

## Apocalypse 300

### Chapter 300 A Unique Zombie

Seeing the damage he had caused, the man became even more emboldened, brandishing the metal pole with newfound confidence while his so-called son continued feasting on the patient lying on the ground. Kisha felt a surge of irritation; those people were the *crème de la crème*, and she regretted leaving them so vulnerable. It was a mistake she couldn't afford to overlook.

She couldn't allow the zombie to keep feasting on more of those people. It had already devoured so many of the talents she treasured, and she was determined to stop it. Though she loathed to admit it, those who hadn't successfully awakened were likely to turn into zombies themselves due to the sudden increase of the virus in their bodies during the awakening process, a thought she despised.

This only heightened her frustration. The zombie was already feasting on its fifth victim, its eyes still roaming as if it intended to sample every helpless human lying on the floor, searching for the best flavor to satisfy its insatiable hunger.

"Did you open the door?" Kisha demanded, her voice dripping with menace as she glared at the man standing before her. Her eyes burned with fury, and the air around them seemed to chill as if her murderous aura had sucked the warmth from the room. The man trembled in fear, his knees threatening to give way, but he refused to back down, even if it meant facing death to protect his son.

The man took a deep breath before answering, his voice shaking. "Yeah, I did! You said they'd awaken superpowers—that he'd become a hero, not some fucking flesh-eating monster! This is your fucking fault, you bitch!" he screamed at Kisha, his eyes wild and bloodshot, like a man on the brink of madness.

"I told you, not everyone would succeed—some would still turn into zombies," Kisha replied, her voice steady and unflinching.

"Then why couldn't my son be a hero like the others? Why couldn't he just awaken?!" the man screamed, his voice shaking with anger as he pointed the pole at Kisha. Suddenly, a wild gleam sparked in his eyes, and he stared at her with renewed intensity. "Wait! Give my son that substance! You and your family turned out fine because of it, right?"

"Give it to me! I'll save him!" His grip tightened on the pole, swinging it more viciously, his red eyes blazing with desperation. Even the soldiers around him instinctively took a step back, unnerved by his frenzied demeanor.

He looked unhinged, like he wouldn't hesitate to attack or kill anyone in his path. Kisha, fed up with his ranting and fueled by her own anger, decided she had heard enough. With a swift motion, she used her telekinesis to hurl her dagger at lightning speed. The blade pierced through the left side of the man's head and exited through the right, leaving a large, gaping hole behind.

The speed and precision of Kisha's attack were so unexpected that the blood from the wound didn't even have time to splatter as if it was delayed by the shock. Before anyone could fully grasp what had happened, the man had already collapsed to the floor with a heavy 'thud,' the metal pole clattering loudly beside him with a sharp 'clang.'

As the man's body and the metal pole hit the floor, the zombie's attention was immediately drawn to Kisha. It instinctively turned its red, bulging eyes toward her, abruptly abandoning its meal and baring its teeth like a snarling dog.

Grrr!-

Grawrrrrh!

The zombie, whether driven by instinct or the remnants of its former self, seemed to recognize the dead man as its father. Its attention fixed entirely on Kisha, it stood and released an enraged growl from deep within its throat. Unlike other zombies with their pallid skin tinged with purple and greenish hues, this one's skin had a different, more unsettling appearance.

The zombie's skin was an unsettling, charred black, giving it an even more menacing appearance compared to ordinary zombies. Despite its loss of reasoning, its intimidating presence was undeniable. Kisha took a steadying breath, fully aware that she had become the zombie's new target.

It seemed the zombie retained some vestiges of rationality, as it continued to feed on the helpless victims on the floor, disregarding its father's frantic shouts. It only shifted its focus to Kisha after the father had died.

She was convinced that the zombie retained some semblance of its own mind, though this was almost impossible. Typically, only high-level zombies, like those near the zombie king, exhibited such human-like traits.

Kisha's eyes twitched, her eyelashes fluttering with nervous tension. She quickly opened the status window to examine the zombie's stats.

[Zombie (Unique Grade)]

Level 1 (Exp: 0/300)

Morality: Corrupted

Strength: 40

Stamina: Null

Defense: 50

Agility: 60

Mental Capacity: 30

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.

...

Kisha's eyes widened as she saw its stats. The zombie was even stronger than Zeus and nearly matched the stats of other superhumans after maximizing the Scalet Honey. She shuddered involuntarily. A Unique-grade zombie with such stats could wreak havoc in the base, potentially killing nearly everyone present.

Kisha felt her hands turn clammy as nervousness gripped her. Though it seemed like an eternity had passed from the moment the zombie reacted to its father's death to Kisha checking its status window, only seconds had actually gone by. The people around her were still trying to process the rapid sequence of events.

Before they could fully grasp the situation, Kisha had already dragged the dead man's body by the collar as if it were a weightless rag doll. The zombie lunged at her, and in the blink of an eye, Kisha and the zombie vanished from their sight. All they felt was a powerful gust of wind sweeping past them.

The moment Kisha dragged the dead man's body, she immediately took a quick step back, followed by another. The zombie's agility matched her own, and its claws slashed dangerously close to her head. Had she not moved swiftly, it could have been fatal. As she retreated, Kisha saw the zombie's extended claws nearly grazing her eyes, just a hair's breadth away from plunging into them.

The proximity of the zombie's claw to Kisha's eyes was starkly reflected in her gaze, but she remained unfazed. She continued to retreat down the hallway with unwavering determination.

Fortunately, Kisha made a split-second decision to drag the zombie's father's body, sensing that the creature was on the verge of causing chaos. Though she had become its new target, she realized it wouldn't hesitate to kill anyone in its path if she merely evaded its attacks.

Believing the zombie had little rationality left, she hoped that by holding onto the corpse of its father, it would become desperate and focus solely on her, trying to reclaim the body rather than attacking everyone indiscriminately.

Her strategy was to provoke the zombie into focusing solely on her, a risky gamble she had no choice but to take. If her plan failed, the zombie wouldn't just be enraged; it would likely slaughter everyone in its path—unconscious patients, medical staff, and soldiers alike.