

## Apocalypse 758

### Chapter 758 - Making An Impression

As soon as Kisha heard the response she wanted, she pushed open the massive door, stepping inside with unwavering confidence. The moment the door creaked open, the sight that greeted them was an expansive room filled with large industrial machines—massive contraptions designed to mix chemicals before funneling them into enormous metal drums, which were then pushed to the back for storage and later distribution.

Though the zombies were out of sight, the overwhelming stench of decay hit them instantly. The foul, rotting odor carried on the breeze, choking the air as it swept into the room. It was so nauseating that several of the team members fought to hold back their stomachs, some barely managing to keep from vomiting on the spot.

They fought to hold it down, swallowing the bile that rose in their throats. Vulture, on the verge of losing control, had the bile already sitting at the back of his mouth.

His cheeks puffed as he struggled, but just as he was about to vomit, Sparrow slapped him sharply on the back. The force of the slap knocked the bile back down his throat instead of letting it out.

Vulture's eyes bulged in sheer disgust, his face twisted in revulsion. He couldn't believe what had just happened. His body tensed, his eyes burning with fury, and he growled, "I'm gonna kill you!" His jaw clenched so tightly that veins popped along the sides of his face.

Sparrow stared at him, completely dumbfounded. He had no idea why Vulture looked like a cat who'd just had its tail stepped on.

He had only tried to help by giving him a supportive tap on the back, because he, too, had been battling the urge to vomit from the overpowering stench.

He'd simply wanted a bit of comfort, but yeah, maybe he'd hit him a little harder than intended. Well, that was... supposed to be unintentional.

But instead of feeling guilty, the murderous glare in Vulture's eyes only made Sparrow feel amused. He hadn't meant to piss him off—at least, not completely—but now that he had, it only tempted him to mess with Vulture more.

Still, he held himself back. This wasn't the time or place—they were in the middle of a dangerous mission.

Oddly enough, that brief episode helped ease the tension in his chest. Sparrow exhaled quietly and shifted his focus, scanning the dimly lit factory interior. It didn't take much—just the slightest movement—to understand what they were walking into.

The pressure in the air was too obvious, thick and suffocating. They couldn't see the zombies yet, but the rotting stench was overwhelming, crawling into their noses and clinging to their skin.

Everyone knew—they were in there. The zombies were hiding, tucked away behind the massive industrial machines like cockroaches waiting to scurry out the moment the lights came on.

Kisha also noticed the movement on the map—each step she and her team took deeper into the building caused the red indicators to shift as well. The mass of red surrounding them wasn't static; it was

adjusting, moving in sync with them, as if trying to ensure they remained at the very center of the encirclement.

Maybe the zombies thought they were being clever, lurking in the shadows and silently closing in.

But with the overwhelming stench clinging to their rotting bodies, it was as if they were broadcasting their presence—loud and clear—even without showing their faces.

Kisha and her team continued pressing forward until they reached the center of the factory. Towering industrial machines loomed around them, forming a metallic maze. This wasn't their territory.

They were outnumbered, unfamiliar with the layout, and their enemies knew every corner of the place like the back of their hand. By all accounts, Kisha and her people should have been in a perilous position—nervous, cautious, maybe even afraid.

But instead, Kisha was smiling sweetly.

Duke, catching sight of that familiar expression, couldn't help but chuckle. That smile wasn't one of amusement—it was the calm before the storm, the telltale sign that Kisha was on a roll.

It meant she had something planned, something she was eager to unleash. And Duke knew from experience: when Kisha was smiling like that, it was only a matter of time before their enemies realized just how badly they had underestimated her.

Just as expected, the moment they reached the center of the factory, chaos erupted. Without warning, zombies began dropping from the tops of the industrial machines like a flood breaking through a dam.

They poured down in waves, raining upon Kisha's team with terrifying force.

Shock rippled through the group—especially the Winters' men and the Evans' from the hidden base. Horror etched itself across their faces as they stared up at the solid stream of undead descending from above. The sheer pressure of the ambush left them frozen in place, teetering on the edge of panic.

Then, Kisha's voice rang out like thunder.

"Let's get them all!" she roared, her voice cutting through the tension and snapping them out of their fear.

It was a war cry, a command, and a wake-up call all in one—and it ignited something fierce in their hearts.

[Lion's Roar Activated]

[Morale Rising by 30%]

[Healing Speed Increased by 50%]

[Stamina Recovery Increased by 45%]

[Spiritual Energy Recovery Increased by 50%]

[One Body Activated]

[Group Synergy Increased by 50%]

[Survival of the Fittest Activated]

[Survival Instinct Boosted by 20%]

[Healing Dome Activated]

[Healing and Rejuvenation in effect]

[People's Heart Activated]

[Energy Replenishment Increased by 20%]

[People's belief and respect: 30]

[People's belief and respect converted to energy recovery...]

A stream of notifications from Kisha's active and passive skills flooded her screen, so much so that she had to shift it to the side of her face, relying on her peripheral vision to keep track.

Her passive skills were activating automatically, giving power throughout the team—everyone around her felt their strength surge.

With Kisha and Duke leading the charge, the rest of the group quickly followed. But of course, Kisha knew better than to dive in without flair.

If she wanted to maintain morale and inspire unwavering respect, she had to make a powerful first move—one that would leave an impression.

After all, the stronger the belief in her from her people, the higher the value of her 'People's Heart skill', and with that came faster energy regeneration.

If she played it right, she'd have an endless stream of energy at her disposal.

With that thought in mind, Kisha closed her eyes and raised her hand.

In the next moment, the towering industrial machines surrounding them began to tremble—then groaned—and shattered apart with a deafening crash.

Creak!

Clang...

The bolts anchoring the industrial machines suddenly shot into the air with a sharp, metallic twang. One by one, the massive machines began to rise—levitating effortlessly, along with the zombies perched atop them.

Wide-eyed and slack-jawed, everyone on Kisha's team could only stare as the towering structures floated upward, defying gravity.

Before the zombies could even leap down, Kisha's telekinesis surged through the air—and in an instant, the machines twisted violently, folding in on themselves with a thunderous crunch.

Zombies and metal alike were crushed into a mangled heap of scrap, wiped out before they could even fight back.

[Evolved Zombie Kill + 2]

[High Level Evolved Zombie Kill + 3]