

## Apocalypse 804

### Chapter 804 - Breaking A Sweat

After Kisha ignited the fire of resolve and dreams for the future in everyone's hearts, their enthusiasm to become warriors burned even brighter. The atmosphere was electric with determination and hope.

Before leaving, Kisha made a special request to the personnel overseeing the registration. She asked them to keep an eye out for individuals with strong computer skills—those capable of handling security system. She intended to find someone who could take charge of the lab's digital defenses and ensure the safety of both the facility and its workers.

Although Kisha didn't specify why she needed IT personnel, the registration staff were happy to be entrusted with such an important task. They began meticulously interviewing each registrant—asking about their practical capabilities, previous occupations, and relevant skills. What was initially a simple registration process quickly turned into a thorough screening, designed to gather all the essential information.

Since the number of applicants was overwhelming, Kisha couldn't possibly stay and check each person's status window herself to assess their Gifts, Talents, or specialties. After delegating the task to the staff, she excused herself and headed toward the outer wall to check on the situation beyond the base.

So far, no new survivors had arrived since Rakan and his group. Kisha suspected that the previous zombie migration had either forced the remaining survivors to lie low or relocate their bases elsewhere. What she needed to focus on now was mapping out the locations of other survivor settlements to better prepare for any future conflict—or potential threats they might bring to her base.

While the warrior registration continued in the square, several warriors were outside the wall undergoing practical training by engaging with incoming zombies drawn to the area. Among them were Rose, Fred, Clyde, Reeve, Levi, Rakan and his men—and Evelyn.

Even the large Alabai dog that had once brought the baby to Evelyn was now fighting alongside her. With its powerful build, the dog would charge into the zombies, knocking them off balance and giving Evelyn the perfect opening to reposition and strike, slicing through their necks with her blade-like hands.

Each team was led by one of the senior warriors, and Kisha felt this approach was quite effective. After all, they couldn't remain safely hidden behind the walls forever and expect peace to last without constant vigilance.

Regular training ensured the warriors continued to sharpen their skills and didn't grow complacent. More importantly, it served as a reminder of the horrors of the last zombie wave—something they couldn't afford to forget.

From her vantage point atop the wall, Kisha gazed into the distance, scanning the horizon. Overhead, she spotted several drones hovering in the sky, silently sweeping the area as they provided surveillance. She smiled, recognizing the aerial support team's efforts to assist the warriors below. With the drones in place, the teams had real-time protection against surprise attacks—whether from an evolved zombie or a flanking horde.

Though it was a training exercise, the threat was still very real. Unlike the pre-apocalypse drills conducted in the military or other institutions, one small mistake out here could mean death.

Feeling stiff and a little restless, Kisha decided to stretch her limbs. After choosing a direction, she suddenly leapt off the wall. The nearby soldiers flinched at first, startled, but quickly relaxed and laughed. Of all the people they had to worry about on the battlefield, their City Lord and Vice City Lord weren't among them. If anything, they felt sorry for whatever zombies were unlucky enough to cross Kisha's path.

After jumping, Kisha ran through the streets, because the other teams are doing a great job in combing through the streets and killing the nearby zombie without leaving a single one alive while harvesting their crystal core, the streets ahead was quite clean and free of zombie so Kisha had to move farther ahead. The busy warriors who are fighting in the front line didn't noticed Kisha running passed them as she zoomed out like a gust of wind, someone just turned around when he felt the wind but didn't see anything so they continued to fight the zombies in front of them. After running 3 killometers away from her territory's wall, the zombie's around ahs also become denses, when Kisha stopped on her tracks, the zombie also noticed her and as soon as they does, they immediately ran towards her and leap on her direction, this time, they are really a little faster than before, and as she scanned the zombies in front of her, she saw that most of them are already at level 1, if there's another blood rain, the zombies would mostly evolved to level 1 and leaving no level 0 anymore, so this is indeed the best time for the warriors to train and gain more experience when they still can, because if the zombies evolved more, her warriors might not get the chance to act a little laid back and no training anymore because one zombie could definitely be deadly then.

Kisha pulled out two regular daggers from her inventory. With swift precision, she drove her knee into a zombie's chin, launching it backward. Mid-air, she spun sharply to the left, delivering a powerful turning kick that sent another zombie flying like a spinning soccer ball. At the same time, she plunged both daggers into an incoming zombie on her right.

As her feet touched the asphalt, she jumped back and landed gracefully atop a lamp post. She had come out to break a sweat, which meant she didn't intend to rely on her awakened abilities. But fighting off waves of zombies with just melee combat would take far too long—and now, even more were heading her way.

Then, an idea struck her.

Kisha's inventory interface appeared before her, and she quickly navigated to the miscellaneous items tab. Her eyes landed on a thin rope, about three to four meters long. With a quick flick of her hand, she pulled it out and tied each end securely to a dagger. Perched atop the lamp post, she tested the makeshift weapon by hurling one dagger down into a zombie below, then yanked the rope, retrieving the blade with a satisfying pull.

A slow smirk curled on her lips.

Without hesitation, she leapt down and sprang into motion. She began flinging one dagger after the other, skillfully alternating ends, the rope snapping taut in mid-air as she pulled them back. With a fluid rhythm, she lashed the rope like a cowgirl cracking a whip, sending the daggers slicing through the air with deadly precision. One zombie head after another tumbled to the ground.

The undead never even realized what hit them. Many collapsed mid-run, their heads already severed, toppling with heavy thuds before their bodies caught up to their fate.

Kisha moved like a gymnast performing a high-energy routine—not with a ribbon, but with a rope strung with blades at both ends. She flipped and twirled through the street, each movement graceful yet lethal, a perfect blend of artistry and violence. As she danced farther from the base, the ground behind her was soon littered with zombie corpses.

Not wanting to waste time collecting the crystal cores, she released a swarm of Scarlet Bees to gather them for her, as usual. That way, she could keep moving—keep killing—without ever needing to pause.