Zompirewolf 754

Chapter 754 Desperate Times (2)

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Kro'Han revelled in his newfound dominance over the mortals. The dense aura he exuded overpowered the battlefield without exceptions. Soldiers, once defiant, now lay helpless on the ground, gasping for air. "Is this your mighty resistance?" Kro'Han taunted, his voice echoing across the battlefield. "Pathetic."

As Kro'Han said that, a stray bullet hit him in the face. While the bullet failed even to penetrate the skin, the attempt was more than enough to anger the Precursor as he turned to see who was foolish enough to antagonise him. Kro'Han was expecting a soldier or one of Ashton's summons. Instead, he was a teenager, partially in his werewolf form, barely holding the gun. Kro'Han anger disappeared in a moment as he broke down laughing. He expected to face a new contender, but what he saw was a mutt. Kro'Han didn't know if he should have praised the boy for his bravery or punished him for his foolishness. "Very well," Kro'Han mumbled, scratching his chin. "This should do it."

With a wave of his hand, Kro'Han lifted the kid to his level. The kid was afraid but still refused to budge and kept firing at Kro'Han until the moment the Precursor crushed his gun into dust. "You're a feisty one, aren't you?" Kro'Han smirked, his gaze shifting between Ashton and the boy. "You know what, I respect people like you. Do you know why?"

"G-Go to h-hell!" The boy stuttered, swiping his claws in the air.

"Fine, I shall give you the freedom you so desperately seek."

Kro'Han then let go of the kid from a height that even an adult werewolf wouldn't survive, let alone a developing one. Unable to walk, Ashton extended his aura to create a protective barrier around the child.

However, Kro'Han wouldn't allow Ashton to save the kid with minimum effort. Revelling in his sadistic pleasure, Kro'Han sneered and waved his hand dismissively. His dark, malevolent aura nullified Ashton's protective aura. The child began to descend, the terror evident in his eyes. "NO!" Ashton yelled, but that was all he could do. Just when all hope seemed lost, Astaroth, taking advantage of Kro'Han's weakened aura preventing them from moving, shot towards the kid to save him. His arms extended, reaching the falling child just in time. Astaroth, defying the laws of gravity, broke the fall, cradling the child in his arms. Everyone conscious on the battlefield gasped in relief as Astaroth saved the day. While they didn't understand how or why Astaroth was on their side now, they weren't complaining. After all, if Ashton and Astaroth fought the Precursor together, they had a chance to defeat Kro'Han.

However, unlike the rest, Kro'Han didn't find Astaroth's intervention heroic. If anything, it enraged him even more. Floating menacingly in the air, he charged toward Astaroth, his intent clear – to crush Astaroth so he couldn't foil any more of his plans. Ignoring his injuries, Ashton propelled himself towards Kro'Han, tackling the god-like being before he could reach Astaroth. While the attack wasn't enough to completely change Kro'Han's trajectory, Ashton managed to save Astaroth and the child.

"That was a close call, huh?" Astaroth breathed heavily as he let the child go. "Now run back to the shelter, alright?"

The kid, too shocked to speak, nodded and left. Astaroth had his eyes on Kro'Han in case he tried anything with the child, but he surprisingly remained in his place. However, things were not so peaceful for Ashton. Tackling Kro'Han wasn't a great decision, as it made his broken ribs flare up again. The Precursor took advantage of the situation and rushed to pin Ashton to the ground with his leg. "Why don't you give up!?" Kro'Han roared, reeling his bionic arm back as Ashton struggled before him. "Haha... are you having trouble... fighting two insects?" Ashton mumbled before Kro'Han struck him with a punch.

Ashton gasped for breath as Kro'Han's bionic fist struck with relentless force, over and over. Ashton's face was painted with blood as he struggled to defend himself.

Each blow echoed through the air, the sound of bones cracking accompanied by Ashton's futile attempts to ward off the relentless assault. Those who saw the assault forcefully averted their gaze as their lord was being pummeled to the ground. Anna witnessed the fight unfolding from within the shelter and couldn't see the love of her life being beaten to death anymore. She rushed towards the exit to help save Ashton, but Vimur grabbed her and held her in place.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? ASHTON NEEDS US!" she yelled at the top of her lungs, but Vimur's grip on her arms only got tighter. "I... can't," Vimur replied in the softest of voices. Anna angrily turned towards Vimur, only to see the brute crying his heart out. Everyone around us had teared-filled eyes, but in her agony, she couldn't realise the pain everyone felt at the moment. "He made me promise on your child's life," Vimur continued. "that no matter what happened to him, I'll have to protect you and his child."

Saying so, Vimur let go of Anna, and she collapsed on her knees, where Ava cradled Anna's head on her shoulders. Ava felt just as helpless as Anna, but for her sake and as Ashton's mother, it was her duty to stay strong in dire times. "You're worried he would lose?" Ava sniffed, trying to put on a brave act for everyone's sake. "He's my son, John's son. Losing isn't in his blood. No matter what, he will win, and he will survive!"

Just then, an unexpected sight unfolded before them. Just as Kro'Han was about to deliver another strike to Ashton, they heard the Precursor's scream. While Kro'Han was preoccupied with beating Ashton, Astaroth swooped in and plunged the blade into Kro'Han's back. "TAKE YOUR FILTHY HAND OFF MY BROTHER!" Astaroth roared as he ripped one of Kro'Han's eyes out while holding onto the hilt of the sword, preventing Kro'Han from pulling it out.

WKro'Han struggled against the pain, attempting to dislodge the sword from his back; Astaroth leapt from his back, grabbed Ashton and dragged him to safety.

Ashton, battered and bloodied, gasped for breath as Astaroth offered him healing potions. The potions, though temporary, accelerated Ashton's natural healing abilities. "Take these. They'll help you recover, at least for now."

Ashton nodded in gratitude, downing the potions to numb the pain and hasten his recovery. As he gathered his strength, his gaze shifted towards Astaroth, standing between him and Kro'Han.

"Rest up. I'll buy you some time," Astaroth said and stepped towards Kro'Han when Ashton's hand gripped his arm, stopping him. Astaroth turned back, surprised by Ashton's firm grasp.

"I can't let you face him alone," Ashton stated, determination etched on his bruised face. "We fight together."

"Yeah? You're telling me that when your face looks like shit?" Astaroth laughed, prompting Ashton to laugh before groaning in pain.

"Ouch... you think I took all that beating for fun?" Ashton replied, closing his palm in a fist. "Don't tell me..."

The realisation struck Astaroth. Ashton had endured the punishment to charge his unique ability. A dangerous yet powerful trump card that could turn the tide of the battle – [Revenge Strike].

"Hold him off," Ashton groaned as he got to his feet, "I'll finish him with this."