

Apocalypse 749

Chapter 749 - Facing A New Mission

"What is this, a reward after a slap?" Kisha muttered skeptically, eyeing the system panel in front of her. But then her eyes crinkled with amusement, a grin spreading across her face. "Well, if the rewards are this good, you can slap me a few more times. Ha ha ha!"

"Host, you seem to be in a suspiciously good mood. Did something catch your eye?" 008 asked with a hint of indignation, looking at her with an exaggeratedly skeptical expression. It had been bracing itself for another angry outburst—but instead, Kisha looked genuinely pleased about receiving the new mission.

After all, this mission meant more would surely follow, just like before... and that meant more preparations, more stress, and more battles. 008 could already feel the exhaustion creeping in on Kisha's behalf.

"Of course I'm happy!" Kisha grinned, barreling through the incoming zombies with ease, her blades flashing. "Not only do I get a new manual and learn a whole new set of skills without spending a single system point, but I also get to train my aura. This is the perfect stage to push it to its limits and see just how strong it is compared to relying only on my spiritual energy and mana!"

With each powerful strike, she cleared a path ahead, determined not to let their group get overrun.

Kisha took a deep breath as a soft golden glow began to envelop her weapons—both her long and short katana, as well as her floating daggers. The light shimmered like a divine aura, warm yet deadly.

When she swung her blade horizontally, it felt effortless—like slicing through butter with an impossibly sharp knife.

She barely needed to exert any strength, yet the zombies in front of her crumpled like paper.

"I... I never knew aura could be this powerful," Kisha murmured, awe in her voice.

Spinning like a whirlwind, her blades flashed in every direction. Zombies fell left and right, caught in her blind sweeps. Even the peak level-1 zombies couldn't get close to her—dropping one after another like flies under a golden storm.

Seeing Kisha surrounded by a golden light of energy and slicing through the horde like a goddess of war, Duke began to understand what was happening. He took a deep breath, steadied himself, and called upon his own aura.

A dark, almost black energy tinged with a violent edge began to flicker around him—not yet fully condensed, but enough to extend over his body and spear like a thin, protective veil.

Instantly, Duke felt the shift—his body grew lighter, more agile, and strength surged through his limbs like a flood. He swung his spear with newfound ease, and to his surprise, a sharp gust of wind exploded from the motion, blasting away the zombies rushing toward him.

Then he struck. In a blink, he was in front of a nearby zombie—so fast it didn't even register his presence. The moment his spear touched its flesh, it sliced through effortlessly, so smoothly that Duke barely felt the impact. There was a brief pause before the zombie's head slipped cleanly from its shoulders and hit the ground with a dull thud.

Duke raised an eyebrow before twisting midair in a sharp spin, his spear following in perfect sync. The motion created a whirlwind of deadly precision as the blade tore through the surrounding zombies, each strike releasing a burst of wind charged with the power of his aura. In one fluid motion, he cleared the area around him with ease.

Not far from him, Kisha—after experimenting with channeling her aura solely into her weapon—decided to take it a step further. She let her aura expand, allowing it to envelop her entire body.

Warmth surged through her, like being wrapped in a protective, blazing cloak. And just like Duke, every movement she made now radiated strength. Each swing of her katana was accompanied by a gust of wind, powerful enough to slice through the horde with little resistance.

The people behind them were stunned. They could hear and feel the force of the wind tearing through the battlefield. Watching Kisha and Duke advance—dealing with the wave of zombies almost effortlessly—left them speechless.

It no longer looked like a fight between humans and monsters. It was as if two war gods had descended, pushing forward as if the undead tide was nothing more than air.

The others could do little more than sprint after Kisha and Duke, doing their best to keep up as the two carved a path forward through the horde. In their hands, even the level 1 and evolved zombies looked fragile—like brittle shells collapsing under overwhelming force. None of the creatures could get close, let alone land a hit.

The group was so focused on pushing ahead that the task of collecting crystal cores was momentarily forgotten. Fortunately, the Scarlet Bees—previously assigned to handle crystal core retrieval—were already on the job, moving swiftly in the duo's wake to gather every fallen zombie's core with precision and efficiency.

However, since Kisha and Duke had only recently learned to harness their aura—and Kisha's aura was still at a mere 10 points—they quickly burned through it. With both their bodies and weapons covered in the aura, it only took two minutes for them to exhaust their reserves.

But that brief period was enough to carve a path through the horde. As soon as they sensed their aura running low, they stopped using it, mindful not to overextend and risk the kind of backlash they'd faced in the past.

Instead, they switched to their spiritual energy, covering their weapons and bodies with it.

Though spiritual energy wasn't as potent as aura in terms of physical power, it was still more than sufficient. And with the added advantage of having multiple energy sources at their disposal, they could switch between them as needed. Fortunately, Kisha's support skills were helping their aura recover steadily, allowing them to conserve their strength for the battles ahead.

"Everyone, stay close! These zombies aren't like the ones we fought earlier—there are evolved ones among them. Stay sharp and keep your eyes open!" Kisha called out from the front, her voice cutting through the chaos.

Ethan had already started carrying Melody on his back, knowing she could no longer keep up. He feared that if she tripped or faltered, it could drag them all down. In this moment, any lapse in attention could mean death.

Although Duke and Kisha seemed to have no trouble at all, it was clear to everyone that they were different—almost inhumanly strong. The rest of the group could feel the power radiating from them even from a distance. With the stakes higher than ever, the only option now was to stay close and follow behind, relying on their leaders to carve the way.

Without hesitation, Kisha and Duke pressed forward, their weapons slicing through the horde with relentless precision. Kisha took down one zombie after another, her movements fluid and deadly.

Meanwhile, Keith and the Patriarch, armed with long-range weapons, didn't miss a beat in providing support, picking off the weaker zombies that managed to slip past the front line. This allowed Kisha and Duke to focus on the more dangerous targets without worrying about the lesser threats.

Kisha, fully aware of the danger posed by the evolved zombies and peak-level 1 zombies, intentionally let the normal ones slip by. Her focus was solely on eliminating the strongest enemies in her path, knowing they were the ones most capable of overwhelming her people.