

## **Apocalypse 522**

### Chapter 522 Different Way To Control Her Power

Doctor Shuveck took the lead in explaining.

Originally a Solar Physicist specializing in the study of solar energy, he brought his expertise to the project.

Paired with Engineer Steel, a seasoned Mechanical Engineer, the two formed a formidable team.

Together, they combined their knowledge and collaborated closely, often drawing on Duke's insights during the development process.

Duke had spent considerable time with them and their teams, poring over the blueprint and brainstorming solutions to the challenges they faced.

After countless hours of effort, their combined hard work was finally about to face its ultimate test.

Engineer Steel and Doctor Shuveck, both buzzing with excitement, huddled with their team around the program, double-checking every detail.

Their anticipation filled the air, but Kisha quietly stepped away, leaving them to their fervent preparations.

"Master! We're back!"

Bell's voice resonated through Kisha's mind via the mindlink, signaling their proximity to the base.

Without hesitation, Kisha sprinted toward the wall and leaped effortlessly to its top, her gaze scanning the horizon with eager anticipation.

Through the whipping wind and flying debris, she spotted faint silhouettes in the distance.

Even amidst the chaos, the rumbling engines grew steadily louder, and her sharp eyes picked out the dark forms of the convoy moving closer.

Her heartbeat quickened, matching the tempo of her growing excitement, and a smile crept onto her lips, unbidden but full of warmth and relief.

Since Kisha had already sent the soldiers guarding the wall back to their homes, the gate was left unguarded.

Aside from herself, no one else would open it, but she wasn't concerned.

As the trucks neared, the sound of zombies scrambling behind them grew louder, desperate to catch up and claim their prey.

With a focused thought, Kisha controlled the metal debris scattered around the area, letting it rain down on the zombies following the convoy.

She also turned her attention to the heavy gate, manipulating it with her telekinesis to open wide, allowing the convoy to enter the base safely.

While defending the entrance, Kisha ensured no zombie would get close.

The sky above the gate became a deadly rain of nails, metal scraps, signposts, and jagged debris.

Each piece fell with terrifying precision, impaling the zombies' skulls, causing them to drop like flies one after another.

Bell, perched comfortably on Duke's shoulder, didn't need to lift a finger.

The warriors, weary from the long journey, watched the carnage unfold in stunned silence, their eyes wide with awe at the sheer power of Kisha's control.

Even Duke stood motionless for a moment as he watch from the side mirror, taking in the terrifying beauty of the scene before him.

They couldn't help but feel that they had yet to witness the true extent of Kisha's power.

It was as if she hadn't been pushed to the point where she'd be forced to reveal all her capabilities.

Unlike Duke, who had already been driven to his limits on more than one occasion—one time, it nearly cost him his life.

Even so, Duke was growing stronger with each passing day, leaving everyone else in the dust.

His monstrous strength seemed unparalleled, and no one could compete with it.

This led the others to wonder: who, between the two of them, was truly stronger—the unstoppable Duke or his equally formidable wife?

"That's my wife," Duke murmured proudly, his usually cold, indifferent expression softening as a gentle, doting smile spread across his lips.

The warriors who had often witnessed this side of their Vice City Lord had long grown accustomed to it whenever Kisha was around. It no longer surprised them.

Meanwhile, their attention was fixed at the back of the convoy as they watched zombies fall one after another, unable to even get close to the perimeter.

Kisha, using her telekinesis, was systematically slaughtering them, her power raining death upon them with unrelenting precision.

But for Kisha, it wasn't enough. An inspiration sparked in her mind.

While the majority of her focus remained on controlling the debris to impale the zombies, a small part of her mind shifted to one particular zombie—the slowest one.

With concentrated focus, she reached into its body, visualizing the black blood coursing through its veins, following it up to the brain.

She could almost sense the brain's fluctuating rhythm, the delicate pulse of its energy.

And deep within that brain, she could feel the flickering light of the crystal core—pulsing like a battery, radiating its strange energy throughout the body.

As Kisha focused, her eyes began to glow a brilliant gold without her even realizing it.

She tilted her head, lost in the sensation, before her movements became resolute.

