

Apocalypse 453

Chapter 453 Two Against One

Exhausted and unwilling to let the scene drag on, Duke tightened his grip on his spear, channeling his remaining strength for a decisive attack.

With a swift motion, he swung his weapon, aiming to bring down the evolved zombie in a single, lethal strike.

"Ugh!"

"Ah!"

"Ack!"

A sudden commotion erupted from across the street, where Duke's warriors were supposed to be regrouping.

When Duke turned toward the noise, his heart dropped.

"NO!" he roared, his voice thick with horror.

His eyes widened at the sight before him—his warriors lay sprawled on the ground, their bodies drenched in blood.

Ghastly claw marks slashed across their torsos, and some had their stomachs torn open, a grim testament to the brutal ambush they had just endured.

But the attacker wasn't done.

It relentlessly tore through the remaining warriors with blinding speed, leaving them no chance to fight back or even see their assailant.

They tried desperately to raise earth walls to shield themselves, but each attempt crumbled before the attacker's brutal force.

Whoever moved first fell first, struck down before they could complete their defenses.

Those still conscious struggled on the ground, gasping for breath, their bodies ravaged but not fatally wounded.

It was as if the attacker took pleasure in watching them cling to life, savoring each agonizing second as they writhed, straining to survive.

Despite the terror gripping them, none of Duke's warriors fled, unwilling to abandon their companions even with their lives at stake.

One by one, they attempted to aid each other, but any chance to act was crushed as they fell to the ground like flies.

Enraged, Duke leaped forward to intervene, only to be blocked by the cunning mental-type evolved zombie—the very one who conjured the illusion of a relentless zombie horde earlier, trapping Duke and his warriors in a deadly loop, leaving them vulnerable and unable to fight back.

The mental-type evolved zombie stood menacingly in front of Duke, its vine-like arms spreading wide to block the entire street, preventing any chance for Duke to slip past.

Its dark, beady eyes remained fixed on him, while its exposed brain pulsed grotesquely, shifting with every heartbeat.

Brararara...

Gruuuhh...

The creature emitted a strange, rhythmic sound—not quite a purr but unsettling in its own way.

It continued this odd noise, as if communicating with the other evolved zombie.

Duke's eyes scanned the carnage, watching helplessly as his warriors fell one by one.

It didn't take long for him to realize the zombie attacking his warrior was another evolved zombie—a stealthy, high-speed type that moved so quickly he could barely catch its motion, even with his trained eyes.

The agility-type zombie and the mental-type zombie appeared to be working together in a deadly ambush, each feeding off the other's strengths to dismantle his team.

Duke took a deep, unsteady breath, gripping his Kratos' Spear tightly as he swung at the mental-type evolved zombie blocking his path.

To his frustration, his strike barely made a dent—the creature had an extraordinary defense.

It became clear that the zombie wasn't just mindlessly standing in his way; it was fully confident in its ability to withstand his attacks.

Duke realized this must be why it hadn't flinched even when he unleashed his spiritual energy earlier, which had sent a shockwave powerful enough to blast ordinary zombies to pieces.

'Damn it! This is trickier than I thought,' Duke muttered under his breath, shifting his stance as his gaze shifted between the mental-type evolved zombie and his fallen warriors.

Only a handful of them were still standing, while dozens lay sprawled on the ground, struggling for breath like fish out of water.

The only reason they hadn't succumbed immediately to death was their enhanced stats, but even that couldn't stop the inevitable.

Blood gurgled from open throats and torn stomachs, pooling around them as they fought to cling to life.

Duke's icy gaze locked back onto the mental-type evolved zombie.

Shifting his stance, he planted his left foot forward and leaned back, bracing himself as if to hurl his spear directly at the creature.

Sensing the shift in Duke's aura, the evolved zombie froze, a sudden instinctual dread flickering in its eyes before it tried to retreat.

But Duke wasn't bluffing.

In one swift motion, he spun and launched the spear like a javelin, pouring every ounce of his strength into the throw.

As the Kratos' Spear hurtled forward, its special effect, 'Pierce', activated, ensuring nothing would stand in its path.

Fortunately, the spear's additional effects, 'Stun and 'Slow', also kicked in, amplifying its impact.

As the Kratos' Spear tore through the air, a faint glow indicated the activation of these effects, ready to paralyze and impede anything in its path.

The evolved zombie froze mid-retreat, its movements slowing as a wave of disorientation swept over it.

The evolved zombie quickly pulled its arms back, crossing them in a desperate attempt to shield itself from the incoming spear.

It realized too late that dodging was no longer an option; it would rather sacrifice its limbs than face certain death.

Its instincts screamed that Duke's attack was lethal.

But before the spear could make contact, Duke as if he teleported directly in front of the creature, locking eyes with it in a moment of shocking proximity.

The evolved zombie's surprise registered just an instant too late.

As it tried to recoil, the spear plunged into its arms with force, the 'Pierce' effect amplifying the impact.

The spear's enchantment unleashed a critical strike, driving through its defenses and delivering a devastating blow that sent shockwaves of force through the creature's body.

The evolved zombie's formidable defenses crumbled under the force of Duke's attack, causing the spear to slam into its chest.

Duke followed up with a powerful blow, driving the zombie's head into the ground and creating a small crater upon impact.

He had hoped to crush its head with sheer strength, but it seemed his raw power wasn't quite enough to finish the job.

With little time to waste, he wanted to deliver a few more strikes, knowing that the spear's effects were still in play, keeping the mental-type evolved zombie in a stunned and slow state but, he needed to help his warrior now and couldn't waste his little time with the mental type evolved zombie.

Gripping his Kratos' Spear tightly, Duke yanked it free with a violent pull.

The spear's barbs dug deep into the creature's flesh, forcing its body to arch forward as Duke tore the weapon from its form, ripping flesh along with it.

The evolved zombie let out a guttural roar as if it was in pain, momentarily disoriented and vulnerable.

But Duke was well aware that these creatures felt no pain; their roars stemmed from frustration rather than agony.

The mental-type evolved zombie, still immobilized in its stunned state, was calling out to its ally, a warning that echoed through the chaos.

When the agility-type evolved zombie heard its companion's roar, it paused mid-attack, turning its gaze back to Duke.

Duke stood over the mental-type zombie, now sprawled helplessly on the cold ground, making futile attempts to rise.

With a swift motion, he pinned it down with his foot, ensuring it remained immobilized.

His focus shifted to the agility-type evolved zombie, which was poised to strike one of Duke's warriors with its long, razor-sharp claws, ready to drive them into the warrior's head at any moment.