

Apocalypse 301

Chapter 301 A Rational Zombie

As Kisha neared the end of the hallway, she was forced to make another split-second decision on which direction to turn. Yet, the deeper she found herself in trouble, the calmer she became. She had trained herself to react this way to stay alive for as long as possible, a survival instinct honed from her past lives.

This time, Kisha's instincts served her well. After retreating just a few steps while keeping her eyes on the zombie, she quickly realized that she had only a few more steps before she would hit the wall and be trapped. With the zombie's agility matching hers and its strength not far behind, Kisha knew that fighting head-on in a narrow space filled with people would be a death sentence.

Fortunately, they hadn't yet stepped on any of the patients lying on the floor, a thought that had been making her nervous the entire time.

But now, Kisha knew she couldn't afford any distractions—one slip and the zombie would kill her, especially now that it was in berserk mode. Summoning Bell, she quickly issued a mental command through their mind link. Bell responded instantly, using its razor-sharp forelegs to slice into the wall.

However, the wall was thicker than anticipated, and Bell's forelegs, though formidable, weren't long enough to cut all the way through. It could only manage to weaken the wall, leaving it vulnerable but still standing.

But Kisha didn't have time to wait for Bell to fully open the wall—she was already just two steps away from it. In a quick decision, she unsummoned Bell, sending it back to the space. She knew that Bell wouldn't stand a chance against this zombie and could easily be killed, a risk she wasn't willing to take.

As soon as Bell had done its part, she hid it away, preparing to face the next challenge on her own.

Kisha made a bold decision and steeled herself, then rammed her back into the weakened section of the wall where Bell had slashed with its sharp forelegs.

Gah!

Kisha felt the impact knock the breath from her lungs, her teeth clenched as she gripped the dead man even tighter. Her body crashed hard against the wall, but her increased defense absorbed most of the blow, while her enhanced strength allowed her to break through. Despite her defenses, pain shot through her back, and her lungs ached from the force of the collision.

But she couldn't afford to focus on the pain. The zombie seized the opportunity, swinging its claw at her just as she lost momentum from the crash. Fortunately, the wall gave way on her first attempt, causing the zombie's strike to miss by a narrow margin. Still, Kisha felt a sharp sting as its claw grazed her neck, drawing blood.

The wound wasn't deep, but it wasn't superficial either. Blood quickly soaked the fabric around her neck, staining her clothes. As Kisha burst through the wall, a loud, dull 'thud' echoed through the building, followed by the collapse of the wall. Dust and debris rained down from the third floor, shocking everyone who had been waiting outside.

Before they knew it, the wall had already collapsed, and a silhouette emerged from the debris, shrouded in dust. Alongside it, something stiff and flag-like dangled, followed by a dark, shadowy form.

When Kisha landed on the ground, a tingling sensation coursed from the soles of her feet up through her body to her scalp, briefly numbing her senses. Despite not being injured from the jump, the jarring impact still caused her pain, making her grit her teeth.

Her eyes remained locked on the zombie, which had landed just ten feet away from her, its furious gaze never wavering. The zombie made no immediate move, instead seemingly contemplating its next attack. It appeared to have realized that its speed and strength matched Kisha's, and charging head-on would offer it no advantage.

If that was indeed the case, Kisha knew she was in serious trouble. There was nothing more frightening than a zombie with the ability to think and act strategically. Such a zombie would not only possess physical strength superior to that of humans but would also eliminate the one advantage humans had: rationality.

As Kisha landed on the ground, the onlookers, shocked by the sight of her bloodied neck, tensed up visibly and gasped in astonishment. Fortunately, even without Kisha needing to instruct them, both civilians and warriors instinctively took a few steps back. They recognized that the zombie before Kisha was not only different in appearance but also in demeanor and strength.

They understood that any distraction at this moment could be disastrous, and they wisely chose to stay out of her way.

The onlookers could immediately sense the zombie's fury just by observing it. Kisha then held the dead man up in front of her, shaking the lifeless body slightly. It was only then that the crowd fully grasped what she was holding, and their fear intensified as they struggled to make sense of the unfolding situation.

Many wanted to flee the moment they realized what was happening, but the sheer presence of the zombie kept them rooted to the spot, leaving them frozen and unable to make a sound.

Kisha also noticed that the people were not dispersing and were becoming a hindrance, restricting her actions. It dawned on her that their paralysis was due to the overwhelming presence of the zombie, which had frightened them to the point where they were unable to move from their spots.

That's why she tried to keep the zombie's attention focused on her by reminding it of its dead father's corpse. As expected, seeing the corpse reignited the zombie's fury. It let out a menacing growl, its body tensing like a beast preparing to pounce.

Grrrr!

Grahhhh!!!

"Kisha!" Even without looking, she recognized the voice and felt her body stiffen in response. With the zombie's father now dead, Kisha feared that the creature, possessing a sliver of rationality, might target those close to her—like Duke, who was rushing toward her.

Kisha felt a shiver of dread at the thought. She hoped the zombie's rationality was merely a remnant of its brain function before the virus fully consumed it, and that its remaining humanity was nothing more than a fleeting, dying thought.

If the zombie retained even a shred of rationality, Kisha would be in serious trouble—and not just her, but Duke and anyone else the zombie might target next.

Kisha wanted to warn Duke and the others approaching her, but she struggled to mask her anxiety. She didn't want the zombie to sense her concern for anyone nearby, as she feared that if her suspicions were correct, the zombie would seek revenge on those she cared about.

Despite Duke's formidable strength and potential, she knew that with the zombie's stats, he could be easily overwhelmed, and she was determined to keep him—and everyone else—out of harm's way.

Instead of dwelling on her fear, Kisha flashed a defiant smirk and waved the zombie's father's corpse once more, reclaiming the zombie's attention that had momentarily shifted to Duke's call. As soon as she confirmed the zombie was focused on her again, she sprinted toward the northern side of the base, where there were fewer people around.