

Apocalypse 759

Chapter 759 - Fighting The Zombie King's Army

Once all the industrial machines had been reduced to scrap metal, Kisha compressed them into large, solid balls of steel and drew them closer with a swift motion.

Swoosh!

In the blink of an eye, she launched them in multiple directions like high-caliber bullets. The makeshift projectiles tore through the advancing zombies, obliterating the horde that had nearly reached her team. One clawed hand had been just a hair's breadth from Keith's eye—but before it could land, Kisha wiped them all out in a single, devastating strike.

Keith exhaled sharply, nerves frayed, but he had no time to catch his breath—another wave of zombies was already closing in.

"Don't get distracted now!" Kisha snapped, stretching her hand toward a distant industrial machine. Within seconds, the bolts securing it ripped free and whirled around her like angry wasps.

Wasting no time, Kisha hurled the massive machine into the swarm of regular zombies while shooting the bolts around like bullets.

The sheer weight and force flattened them on impact, grinding their bodies across the ground until all that remained was a trail of blood and gore—twisted limbs, crushed skulls, and meat paste smeared across the floor.

The sickening sight was too much.

"Oh god—that's disgusting!" Melody choked, her face pale as her stomach turned. Tears welled in her eyes as she doubled over and vomited on the spot, any trace of her usual ladylike composure completely gone.

"Thank you for the compliment," Kisha said with a faint smile.

Thanks to her heightened hearing, she caught Melody's gagging complaint from across the battlefield. Her eyes flicked in Melody's direction—just in time to see the girl doubling over and emptying her lunch all over the floor.

Kisha let out a smug smirk at the sight but didn't pause for long. With a flick of her hand, she seized control of another industrial machine nearby and sent it crashing through the remaining zombies, flattening them like roadkill.

Crank!

Just when Kisha thought things were starting to get easy—slaying waves of normal zombies and even the normal evolved ones like she was farming XP—the tide suddenly shifted.

As she moved to clear out another approaching horde, the industrial machine under her control suddenly halted. She tried to manipulate it, pushing with all her power, but it wouldn't budge. Her brows furrowed. 'What the hell happened?'

Then she looked up—and met a pair of unsettling, beady eyes staring straight at her. One eye bulged grotesquely larger than the other, and massive arms gripped the machine with bone-crushing strength. It held on like a steel vice, unmoving, unyielding.

Before she could finish scanning its stats—

Boom!

The creature hurled the industrial machine at her like it weighed nothing.

A moment of distraction—Kisha wasn't ready. She reached out, trying to regain control of the industrial machine hurtling toward her, but it was too fast. With no time left, she braced herself to take the hit barehanded.

Swoosh!

Clank!

In a flash, Duke appeared in front of her, his spear gleaming.

With one powerful slash, he sliced the incoming machine into smaller chunks, his aura crackling around the blade. Then, with a graceful twist of his wrist, he sent the fragments flying back like shrapnel toward the high-level evolved zombie.

The metal shards struck with force—but the creature didn't flinch. It stood there, letting the steel rain down on its flesh. Not a scratch.

Both Duke and Kisha furrowed their brows as Kisha focused on the zombie's stats window. Her eyes widened in disbelief.

"This can't be right..."

The numbers were overwhelming—this wasn't just any evolved zombie. It was in a completely different league. Without her buffs, she couldn't even dream of holding her ground against it, not even with Duke fighting beside her.

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[Evolved Zombie (Elite Grade)]

Level 6 (Exp: 0/25,000)

Morality: Corrupted

Strength: 1600

Stamina: Null

Defense: 1400

Agility: 50

Mental Capacity: 100

Abilities: Fortified Body

Charm: Null

Leadership: 20

Skills: Absolute Body

Description: A human infected by an ancient virus loses their brain function and rationality, leaving only their primal instincts. This transforms them into a relentless, ravenous beast driven by an insatiable hunger.

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"Duck!" Duke shouted, yanking Kisha down just in time. Simultaneously, he unleashed his 'Lightning Bolt', redirecting the massive industrial machine hurled at them by the elite evolved zombie. The projectile veered off course—but their team was right behind them.

Thankfully, Vulture reacted instantly. His body was instantly encased in thick earth armor as he stepped forward, bracing for impact. The machine crashed against him with a deafening clang.

A jolt of residual electricity from Duke's lightning bolt shot through his body, sending a tingling wave through his nerves. He staggered back two steps, momentarily weakened—but with a grunt, he regained his footing and hurled the machine aside with sheer strength.

"Master, Young Madam—don't worry about us! Just focus on your fight!" Vulture called out, pounding his chest with pride and conviction. "Sparrow and I will hold the line here!"

They had faced countless evolved zombies before. By now, they knew how to hold their ground—even if they couldn't always kill the enemy outright, they had mastered how to pin them down, keeping the chaos contained. Their job was simple but vital: stop the other evolved zombies from interfering, giving Kisha and Duke the space they needed to face off against the real threat.

Vulture's eyes narrowed as he looked ahead. 'This one... this zombie wasn't like the others.'

Kisha gave Vulture a grateful nod before snapping her gaze back to the elite evolved zombie before her. Its long, muscular arms now dragged along the ground, too massive to be lifted fully, forcing it to pull them across the ground as it moved.

Despite its grotesque form, its beady eyes locked onto Kisha with unnerving focus—eyes that didn't just look at her, but seemed to scrutinize her.

A chill crawled down her spine.

It wasn't just instinct or aggression—it was awareness. That had to be it. With a 'Mental Capacity' of 100, this zombie had likely developed a level of consciousness and cognitive ability comparable to mental-type awakened ability users. It wasn't just a monster anymore—it could think.

Kisha's breath caught. She realized then that earlier, when she had tried to reclaim control of the industrial machine, the reason she failed might not have been physical strength alone. Her buffed stats should've easily topped 3000—more than enough to overpower this elite evolved zombie. But this one had resisted her telekinesis.

It was likely deflecting her power mentally.

And that meant she wasn't just facing brute strength—she was facing an intelligent enemy.

Or was it because of its skill 'Absolute Body?' Did that Absolute Body skill mean that it could deflect all kinds of skills, including mental ones, and not just that it has strong defenses? Now Kisha was thinking as she tried to figure out how she would fight this monster, because if she couldn't figure it out, then she wouldn't be able to defeat it.

Kisha drew her long and short katanas from her inventory, positioning herself for the fight, her eyes locked on the elite evolved zombie ahead of her. Beside her, Duke stood with his spear at the ready, his gaze steady.

Unlike Kisha, he wasn't rushing into action; instead, he observed the zombie closely, as if studying its movements and assessing its next move. He was calculating, weighing whether he could face it head-on without issue.