

## Apocalypse 340

Chapter 340 Back

As the zombie crumpled to the ground, Kisha didn't bother with her blade to finish it off; instead, she crushed its head under her boot, as if stomping on a watermelon. Blood splattered onto the ground and her shoes, but she didn't miss a beat. She leaped backward, twisting her body so her feet pointed skyward and her head hovered just above the zombie's head.

With her katana crossed in front of her chest, she began cleaving through the zombies below her. She landed gracefully in another area swarming with zombies, their hungry eyes locked on her as they reached out, waiting for her to fall.

Before she landed, she twisted her body once more and used a zombie's head as a stepping stone, kicking it away like a soccer ball. The force of her enhanced strength sent the zombie's head flying; her kick snapped its neck with a sickening crack, and the head smashed against the wall, exploding like a paintball upon impact.

Before the zombie's body even hit the ground, Kisha had already leaped toward a new target. She plunged her smaller katana into its head and then swung her longer katana to decapitate three more zombies that were climbing over the pile of fallen carcasses.

Swoosh!

Crashed!

Then, a zombie was hurled backward into a nearby car, smashing through the windshield and embedding its body into the glass. Moments later, a flash streaked past Kisha's vision like a speeding bullet.

Crack!

Sizzle!

When Kisha followed the flash, she saw a crackle of golden lightning and heard a sizzling sound. The Krato's Spear had pierced through the zombie's head, creating a gaping hole that obliterated its head and chest. The spear was half-buried in the ground, and the zombie's innards spilled out of its open stomach.

Despite the gruesome sight, the remains twitched slightly before settling into stillness, leaving a chaotic mess.

As Kisha held her katana, she mimed pulling something out of the ground from a distance. With a swift motion, she sliced through the zombie beside her while simultaneously using her telekinesis to yank Duke's spear free and send it soaring back to him. When their eyes met, Duke gave her a playful wink, as if he had anticipated her help in returning his spear.

Kisha rolled her eyes at Duke, knowing full well that he had deliberately thrown his spear to test the effects of 'Pierce' and the skill 'Stab.' The spear, a legendary-grade weapon, had delivered a devastating impact despite Duke's casual throw, as if he were tossing a stick. She couldn't help but wonder how much more destructive it could be if he put real effort into the throw or the stab.

Kisha felt like taking the spear for herself then, Duke felt a shiver on his back, as if understanding what Kisha was thinking, Duke turned around and slightly hid his spear from Kisha's view.

Kisha shook her head, bemused by Duke's actions, and resumed her relentless assault on the zombies surrounding her. Duke, in the meantime, wielded his spear with deadly precision, spinning it in a sweeping arc to decapitate three zombies in one smooth motion.

After exactly two and a half hours of fierce combat, Kisha and Duke had successfully eradicated nearly a thousand zombies that had threatened the group of survivors. With the immediate danger now behind them, Kisha instructed the remaining Scarlet Bees in her space that was left behind by Bell to continue producing Scarlet Honey to collect the crystal cores lying around.

She then moved closer to Duke, ready to regroup and assess their next steps.

Kisha approached Duke, who, though not panting, appeared slightly fatigued from the intense battle. He was a bit sweaty, but his exhaustion was evident. As Kisha drew nearer, she noticed the system notifications popping up continuously—her passive skill was actively aiding Duke in recovering his stamina.

As Kisha's hundreds of Scarlet Bees finished collecting all the crystal cores scattered from their battle, Duke, too, had fully recovered. The signs of fatigue had vanished from his face, and Kisha could clearly see the revitalized look in his expression once her passive skill ceased showing notifications.

Satisfied with her observations and the results of her experiment, Kisha and Duke made their way back to the base. Before departing, Kisha used her telekinesis to stack the zombie carcasses, and Duke ignited them with a fireball. Soon, a thick plume of black smoke rose into the sky, visible even from the base's walls.

Aston experienced a slight sense of relief upon seeing the black smoke. Hours had passed with the survivors brought by Vulture still waiting behind the medical tents while being examined by the medical staff. The lack of any sign of Kisha and Duke had been unsettling, but the sight of smoke billowing in the distance reassured them that the two were still alive.

Just as Vulture was about to send someone to help the survivors settle in, a soldier on top of the wall shouted, "They're back! They're back!" Vulture, momentarily distracted from his thoughts, felt a surge of relief. Even though he had no real concerns for Kisha and Duke's safety, especially with them together, he wanted to see them safe with his own eyes.

Almost everyone hurried to the top of the wall, where they saw Kisha and Duke walking side by side, seemingly leisurely strolling and chatting as if they were in a park.

Moments later, Duke and Kisha finally returned inside the wall. Concern and worry were evident on everyone's faces. As Vulture and Aston approached them, their heavy sighs of relief were palpable upon seeing that both were unharmed.

The tension had been mounting, particularly for Aston, who had been anxious after learning that nearly a thousand zombies had been pursuing the group of survivors that Kisha, Duke, and Vulture had rescued.

Although they witnessed Kisha's formidable strength with her awakened ability, they also saw the toll it took on her to use it continuously. With only the two of them and no external support, despite their strength, numerous potential risks loomed. Aston was troubled by all the worst-case scenarios that could arise.

Seeing them now, seemingly full of energy and playfully teasing each other without a trace of fatigue, Aston felt a wave of relief. However, despite their apparent vitality, they were covered in zombie goo and reeked of decay. Everyone struggled to keep their composure, noses twitching and eyes rolling back as they fought the urge to pass out from the stench.

Kisha and Duke, however, paid no mind to the smell. They knew all too well that in this apocalyptic era, they'd have to get used to the stench of decay, which would only become more pervasive over time. The smell carried on the wind was an inescapable part of their new reality, and they had little choice but to acclimate as quickly as possible.

Kisha and Duke headed to the medic tent to check on the survivors, who had just finished their examinations and were waiting to be processed and registered in the central hall. When the survivors saw Kisha and Duke in good health, they erupted into loud cries of relief. They had feared that Kisha and Duke had sacrificed themselves to ensure their safety.

Seeing them unharmed filled the survivors with immense gratitude and a sense of lightness, knowing that their rescuers had made it through safely.