

Apocalypse 454

Chapter 454 Two Against One 2

Duke gritted his teeth, his body radiating a chilling, deadly aura as his gaze fixed on the bodies of his warriors sprawled on the cold ground.

None of them were standing anymore; they lay scattered, surrounded by large puddles of their own blood.

Each one was audibly gasping for breath, their breaths shaky and ragged, as if they teetered on the brink of death.

Kaakaka...

Graaaaah!!!

The agility-type evolved zombie seemed to taunt Duke with a menacing glare, its expression shifting to anger as it glanced at the mental-type evolved zombie, clearly frustrated by its defeat at Duke's hands.

Fury surged within Duke; he was enraged that he hadn't been able to reach any of his warriors to help them.

The sight of their fallen bodies served as a stark reminder of his own weakness.

He struggled to mask his emotions, determined not to betray his inner turmoil.

At this moment, he could only hope that some of his warriors still had the strength to reach for the vials of blue liquid stored in their backpacks.

With a haunting smile, he focused on the agility-type evolved zombie, poised to drive his spear into the vulnerable mental-type evolved zombie lying beneath his feet.

As far as Duke knew, based on what his wife, Kisha, had told him, evolved zombies were fiercely territorial creatures.

They wouldn't share their territory with other evolved zombies of the same rank or weaker unless the latter surrendered or formed an allegiance.

Stronger evolved zombies, particularly those ranked as zombie kings, had the ability to command others, compelling them to follow without question.

However, it was clear that the two evolved zombies before him didn't fit the typical hierarchy; neither was stronger nor a dictator while the other remained subservient.

Instead, they had formed an irregular alliance, each equally matched.

But Duke's primary concern was for his warriors.

A tight knot formed in his chest as he struggled to regain his focus, suppressing his swirling emotions.

Just as Duke's spear was about to strike the mental-type evolved zombie's head, the agility-type evolved zombie lunged at him.

With its long right claws, it intercepted Duke's attack while its left claws slashed toward him, aiming for a direct hit.

Unable to keep up with the agility-type evolved zombie's rapid movements, Duke had no choice but to rely on his instincts.

Just before the zombie's left claw could strike him, he instinctively backed away, adopting a defensive stance.

The agility-type zombie positioned itself protectively in front of the mental-type evolved zombie, assuming its own defensive posture while glaring at Duke with hostility.

The two remained motionless, locked in a tense stare, fully aware that they were engaged in a mental game of strategy.

Each tried to anticipate the other's next move, a realization that startled Duke.

If the agility-type evolved zombie was capable of strategic thinking, it suggested a higher level of cognitive function than what he expected from evolved zombies of their kind.

This intelligence resembled that of the evolved zombie Kisha had fought in the base, one with a rainbow crystal core.

Duke's expression shifted to one of steely determination; he refrained from making any hasty moves.

With both he and the agility-type evolved zombie locked in a standoff, the effects of the stun and slow debuffs on the mental-type evolved zombie had worn off.

It rose unsteadily from where Duke had struck it, and despite the large gaping hole in its chest spilling thick, black coagulated blood onto the ground, it showed no sign of pain or weakness.

Instead, it staggered slightly before spreading its arms wide once more, preparing to launch another attack on Duke.

Gagagrahhh!

With a piercing screech, the agility-type evolved zombie surged forward, launching a relentless assault on Duke.

Meanwhile, the mental-type evolved zombie attempted to strike from behind with sneaky attacks, aiming to ensnare Duke's feet and slow him down.

Despite the odds, Duke skillfully evaded the mental-type evolved zombie's underhanded maneuvers while deftly deflecting the razor-sharp claws of the agility-type evolved zombie.

The two-on-one situation was proving to be a significant challenge, as both zombies demonstrated remarkable teamwork, seamlessly coordinating their attacks.

They instinctively knew when to strike and when to provide support, making it increasingly difficult for Duke to gain the upper hand.

At that moment, Rose returned from her solo mission, and Duke felt a wave of relief wash over him as he watched her crouch down beside the fallen warriors.

He didn't have to issue any orders; she instinctively began searching for the vials of blue liquid in their backpacks.

This action visibly alleviated Duke's stress, allowing him to focus fully on the task at hand—eliminating the two evolved zombies—without the worry of accidentally harming his own people.

Although he remained concerned about inadvertently using his awakened abilities too close to them, he knew he couldn't abandon the warriors.

They were extremely vulnerable, and normal zombies could easily prey on them if left unattended.

As long as there was even a faint breath of life in his people, Duke refused to lose hope.

Now that Rose was assisting the warriors, Duke felt a weight lift from his shoulders, allowing him to focus solely on the battle.

However, the agility-type evolved zombie quickly noticed her efforts and shifted its attention from Duke to Rose.

In an instant, it vanished from Duke's sight.

Before he could react, the agility-type evolved zombie reappeared beside Rose and lunged at her, swinging its long claws towards her face.

Startled by the sudden attack, Rose barely had time to react or evade.

Clang!

Shhiiiiik!

A high-pitched scratching sound pierced the silence, causing even Duke to falter in his stance as he watched a tall, dome-like ice crystal barrier envelop Rose.

The agility-type evolved zombie found its claw trapped inside the crystalline structure, its attempts to pull free proving futile.

No matter how fiercely it struggled, the claw remained firmly ensnared within the shimmering barrier.

Screech...

Clang!

The evolved zombie lashed out at the ice crystal, but its strikes barely left a mark.

Rose, seeing the claw just inches from her face, breathed a sigh of relief as it was halted by her icy barrier.

However, beneath her calm exterior, she felt a deep sense of unease, her body still trembling from the close encounter.

"Protect everyone and help them drink the vials of blue liquid!" Duke shouted to Rose, sprinting toward the agility-type evolved zombie.

He refrained from throwing his Kratos' Spear, fearing it might pierce through Rose's icy barrier and injure his warriors instead.

Instead, he charged at the immobilized evolved zombie, determined to finish it off while it was still trapped.

Duke decided to ignore the mental-type evolved zombie, for now, recognizing that the agility-type evolved zombie posed a more immediate threat.

As long as the mental-type evolved zombie could only create illusions and not manipulate minds, it wouldn't be a significant problem for him.

With that focus, he prepared his attack, hoping the piercing effect of his Kratos' Spear would ensure a fatal blow to the evolved zombie's head.

With a powerful leap, Duke focused his energy on the tip of his spear, enhancing its attack.

Both the agility-type and mental-type evolved zombies sensed his intent.

The mental-type zombie stretched its vine-like arms toward Duke, attempting to pull him back to the ground, but Duke was well out of reach.