

Apocalypse 602

Chapter 602 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 12

But the effort wasn't without its challenges.

The more Kisha killed, the greater the mound of zombie carcasses piled up beneath the wall, creating a grotesque mountain that the remaining zombies began using as stepping stones to scale the wall.

Kisha frowned as she watched the relentless tide of undead continue their approach.

Her eyes flicked to the evolved zombie's sinister smile, and it became clear to her—it had planned for this.

The more she killed, the more carcasses accumulated, and soon, the mound would rise high enough for the zombies to climb over the wall and slip past her defenses.

The evolved zombie wasn't concerned about the body count—it was counting on this very strategy.

But the evolved zombie wasn't stopping there.

While Kisha was preoccupied with the zombie horde scaling the wall, it began launching more zombies like cannonballs toward the base.

Each time a vine freed itself from a zombie, it quickly snaked out to grab another, hurling more zombies relentlessly toward the wall.

It seemed to be betting that, with Kisha's hands full dealing with the horde on the wall, she wouldn't be able to stop the barrage of zombies flying toward the base.

Soon, the base would descend into chaos as the zombie breach wreaked havoc inside, killing and devouring the survivors.

Just the thought of it made the evolved zombie's sinister smile widen, and it even seemed to be drooling, which sent a shudder of disgust down Kisha's body.

But when the zombies it hurled toward the base came flying at her, Kisha didn't hesitate.

She used the vehicle floating around her once again, sending it crashing into the zombies and knocking them back toward the evolved zombie. Each one slammed into the wall with a sickening thud.

The dull thud, accompanied by the sickening sound of flesh being squashed, echoed in the air around the evolved zombie.

When it turned slightly and saw its cannon fodder reduced to nothing, its attention snapped back to Kisha.

The evolved zombie's expression twisted with even more fury as its undead minions were sent back with such force that they didn't survive the impact.

Kisha couldn't really be blamed for that, though. Her strength was now over two thousand, so it wasn't surprising that she could send zombies flying and crush them against the wall.

In fact, if Kisha hadn't carefully controlled her strength, the zombies would have been obliterated on impact with the vehicle she controlled.

But Kisha didn't want that.

She made sure to carefully control her strength, ensuring the zombies were sent flying back toward the evolved zombie, where they would inevitably slam into the wall behind it and become embedded from the sheer force of impact.

She wasn't just trying to eliminate the threat—she was taunting the evolved zombie.

Though it was more intelligent than the typical zombies, it still wasn't as clever as a human, and its arrogance and territorial nature made it prone to anger.

It despised weak zombies, but what truly infuriated it was when things didn't go its way, like a child throwing a tantrum.

After all, these evolved zombies were just beginning to regain their intelligence, and it was clear their minds were still functioning like those of children.

That was why taunting the evolved zombie was so effective.

Without this tactic, the evolved zombie might never even try to get close to Kisha.

Perhaps it recognized Kisha as a formidable threat, which is why it had been attacking from a distance, never getting too close.

It could also still be assessing her strength while plotting to breach the base, ensuring chaos would erupt inside.

But Kisha wouldn't let that happen.

While she was focused on the zombies scaling the wall, she never lost track of the evolved zombie's actions.

The warriors and soldiers around her could see the tension, their concern evident, but they didn't stop their work.

They knew there was nothing they could do to help Kisha with this fight aside from trying their best.

They were even grateful to have Kisha on their side.

What she was doing alone—taking on the horde as if she were a one-woman army—was what a hundred people would be doing together.

Just watching her in action made them feel secure.

"Get them all!" Kisha roared, and in that moment, everyone felt their blood surge.

Adrenaline coursed through their veins, making them feel invincible, energized, and more powerful than ever before.

"Yeah!" Everyone shouted with renewed vigor, their attacks growing stronger.

Kisha just activated her 'Lion's Roar' skill, a powerful ability that would last for another twenty minutes.

With this, she could afford a brief moment of rest, allowing the warriors and soldiers to help thin out the zombie horde.

The more they killed, the fewer minions the evolved zombie would have at its disposal, leaving it with little choice but to face Kisha directly.

She was waiting for that moment—like a hunter poised to strike when its prey stepped into the trap—while still fending off the relentless waves of zombies.

When the pile of zombie carcasses below the wall reached halfway, it seemed as though the evolved zombie's plan was working.

It flashed another sinister, almost arrogant grin, as if it believed it had already won.

"That's why they say not to count your eggs before they hatch." Kisha murmured under her breath.

With a determined focus, she used the vehicle she controlled with her telekinesis to level the wall, smashing through the mound of zombie carcasses and flattening them as much as possible.

"Rarhhhh!"

"Roar!!!"

The evolved zombie let out an enraged roar, slamming its fists into the ground like a rampaging Hulk, its fury radiating from its body.

Kisha's eyes narrowed, a slight smile tugging at her lips as she watched it.

"Like I'd let you succeed that easily," she murmured, her tone dripping with amusement.

If this had been before, she might have struggled to keep up, fighting to protect the base with every ounce of effort.

But now, thanks to the stat boost, she felt stronger than ever. Not a trace of fatigue lingered in her, and she reveled in the rush of power.

"Woah! Our City Lord is truly formidable!" The warriors and soldiers exclaimed, watching in awe as Kisha flattened the mound of zombie carcasses, preventing the zombies from using them as stepping stones to scale the wall.

Now, the horde had to start over, and they had no doubt Kisha wouldn't let them succeed again without leveling the mound once more.

With that thought, the warriors and soldiers felt a surge of excitement, chuckling in relief.

It wasn't that they were lowering their guard, but the tension in their shoulders eased.

They no longer had to worry about the zombies reaching the wall with this tactic in play—only to see Kisha level the mound again, pushing the evolved zombie into a fit of rage, as if it might burst and die from sheer anger.

The evolved zombie leaned back and let out an earth-shaking roar, as if it was pouring all its strength into calling for reinforcements.

And sure enough, more and more zombies began emerging from within the city.

Kisha and the others felt the ground tremble beneath them, the unmistakable sound of marching echoing from miles away.

Another swarm of zombies poured out, rushing toward them. The evolved zombie had summoned backup, and Kisha's expression darkened as she realized what this meant.