

Apocalypse 748

Chapter 748 - Normal Evolved Zombie

His sharp eyes had already locked onto the next wave of zombies. He spun the spear once more around his arm to reposition it, stepped to the side with precision, and delivered a sweeping sideways strike. Then, with a powerful leap, he soared into the air and landed in the heart of the horde.

The ground shook with the impact of his descent. The force, combined with the wide arc of his spear, decapitated every zombie within a three-foot radius. Heads rolled. Bodies dropped. And Duke stood tall in the center—calm, calculating, and deadly.

Zombie blood splattered across Duke's body and arms, but he didn't stop. He charged forward like he was swatting flies, unfazed by the gore. Kisha, watching him, could only shake her head in mild exasperation.

While Duke relied on sheer brute strength, Kisha moved with lethal grace. Wielding both her long and short katanas, she danced through the horde with feline agility, decapitating zombies with swift, precise strikes.

She leapt from one position to another, slashing clean through skulls like an agile predator. When she launched herself into the air, both katanas swung in wide arcs, slicing through zombies on either side.

Some unfortunate zombies were left with grotesquely mangled heads—sliced into uneven, abstract shapes that tumbled to the ground in a bloody mess. By the time Kisha landed, a trail of corpses lay behind her.

Their contrasting fighting styles—Duke's raw power and Kisha's elegant ferocity—made the Winters' men from the hidden base finally understand what their comrades from HOPE Base meant. These two weren't just strong—they were walking one-man armies.

Assisting Kisha was her floating dagger, moving so fast it was nearly invisible. It zipped through the air like a phantom, faster than an arrow.

No one could track it with their eyes—all they saw were bodies dropping, heads bearing clean, gaping holes. Only the faint swoosh in the air betrayed its deadly path.

Even as Kisha's floating dagger continued cutting down zombies around her, she herself never stopped moving. She fought with unrelenting precision, slicing through the horde without pause.

Many of those fighting alongside her couldn't understand how her dagger moved so independently, unaware that Kisha had reached a level of mastery where she could split her consciousness and control it separately—without strain.

And also, thanks to the support of her skills: 'One Man Team, Healing Dome, One Body, and People's Heart'. These skills not only kept her energized but also extended their effects to her allies, allowing everyone to fight longer without fatigue.

Even Mr. Winters, who had been panting heavily earlier, found himself revitalized. Gritting his teeth, he rejoined the front lines once more, unwilling to be outshone by the younger generation—especially not in front of his wife.

With renewed momentum, everyone picked up their pace and pushed forward, cutting down the zombies in their path. Thanks to Kisha and Duke taking the lead and eliminating the majority of the horde, the rest of the group wasn't struggling to keep up.

In fact, they were all astonished by how tireless the couple seemed. Their energy hadn't waned in the slightest.

Many assumed it was the sight of Kisha and Duke fighting so fiercely that reignited their own fighting spirit. Fueled by adrenaline and determination, they pressed on without noticing their fatigue.

Before they could finish off the remaining 100 or so zombies, a report came through the radio from Sparrow that more zombies were incoming.

Fortunately, Eagle, Hawk, and the others were doing an excellent job holding the rear—there were no zombies flanking them from behind, giving the team some breathing room as they prepared for the next wave.

"Young Madam, there are more than a hundred zombies heading your way. This road we picked—it's like a funnel. There's just so many of them up ahead, it's like they're being drawn to something," Sparrow's voice crackled through the radio, making Kisha pause mid-movement. Her brow twitched slightly.

'Don't tell me... it's the Constellation or the system attracting the horde again?' she thought, her suspicion flaring.

But 008 quickly jumped in, its voice ringing indignantly in her head, unwilling to take the blame.

"Host, be reasonable! I'm on your side—I wouldn't make things harder for you. I have no reason to lure those zombies here! I want more system points, sure, but not your life. Hmph!" it huffed, as if pouting and crossing its arms.

"Then it must be the Constellation?" Kisha muttered under her breath, eyes narrowing.

As Kisha questioned 008, she swung her longer katana in a clean horizontal arc—only for it to come to a jarring stop as a zombie bit down on the blade.

'A normal evolved zombie,' she realized.

It had just enough intellect to resist her. Though it looked no different from the other normal zombies, its eyes glinted with a faint spark of awareness as it flailed its arms, reaching for her.

Kisha didn't give it the chance.

With a swift sidestep, she brought her shorter katana upward and stabbed it through the skull—entering from the right side and exiting through the left. As she pulled the blade free, the zombie's grip on her longer katana loosened.

She immediately pushed forward, adding force to her swing. The katana sliced cleanly through, catching two more zombies in its path and carving off half of their faces in one brutal stroke.

But Kisha wasn't the only one dealing with these so-called "normal" evolved zombies—Duke had just been ambushed by one leaping at him from behind.

Luckily, Duke had been hyper-aware of his surroundings. The moment the zombie lunged at his back—likely aiming to latch onto him and sink its teeth into his neck—he reacted swiftly. With a powerful thrust, he drove the back end of his spear over his shoulder and straight into the zombie's head.

A loud cracking sound echoed as the spear pierced through the skull and lodged itself deep. Thick, black blood trickled down the shaft, oozing slowly. Disgusted, Duke yanked the weapon free with a grunt, then forcefully slammed that same end against the ground to fling off the blood.

But those two normal evolved zombies weren't the only ones. More and more began flooding in, as if a dam had burst, unleashing a torrent of faster, smarter undead.

They surged toward Duke and Kisha—dozens of them—each more aggressive than the last. Among the wave were level 1 normal zombies at their peak, almost reaching level 2, making the battlefield even more dangerous than before.

Ding!

[New Mission Available!]

"Tsk! I knew it! This pattern again..." Kisha muttered under her breath, frustration flickering in her eyes. As she battled four level 1 zombies head-on, her floating dagger shot out like a flash, taking down two normal evolved zombies that had tried to flank her from both sides.

[Sudden Hidden Mission: SSS Class "Breaking Free"]

[Description:A sudden surge of powerful zombies has emerged from what's known as the Poison Jar—a deadly place where ordinary zombies were thrown together, forced to fight and devour one another to evolve.

This brutal evolution was orchestrated by a highly intelligent evolved zombie, whose awakened awareness allowed it to manipulate the others. Under its guidance, the strongest survivors were forged through cannibalistic battles. Now, the Poison Jar has been unsealed, releasing this newly formed elite horde into the world.

Their leader, the evolved zombie who initiated this twisted evolution, has ambitions of claiming this region as its new territory. It possesses the potential to become a Zombie King.

Mission Requirement: Break free from the encirclement and reach safety, or Eliminate all incoming zombies.

Mission Completion: 10,000 System Points and Profound Alchemy Manual

Mission Failure: Automatic failure of S-Class Mission: "Commander of a Thousand II"]