

## Apocalypse 755

### Chapter 755 Entering The Factory

Knowing what they were up against, Kisha could only make every preparation she could before stepping into the lion's den. She handed out more vials of black and blue liquid to everyone, ensuring their formation was tighter and more secure than ever.

Then, she activated every available buff they had—her skills 'Lion's Roar', 'One Body', and 'Survival of the Fittest' surged to life, layering over each other like a second skin of power.

She didn't forget her own passive skills either. The skill 'People's Heart' began radiating through the group, while 'One Man Team' silently activated in the background.

The moment it did, she felt her stats skyrocket—tenfold. A cold realization settled over her. 'The enemy ahead was strong. So strong, they'd triggered the full force of her most powerful passive buff—something only the previous zombie wave had ever done.'

That alone told her everything she needed to know: this battle was going to be just as brutal... if not worse.

She found herself hesitating—should she bring the entire team inside with her, or should she go in alone and clear the path first? The thought of facing the zombies on her own and taking the brunt of the danger gnawed at her, tempting her with the idea of sparing her people. But if she did that, what was the point of bringing them here in the first place?

The conflict tore at her. Her instincts screamed to protect them, but her reason reminded her that they were here for a reason—they were ready, they had trained, and they trusted her.

Still, she stood there, caught in a moment of silent contemplation, weighing lives against strategy, fear against duty.

At the final moment, Kisha made her decision—she would bring everyone with her. Leaving them behind might seem safer, but if danger came while she was away, they'd be defenseless.

Worse, if she encountered the potential zombie king and it did everything in its power to stop her from returning while sending its most powerful elite zombies, her people could fall into an even more dangerous trap. The risk was too great.

Kisha shook her head, forcing herself to calm her pounding heart. Then, with firm resolve, she spoke, her voice steady and commanding.

"Alright, everyone, we're going in. I need you to split into pairs. No matter how many zombies come at you, always have each other's backs. Fight together. If the enemy is too tough for your pair to handle, link up with another group—but never fight alone, and don't charge ahead on your own."

Her expression was grave, her eyes sharp and unwavering. The intensity in her gaze made everyone tense up, fear curling in their chests. But they nodded, swallowing the lump in their throats, ready to follow her into the unknown.

The Winters' men—those who had been with Kisha through thick and thin—felt a chill run down their spines as they watched her now.

Her serious demeanor, the sharpness in her eyes, and the commanding tone in her voice made it clear: whatever awaited them inside the factory was far more dangerous than they had anticipated.

Silently, they nodded in acknowledgment. No one dared to make light of the situation anymore. The tension in the air was suffocating, and each of them locked into focus, knowing one thing for sure—if they lost concentration even for a second, they might not live long enough to realize their mistake. Watching Kisha, it felt like even a moment's carelessness could cost them their heads.

"Understood, Young Madam," the Winters' men responded in unison before quickly grouping themselves in pairs. As expected, Vulture and Sparrow stood side by side. Tristan paired with the Patriarch, Mr. and Mrs. Winters stood together, followed by Grandma and Grandpa Alden, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Eliot and Elios, Ethan and Melody. One after another, everyone formed their pairs until the entire team was ready.

Once they were all in position, Kisha took the lead, guiding them toward the single opening that had been prepared for their entry.

Forcing their way in from another direction would only waste precious energy, and in the end, it would be futile. The zombie king had turned the entire factory into a fortified stronghold, with only one entrance left deliberately accessible.

As for the "walls" of this fortress—they weren't made of steel or stone, but of tightly packed zombies. Worse, elite evolved zombies lurked within the shadows, acting as the king's hidden guards.

And so, they forged ahead, cutting down the stray zombies scattered along the streets leading to the factory. When they finally reached the entrance, everyone acted as if they were unaware of the trap lying in wait. They fought with determined energy, feigning cluelessness while maintaining sharp focus.

They maintained the act to avoid alerting the enemy, knowing that if the enemy caught on, it might alter its trap and resort to a more unpredictable-and potentially deadlier—method than a straightforward ambush.

So rather than walking into danger, their goal was to turn the tables and spring a surprise attack of their own, catching the enemy off guard and seizing the advantage.

The moment they stepped inside, a wave of zombies surged toward them like a tidal wave. Positioned at the frontline, Kisha and Duke braced themselves for impact.

Without hesitation, Duke swung his spear in a wide horizontal arc, slicing through the advancing horde and taking down as many zombies as possible in a single sweep.

Beside him, Kisha summoned a storm of daggers that floated protectively around her before launching in all directions, piercing through the undead with lethal precision. She shielded not just herself but the entire front line, holding their formation strong.

Still, progress was slow—agonizingly slow. They weren't on the safety of the wall now, where they could choose their pace. Here, they were in the thick of it, face-to-face with the enemy, forced to fight tooth and nail for every single step forward. There was no option but to give it everything they had.

Kisha unleashed her 'Rainbow Cube' skill repeatedly, trapping dozens of zombies at once and crushing them into nothingness.

Those witnessing this ability for the first time were momentarily stunned, frozen in awe—until their teammates shoved them forward, snapping them back to focus. As more Rainbow Cubes materialized in rapid succession, Duke followed up with a devastating combo of 'Lightning Rain' and 'Fire Meteor,' striking back-to-back.

The explosive elemental onslaught thinned the horde significantly, allowing their team to reposition and regain composure.

With fewer enemies bearing down on them, the group could maintain their formation, focusing on manageable threats while Kisha and Duke handled the overwhelming numbers—leaving only the remnants for the rest to clean up.

Step by step, they pressed forward, undeterred by the relentless onslaught of zombies. Like lions charging through a jungle full of hyenas, their attacks were fierce and relentless.

Keith rained arrows down from above, thinning the zombie horde and clearing the path ahead. Then, an evolved zombie emerged from the crowd and ran towards Kisha as if it wanted to tackle her.

Without even needing to touch it, Kisha crushed its head with a single, lethal strike. Before it could even close the distance, its head exploded in a violent burst, the limp body sliding toward Kisha's feet.

Those witnessing the spectacle for the first time were left bewildered, but exhilarated. They felt an overwhelming surge of adrenaline, as if the sheer power of their team fueled their own strength. They fought harder, more fiercely than ever before.