

## **Apocalypse 761**

### Chapter 761 - Tag Team

The metal crashed into Kisha's side before she could fully evade. She managed to raise her arm to shield herself, but the impact was brutal, sending her flying across the factory room.

"WIFEY!!!" Duke roared, his voice cracking with fury as a cloud of dust exploded where Kisha hit the ground.

The deafening crash snapped everyone's attention toward them. Without hesitation, Duke launched himself at the elite evolved zombie, spear in hand. The creature lashed out with its elongated arms like whips, aiming to strike him mid-air. But Duke had been watching—he knew how it moved.

Instinct took over.

He twisted mid-leap, narrowly dodging the blow as the zombie's arm sliced past his face. With a powerful flip, Duke turned his body in the air, and the moment the opening revealed itself, he swung his spear like a baseball bat—slamming it into the creature's exposed side.

The elite zombie was sent flying.

"That's payback!" Duke growled as he landed, wasting no time before rushing back toward Kisha, his heart pounding with dread.

As the dust settled around Kisha, Duke's heart skipped a beat—only to find her standing tall, completely unharmed. She rolled her shoulders casually, testing for any soreness, then broke into a bright smile. Not even a scratch.

Thanks to her aura, she felt unstoppable.

Kisha practically buzzed with energy. Her stats had multiplied tenfold, and the protective power of her aura made her feel nearly indestructible. She bounced lightly in place, testing her ankles and legs—everything was perfect. Then she looked up and met Duke's worried gaze.

"Hubby, I'm fine," she said with a reassuring grin.

There was a tremble of excitement in her voice, a thrill she couldn't hide. She had never felt this powerful—this alive. Duke saw it in her eyes too: that childlike wonder, like a little girl stepping into Charlie's chocolate factory for the first time, eyes sparkling with awe and joy.

A giggle slipped from Kisha's lips as she stretched her neck, then shot forward like a cannonball. Her speed had never been this sharp—blistering fast. She wanted to test whether the elite evolved zombie could keep up. Strength and defense aside, its agility had always seemed mediocre.

Bang!

Kisha was knocked backward, her feet skidding across the floor and leaving a trail of marks. She blinked in disbelief. The zombie's agility stat was supposed to be only 50—how did it react so fast?

Just as she'd tried to circle behind it and land a surprise attack, the zombie's head twisted unnaturally, locking eyes with her as if it had eyes on its back. In a flash, its long arm lashed out like a whip, striking her squarely.

Though she managed to cross her arms in front of her to block, the impact still launched her back beside Duke.

She landed hard, smoke curling from her forearms where they'd absorbed the brunt of the blow. The attack had been powerful—far stronger than she expected. And for the first time, Kisha realized this elite evolved zombie wasn't just brute force.

It was adapting.

"What... What just happened?" Kisha whispered to herself, eyes wide with disbelief.

She turned to Duke, and his expression mirrored her own. From his vantage point, he had seen everything—how the elite evolved zombie's head twisted unnaturally to track Kisha, even while its body was still facing the opposite direction. It wasn't just fast—it was disturbingly aware.

Sharing a look, Kisha and Duke nodded in unspoken agreement.

They attacked in sync.

Across the room, chaos raged. While Kisha and Duke faced off against the elite zombie without being surrounded, the others had no such luxury. The horde was relentless, and everyone had to refocus after Kisha's earlier clash had briefly drawn their attention.

Sparrow and Vulture were tag-teaming against a high-level evolved zombie, supported by the others. Fortunately, Grandma Aldens' awakened ability had spread a calming aura over the battlefield.

It dulled panic and sharpened perception, allowing everyone to think clearly, assess threats, and choose their targets with precision. They could now distinguish between easy kills and the more troublesome enemies—the ones that clung to them like glue and refused to go down.

Keith and the Patriarch were holding strong in the middle, providing crucial cover and support to those locked in close combat. Positioned beside the support types like Grandma Alden, they ensured the frontliners could fight without worrying about getting overwhelmed.

While Grandpa Aldens was locked in a fierce brawl with a hulking zombie, there was no doubt that it was an evolved one. Earlier, Vulture had been handling it, relying on his powerful defense and brute strength that could take on a charging bull.

But even he had been knocked back hard, sent crashing toward the center of their formation. The sudden blow had nearly shattered their defensive line and risked splitting their group in two.

With no time to lose, Grandpa Aldens stepped in.

Activating his strength enhancement ability, his body bulked up instantly—muscles swelling, stature rising, making him look like a towering force of nature. His strength stats surged past 300, surpassing even Vulture's.

When Vulture came to and saw Grandpa Alden going toe-to-toe with the very zombie that had tossed him aside, his eyes bulged in disbelief. His mouth opened and closed like a fish gasping for air, unable to process the humiliating sight of being outclassed by a grandpa.

And, of course, Sparrow didn't miss the chance to jab at his pride—he didn't spare his feelings one bit.

"Look, buddy, even Grandpa Aldens can take on that evolved zombie, and you can't? Did you skip breakfast or something?" Sparrow taunted with a smirk, just before hurling twin 'Wind Boomerangs' at two lower-level evolved zombies charging toward them.

Vulture's nostrils flared like a raging bull, breathing hard—each inhale making his nose flare wider. Fueled by indignation and adrenaline, he let out a furious roar.

The ground beneath him rumbled as a series of jagged earth spikes erupted from the floor, stretching nearly two meters high and impaling every zombie in their path.

At the same time, Grandpa Alden slammed the evolved zombie he'd been fighting straight into the ground. Noticing the spikes racing toward him, he seized the opportunity. With a grunt of effort, he flung the zombie onto the oncoming spikes, impaling it clean through.

But impalement wasn't enough.

With no hesitation, Grandpa Alden stepped forward and crushed the zombie's skull with his bare hands—making sure it would never get back up again.

"Oooh! That's savage," Sparrow whispered beside Vulture with a grin. But the moment Vulture shot him a deadly glare—clearly at the brink of snapping—Sparrow leapt high into the air, dodging retaliation with ease.

From above, he summoned a powerful whirlwind, his arms guiding the wind like a master airbender. With a dramatic flourish, he hurled several 'Wind Blades' into the vortex, mixing slicing force with spiraling gusts.

The whirlwind roared to life, circling the battlefield with ferocious speed as Sparrow rode its edge, clearly showing off.

The gale was so strong it threatened to pull everyone in. Fighters across the field dropped low to the ground to anchor themselves, and even Keith and the Patriarch halted their ranged attacks—realizing their shots would be swept away by the violent wind.

The normal zombies, however, had no such awareness or stability.

One by one, they were sucked into the raging vortex, their bodies shredded into mincemeat by the razor-sharp 'Wind Blades' churning within. The sound was like meat in a blender—wet, violent, and final.