

## Apocalypse 763

### Chapter 763 - Attacking Together As One

This was the elite evolved zombie's unique trait—the ability to endlessly regenerate. The swarm of the undead flocked to it like worker bees to a queen, drawn by its overwhelming presence.

Perhaps it had the potential to become a true Zombie King, possessing the qualities needed to dominate and compel lesser zombies to willingly sacrifice themselves for its sake.

Even in nature, insects lay down their lives for their queen and the survival of their species—so it wasn't surprising that zombies, devoid of self-awareness or fear, acted no differently.

Unlike humans, they felt no pain, no hesitation, no fear of death. To them, such sacrifices meant nothing. It was instinct. Obedience. An unstoppable, unthinking loyalty.

Now that the zombie horde had tightened their formation around the elite evolved zombie, shielding it at the center like loyal guards, it would be even harder for Kisha to land a killing blow. If only she had managed to strike it down during that fleeting opening earlier.

Alas—this elite evolved zombie was as slippery as a loach. At the last second, it had dodged her attack with uncanny agility, even going as far as sacrificing its own arm to keep the rest of its body intact. That was when Kisha realized—it was acting like a gecko, abandoning a limb to escape danger.

She clenched her teeth in frustration, bitter over the missed opportunity. But she couldn't afford to lose focus now—not when the stakes were this high.

Duke slowly made his way back to Kisha's side, his eyes fixed on the elite evolved zombie. He shared the growing concern—this thing needed to be taken down quickly. What worried him most was the possibility that, once its immediate guards were killed, it might summon nearby zombies to its aid.

If that happened, they'd be facing another wave, and it wouldn't just be their group at risk. The people waiting for them outside—completely unaware of the danger brewing inside—would be the first to fall, possibly wiped out before they even had a chance to defend themselves.

"What's the plan?" Duke asked, though deep down, he already knew what they had to do. Force—it was the only option.

"Hmmm, I'm not too sure either. For now, all we can do is try to force our way through..." Kisha admitted, her brows furrowed in frustration. She hadn't expected things to turn out like this. The situation had escalated far beyond what she'd prepared for.

They were up against a terrifying foe—an elite evolved zombie with the ability to regenerate even its most severe injuries by devouring its own kind. That trait alone was horrifying.

But what made it worse was its intelligence. It was cunning, dragging out the battle in hopes of wearing them down, buying time until reinforcements could arrive.

Kisha knew that she and her team were strong—tiring them out wasn't easy, especially with her support skills keeping their spiritual energy and stamina stable, but time wasn't on their side. They couldn't afford a drawn-out fight.

"Agreed..." Duke said, his voice low but resolute as he coated his spear once again with a sharp, glowing aura.

Kisha glanced at him and smirked, a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "If there's no opening, then we make one."

Her words struck a chord, not just with Duke but with the rest of their team. Those who had frozen in place—stunned by fear or uncertainty—snapped out of it. One by one, they straightened, resolve hardening in their eyes. Nods passed between them, and their hands lit up with the glow of awakened abilities being summoned.

With Duke and Kisha at the helm, the team launched a coordinated long-range assault, blasting through the horde to clear a path. While the others kept the lesser zombies at bay, Kisha and Duke surged forward like twin storms, cutting the distance between them and the elite evolved zombie.

Their goal was clear—strike hard, strike fast, and catch the creature off guard. If they could corner it and land a decisive blow before it could call in reinforcements, they just might stand a chance at ending this.

Both Kisha and Duke's weapons were cloaked in a fierce aura, and as they slashed forward, a powerful shockwave tore through the front ranks of the zombie wall guarding the elite evolved zombie.

The ground cracked beneath the force of their attack, a deep gouge left in its wake as if sliced clean by a blade of wind. The opening they created was sudden and brutal—zombies at the front were shredded, their bodies flung aside like rag dolls.

The remaining zombies, still acting as a wall, were immediately bombarded by a relentless barrage from the rest of the team. No longer needing to hold back or defend themselves, the group could finally focus all their energy on the offensive. Their attacks grew sharper, faster—precise and deadly.

Keith and the Patriarch, stationed at the rear, launched long-range assaults without hesitation. Arrows and elemental blasts rained down with pinpoint accuracy.

The Patriarch, especially, showed no mercy. He didn't worry about friendly fire—not even if his arrow came dangerously close to hitting Duke.

'Ha, if the brat can't avoid it, let his sorry ass suffer a little, besides, he has such a thick skin, one misfire won't hurt that much.' The Patriarch scoffed to himself, a glint of mischief in his eye as he quickened his firing pace, loosing arrow after arrow like a seasoned war machine.

Even Mrs. Winters had started expending more spiritual energy, her hands pressed firmly against the ground as she focused. In the distance, thick, thorny vines erupted from the earth—born from nothing and writhing like monstrous tentacles.

They lashed out wildly, ensnaring zombies one after another, tearing them apart like ragdolls. But the sheer range of her attack was taxing. Sweat beaded on her forehead as she struggled to maintain control and precision from afar.

Because of her intense focus on long-range offense, her husband, Mr. Winters, stood guard by her side, ensuring no zombies breached their perimeter. He defended her with unwavering resolve, cutting down anything that dared come close.

Even Melody had joined in, standing protectively near her mother, her eyes sharp and unwavering, while Ethan fought bravely up front, blades flashing with every strike.

Meanwhile, Eliot and Elios moved quickly through the team, distributing vials of the black liquid to anyone running low.

Carrying bags full of supplies, they weaved through the battlefield with practiced ease, ready to fight off any zombie that got too close as they supported their comrades.

With their teammates holding the line and launching relentless attacks, Kisha and Duke no longer needed to worry about defense and their team's well-being; they could focus entirely on the elite evolved zombie and finding a way to corner it.

As they advanced, they caught sight of the battlefield transforming around them: massive thorny vines thrashed through the air like the limbs of a furious kraken, while on the other side, a raging whirlwind spun with deadly force, shredding any zombie it pulled in like a monstrous blender.

Seizing the momentum, Kisha and Duke unleashed another wave of ranged attacks, their weapons crackling with aura. The glowing energy sliced through the horde with ease, clearing their path.

Without hesitation, they charged forward, cutting down the zombies in their way, step by step closing the distance between them and their true target.