

Apocalypse 764

Chapter 764 - Deal With It Using Its Own Hands

Now witnessing the tide turning, even the elite evolved zombie began to look around, its expression shifting from confidence to fury. It let out several enraged roars, the guttural sound echoing through the battlefield like a war drum.

But no matter how loud its call, reinforcements wouldn't arrive immediately—and they couldn't afford to give it that time. If it managed to stall them long enough, the consequences could be catastrophic.

Realizing this, Kisha and Duke intensified their assault. Their combined strength and relentless attacks finally shattered the wall of zombies shielding the elite evolved zombie. As its defense collapsed, the remaining zombies hurled themselves at the duo in desperation, trying to stop them from closing in.

At the same time, the elite evolved zombie lashed out with a surprise attack—its grotesque arm whipping through the air like a serpent. But this time, Kisha and Duke were ready. They'd already been caught off guard by that move once, and they wouldn't let it happen again.

Once might be a lesson. Twice, carelessness. But a third? That would be nothing short of stupidity, and neither of them had survived this long by being stupid.

Duke and Kisha sprang into action, knowing full well that the elite evolved zombie was trying to use the opportunity to knock them back and create some distance. Instead of retreating, they both sprang away, cleverly using the zombie horde as a meat shield.

As the whip-like arm of the elite zombie shot forward, the wall of undead took the brunt of the blow.

The impact was brutal. The zombies caught by the strike were sent flying like ragdolls, spinning through the air at dizzying speeds. They twirled, their limbs flailing helplessly as they crashed into the wall, the sheer force of the impact squashing them flat like mosquitoes under a swat of a hand.

Blood sprayed out in a wide arc, and their broken bodies were embedded into the concrete, leaving only a grotesque stain where they had struck.

Seeing that its attacks had failed, the elite evolved zombie grew even more enraged, its fury blinding its judgment. Its whip-like arm lashed out wildly, no longer guided by strategy but driven solely by raw impulse.

Kisha's eyes narrowed, a sly grin creeping across her face as she recognized the shift in the zombie's behavior. It was no longer thinking—now, it was only reacting. This was the opening she and Duke had been waiting for.

With swift, calculated movements, Kisha and Duke darted around the horde of zombies, using them as meat shields. The undead leaped toward them, jaws snapping and claws outstretched, eager to sink their teeth into flesh.

But before they could get close, the elite evolved zombie swung its arm, blindly swatting them away. The unfortunate zombies were sent flying, crashing into the walls with sickening thuds.

Kisha and Duke moved like shadows, maneuvering between the chaos and using the zombie's fury against it. Every time the elite zombie lashed out, it was helping them clear the path, unwittingly culling its own army.

And with each failed attempt, its rage only grew, becoming more frantic and less focused, feeding into Kisha and Duke's advantage.

Sparrow, floating high in the air, had the perfect vantage point over the chaos unfolding below. He let out a low whistle of admiration and muttered under his breath, "Young Madam and Master really are a different breed."

"While we're using our strength and spiritual energy to fight off the zombies one by one, they're using the zombie leader to wipe out its own army. That kind of strategy... it'd make anyone so mad they'd drop dead from frustration."

He chuckled to himself, the sound barely audible over the roar of battle, and turned his focus back to guiding the path of the whirlwind he was controlling.

Since their position had shifted farther from Kisha's range, her healing dome could no longer reach them. They had to rely on the vials of black liquid to sustain themselves.

But when Kisha briefly stepped back, just enough for her healing dome to brush against her team, the refreshing wave of recovery rolled through them—restoring spiritual energy and stamina alike.

Still, she couldn't stay back for long. With a deep breath, Kisha moved forward again, closing the distance between herself and the elite evolved zombie. Time was slipping, and the window of opportunity was narrowing.

Before long, Duke and Kisha had cleared out nearly half of the zombies surrounding the elite evolved zombie, ironically using its own hands to do so. Each time it lashed out in rage, it ended up striking down its own kind, all while Kisha's Scarlet Bees worked quietly in the background.

They flitted through the battlefield, collecting crystal cores one by one to prevent the elite evolved zombie from scavenging them later for regeneration.

It wasn't enough to isolate the creature—they had to make sure it had no chance of recovering. So while Duke and Kisha conserved their strength and used strategy over brute force, the elite evolved zombie unknowingly whittled down its own army. Their tactic was working flawlessly.

So flawlessly, in fact, that even now, the elite evolved zombie hadn't realized it was the one doing all the work for them.

Kisha had already figured it out—the elite evolved zombie regenerated its severed arm by devouring the heads of its own kind, which meant it relied on the crystal cores inside. So all she had to do was quietly collect those cores without the creature noticing. As long as no one touches the fallen zombies, the elite evolved zombie would still believe it could recover later by consuming them.

That illusion was key.

If the creature believed that even if its army lay dead, it still had a way to recover from serious injuries, it would continue to act recklessly, unaware that its only hope of healing was slowly vanishing. When it finally realized the truth—that it had fallen right into Kisha's trap—it would already be too late.

One by one, more zombies were flung against the walls or slammed into the ground. With the elite evolved zombie's overwhelming strength, a single blow was enough to crush its own kind, whether ordinary zombies or high-level evolved ones.

None stood a chance. Its power level had already surpassed one thousand, far beyond any of the evolved zombies nearby.

After letting it unwittingly eliminate the trickiest members of its own army—those that could've been a threat later—Kisha and Duke stopped holding back. They moved in perfect sync, launching a coordinated assault.

Kisha struck first, her speed turning into a blur as she darted around the elite evolved zombie, forcing it into defense. At the same time, Duke met it head-on, his brute strength clashing directly with the zombie's might.

Relying on the special property of his spear's 'Skill: Stab,' which could ignore high defense, he left the creature riddled with deep, bleeding wounds.

"Grahhhh!!!" The elite evolved zombie roared in anger.

The elite evolved zombie had nearly forgotten about Kisha in the chaos—until she suddenly reappeared behind it like a phantom.

Swoosh!

With a single swift slash, she severed its arms once more.

Though it sensed her presence at the last second and instinctively stepped back, the zombie still chose to sacrifice its limbs to protect its head. But Kisha only grinned wider.