

Apocalypse 428

Chapter 428 The River Of Black Mass

With Duke's sharp reminder, the warriors in his team snapped out of their momentary awe.

They had been mesmerized by Duke's display of sheer power—his control over fire and ice was nothing short of formidable, and it had momentarily left them in silent admiration.

But his command jolted them back to the grim reality at hand. There were still mutated rats, now crazed with desperation, that needed to be dealt with.

The warriors quickly focused, summoning their own powers as they prepared to join the fray.

With their hands glowing faintly with energy, they called forth earth spikes from the ground, mimicking Duke's earlier strategy.

Sharp, jagged rocks erupted from the ground, piercing through the air and targeting the rats that were still frantically trying to breach their defenses.

The ground trembled under the simultaneous power of the warriors as they unleashed wave after wave of spikes toward the remaining mutated creatures.

For a moment, the mutant rats were stunned and confused with the attack directed at them and how it came to be but, the mutant rat's confusion quickly turned into seething hatred as they watched so many of their kind fall like flies, easily cut down by the warriors' attacks.

The mutated rats, now driven by blind rage, were more dangerous than ever. Duke, however, refrained from making another move.

He remained vigilant, keeping his energy in reserve in case reinforcements arrived.

He couldn't afford to drain his spiritual energy just yet, and he trusted the warriors to handle the cleanup.

None of them stepped beyond the protective earth wall, maintaining their defensive position as they systematically eliminated the remaining threats.

The rats, now more frenzied than ever, reacted with violent unpredictability.

They screeched louder, their blood-red eyes glowing with fury as they charged at the team's defenses with reckless abandon.

They attacked blindly, gnashing their powerful teeth and throwing their bodies against the ice and earth walls, seemingly indifferent to the danger that surrounded them.

Some of the rats were pierced mid-leap by the earth spikes, their bodies impaled as they let out dying shrieks, while others dodged the attacks and continued their relentless assault.

The warriors, initially hesitant, now fought with renewed vigor.

They realized that Duke wasn't the only one capable of taking control of the battlefield.

They, too, had the power to turn the tide. With every spike they conjured, they became more confident, their movements more fluid and precise.

They synchronized their attacks, creating a seamless barrage of earth spikes that slowly but surely thinned the remaining rat numbers.

Yet, despite their efforts, the mutated rats seemed even more deranged. Their rage only intensified with every loss.

Their attacks became more erratic, and they began throwing themselves against the walls with a manic determination, trying to break through any gap they could find.

"These things are relentless!" one of the warriors muttered under his breath, as he barely managed to dodge a rat's deadly bite.

"We've got this!" Duke shouted from his position, his eyes scanning the battlefield for any sign of weakness among the enemies. "Don't let up! Keep pushing forward!"

The warriors nodded, gritting their teeth as they focused on the task at hand.

Their earth spikes continued to burst from the ground with renewed force, piercing through the air and slicing through the remaining rats.

It was a fierce, bloody struggle, but the tide of battle had already turned in their favor.

With every passing moment, fewer and fewer rats remained.

Their numbers, which had once seemed overwhelming, were now dwindling rapidly under the onslaught of the warriors' combined might.

But the final few were the most dangerous—these last survivors, driven by pure instinct, were willing to risk everything.

They attacked with a ferocity that was almost suicidal, trying to break through the defenses one last time.

But it wasn't enough.

The warriors, now fully in sync with Duke's leadership, fought with precision and coordination.

Together, they struck down the remaining rats, leaving the battlefield littered with the broken bodies of their mutated enemies.

As the last rat fell, there was a brief, stunned silence.

The team stood amidst the wreckage, panting and battered but victorious.

Duke lowered his hands, his breathing steady but his expression grim.

"Well done," he said, his voice steady but low.

"But this isn't the end. We've got to stay alert. There could be more."

The warriors nodded in agreement, their senses still heightened from the battle.

They knew Duke was right—though they had won this round, the city was still crawling with dangers, and the rats were only one of many threats that lurked in the shadows.

Duke took a moment to survey the scene, his mind racing with thoughts of what lay ahead.

The mutated rats had been a formidable challenge, but they were only a part of a much larger problem.

He knew that the real danger lay in what the city still concealed.

Sure enough, the piercing screeches of the mutated rats attracted reinforcements.

From the depths of the sewers, another horde emerged.

Duke and his team watched in horror as the rats poured out of the manholes like a dense, writhing mass of black matter, their sheer numbers making it seem as though the ground itself was shifting.

The sight of the endless swarm left no doubt—they were about to face another overwhelming wave.

Duke quickly assessed the situation and instructed his team to shift their focus entirely to defense.

"Reinforce the barriers!" he commanded, his voice steady but urgent.

They needed to find a way out of this encirclement, and fast. Staying locked down in this location was not an option.

Even with the support of stamina boosters and the vials of black liquid, they couldn't afford to stay in a prolonged standoff against the seemingly endless flood of mutated rats pouring from the sewers.

The strain on their mental and physical endurance would be too great, and time was not on their side.

'We can't hold them off forever,' Duke thought grimly. 'We need an escape plan—now.'

Duke scanned the perimeter, desperately searching for any possible escape route or place to take shelter.

However, the grim reality quickly set in—there was nowhere they could hide from these relentless mutated rats.

Even if they found temporary cover, the rats would likely pursue them with a vengeance, not just driven by hunger anymore, but by a deep, primal fury born from hatred and anger.

They weren't just predators now; they were enemies out for blood. Duke knew they couldn't simply flee—they needed to outsmart the swarm or face being overrun.

After a moment of contemplation, Duke made a decisive call.

He and the rest of the team began to push forward cautiously, retreating toward an alleyway.

They carefully controlled the earth and ice walls, using them as moving shields to protect themselves as they advanced.

Step by step, they edged their way backward into the narrow passage.

The mutated rats, however, were relentless—swarming like a river of solid black mass, stepping over one another in a frenzy, each fighting to be at the forefront of the assault.

The sight of them flooding the streets, desperate to breach their defenses, only intensified the team's urgency to escape.

As the mutated rats continued to pile up, their sheer numbers began to reach the height of the ice and earth walls shielding Duke and his team.