

At her words, everyone perked up, energy returning to their tired bodies. They began inching toward the street where Kisha and the others were expected to arrive.

Those who had managed to recover some of their spiritual energy held off on using their abilities for now, conserving strength and sticking to close-quarters combat.

The snipers from the rooftop had also made their way down, taking up defensive positions near the post office where Abby and the civilians were sheltered, determined not to let a single zombie slip through.

Nearby, Dracon and his combat team held the line, covering Eagle and Hawk's flanks. Though none of them were superhuman, their skill in close combat was undeniable, and they fought with fierce determination, refusing to let the tide of zombies overwhelm them.

Although the zombies were now faster and stronger than before, Dracon and his team relied on their sharp reflexes and tight coordination to survive.

Unlike the superhumans, they had no awakened abilities to fall back on—their bodies were still bound by human limits. Going head-to-head with the zombies would only end one way: exhaustion, a fatal mistake, and becoming the monsters' next meal.

To prevent that, they focused on keeping the zombies at arm's length, staying just out of reach of their snapping jaws. Every movement was swift and calculated, aiming to kill before the threat could close in.

But without supernatural abilities to boost their strength, the fight took a heavy toll. Dracon's team was forced to fall back occasionally, catching their breath and regathering their strength before diving back into the fray.

Dracon refused to push his team to the point of exhaustion, knowing it would only lead to their deaths. He made sure they always had enough strength left to retreat and recover before jumping back into the fight.

They couldn't afford to be as reckless as the others—Winters' men, after all, had awakened abilities and a safety net: even if they were bitten, they could simply drink the blue vial to heal their wounds and be assured they wouldn't turn into zombies.

But for Dracon and his men, things were different. If they got bitten, even the vial of blue liquid wouldn't save them. It might heal their wounds, but by then the virus would already have invaded their bloodstream, dooming them to inevitable transformation.

The sudden, overwhelming infection wouldn't give their bodies time to adjust. No second chances—only death, or worse.

Now that they heard the main team was getting so close, everyone felt a surge of energy and pushed themselves to fight harder. They were panting, drenched in sweat, but they ignored the exhaustion, determined to keep swinging their weapons.

The two snipers were also doing a great job. When they arrived earlier, they had immediately dealt with the zombies that were banging on the post office gates, desperate to get inside.

Now, with their rifles and gear set aside, the snipers teamed up to handle any stray zombies that managed to slip past Eagle, Hawk, and Dracon's team.

Everyone had focused on maintaining the line of defense, which meant they couldn't always keep an eye on the post office. However, as they needed to hold their defensive positions, they couldn't spare anyone to address the scattered threats near the gate.

Fortunately, the post office had a sturdy gate and reinforced doors, buying them precious time. Now that the snipers were covering that gap, everyone felt a little more at ease, knowing the civilians inside were safe—for now.

"Oh! Oh! I see beautiful sister and the main team! They're almost on our street!" The radio crackled to life with Abby's excited voice. She was perched by the window, binoculars pressed to her face as she scanned the distance.