

Apocalypse 765

Chapter 765 - The Potential Zombie King?

Without missing a beat, she struck again. Her smaller katana, coated in shimmering aura, slashed forward in a precise arc. The elite zombie leapt back just in time to avoid a fatal hit—but not fast enough. Kisha's blade caught its left leg, carving deep and clean.

Thud!

The elite evolved zombie crashed to the ground two meters from Kisha, two of its limbs severed—left arm and right leg cut clean off, leaving it writhing helplessly. But strangely, it didn't appear worried.

Surrounded by countless zombie carcasses, it did exactly what Kisha had anticipated. Without even looking, it reached out and dragged a nearby corpse toward itself like a ragdoll.

With a guttural snarl, it sank its teeth into the lifeless zombie's flesh, completely unaware that the body it had chosen had a gaping hole in its skull—its crystal core had already been harvested. Seconds passed. The expected surge of regenerative energy never came.

Its expression twisted in confusion and frustration.

Kisha observed the scene with keen interest, a knowing glint in her eyes. Duke, having just caught up, at first wondered why Kisha hadn't moved in to strike the moment the creature was down. The elite zombie was exposed, vulnerable—this was their chance. But then, realization dawned on him.

And like her, he paused to watch the show unfold.

No matter how cunning the elite evolved zombie had become, it never imagined it would be outmaneuvered by Kisha. It had been too confident, certain that with so many corpses around, it had ample resources to recover and retaliate. After all, it was a potential zombie king, meant to be the strongest presence for miles.

But as it kept dragging one body after another, nothing happened. No regeneration. No surge of strength.

Only then did it notice the puncture holes in the skulls of the surrounding corpses.

Realization dawned far too late. Its once-arrogant expression began to shift, now laced with a flicker of uncertainty as it glanced around, suddenly aware that it had been played.

"Grahhhh!!"

The elite evolved zombie let out a furious roar, thrashing its mutilated limbs as it signaled for reinforcements. But it was too late.

There were only a few zombies left in the area now. The remaining high-level evolved ones were locked in battle with Kisha and Duke's team, while the rest were held at bay—systematically cut down before they could draw near. Every move had been calculated to isolate this elite evolved zombie, to starve it of the backup it relied on.

No matter how loud it screamed, no one was coming.

Kisha stepped forward slowly, almost lazily, her long katana twirling in her right hand like a toy. Her eyes never left the struggling creature as she closed the distance one step at a time. Then, in a low voice only Duke could hear, she spoke—not knowing if the creature would understand, but saying it anyway, her tone laced with a quiet venom.

"Don't bother calling for help now..."She flashed a wicked smile."No one's coming."

How could Kisha be so sure that no more zombies would come—especially when, just moments ago, she'd been genuinely concerned that the elite evolved zombie's continuous howling might trigger a massive wave from City A?

The risk of drawing an entire horde to their location had weighed heavily on her. But as the battle raged on and her thoughts cleared, she remembered something crucial—she still had a 'City Shield' in her inventory.

It was a powerful item, capable of covering a vast area, and without hesitation, she activated it, sealing off the entire factory within its protective barrier. With the factory encapsulated, she began to piece things together.

Since no enemy could pass through the 'City Shield' without her permission, it served a dual purpose—keeping more zombies from getting in, and trapping the ones already inside. It was the perfect containment strategy.

Once they eliminated the potential zombie king, the remaining undead would lose their leader, fall into disarray, and revert to their listless state. Without direction, they'd be far easier to finish off.

That changed everything.

She suspected the elite evolved zombie wasn't using simple roars or growls to call for reinforcements. Instead, it was likely using a unique mental signature—something only potential or fully-fledged zombie kings could emit.

Kisha theorized that this 'Mental Signature' was akin to her own 'Mental Wave'—a power she had been diligently training to master as part of her efforts to expand her mental capacity and was also tightly connected to her consciousness that she is cultivating.

By attuning herself to that frequency, Kisha managed to intercept and disrupt the signal before it could escape the shielded perimeter. That's why she knew, with absolute certainty, that no one was coming to help it.

And how could she not overpower the elite evolved zombie's 'Mental Signature'? With a Mental Capacity exceeding ten thousand and her spiritual energy soaring past seven thousand, Kisha's mental strength was on a completely different level.

Even if the type of signal she emitted was fundamentally different from the elite evolved zombie's, the sheer force behind her repeated pulses—fired like sonar waves in relentless bursts—was more than enough to disrupt and suppress the enemy's signal.

While the elite evolved zombie remained confused, still waiting for reinforcements that would never come, Kisha was already standing before it. Her eyes crinkled in satisfaction as she calmly declared, "Checkmate."

Then, in one swift motion, she slashed her katana in a clean horizontal arc. The blade sliced through flesh and bone with ease. A dull 'thud' followed as the severed head hit the ground, blood erupting in a black ink spray like a broken fountain.

To avoid the spray of blood, Kisha turned her back on the elite evolved zombie the moment her blade sliced clean through its neck, walking away without a second glance as the body collapsed behind her.

As she made her way toward Duke, her lips curled into a smug smile. With a flick of her wrist, she checked the zombie kill count—satisfaction blooming across her face. The reward for the mission was practically in her hands now, and she was more than ready to claim it.

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[Zombies Eliminated]

[Normal Zombies: 1,313 / 1,570]

Normal Evolved Zombies: 658 / 876

Evolved Zombies: 257 / 356

High-Level Evolved Zombies: 110 / 189

Potential Zombie King: 0 / 1]

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Kisha's eye twitched. The kill count hadn't updated yet—was there a delay? Or worse, had she misjudged? Maybe this wasn't the potential zombie king after all. Maybe the real threat was still hiding somewhere inside the factory, watching.

"Watch out!" Duke's voice rang out in horror.

Before she could react, he hurled his beloved spear with blinding speed. Kisha barely registered the gust of wind that grazed her cheek.

Swoosh!

She blinked, stunned and speechless. Duke was already sprinting toward her, his face etched with worry. Even 008, who had been monitoring everything, looked rattled—it had also assumed the potential zombie king was still lurking, not that it would strike now.

Slowly, Kisha turned to look behind her.

Duke's spear was buried halfway into the wall, surrounded by a deep crater. And in the center—pinned like a grotesque trophy—was the severed head of the elite evolved zombie.

Only now, it was different.

Eight cockroach-like limbs jutted from its head where Kisha had cut it, each about four inches long and as thick as an adult's finger. They twitched faintly... then fell still.