

Apocalypse 296

Chapter 296 A Zombie's Status Window

But what could Duke do? He was so smitten with his wife that he wished he could keep her by his side all the time, ensuring she stayed in bed until she was utterly exhausted. However, he understood she had important tasks to handle.

So, he let it go, savoring the breakfast she had made for him and appreciating her efforts in making the breakfast, he felt like the food she made was the most delicious food he had ever eaten.

On Kisha's side, although she wasn't physically exhausted from running, she was drenched in sweat and panting heavily, her heart pounding as if she had narrowly escaped danger. She patted her chest a few times to calm herself, standing tall on top of the South Wall while the soldiers and gatekeepers watched her with admiration and curiosity.

The soldiers and gatekeepers were eagerly awaiting to see what Kisha would do next. Once she had managed to calm herself, Kisha looked down from the wall. The area was clear of zombies, thanks to the soldiers' diligent efforts to maintain the perimeter. However, the lack of immediate threats also indicated that their ammunition supplies were running low, a concern that needed addressing.

Everyone watched Kisha with a mix of amusement and anticipation, their eyes sparkling with admiration for her battle prowess. They were eager to see what she would do next. Before they could fully process her next move, Kisha had already leaped down from the wall, landing gracefully on the other side.

Everyone's hearts leaped into their throats as panic set in. "City Lord! Did you fall?!" the gatekeeper shouted, his voice laced with urgency. He frantically ordered the soldiers to open the gate, convinced that Kisha's leap was an accident rather than a deliberate action.

In his mind, he refused to believe she had jumped intentionally and instead convinced himself that she must have fallen while inspecting the perimeter.

Who would believe that she jumped down intentionally, especially when she was alone on the other side where danger lurks at every turn? The gatekeeper was terrified that a zombie horde might emerge suddenly and attack her. He was also worried about how he would explain this to the other leaders, particularly his commander, who followed the City Lord's orders.

He felt cold sweat bead on his forehead as the others hurriedly opened the gate.

"Don't open the gate!!!" Kisha shouted, her voice cutting through the loud creaking of the rusted metal gate, making her command clear despite the chaos.

"But—" The gatekeeper started to protest, still atop the wall and peering anxiously at Kisha. However, when she met his gaze with a stern expression, he instantly froze. Hesitation clouded his face, but Kisha's unwavering stare left him no choice.

He finally relented, instructing the soldiers to keep the gate closed but ensuring they remained on high alert, ready to protect Kisha who stood outside, surveying her surroundings.

"Don't fire unless I give the order!" Kisha shouted again, her voice cutting through the tension and startling the soldiers who were on high alert, their guns aimed in all directions. The command jolted them into not taking action, their expressions hardening with determination as they focused on Kisha.

Her shouting had attracted nearby zombies, causing a ripple of fear among the soldiers on the wall as they watched the approaching threat.

Instinctively, the soldiers raised their guns at the incoming horde of more than a dozen zombies. Despite Kisha's stern warning to hold their fire, they hesitated, their weapons still trained on the approaching threat. They kept their aim steady while remaining vigilant, their eyes darting between the advancing zombies and Kisha, who stood resolute outside the gate.

Their hands trembled with fear as they watched Kisha being surrounded by the advancing zombies, yet she stood her ground, calmly observing them. Unbeknownst to them, Kisha was quietly assessing the zombies' status windows, evaluating their threat level while remaining poised in the face of danger.

[Zombie (Normal Grade)]

Level 0 (Exp: 0/100)

Morality: Corrupted

Strength: 9

Stamina: Null

Defense: 8

Agility: 4

Mental Capacity: Null

Charm: Null

Leadership: Null

Skills: None

Description: A human infected by an ancient virus loses their brain function and rationality, leaving only their primal instincts. This transforms them into a relentless, ravenous beast driven by an insatiable hunger.

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Kisha examined the status window with a focused gaze. She realized that her ability extended beyond just humans and mutant animals; she could access the status windows of any entity infused with spiritual energy. This meant she could see and evaluate the attributes of a wide range of beings.

Kisha examined the status windows of other zombies and noticed that their stats were largely similar. The variations she saw seemed to be due to the loss of rationality; certain stats were nullified because the zombies lacked the mental capacity to utilize them effectively. For instance, their stamina appeared as null, but this was not because they lacked stamina.

Rather, their bodies didn't experience fatigue, allowing them to move almost endlessly. This indicated that the null value in their stamina stat was a reflection of their perpetual, tireless state rather than an actual absence of stamina.

After confirming that she could indeed see the zombies' status windows just like with any other entity, Kisha drew her katana from her inventory. The soldiers were taken aback, having assumed she had come unarmed. They hadn't realized she was carrying a weapon with her.

Kisha drew her small katana, leaving the soldiers on the wall puzzled. They wondered how she had concealed it under her clothes, but they quickly dismissed the thought. They were concerned that even considering such things might lead their Vice City Lord to think they were being improper, so they avoided speculating further.

As the zombies closed in on Kisha, she swiftly drew her katana. With a fluid motion, she struck the first zombie, severing its head before it even had a chance to react. Her katana continued its arc, slicing through the jaw of the next zombie, leaving only half of its face intact as it collapsed to the ground.

Kisha executed a spinning kick to the zombie lunging at her from behind, then followed through with a horizontal slash that cleanly severed its head. This was her first battle since leveling up, and she felt an exhilarating sense of lightness and speed she hadn't experienced before.

She perceived the zombies approaching in what felt like slow motion, their movements clear and deliberate. It was as if she had eyes in the back of her head, enabling her to anticipate the actions of the

zombies behind her. This heightened awareness allowed her to strategize effectively, choosing her targets with precision and seamlessly transitioning from one strike to the next.

Those watching from atop the wall were left speechless, their jaws practically dropping to the ground. They watched in awe as Kisha, seemingly enjoying the carnage, sliced through the zombies with ease. It was as if the undead were nothing more than butter beneath her katana, and her confident smile only added to the surreal spectacle.

Kisha moved with the fluid grace of flowing water, each motion seamless and purposeful. Her movements were a dance of precision, never wasting a single action. She deftly tripped a zombie, then drove her katana straight into its brain with unerring accuracy. Without missing a beat, she swiftly transitioned to her next target, skillfully avoiding any splatter of zombie blood that might mar her face.