

Apocalypse 756

Chapter 756 What Melody Realized

Whenever an evolved zombie emerged from the horde, Kisha would unleash her 'Telekinesis Sub: Energy Burst', causing their heads to explode before they even reached her.

It was highly effective—though it required more energy and concentration than her other skills. Still, it was the quickest way to deal with an evolved zombie without the need for a direct confrontation or wasting time fighting it one-on-one. Who said she couldn't play dirty now?

Pop! Pop! Pop!

With the evolved zombies out of the picture, thanks to Kisha's precise and efficient takedowns, the rest of the group found it significantly easier to deal with the remaining threats.

Though the higher-level zombies still had enhanced speed and strength, they were nothing compared to the evolved ones Kisha killed with a mere flick of her hand.

Her strategy allowed the team to advance more swiftly, gaining momentum as they pushed forward—two steps at a time instead of one.

As the battle wore on, the group gradually found their rhythm. What began as reactive defense soon transformed into a fluid dance of coordinated strikes. Fighting side by side, their movements grew instinctive—sharp, purposeful, and unified.

It was exactly what Kisha had hoped to cultivate: a team that fought not as individuals, but as a single, cohesive force.

Their unspoken synergy became their greatest strength. Without relying on words, they could sense when to cover for one another, when to press forward, and when to retreat.

This quiet understanding was essential—not just for survival, but for outsmarting the enemy. Even if the zombies grew more cunning, they would never be able to anticipate the seamless cooperation of a team that moved as one.

Roar!!!

A beastly roar echoed from deep within the factory—an unearthly shriek of rage, somewhere between a squeal and a guttural howl.

It rattled the air, raw and furious.

The potential zombie king was angry. It could likely sense that its elite minions were being slaughtered one after another, and its carefully laid plans were starting to unravel.

But instead of fear, the roar pulled a slow, knowing smile from Kisha.

'Good.'

It meant the zombie king was losing its patience. That it was beginning to fray at the edges. And that was exactly what she wanted. The more agitated it became, the more likely it was to abandon its defenses, break formation, and come after her directly. That was the plan. Draw it out. Force it to act on impulse.

'Let it come.'

Then Duke summoned an ice storm. He pressed his bloodstained hand to the ground, and a wave of frost exploded outward from his touch, spreading like wildfire across the earth. The chilling energy crawled up the legs of every zombie in its path, freezing them solid from the feet up. In seconds, they were statues—motionless, encased in shimmering ice.

And then—crack.

With a sharp snap, every frozen corpse shattered into a million glittering shards, collapsing to the ground like brittle glass.

Without pause, Duke unleashed the next wave of his elemental assault, wielding ice like a weapon of pure destruction. Beside him, Kisha's floating daggers spun through the air, precise and relentless, slicing clean through zombie skulls one after another. In their wake, they left only silence and a trail of mangled, lifeless bodies.

Kisha and Duke's deadly coordination on the front lines was nothing short of terrifying. Their synergy was so seamless, so devastating, that simply watching them fight sent a chill down Melody's spine.

Awe and fear warred inside her as she remembered all the times she had arrogantly provoked Kisha—again and again—without understanding the kind of power she had been toying with.

Now, seeing Kisha slaughter evolved zombies without even touching them, Melody felt a cold sweat run down her back. The realization hit hard: she had been taunting death itself, unaware that the grim reaper had been smiling at her all along.

She couldn't help but feel like a fool, a complete clown in the grand scheme of things. The joke had always been on her.

And yet, somehow, she was still alive—something she now considered both a miracle and an eerie stroke of luck, especially after witnessing how effortlessly those powerful zombies had been reduced to twitching corpses, never even getting close enough to lay a finger on Kisha.

Melody swallowed hard, seriously considering a change in how she acted toward Kisha. Sure, she had that lingering princess syndrome, but she wasn't completely stupid. Like her brothers, she'd been raised with rigorous training—etiquette, music, theory, a little bit of everything expected from a child of wealth.

And if there was one thing she'd learned, it was when to retreat and regroup.

She wasn't about to tempt death again.

Provoking Kisha now seemed like the fastest way to meet the grim reaper in person, or maybe Kisha was indeed the grim reaper itself. Honestly, she was so weak she probably couldn't even touch a single strand of Kisha's hair if she tried.

Feeling a chill run down her spine, Melody avoided Kisha's gaze entirely and turned her focus on the normal zombie staggering toward her. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she wiped them away quickly as Ethan fought in front of her, shielding her with his back.

Then, gritting her teeth, Melody grabbed a metal pole nearby and thrust it forward with all her might. The pole stabbed straight into the zombie's chest, halting its advance mid-step. Its arms flailed wildly, grasping at the air, but it couldn't get any closer.

With the zombie halted, it became much easier for Ethan to decapitate it cleanly. He glanced back at his pampered little sister—someone who'd never once lifted a finger in times of crisis—now standing with a weapon in her hands, no longer crying, but fighting back.

'Well, that was news.'

For a moment, he was tempted to make a sarcastic remark, but something about the look on her face stopped him. Instead, he simply said, "Good job."

It was the first time the two of them hadn't argued in the middle of chaos. For Melody, those two simple words lit a spark inside her. Ethan wasn't teasing or mocking—he had genuinely praised her. And that... felt new. It felt amazing.

A rare burst of motivation surged through her. Without needing to be told, she began assisting Ethan, actively holding zombies in place while he delivered the killing blows. For once, she wasn't dragging him down. She was helping. And it genuinely made things easier for Ethan too.