Just as she did, everyone had disembarked from the truck, and Duke was heading toward Kisha.

In that moment, all of Kisha's attacks ceased as her attention fixed solely on one zombie slowly approaching the still-open gate.

Duke leapt onto the wall where Kisha stood frozen.

"Master?" Bell called out through their mind link, but received no answer from Kisha.

It was as if something was blocking their connection, and Bell could feel the link growing fainter, unreachable.

Panic set in as Bell hovered anxiously around Kisha's head, desperately calling to her.

Kisha was so absorbed in her discovery that she didn't notice Duke standing beside her.

He reached out to shake her awake, but as his hand hovered over her, he froze.

The golden glow in her eyes caught his attention, and following her unblinking gaze, he saw her focused on a single zombie.

Though he couldn't tell what she was doing, he noticed more and more zombies closing in.

"Close the gate!" Duke barked, turning to his warriors.

The warriors, unsure of what was happening, assumed Kisha had suffered a backlash from overexertion, but didn't dwell on it.

Some rushed to the gate, while two superhumans stepped forward to push it closed.

The others conjured their abilities and sent bursts of energy through the cracks in the gate, striking the approaching zombies until, at last, the gate was securely shut.

Kisha remained focused on the zombie as Duke watched her from the side, still unsure of what was happening.

As she concentrated, she slowly raised her hand into the air and made a subtle gesture, as if strangling something.

Before Duke could grasp what she was doing, the zombie's head exploded.

Thud...

The lifeless body collapsed to the ground with a heavy thud.

Duke turned to see the headless zombie, its body drenched in black blood, with no trace of its crystal core.

The remnants of its brain matter lay scattered around, and the surrounding area was eerily silent.

A moment later, Kisha's golden eyes returned to their usual amber hue.

She slowly glanced down at her hands, still feeling the vivid sensation of what she had just done.

Closing her eyes, she clung to that sensation, not wanting to let it go.

She took a deep breath, attempting to understand and internalize the power she had just tapped into.

Duke wanted to ask Kisha what had just happened, but seeing her so deeply focused on internalizing the experience, he held his tongue.

He silently studied her, his intense gaze searching her face.

He knew whatever had occurred was tied to Kisha's awakened ability.

Clenching his fist, he couldn't ignore the growing realization that she was becoming stronger, faster than he could keep up with.

The thought lingered in his mind—if this continued, he wouldn't be the one protecting her.

Instead, he might always find himself relying on her strength. His resolve to grow stronger, to match her power, solidified in his heart.

As Kisha continued to reflect, she returned to the sensation she had experienced earlier, focusing once more on the intricate feelings that had surged through her.

When Kisha sensed the fluctuation of the zombie's crystal core, she focused intently on the feeling.

She could see the flickering lights of energy emanating from the core, traveling through the brain and spreading throughout the rest of the zombie's body.

Becoming more attuned to this sensation, she honed in on the core itself.

It was as if she could sense its very life force, and with a little effort, she could control its fate.

With a focused thought, she extended her arm, her mind reaching out toward the crystal core. It felt as though it were within her grasp.

When she tightened her mental grip along with her hand, the energy pulses from the core slowed, as though it were being strangled.

She applied more pressure, watching as cracks began to form on the crystal's surface.

Finally, with a burst of force, she crushed it, causing the core to explode. In an instant, the zombie's head exploded violently, as though a bomb had detonated from within.

Kisha was both surprised and exhilarated.

She had never imagined that telekinesis could be controlled in such a way.

It felt as though her invisible hands could reach out to anything, anywhere, and manipulate it as she wished—unstoppable by any defense.

Perhaps it was because her mental capacity had surpassed its previous limits, unlocking new possibilities she had never even dreamed of before.

With this newfound realization and the vivid sensation still fresh in her mind, Kisha decided to try again, focusing on a nearby zombie.

Duke watched quietly from the sidelines, not intervening in her practice.

Kisha repeated the process from before, but this time, her movements were quicker, more confident.

She knew she had to first establish a clear connection and visualize the zombie's body through her telekinesis.

Any abruptness could sever that connection, preventing her from replicating what she had just done.