

Apocalypse 23

Chapter 23 Time to Practice

The two-hour-long drive felt like a decade for the people following behind Kisha's car. This hellish place is eating away at their mentality, every roar that resounded sent fear onto their soul that would hunt them every time they closed their eyes.

Kisha knew that everyone's reached their limit, they were hungry, and on constant high alert. She was like them the first time she had to travel outside. It wasn't as easy as they thought it would to adapt, they had to constantly fight the thought of whether to run away and hide or follow the group.

They had yet to adapt to the changes and were mentally exhausted from the continuous drive so she was prepared to stop for lunch.

However, no matter how unwilling they are to accept reality now, they don't have the luxury to slowly adjust, only those who have a great mentality to accept and adjust to their new reality would be able to live.

Seeing that there was only a small number of zombies around, Kisha pulled over to a gasoline station. Eric and Ethan also pulled over behind them, a little later, Eagle pulled over too, and was followed by the remaining car.

Before she unbuckles her seatbelt she signals to Duke. "Fill the tank. We'll just take a little stroll."

Keith who was stretching his back immediately perked up. "Stroll?! To where?!"

Kisha looked back and pointed her index finger on the window. Keith followed her finger as it pointed to the zombie that was crawling on the ground, dragging its almost severed body towards them.

"I'll watch you practice your moves."

"Sweet!" He pulled the tomahawk axe that was hanging on his waist. "I'll be able to use this cool baby!"

Kisha shook her head in resignation. She thought that he would be afraid because this would be their first time facing and killing zombies but it seemed her worries were for naught.

"Hold your horses, young man! Let me get off first before you swing that around. Tsk!" His grandfather grumbled.

Keith rubbed his nose in embarrassment, he didn't want to be a burden to his sister, and that's why he was so excited when he heard her say they were going to practice.

This is a valuable experience, he wanted to be as cool as his sister. He could still remember when she killed the zombie in the gasoline station yesterday. Her precise and swift attack was beautiful.

She has quick reflexes and keen senses, he at least can see and understand that, even though he is not a fighter himself. He had seen many such OP cases in Manhwa and anime, he had dreamed of being one and now an opportunity was laid in front of him.

Kisha could understand what's running in his head right now. "This brother of mine is really still a kid at heart." She chuckled.

"Alright! Grandpa, Grandma, and Keith, please don't leave my side, and don't try to go on your own."

The people are stepping out of their vehicles one by one, curious about what Kisha and the others are doing.

But of course, Melody didn't care about it, she jogged straight towards Duke who was filling the tank on the side.

"Sister, can I deal with that zombie?" Keith used his tomahawk axe to point at the crawling zombie from earlier.

"Don't be complacent just because it is immobile, it still poses danger. Be always vigilant, understand?!"

"Don't worry sister, I understand."

Only then did Kisha nod to give her consent.

Keith walked slowly behind the zombie, even before the zombie had the chance to crawl around, Keith had already swung his axe down without fear and hit the target, the round head split open like a watermelon. Thick black blood splatter a little on his hands and face. His lashes quiver a little as he smells the stench of decay.

Soon after, three zombies came, Kisha dealt with the two and left behind the slowest one.

Its right foot was twisted and a bone was sticking out of its flesh, and it had a cleaver knife stuck to its left shoulder blade. It has huge human skin stuck to its teeth, a big beer belly, and a few missing fingers, its white apron has turned black from the blood gushing from its wound. It must have turned not long ago.

The people behind Kisha suck a mouthful of air and held their breath because the zombie looked horrendous and they are out in the open. Afraid that they would be attacked.

Contrary to their fears Keith felt a surging energy in his body that he never felt before, he bolted beside the zombie and hacked its neck with his axe. But his strength is insufficient so his axe got stuck. Before he could pull his weapon, the zombie turned to face him and reached for him, he took a step back in a hurry but he accidentally fell on his butt.

Kisha made a move in the nick of time and cleanly cut off its arms. Grandpa followed and hacked its head cleanly with his machete bombardier.

Grandpa angrily pointed his machete to his grandson. "Your sister just said not to be complacent, and here you are attacking on your own?!"

Keith's neck shrinks in embarrassment. He admitted that he got carried away by his first kill and forgot his sister's reminder.

He looks down on his hands. "I'm sorry Grandpa and sister. It will not happen again."

"It better not, if there's a next time, we don't know if anyone can save you by then! Hmp!" He walked straight to his wife to coax her after the fright.

Keith slowly stood up, pulled his axe, and wiped it on the zombie's body to remove the blood.

Melody sneered as she watched and mumbled. "It's what you get for showing off."

Duke briefly glanced at her, before she could be elated by the attention she got. Duke walked away and went to stand beside Kisha. Eagle parked his car to refill the tank and ignored her, guarding both cars.

After Keith was reprimanded, he moved closely with his grandparents to take care of one zombie, Kisha was keeping watch and controlling the number.

The first one to get used to it was Grandpa as he has the foundation as a retired soldier. Followed by Grandma who has better agility than the two, of course, Keith performed well too as his agility was not far behind his Grandma.

With the one with experience, Grandpa did not forget to point out the best places to attack, how to take advantage of the situation, and how to fight effectively. Later on, the three got used to it, and their movements improved and became a little coordinated.

Seeing the result, Kisha was satisfied. Her eye caught a glimpse of Eric and his three brothers following their example and killing the zombies that go near their location.

They have good coordination, Ethan is leading them, teaching them, and pointing out their weakness and how to make up for them.

With only thirty minutes, they cleaned up the zombies in the perimeter.

Kisha offers a clean towel. "Keith, Grandma, Grandpa, great job. Let's eat lunch and continue on our way." Ethan and his brothers were jealous of Kisha's attentiveness to her adoptive family. But they can only look from afar.

The three nodded and Grandma went to the car to retrieve the lunch boxes she and her husband made early in the morning.

They choose a clean place inside the store to sit and eat. Others followed and looked for something to eat inside but the shelf was robbed clean. There must be people who have anticipated the importance of food supplies early on and went to stock up.

Everyone's spirit was dampened and some even regretted following outside. They thought that it was better to stay in the comfort of their home and wait for the government.

Melody looked at the white bread in her hand and then looked at the sumptuous lunch in front of Kisha. Eric saw what she was looking at so he passed her the peanut butter. "Make do with this first."

She nodded but her eyes never left the food on the other side. They're all famished, but they are all in a hurry to prepare their things and they don't have time to cook food, aside from Kisha's family who's well prepared, no one else could eat a proper meal.