

Apocalypse 762

Chapter 762 - The Elite Evolved Zombie's Special Trait

Even Kisha and Duke felt the force of the wind tearing through the room, its pressure so intense it forced them to pause mid-battle. The commotion was impossible to ignore—the whirlwind on the other side roared with such ferocity that they instinctively took a few steps back from the elite evolved zombie.

The elite evolved zombie also halted, its blood-red eyes narrowing as it turned toward Sparrow's silhouette amidst the storm.

A guttural snarl escaped its throat, brimming with rage and frustration—but it could only stand there, watching helplessly as its pawns were sucked into the whirlwind. In seconds, they were shredded into mincemeat, devoured by the storm of wind and blades.

But then, the elite evolved zombie suddenly charged toward the whirlwind—perhaps intending to stop it before it wiped out more of its pawns. The moment Kisha and Duke realized its intent, they moved without hesitation, stepping in front of it with unwavering resolve.

They clashed again, the battle reigniting with renewed ferocity. With Kisha and Duke flanking it from both sides, the zombie's long, whip-like arms were less effective—each of them could focus on deflecting or countering one strike at a time.

Kisha's movements were fluid and sharp, her enhanced stats giving her a natural edge. Duke, on the other hand, was relying purely on instinct—raw, sharpened, and almost primal. He was moving faster, hitting harder, reacting quicker, as if something inside him had snapped awake.

Even Kisha was stunned. How was he keeping up with her when her stats were over ten times his? He was pushing his body beyond its limits... and maybe, just maybe, it was his 'Gift: Tyrant' awakening.

Duke spun his spear, blocking the elite evolved zombie's whip-like arm. With a surge of aura coating his weapon, he activated his spear's skill—Stab. The attack landed cleanly, piercing the zombie's arm and leaving a deep, gushing wound.

The creature shrieked in rage, wounded once again, and immediately retaliated with a flurry of attacks.

Its arm lashed out repeatedly, like a boneless tentacle but with the force of a battering ram. Duke braced himself, deflecting as best he could, but the sheer strength behind the second strike overwhelmed him—sending him flying across the room.

Stat-wise, the elite evolved zombie's raw power was still too much for Duke to endure head-on.

Kisha, however, was another story. After the first time she was caught off guard, she adapted quickly. Now, the zombie's attacks were something she could handle. Still, her eyes followed Duke with concern as he crashed into the far wall. Her jaw clenched, fury rising within her.

Without hesitation, she summoned several of her enhanced floating daggers, each one coated in her aura. They zipped around the elite evolved zombie like angry wasps—too fast to fully block, and while they didn't inflict heavy damage, they were enough to keep it distracted and create the openings Kisha needed.

The elite evolved zombie tried desperately to swat away the flurry of floating daggers, each strike leaving shallow but stinging cuts across its body. Its snarls grew louder, frustration mounting as the relentless barrage chipped away at its focus.

Kisha saw her moment.

With a burst of energy, she leapt forward, channeling even more aura into her twin katanas. Spinning mid-air like a deadly top, her blades gleamed with concentrated power. The momentum of her spin amplified the force behind her strike—and in that single second of distraction...

Slash!

One of the elite zombie's arms was severed clean off.

"RAWRRRR! GRAHHHH!!!"

The creature shrieked in agony, staggering back from the unexpected blow, rage twisting its grotesque features.

The elite evolved zombie leapt back several steps, its severed right arm landing limply at Kisha's feet. She raised an eyebrow, a flicker of amusement breaking through her focus. "What is this? Like a gecko dropping its tail to escape?" she thought wryly.

But she didn't have time to dwell on it.

The zombie let out a furious roar, its guttural cry echoing through the battlefield—and as if summoned by instinct, the horde shifted.

Like mindless bees responding to their queen, the zombies that had been targeting Sparrow and Vulture suddenly turned and sprinted toward the elite evolved zombie, swarming around it to form a protective wall of decaying flesh and snarls.

Sparrow, in the middle of his whirlwind killing spree, blinked in surprise. He had just reached the peak of his combo, the winds howling and his Wind Blades slicing through anything in their path, when the horde diverted away from him.

"Tch, I was just getting to the good part," he muttered, clearly annoyed.

Still, a part of him was relieved. The prolonged use of spiritual energy to sustain the whirlwind—and repeatedly hurling Wind Blades into its vortex—had started to wear him down. He exhaled deeply as he descended to the ground beside Vulture, chest heaving as he steadied himself for whatever was coming next.

Duke sluggishly pushed himself up from the pile of dusty cardboard and twisted metal where he had crash-landed. As the dust finally settled around him, his eyes locked onto the scene across the room.

The elite evolved zombie was badly injured now—but no longer alone. A dense wall of undead had formed around it, including several high-level evolved zombies, their grotesque forms standing guard like loyal sentinels.

He wasn't the only one who noticed. All around the battlefield, his teammates were rising to their feet, weary but unbroken, their eyes drawn to the same ominous gathering.

Swoosh!

Without warning or hesitation, the elite evolved zombie snatched a nearby high-level evolved zombie that appeared quick but frail. There was even no resistance—just a sickening crack as its head was crushed cleanly, then devoured like a snack.

One after another, the elite evolved zombie seized its own kind, ripping off their heads and tossing their bodies aside like broken toys.

It didn't matter if they were high-level or not—as long as it could feed.

Duke's team watched in horror, a wave of nausea rolling through them as the grotesque feast continued. Then, as thick, black blood oozed from its shoulder, the elite evolved zombie's severed arm began to regenerate—flesh knitting together under a coat of slimy, pulsating gore of black blood.

"Ew! That's... disgusting... Uweh!" Melody stammered, her eyes fluttering as she fought to keep her stomach in check. There was nothing left to vomit, but the sight and sound of the elite evolved zombie devouring its own kind made her stomach churn.

She wasn't the only one—many around her had similar reactions, their faces twisted in disgust as the sickening crunch of skulls echoed through the room. Even as the zombie horde weakly snarled, the sounds of feasting dominated the atmosphere.

"Wait—are you telling me that this zombie can infinitely regenerate as long as it eats its own kind?" Keith suddenly spoke up, his voice tense. He swallowed hard, fighting the bitter taste that lingered in his mouth.

His eyes narrowed, growing serious. "If that's the case, wouldn't it be endless? I mean, it has an endless supply of zombies here in the city..."

The words hung heavily in the air, and everyone could feel the weight of what he said. It was like they had all swallowed a fly—realizing the full, terrifying implications of what they were up against.