

Zompiewolf 753

Chapter 753 Desperate Times (1)

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The battleground was tense as Ashton and Astaroth, armed with a scythe and Raphael, respectively, closed in on Kro'Han. They aimed to capitalise on Kro'Han's momentary vulnerability, denying him any chance to recover by engaging him in a constant assault.

"I have had ENOUGH!"

However, before they could close the distance, Kro'Han unleashed a guttural scream that knocked the two away. But that wasn't it, as the scream reverberated across the entire planet. The sheer force of Kro'Han's scream sent shockwaves through the planet, causing temporary chaos. Sea levels rose, and animals instinctively sought shelter, reacting to the seismic waves that emanated from Kro'Han's roar.

It was the scream of a deity, a being of god-like power, and the repercussions were felt on a global scale. The ongoing war outside the Eastern Palace ground to a sudden halt. Soldiers on both sides were perplexed, sensing that something terrible had occurred, something decidedly adverse.

Nirvana and Vania were no exception, as they felt the ominous energy shrouded the planet. Even though they had their hands filled with Precursor robots, they couldn't help but wonder what was happening on the other side of Earth.

"I hope Ashton and Anna are fine..." Irina mumbled before attacking and tearing another robot to pieces.

"You know him," Verina shook her head. "Nothing can defeat him, so stop worrying about him and focus on the battle!"

Back inside the Eastern Palace, the fight had taken yet another turn for the worse. While Ashton and Astaroth struggled to get back on their feet, Kro'Han's human facade began to morph, revealing the true form of a Precursor. "Here we go," Astaroth mumbled. "Well, I wasn't expecting him to go all out since the beginning." Surprised by Kro'Han's new form, Ashton and Astaroth gripped their weapons tightly for support, bracing themselves for the escalating confrontation.

"How about this?" Kro'Han snarled, his voice dripping with disdain. "You fools think you have everything in your control, don't you? It must have felt good to have temporary power over me, didn't it?"

So show me your smiles again? The laughter! GO ON! Where is that bravery you displayed mere moments ago? TELL ME!"

"Right when I thought you couldn't get more annoying," Astaroth rolled his eyes. "Turn down your squeaky volume, will you? It's starting to hurt my ears!"

"Stubborn till the end... haha!" Kro'Han replied while unleashing his Precursor aura.

The expressions on Ashton's and Astaroth's faces turned sour, a silent acknowledgement that they hadn't anticipated Kro'Han to have more in his gas tank. Despite the unexpected turn of events, they weren't afraid. Instead, it meant adjusting their plans on the fly. After all, they knew Kro'Han would pull something like this from the start, and now it was just a matter of adjusting themselves to his new strength. However, before they could formulate a plan of action, Kro'Han lunged at Astaroth with tremendous speed. Despite his precursor lineage, Ashton found it challenging to keep up with Kro'Han's movements. While Ashton tried to intervene, he realised his speed wasn't enough as Kro'Han was

already standing over Astaroth. A single punch from the Precursor sent Astaroth crashing into the ground, causing the reinforced walls and ground of the Eastern Palace to shatter.

"Laugh now, you arrogant bastard-"

"Can't you see I already am?" Astaroth's voice echoed from the small crater. "Ashton! Do it... Now!"

Kro'Han hadn't expected it, but Astaroth had a surprise in store. Despite the excruciating pain following the Precursor's attack, Astaroth clung to Kro'Han's arms, rendering him momentarily incapacitated. Kro'Han realising the dilemma, tried to shrug Astaroth off, but the damned Xyran hugged him tight like a leech and refused to let go.

Meanwhile, Ashton seized the opportunity, precisely swinging his scythe to sever the arm Astaroth restrained. "ARGH!"

Kro'Han recoiled in pain, but not before delivering a devastating kick to Ashton, crushing two of his ribs and causing blood to spew from his mouth as he collided with the wall behind him. "You insects dare!" Kro'Han bellowed, his rage unabated.

Intent on finishing the fight, Kro'Han attempted to stomp on Astaroth's head, but the nimble Xyran rolled away just in time. But that wasn't all he did. Swiftly recovering, Astaroth retaliated by stabbing Kro'Han's knee, forcing the god-like being to kneel as his leg gave away. Ashton, nursing his wounds, realised it was his turn to act and hastily drank a bunch of healing potions to numb his pain and hasten his healing.

Once the potions began to take effect, Ashton moved to engage Kro'Han. The Precursor, on his knees, didn't expect an attack from behind as Ashton rushed at him, slamming his knees into the back of Kro'Han's head. "Astaroth, do it now!" Ashton yelled as he wrapped his arms around Kro'Han to restrain him. "On it!"

Astaroth seized the moment to unleash the soul-killer. The air crackled with energy as Astaroth sought to end the battle decisively.

"Eat this!"

Yet, in a sudden twist, Kro'Han managed to shrug off Ashton and grabbed Astaroth's hand before crushing it. The small Soul-Killer device embedded in his hand was destroyed in the process. "I've had enough of your petty tricks!" Kro'Han exclaimed as he grabbed Astaroth by his head and began to squeeze it. Astaroth's primal screams filled the chamber as he struggled in vain to free himself. Ashton, desperate to save his brother, moved to intervene, only to have Kro'Han use Astaroth as a cannonball. Astaroth was hurled towards Ashton, and the two brothers were catapulted out of the Eastern Palace, landing amidst the ongoing war.

Their sudden appearance surprised both allies and foes alike. Mazton and others rushed towards their leader to help him. But then they were surprised as both Astaroth and Ashton looked injured. Before anyone could comprehend the situation, Kro'Han emerged from the Eastern Palace, his imposing form casting a shadow over the battlefield.

"What the-" Mazton mumbled, recognising the Precursor.

"You fought well," Kro'Han acknowledged, his voice echoing across the war-torn landscape. "But it was in vain, and now... you shall know what it means to oppose me."

Kro'Han's aura intensified, becoming an oppressive force that left everyone on their knees, gasping for breath. Ordinary soldiers succumbed to the overwhelming pressure, losing consciousness as they pleaded for Ashton's help. Helpless, Ashton could only watch as his allies fell to the ground like wilted flowers, unable to offer assistance.