

## **Apocalypse 432**

### Chapter 432 Crossing The Bridge

Everyone was drenched in sweat as they worked tirelessly, their movements fueled by both adrenaline and fear.

When one person grew too exhausted to continue, they would immediately rotate with the next, standing guard along the perimeter to ensure they could alert the others if danger approached.

Breathing was labored, each gasp a reminder of their exhaustion, as beads of sweat dripped down their faces.

Their tense shoulders quivered with nervous anticipation, their hands trembling as they continued their efforts, and their legs threatened to give out beneath them.

If not for their sheer willpower, many of them might have already collapsed.

The weight of their situation hung over them like a storm cloud, but they steeled themselves, refusing to let fear cripple them in this critical moment.

Every second felt like a battle between their physical limits and their determination to survive.

"Sir! T-the bridge is complete!" one of the earth-type ability users shouted, his voice straining with exhaustion as he tried to get Duke and the others' attention.

The five minutes they were given felt like an eternity, but they had done it.

Duke immediately strode over to inspect the bridge, his eyes narrowing in concentration as he assessed their work.

Nodding to himself, he raised his hand and unleashed his ice-type ability, fortifying the bridge with a solid layer of ice.

It thickened to at least five inches, ensuring it would hold under the weight of the warriors as they crossed.

Not satisfied with just that, Duke manipulated the ice further, making the surface rough, embedding it with small spikes—just enough to provide grip for the warriors' shoes so no one would slip or lose their footing.

He could hear the muted crunch as the ice settled, the rough texture preventing the bridge from becoming a deadly slip-and-slide.

His attention was unwavering as he worked, knowing that one mistake could cost them everything.

The air was thick with tension, but Duke remained calm, his mind fully focused on the task at hand.

Satisfied, he glanced at the warriors gathered behind him. "Cross quickly, but carefully," he commanded, his voice steady. "We don't have much time."

They nodded, determination etched on their sweat-drenched faces, and began moving toward the bridge, their boots gripping the rough ice surface as Duke continued to monitor the situation around them.

Without wasting any more time, Duke called out to the warriors, instructing them to begin crossing the earth bridge in a controlled manner.

Even with the reinforced structure, the bridge could only support five adults at a time—especially considering the warriors were all large, heavily-built men.

Five was the optimal number, any more and the bridge would risk collapsing under the combined weight.

The first group of five warriors cautiously stepped onto the bridge, their movements deliberate and calculated.

Though their eyes were focused on the opposite building, their senses were on high alert, scanning for any sign of danger.

They needed to ensure the next building was secure before signaling the rest of the team to follow.

Even as they moved steadily across, each warrior clutched earth spikes in their hands, ready to strike at a moment's notice.

Halfway across, the tension thickened.

The sound of boots against the ice-crusting bridge was nearly drowned out by their rapid heartbeats.

They knew the risk of being exposed in the middle of the crossing—if anything attacked, there would be little room to maneuver, and falling from this height would mean certain death.

But they are warriors, trained to act under pressure.

Their eyes darted between the building ahead and the surroundings below, vigilant for any movement, their muscles coiled and ready to launch their earth spikes at the slightest sign of danger.

Behind them, the second group was already preparing to cross, waiting for the signal that the other side was clear.

Everyone knew they were racing against time.

The bridge was a fragile lifeline between survival and catastrophe, and the mutated rats would tear through the reinforced walls at any moment.

After ensuring that the warriors were making steady progress across the bridge, Duke cast one last glance at his team before swiftly turning back toward the emergency staircase.

His face hardened with resolve as he reached into his Space Ring, retrieving several grenades.

Without hesitating, he pulled the pins one by one and tossed them down into the swarm of mutated rats clambering up the stairs below.

The loud, thunderous explosion shook the building as the grenades detonated, blasting chunks of debris from the stairs and sending dozens of mutated rats flying.

The entire stairwell collapsed, burying scores of them in the rubble. But Duke knew better than to assume that would stop them for long.

Amid the smoke and carnage, a shrill, determined screech cut through the air. Duke's eyes narrowed as he spotted the larger mutated rats—unbelievably tenacious—quickly organizing themselves.

They bit down hard on each other's tails, forming a grotesque living bridge, their jaws clamped tightly onto the remaining edges of the destroyed stairwell.

In mere seconds, the rats had created a gruesome, makeshift bridge with their bodies, enabling the rest of the horde to continue their advance.

Duke raised an eyebrow, briefly impressed by the horrifying ingenuity of the creatures.

"Quick thinkers, aren't they?" he muttered under his breath.

But there was no time for admiration.

Without wasting a second, he pulled out three more grenades.

This time, his movements were faster, more precise.

He pulled the pins in rapid succession and hurled the grenades directly at the rats forming the bridge, aiming for the center of the writhing mass.

The grenades hit their target with chilling accuracy.

A series of deafening blasts followed, and the air was filled with the sharp stench of burning flesh and the splattering of blood as the makeshift rat bridge disintegrated in an explosion of fire and fur.

The larger rats that had been holding the structure together were blown apart, their bodies collapsing into the abyss below.

Boom...

Boom...

Boom...

Duke didn't let up for a second. His hand moved with relentless precision, pulling the pins from grenade after grenade and hurling them down into the abyss of rats below.

The repeated explosions echoed through the building, each one louder and more destructive than the last.

The warriors, waiting nervously for their turn to cross the bridge, watched with pale faces.

The thunderous noise reverberated through the area, each explosion sending a shockwave of fear through their bodies.

It wasn't just the immediate threat of the mutated rats that had them on edge.

The sheer volume of the blasts was bound to draw attention—potentially from more hordes of mutated rats or, even worse, from the zombies scattered across the far corners of the city.

The warriors exchanged uneasy glances, their minds racing with the grim possibility that they might soon be surrounded from all sides.

Mutated rats coming from below and zombies closing in from the streets.

"What is the Vice City Lord trying to do?" one of the warriors whispered, unable to tear his eyes away from the destruction Duke was unleashing.

But what they didn't know—what none of them could have guessed—was that this was exactly what Duke had in mind.

He wasn't just recklessly throwing grenades to stop the rats.

He was betting on something much bigger.