

Apocalypse 452

Chapter 452 Shockwave

However, that prospect felt increasingly impossible in the face of the relentless onslaught of the zombies.

With no end to the horde in sight, their minds grew sluggish, and their bodies responded mechanically, driven solely by the primal instinct for survival.

Each movement became a struggle, a fight against the overwhelming fatigue that threatened to engulf them as they faced wave after wave of zombies.

Duke could see the struggle etched on the faces of his warriors, their determination wavering under the relentless pressure.

Clenching his jaw, he resolved to take decisive action.

It was time to test his theory: was this small-scale zombie raid merely an illusion, or was there truly an endless horde bearing down on them?

With a deep breath, he prepared himself for what he was about to do.

"Conjure an Earth wall around you! Make it as strong as possible!" Duke shouted, straining to steady his breathing.

His warriors didn't question him; they trusted Duke implicitly.

Recognizing that he was plotting something, those who still had the energy quickly began to erect the wall.

They formed a tight circle, knowing that by working together, they could create a smaller barrier that would still provide protection despite their exhaustion.

As his warriors worked to complete the Earth wall, Duke provided crucial support by conjuring more ice spears to take out the incoming zombies that were relentlessly battering their makeshift barrier.

He fought fiercely, alternating between his bare hands and dagger, determined to protect his team while they reinforced their defenses.

Once his warriors were safely inside the cocoon-like Earth wall they had conjured, Duke stood tall, taking a moment to steady his breath.

Without hesitation, he focused inward, channeling his energy until the edges of his clothes began to float with the intensity of his power.

As the zombies lunged toward him, an invisible electromagnetic barrier formed around him, keeping them at bay.

Duke continued to harness his energy, drawing it deep into his core, causing his hair to stand on end as electricity surged through his body.

Small sparks of energy crackled and danced across the ground like lively serpents, illuminating the chaos around him.

The dim streets began to brighten as Duke's body radiated light, the energy within him surging toward his core.

With each pulse, he slowly lifted off the ground, his eyes glowing so intensely that his irises vanished.

The energy enveloped him like a luminous sphere, rendering the surrounding zombies motionless, as if frozen in time.

With a deep, shaky breath, Duke unleashed all the energy he had gathered, releasing it in a powerful wave.

The explosion of energy radiated outward, creating a shockwave that reverberated through every corner of the street.

In an instant, the nearby zombies were sent flying, their bodies tossed like rag dolls.

The Earth wall his warriors had constructed trembled under the force, cracking as the ground shook violently.

Fractures snaked across the barrier, and they could hear the ominous sound of crumbling earth echoing in the chaos.

Just when they thought the shockwave had subsided, a second wave of explosive energy surged forth, completely obliterating the earth wall they had constructed for protection.

The force of the blast sent them flying several meters away.

Fortunately, this second wave was slightly weaker than the first, allowing them to cling to one another and preventing them from being hurled too far.

As they regained their bearings, they noticed that the street was now devoid of zombies—except for one massive figure standing just three meters away from Duke.

The creature towered at two meters tall, its head resembling a grotesque fusion of two basketballs that was shaped like a brain.

Or was it really a brain outside of the skull?

Its elongated arms, devoid of fingers, dangled down like vines, brushing the ground.

The zombie's body was a sickly reddish hue, with no skin covering its exposed muscles.

They didn't need to ask what it was; the sheer presence of this creature made it clear—it was an evolved zombie.

The evolved zombie stood there, glaring angrily at Duke.

Although Duke was still floating in the air, he was no longer surrounded by a bright light; instead, faint crackles of electricity flickered around him.

An arrogant smirk crossed his face as he uncorked a vial of black liquid, his eyes locked onto the creature before him.

After unleashing his explosive energy, Duke realized that the horde of zombies surrounding them had been nothing more than lifelike illusions conjured by this very monster.

The evolved zombie had extended its vine-like arms, creating balloon-like structures that formed the façade of each zombie.

Not all of the illusions carried the balloon-like forms; their appearance was random.

Once a zombie was taken down, the evolved zombie would simply generate another, creating the illusion of an endless tide of zombies coming from all sides.

As Duke was fighting the zombies coming his way, the evolved zombie was inching away from him, searching for an opening to strike.

It prioritized eliminating Duke, perceiving him as the greatest threat.

Who could have anticipated that Duke would gather all his spiritual energy to unleash a devastating explosion, capable of crushing everything in its path?

Duke had nearly depleted all his spiritual energy, leaving just enough to keep himself standing and conscious; he still didn't know if he would be safe after this.

His decision proved to be wise as the blast of force blew away the real zombies, revealing the two-meter-tall evolved zombie standing in front of him.

Clearly, his choice to unleash such power had worked.

However, Duke felt the toll of his actions. His spiritual reserves were drained once more, causing a pulsing ache in his head.

Even after downing a vial of black liquid, the pain coursing through his body—especially in his brain—remained unbearable.

It felt as if his energy core was on the brink of bursting.

Despite his discomfort, a faint smile crept onto his lips as he envisioned Kisha's angry face, scolding him for neglecting his own well-being yet again.

'I'm sorry, wifey. I'll let you punish me later,' Duke murmured, his gentle eyes shifting into a menacing glare.

His warriors remained on the ground, still reeling from the shockwave that had battered their bodies and grunting in pain.

Duke understood that he couldn't afford to expend any more spiritual energy; even a single use could create an imbalance in his body, potentially leading to serious complications.

At this moment, he could only resort to melee combat.

However, using a dagger was out of the question.

With no other options left, he reached into his Spatial Ring and pulled out Kratos' Spear.

None of his warriors noticed his move, but he knew they would soon realize something was different.

For now, though, that was the least of his concerns.

With a swift motion, Duke brandished Kratos' Spear and slowly descended to the ground.

The evolved zombie took a step back, growling at him, its beady black eyes betraying a sense of fear.

Duke recognized that the creature lacked significant offensive power, prompting him to smile wryly at himself.

He realized that he had allowed this kind of zombie to give him a hard time simply because he hadn't trusted his instincts from the very beginning.