

Apocalypse 298

Chapter 298 Zombie In The Medical Facility

Seeing this, Kisha couldn't help but smile. At least this time, they weren't as hopeless as she remembered. Lost in her thoughts, she realized she had already reached the medical facility. Upon entering, she noticed that the floor was barely visible, crowded with patients who were from the rooms sharing space with other patients who were surely not going to turn into zombies.

The rooms that were vacated had been filled with newcomers who had fallen ill just the night before.

The previous patients had yet to wake up, but Kisha guessed it was only a matter of time. She decided to check on the new arrivals who had come in after she left, assessing who might be at risk of turning into a zombie and who had a better chance of successfully awakening.

As the number of patients increased, the medical staff grew increasingly anxious about the possible outcomes. Even the hired help began to fidget nervously as the waiting dragged on. Meanwhile, the family members of those in the corridor were already weeping, as if the shadow of doom had settled over them.

Kisha could only sigh deeply, knowing she couldn't offer them any real comfort—her words would seem like hollow reassurances without proof that her arrangements were the best course of action. Despite their fear and dissatisfaction, no one dared to voice their concerns or protest. They were all desperate to cling to the smallest hope that their loved ones might survive and continue living.

Kisha continued her checks and noticed that many of the new arrivals possessed talents and gifts. After evaluating all the new patients, she instructed the head doctor to group those she selected into one room. This would free up space for the incoming patients, who might arrive at any moment.

Through this busy moment, they heard a sudden commotion erupted from a room not far away.

Roar!

Grrr...

The commotion alone told Kisha everything she needed to know; there was no need to investigate further. The zombie's guttural roar sent shockwaves through the medical facility, causing everyone nearby to freeze in terror before scattering in a frenzy. Panic-stricken screams ricocheted off the walls as people fled, their cries of fear mingling with the chaos.

Outside, those who heard the uproar wore grim expressions, understanding all too well what was unfolding inside.

Even without entering the facility, everyone knew that the frightened screams and chaos signaled one thing: a breach. Patrols stationed nearby, having heard the uproar, quickly took defensive positions outside the medical facility. Armed with daggers and guns, they stood ready, their focus fixed on the door, prepared for any zombies that might emerge.

Meanwhile, one of their team had already sprinted toward the square to call for additional backup.

The civilians outside quickly retreated a few meters, ensuring they remained in view of the unfolding chaos. Their curiosity was palpable, but they were wary of obstructing the warriors' efforts or becoming

the first to be bitten. If zombies did indeed emerge from the medical facility, they planned to flee at the first sign.

However, with nowhere safe to run, they were caught between fear and helplessness, anxiously waiting to see how the situation would develop.

As the helpers rushed outside, abandoning the remaining medical personnel and the few soldiers left behind, Kisha moved toward the source of the sound. She could still see some family members, tending to their loved ones, clutching their unconscious relatives protectively in their arms, too paralyzed by fear to move.

Kisha forced herself to look away from the terrified families as she approached a room where loud banging rattled the door. A soldier stationed nearby stood frozen, unsure whether to open the door, while the medical personnel had already backed away, fear etched on their faces.

Kisha stood outside the door, tense and listening to the deafening roars and the piercing sound of claws scratching against the wood. If they didn't act soon, the zombie would break through on its own. With a determined nod, Kisha signaled the soldier to open the door. She was already in position, ready to face the zombie that would undoubtedly charge at her the moment the door swung open.

The soldier approached the door, nerves fraying as his clammy hand gripped the doorknob, hesitating before opening it. He took a deep breath, glancing at Kisha and the others to ensure they were ready. Raising his free hand, he silently counted to three.

Gawrrrr!!!

Roar!!!

But just as he was about to turn the knob, a spine-chilling roar echoed from another room, freezing him in place.

Then another.

And another.

The silence within the medical facility was shattered as a symphony of zombie roars erupted, echoing through the halls. Those who were still conscious turned as pale as sheets, paralyzed by fear, unable to even whimper. The sheer terror overwhelmed some of the medical staff, causing their knees to buckle as they collapsed to the floor.

"W-we are do-done for!" One of the medical personnel murmured, her voice trembling with terror. Her lips pressed into a thin line, but they still quivered, and her eyes, wide and red with fear, darted to Kisha. Despite the overwhelming dread, she clung to the hope that Kisha might be their last beacon of light.

Rawrrr!

Argh!!!

Kisha scanned her surroundings, straining to hear as far as possible while manually using the system's radar since 008 was still upgrading. The red dots on the radar showed that all the infected were confined within specific rooms, and none had breached the hallway. Relieved by this, she allowed herself a small sigh as her tense muscles relaxed slightly.

"Don't panic!" Kisha's voice cut through the chaos like a wake-up call, snapping everyone back to reality. Even the soldiers, previously frozen in fear, regained their composure and turned to her, waiting for her next command."

"All soldiers, check each floor and every isolated area to ensure if one of them has turned into a zombie. Scan the hallways to confirm that no one there has transformed. Move carefully—if you notice anything suspicious, report back immediately without engaging!" Kisha's authoritative and commanding tone brooked no argument.

The soldiers nearby stiffened, straightened, and saluted before swiftly moving out to carry out her orders.

"It wasn't that they weren't scared, but their fear was overshadowed by their duty. They knew that if they didn't act, more lives would be at risk. They had become soldiers precisely to face such dire situations, and running away was never an option—they had been trained for this, and it was simply not in their vocabulary.

Without someone like Kisha to take charge and give them direction, they would have been running around like headless chickens. But now, with clear orders, they moved with purpose. The soldiers hurriedly checked the rooms with isolated patients and scanned the hallways filled with others, looking for any signs of convulsions or transformation as they moved swiftly from one area to the next.

Soon, the entire medical facility was engulfed by the deafening growls of zombies and the relentless banging on doors. Those waiting outside grew increasingly terrified as the sounds grew louder by the second. Their nerves frayed further with each passing moment, as no zombies had yet emerged.

This either meant that the creatures were too occupied feeding inside or that they were still contained within the facility.

After one soldier ran to the square for backup, those stationed outside were already drenched in sweat, their nerves stretched to the breaking point. They remained on high alert, not knowing when the zombies might burst out of the facility, a tension that tested their mental endurance to the extreme.

Kisha, on the other hand, grew increasingly calm as she cleared her mind of unnecessary thoughts. Stepping forward, she signaled to the soldier still gripping the doorknob. At her command, he nervously opened the door, quickly stepped aside, and used the door as a shield following Kisha's instructions.

As soon as the door opened, the zombie lunged out without hesitation, its claws extended and aimed directly at Kisha's neck. It seemed ready to grab her and sink its teeth into her the moment it made contact.

The soldier held his breath, body tense, as he watched the scene unfold. He wanted to reach out to Kisha, but everything happened so quickly that he didn't have time to react—he could only watch in fear. A medical staff member standing a few feet away from Kisha let out a scream, her eyes locked on the zombie. Frozen in terror, she could do nothing but shout.