

## **Apocalypse 429**

### Chapter 429 The Angry Mutated Rats

Realizing the imminent danger, they quickened their pace, trying to stay ahead of the rats' relentless surge.

The warriors poured more of their spiritual energy into fortifying the walls, repairing the damage caused by the relentless gnawing and clawing.

The race against time became critical as the rats threatened to breach their defenses with each passing moment.

In the alley, Duke spotted an emergency exit.

Acting swiftly, one team member crouched down on one knee, positioning his hands to create a sturdy platform at chest level.

Another team member took a few steps back, adjusting his stance before sprinting forward.

With perfect coordination, he planted his foot onto the hands of the crouched man, using them as a stepping stone.

Boosted up, he grabbed the edge of the ladder, quickly climbing to the top.

Once he secured his position, he kicked the ladder down, allowing it to slide back down for the rest of the team to use.

The rest of the team ascended the ladder with practiced discipline, their movements fluid and efficient.

While nerves and fear coursed through them, they didn't show signs of panic.

They recalled Duke's lessons from their training: maintaining a clear mind was crucial in dangerous situations.

The more perilous the circumstances, the more alert and focused they needed to be to survive.

They understood that succumbing to panic could lead to misjudgment, endangering not only themselves but also their teammates.

They all did their best to maintain their composure, fighting against the fear that threatened to overwhelm them as the mutant rats surged toward them like a black flood.

After kicking down the ladder, everyone except Duke had climbed up to safety.

With a grim determination, Duke pushed the ladder back up while he stayed in his position, creating a barrier to prevent the mutant rats from reaching them.

His team watched in horror, hearts racing, as they feared he was sacrificing himself to hold the line.

If Duke could read their thoughts, he would have rolled his eyes and scolded them for watching too much drama.

Why on earth would he sacrifice his life when he had a wife waiting for him back home? Were they completely out of their minds?

They were fortunate that Duke was so focused on keeping the mutant rats at bay that he didn't notice the expressions on their faces.

Once he ensured everyone had made it up the fire exit staircase, he knew the rats would soon attempt to climb the building floor by floor or claw their way up the cemented walls.

With a determined push, he sent the piling mutant rats tumbling down like a line of dominos, slowing their reactions.

He quickly summoned another fire meteor, ready to incinerate the mass of mutant rats before him.

As the rats piled on top of one another, those at the very bottom found themselves trapped, while the ones at the top stumbled to regain their balance.

But before they could react, the fire meteor descended upon them, engulfing most of the horde in flames and reducing their numbers significantly.

The heat and chaos created a momentary reprieve, buying Duke precious seconds to regroup and think of their next move.

The mutant rats' dry fur made them incredibly susceptible to the fire, allowing the flames to spread rapidly through the pile before Duke.

The conflagration roared to life, transforming the horde into a writhing mass of burning flesh, sending plumes of acrid smoke spiraling into the air.

The stench of charred fur mingled with the nauseating odor of the rats' flesh, creating a noxious haze that threatened to overwhelm Duke's senses.

Realizing he couldn't stay in that position any longer, Duke swiftly leaped from his spot, propelling himself upward toward where the rest of his team awaited.

The heat from the fire licked at his back, but his focus remained sharp as he soared through the air, determined to rejoin his comrades and strategize their next move.

Duke's leap was astonishing, propelling him high into the air with an impressive grace that left his team momentarily speechless.

They watched in wide-eyed disbelief as he soared upward, defying expectations and gravity itself.

With a single bound, he seemed to glide toward them, effortlessly bridging the distance to the fire exit on the second floor.

Their jaws dropped as they realized that this wasn't just an ordinary jump; Duke was tapping into his latent power, showcasing the incredible strength and agility that had always set him apart.

For a fleeting moment, time seemed to stand still as they absorbed the sight of their leader, embodying both heroism and sheer determination.

This was a man who wasn't just fighting for survival; he was inspiring them all to push beyond their limits.

The awe in their eyes reflected a newfound respect for Duke, and they couldn't help but feel a surge of adrenaline at the thought of standing alongside someone so formidable.

Once they gathered on the second floor of the fire exit staircase, a collective sense of relief washed over the team as they looked down at the inferno below.

The alley was transformed into a chaotic spectacle of flames consuming the pile of mutated rats, and for a brief moment, it felt as though they had finally triumphed over the monstrous horde.

Many of the warriors exchanged relieved glances, their tense expressions softening as they shared in the momentary victory.

They felt the weight of fear lift from their shoulders, believing they had outsmarted the relentless creatures that had pursued them so fervently.

Thud...

Thud...

But that relief was short-lived. Just as they began to celebrate their narrow escape, a low, menacing growl echoed from below, slicing through the fragile calm like a knife.

The team's smiles faded, replaced by looks of horror and disbelief as they realized that the burning mass was not the end of their troubles; it was merely the beginning.

Emerging from the shadows of the alley, more mutated rats began to appear, their eyes glowing with a fierce determination.

It was clear that the fire had only angered them further, igniting a primal rage that fueled their relentless pursuit.

The warriors felt their hearts race again, the adrenaline surging as the reality of their dire situation settled in.

They were still very much in danger, and now they needed to regroup and prepare for another fight.

Suddenly, the air was filled with loud thuds reverberating from below, shaking the very foundation of the building they were perched in.

The sound grew louder and more chaotic, an ominous herald of the mutated rats' relentless pursuit.

Duke and his team watched in mounting dread as another surge of black mass surged into view, a writhing tide of fury and determination.

This time, the mutated rats had changed their strategy.

Instead of dispersing, they charged straight toward the building, their beady eyes glinting with rage and hatred.

It was as if they had recognized their prey, and their focus was now entirely locked on Duke and his team.

The sight was terrifying. The creatures climbed over each other, a mass of fur and claws, as they clawed and gnawed at the entrance, desperate to breach the barrier that separated them from their targets.

Their guttural screechs filled the air, a chilling symphony of primal instinct and insatiable hunger, echoing through the empty corridors of the building.

"Get ready!" Duke shouted, his voice cutting through the noise as he prepared to take charge.

They would have to stand firm, fight back, and find a way to escape this nightmare. The mutated rats were coming, and there was no turning back now.