

Apocalypse 760

Chapter 760 - Being Cunning

Instead of rushing in to attack the elite evolved zombie, Kisha decided to test her theory. She summoned her floating daggers, coating them with aura until they shimmered with energy. Without hesitation, she launched them forward, directing their flight like a swarm of bees zeroing in on their target.

Clank! Clank!

Slash!

The sound of metal meeting resistance echoed through the air as the daggers struck the zombie.

The clash of metal echoed sharply in the air, followed by the unsettling sound of flesh being torn. Kisha's eyes widened in shock—the elite evolved zombie had caught the floating daggers mid-air and crushed it in its palm like it was nothing more than a bundle of thin wires.

Thankfully, she had only used ordinary daggers for this test—if it had been her enhanced ones, she'd be heartbroken watching them crumble like paper.

But her theory was confirmed. The moment the zombie gripped the dagger, she felt her telekinetic control weaken significantly. Only faint traces of her influence remained, which explained why she had initially mistaken the zombie's strength as being far superior.

It wasn't just physical power—it was something deeper, something that could nullify mental control.

It wasn't that the zombie was physically stronger than her—though it certainly felt that way. The truth was, her control had weakened the moment it made contact, which could easily be mistaken for overwhelming strength.

Fortunately, since she had coated her floating dagger with aura, it still managed to injure the elite evolved zombie.

Even the zombie seemed confused. It stared at its palm in disbelief as it opened its hand, revealing a deep gash that nearly split it in half—bone visible through torn flesh. That one strike was enough to confirm Kisha's suspicion: the zombie's "Absolute Body" skill didn't grant it impenetrable defense.

Rather, it deflected or weakened external control and attacks, giving the illusion of invulnerability and immense power.

If she hadn't checked its status window, even Kisha might have been deceived.

'So what if you can disrupt my Telekinesis?' Kisha narrowed her eyes. 'If I can't beat you from a distance, then I'll take you down up close.'

With that thought, she gave Duke a sharp nod, followed by a series of quick hand signals to share her plan. Understanding her intent instantly, Duke shifted into position behind her.

In perfect sync, the two leaped forward—Kisha charging in front, Duke flanking from behind. Both of them cloaked their entire bodies and weapons with glowing layers of aura.

It wasn't just for offense—this aura would cushion any impact, reducing the damage from blows and shielding their internal organs from serious harm.

They were going all in.

Before they made another move, Duke plunged his spear into the ground and retrieved his 'Kratos Cloak' from his space ring. The elite evolved zombie remained eerily still, watching—waiting. Kisha, wasting no time, pulled out her own 'Erebus Cloak' and slipped it on. The cloaks shimmered faintly as their defenses spiked.

Kisha raised her hand and quickly signed a warning to Duke: "Be careful. Its offense and defense are off the charts. It could crush our skulls in one hit."

Duke nodded in understanding, then flashed her a cocky grin. He gripped his spear tightly, his eyes locked on the monster. He knew the enemy was powerful—insanely powerful. But instead of dread, Duke felt a wild surge of excitement.

His heart pounded, and a grin tugged at the corners of his lips. The rush of adrenaline coursed through him like lightning.

Still, he reined it in. This was Kisha's plan. He wasn't about to screw it up—not unless he wanted to see her really pissed.

"Ha!" Duke exhaled sharply, lowering his stance, muscles coiled like a spring ready to launch. His grip on the spear tightened with both hands, eyes locked on the elite evolved zombie.

But it didn't move.

Instead, it kept staring at its mangled hand—almost in disbelief that something so small had managed to injure it.

Then suddenly—

Rawrrrr!!!

The zombie let out a piercing shriek that shook the entire factory. The walls trembled, and every glass panel exploded outward in a violent burst. The sheer force of the sound was deafening.

Even Kisha, with her heightened senses, felt like her eardrums had been pierced. Blood trickled from her ears, and a sharp ringing screamed through her skull. She staggered slightly, clutching her head—but she wasn't alone. The others were equally disoriented, ears ringing, heads buzzing, some even falling to their knees under the pressure of the soundwave.

Luckily, Kisha and Duke, who were closest to the shriek, had already covered their bodies with aura. But since they had only recently begun training in aura control, their reserves were still limited.

With just 10 points for Duke and 13 for Kisha, the protection was barely enough. They managed to avoid serious internal injuries, but the impact still rattled them.

For Kisha, it was worse.

Her heightened senses, normally an asset, betrayed her now. The shriek hit her like a sonic boom, amplified in her ears, making them bleed from the sheer force of it. Still, aside from the bleeding, she remained on her feet, her expression sharp with focus.

She furrowed her brows, eyes narrowing as she locked onto the elite evolved zombie. 'It's pissed... really pissed.' A small, satisfied smile tugged at her lips. 'Good.'

That was her goal all along.

Even if this thing wasn't the potential Zombie King, it had something just as dangerous—awareness.

It could think.

That made it a likely royal guard to the zombie king, and that was terrifying enough. A zombie with sentience, brutal offense, and unbreakable defense?

A nightmare.

Kisha knew she couldn't overpower it with brute force—so she had to outsmart it. Provoke it. Make it act on rage instead of reason. Only then would she have a real chance.

That way, Kisha and Duke could coordinate their attacks and treat the elite evolved zombie like any other high-level threat—something they could eventually defeat. But if it started thinking strategically, if it fought with cunning rather than brute force, then they would be in serious trouble.

No amount of buffs or newfound strength could guarantee their safety against a thinking opponent.

They had to be careful. No matter how powerful they felt, underestimating this monster could cost them everything.

But then, Kisha smiled again. She had been using her aura sparingly, forgetting that she was currently under a buff. Her usual 13 points in aura had skyrocketed to 130—meaning she could finally afford to use it more freely. While the quality of her aura still wasn't at its peak, it was now strong enough to make a difference.

Before the elite evolved zombie could lunge at her, Kisha increased the flow of aura throughout her body. The soft golden glow surrounding her became more vibrant, radiating from her skin and coating her weapon.

Duke squinted, a flicker of envy in his eyes, but he understood his own limits and didn't attempt to mimic her.

As if recognizing the one who had injured it, the elite evolved zombie roared and lunged straight at Kisha. But this time—Kisha was ready.

She smirked, then leapt into the air to meet the elite evolved zombie mid-flight, her short and long katana drawn and ready to slice through it. But the elite zombie seemed to recognize the danger—its beady eyes fixed on her weapons. With a sudden jerk, it tore a massive pipe from the industrial machine and swung it like a whip.