

Apocalypse 299

Chapter 299 Clean Up

But before the zombie's claws could even touch Kisha, she swiftly drew her katana, slicing through its arms in one clean motion before severing its head. She then stepped aside, letting the zombie's body crash into the wall behind her, thick black blood spraying across the hallway and splattering onto some of the unconscious patients.

The sight of so much dark blood splattering everywhere caused one of the medical staff to scream again, her voice trembling with shock as some of the blood splattered onto her as well.

For a moment, it felt as if time stood still. Everyone's focus locked on Kisha as she, without a second's hesitation, decapitated the lunging zombie with a fluidity that seemed straight out of a movie. With the threat neutralized, Kisha calmly moved toward the next nearest room, her eyes fixed on the red dot visible on the system's radar.

Creak!

Bang!-

After just a few steps, she could already hear the menacing roar echoing from the next isolated room, followed by the sharp crack of bone and a loud crash reverberating from within the room.

Graaaahhhh!

The growls were angrier and louder than the one Kisha had just killed, reverberating through the corridor as something heavy banged against the door with increasing force. The door shuddered under the assault, sending dust and bits of dry cement cascading from the edges of the frame as if the zombie was determined to bring down the entire door by slamming its body against it.

The loud banging startled the nearest nurse, causing her to shriek in fear as she stared at the door, trembling in its frame. Kisha quickly gestured to the nearest soldier, signaling him to take his position behind the door. She indicated that, on the count of three, he should open the door, just as the previous soldier had done.

The soldier was visibly more nervous than the previous one, fully aware of how much stronger this zombie seemed compared to the one Kisha had just killed. While the first zombie was quicker, he reassured himself that Kisha managed it because of her superior speed. But this time, the sheer force behind the door made him doubt his ability to handle what was coming.

But what if this zombie was stronger than her? He glanced at Kisha with a hint of contemplation, wondering if he should offer to switch places with her. He knew he had the strength to handle it if he really focused, and the thought of stepping in crossed his mind.

But what could he do? Kisha wasn't flinching or stepping aside, clearly intent on handling the zombie herself when the door opened. It was evident she was determined to take it down on her own.

Now that the others had witnessed what happened earlier, they quickly learned their lesson and took a few more steps away from Kisha—not just to avoid being a hindrance, but because they lacked her agility to dodge the blood splatter.

The memory of the medical staff who was nearly knocked out after getting hit with the zombie's blood was still fresh in their minds, and none of them wanted to experience the same.

The smell was so overwhelming and nauseating that they wanted to avoid it at all costs.

The soldier behind the door steadied his breathing and signaled to Kisha that he was ready. Once she gave a slight nod, he began the countdown with his fingers. As his three fingers curled into a fist, he turned the knob and stepped back, using the door as a shield. The moment he opened it, the zombie, bracing itself for a body slam, was thrown toward Kisha.

The zombie had enough cunning mind to use its shoulder for a powerful body slam, forcing the door open. Its other arm hung limply by its side, clearly injured from the repeated impact. The loud crash Kisha had heard earlier must have resulted from the zombie shattering its own bones during its relentless assault on the door.

Grrr!

Roar!

When the zombie saw Kisha standing before it, it opened its mouth in a snarling roar as it lunged toward her. However, such an opponent was no longer a challenge for Kisha. With a swift sidestep, she swung her leg with precision, delivering a powerful kick that sent the zombie hurtling back into the room, as if she were hitting a home run with a bat.

With her enhanced strength, Kisha sent the zombie flying back into the room with a single powerful kick. She quickly drew a dagger and hurled it with precision. Thanks to her increased strength, the dagger drove deeply into the zombie's skull, embedding halfway into the wall behind it. The blade's hilt was barely visible, as it had fully penetrated the zombie's head.

The instant kill created a gruesome scene inside the room, with the zombie's black blood splattering the walls like spilled paint. The overpowering stench of the blood hit everyone's noses once more, causing many to gag, but Kisha remained unfazed. She simply moved on to her next location, undeterred by the chaos.

They repeated this process until they believed they had cleared all the isolated rooms of those who had failed their awakening. However, Kisha noticed one last red dot blinking at the end of the corridor. She proceeded with her usual method, ready to direct someone to open the door as she prepared to confront the final threat.

When she and the other soldier reached the end of the third floor, they were met with a disturbing sight: a pool of blood on the floor. Kisha's eyes widened as she took in the scene. The open door revealed a gruesome tableau: 3 to 5 bodies sprawled out, unconscious but severely wounded. Blood flowed from gaping wounds in their necks, throats, and bellies.

One victim had even been bitten on the nose, leaving exposed bone in the aftermath.

As Kisha prepared to engage, a man stepped in front of her and the others, wielding a metal bed leg as a makeshift weapon. He brandished it aggressively, trying to keep them at bay and prevent them from advancing closer.

"Don't you fucking dare touch my son!" the man screamed, his voice trembling with rage. When a soldier attempted to disarm him, the man swung the metal bed leg with brutal force. The soldier's arm was struck with a sickening crack, followed by a muffled scream of pain.

His arm twisted at an unnatural angle, with bone jutting out through the torn flesh. It was clear that the bone had snapped, the jagged end slicing through his skin. His hand now dangled limply, swaying like a flag on a flagpole.

The soldier gasped for breath as blood poured from his wound, his body convulsing uncontrollably. His eyes rolled back, signaling the onset of a heart failure brought on by the massive loss of blood.

Kisha signaled to the medical personnel to attend to the injured soldier and stem the bleeding before he lost too much blood. The medic quickly administered first aid, packing the cleanest cloth available into the soldier's wound. The soldier groaned in pain as the cloth was forcefully pressed into his arm, feeling as if he were being stuffed like a turkey.