

## Apocalypse 173

### Chapter 173 How To

Now, she did not know if she should be saving the dog from the zombie or from the community it was meant to guard, which saw it as nothing more than a large piece of meat, Kisha sighed in frustration. She empathized with the people inside but also felt a surge of anger.

The dog valiantly shielded them from zombies, risking its life, yet instead of gratitude, the residents harbored thoughts of devouring it once it averted the danger. Perhaps they intended to sustain themselves a little longer by consuming their protector after the immediate threat passed. But would this truly prolong their survival? No.

Such an act would not only betray their guardian but also hasten their own demise. Instead of leveraging the dog's protection to form teams for supply runs or to seek refuge at a shelter, they opted to remain secluded in their homes, pinning their hopes on eventual rescue while contemplating consuming the dog as a last resort to stave off starvation.

Kisha grasped the harsh reality that in dire circumstances, people would resort to anything to survive, even considering the possibility of consuming the dog if absolutely necessary. However, she personally couldn't fathom the idea of killing a dog or cat for sustenance.

Her lingering affection for these creatures, once beloved pets in the world before the apocalypse, still held a place in her heart. Moreover, Kisha recognized the dog's bravery in defending the residents and its effectiveness in combatting the zombies.

She thought that she needed to help the dog ASAP. Otherwise, the dog wouldn't stand a chance against the evolved zombie that even superhumans struggle to combat.

Then Kisha fell into another trance and giggled to herself, prompting Duke to tilt his head to the side in curiosity. He couldn't decipher what Kisha was plotting, but her mischievous and happy expression hinted that she had something in mind.

Kisha resumed her survey of the area, carefully assessing potential entry and exit points for their rescue mission. Without Sparrow with them, they couldn't employ their usual tactic of baiting zombies away to clear a path. As she estimated the sheer number of zombies encircling the community, she realized there were thousands.

Her initial plan was to swiftly swoop in, grab the dog, and retreat, but upon closer inspection, the dog's immense size gave her pause—its paws alone seemed larger than her entire face.

"How do you think we should get to the center?" Kisha absentmindedly asked Duke, who was still watching the standoff between the mastiff and the evolved zombie, both sides locked in a tense stalemate while the regular zombie surrounding them was also posing the dog danger as it could be bitten anytime.

"Do you plan on taking that dog home?" Duke quipped, raising an eyebrow.

Kisha tilted her head, a wide grin spreading across her face. "Wouldn't it be better than staying here and waiting to die? We'd have a guard dog and a fluffy blanket when it gets cold," she playfully remarked, starting to seriously consider taking the dog with them.

Initially, her focus was solely on completing the hidden mission and rescuing the dog, but Duke's suggestion sparked a genuine attraction to the idea.

Besides, even if she saved the dog from the evolved zombie and the zombie horde and then left it here, judging by how the people looked at it, they would surely kill it. Kisha wasn't sure if the dog would retaliate or try to run away to save its life. It seemed much better to bring it home with them.

But the question remained: how? The dog seemed firmly dedicated to guarding this place, evident in its efforts to protect the entire area with its own body. It appeared impossible to persuade it to come along willingly, and forcing it was out of the question.

"Wait, bring it with them..." Kisha trailed off as she pondered this, then suddenly a light bulb seemed to switch on in her head, and she burst into laughter so hard it made her stomach ache.

"I think I have a solution on how we could bring that dog with us," Kisha said, almost forgetting the extent of what she could do because she was too focused on her awakened ability these days. She glanced towards the center again. "Could you help me open up a path from here?" she asked Duke, pointing toward the direction of the fountain.

She gestured for Duke to clear a path through the zombies so they could reach the dog more easily. Without hesitation, Duke nodded and began conjuring fireballs the size of Kisha's face. Normally, Level 0 fire ability users could only produce fireballs the size of a fist at best. Some could barely manage a small flame akin to a matchstick, with their abilities growing more potent as they leveled up.

Duke's fireball already rivaled that of a Level 2 superhuman, which left Kisha feeling bitter once again. His prowess served as a constant reminder of the stark contrast between him and normal humans like her, who possessed only average abilities.

"Host, show a bit more self-awareness and conscience. Considering you have a system, labeling yourself a normal human is inaccurate," 008 disdainfully remarked, then added, "With your stats alone, you've

already deemed a monster among Level 0s." Shrugging indifferently, 008 continued, "But comparisons are always painful.

Why measure yourself against the Tyrant Emperor, who was a monster among monsters?" Sensing Kisha's growing irritation, 008 promptly retreated to the far corner of her consciousness, leaving Kisha to huff in frustration.

She stopped dwelling on it and observed Duke, each hand conjuring a fireball that he hurled into the midst of the zombies below. The flames consumed the zombies as if they were living entities, actively devouring flesh and blood. The stench of burnt flesh filled the air, mingling with the rising black smoke.

Duke persisted, shooting fireballs in succession, creating a blazing path that cut through the zombies below, forming a corridor of flame.

As the other zombies stumbled into the flames, they were gradually engulfed, oblivious to the searing heat. Duke's onslaught didn't cease; after incinerating the zombies, he swiftly erected an ice wall to block their advance. He cast a glance at Kisha, silently signaling that he had cleared the path she had asked for.

Kisha nodded decisively and leaped from the tenth floor of the building. Mimicking her earlier maneuver, she utilized her flying dagger as a platform, leaping progressively until she reached the path Duke had forged. Swiftly, she sprinted towards the center where the evolved zombie and the massive dog remained locked in a tense standoff.

The two seemed oblivious to Kisha's approach and the chaos of the zombies encircling them, each unwilling to make a move that could spell their demise.

And it worked entirely in Kisha's favor. As she raced along the path Duke had cleared, the zombies pounding on the ice wall only fueled her urgency, pushing her to run faster before the barrier could be breached. Within moments, she closed the distance to the massive dog, just a few steps away. With a wave of her hand, she made the dog vanish from sight.

The evolved zombie, startled and confused, searched around frantically, unaware of where the dog had gone. Meanwhile, Kisha swiftly retraced her steps back the way she had come.

The ice wall began to crumble under the relentless assault of the increasingly frenzied zombies. It was at this moment that the evolved zombie finally noticed Kisha. It let out a furious shriek, enraged and convinced that Kisha was responsible for the dog's disappearance. In truth, it wasn't entirely wrong.