

Apocalypse 455

Chapter 455 The Tide Is Turning

In a state of panic, the agility-type evolved zombie understood the imminent threat it faced; if Duke's spear found its mark, it would undoubtedly meet its end.

With a split-second decision, the agility-type zombie sprang into action.

Swoosh!

Graaaaah!

Snip...

Crash!!!

In that fleeting moment, Duke's spear found only air, crashing into the ground where the agility-type evolved zombie had just stood.

A small puddle of black coagulated blood pooled around the spot of impact, and the only remnant of the creature left behind was a severed arm, still lodged in the protective ice crystal dome surrounding Rose and the other warriors.

Rose was taken aback by the agility-type zombie's swift decision to sever its own arm to escape Duke's attack.

It displayed an unsettling intelligence, recognizing the futility of trying to break free from the ice's grip.

Instead of recklessly risking its life, it chose to endure a painful setback.

A chill coursed through Rose as she contemplated the creature's cunning nature.

Duke narrowed his eyes as he followed the trail of blood back to where the agility-type evolved zombie now stood.

It glared at him with hostility and anger, but beneath that defiance lay a flicker of fear and hesitation; it recognized Duke as a formidable threat.

Even the mental-type evolved zombie took a cautious step back, retreating behind its companion as they communicated in hushed sounds without breaking eye contact with Duke.

Both creatures remained acutely aware of his every move, their body language betraying their unease in the face of his unwavering presence.

Grruuhaaa....

Aaaarrrggghh!

Duke tilted his head, unsure of what the two evolved zombies were communicating, but neither showed any signs of backing down as they faced him.

Meanwhile, Rose, who had been momentarily startled by the attack, refocused on aiding the most critically injured warriors, those teetering on the edge of life.

She quickly retrieved all the vials of blue liquid from their backpacks.

Fortunately, Kisha had packed an abundance of these vials, along with stamina boosters and vials of black liquid for worst-case scenarios.

Her foresight proved invaluable, as those on the brink of death were saved at the last moment.

For the warriors with limbs nearly severed, Rose carefully adjusted their positions to ensure the healing effects of the vials of blue liquid would take hold effectively.

As for those with open wounds in their stomachs or throats, the healing process was already underway; she watched in awe as the gaping injuries slowly began to close, flesh regrowing and pulsing back into place.

Although she winced at the sight, she pressed on, determined to help her comrades recover.

Those who had just awakened from their healing slumber groggily propped themselves up, eager to assist Rose in feeding their comrades the vials of blue liquid designed to aid their recovery.

Despite their lingering disorientation, sheer willpower drove them to focus on the task at hand.

Deep down, they were astonished to have survived such a near-death experience and to feel the revitalizing effects of the vials, yet they knew that this was not the time to question anything or let distractions creep in.

Fortunately, Rose's ice crystal dome barrier provided a safe haven as Duke battled outside.

With his impressive stats and abilities, he was more than capable of holding off the two evolved zombies, expertly countering their attacks.

His mind was at ease, knowing that his warriors were safe within the protective barrier.

Duke swung Kratos' Spear, directing the tip toward the agile evolved zombie while deftly using the opposite end to deflect a sneak attack from the mental-type evolved zombie lurking behind him.

Although both zombies displayed remarkable intelligence and cunning, their attacks followed discernible patterns that Duke was beginning to recognize.

With each encounter, he was becoming increasingly adept at predicting their next moves.

Now that his concerns about his warriors' safety were alleviated, he could fully concentrate on the battle at hand, channeling his focus into outmaneuvering his formidable foes.

Duke's attacks intensified, executed with such precision that he pushed the two evolved zombies back, despite their seamless teamwork.

Observing this, his comrades, including Rose, began to reconsider whether their intervention was necessary; they feared that their presence might hinder Duke rather than help him.

As a result, none of them made a move, choosing instead to assist their fellow warriors in consuming the healing elixirs.

Meanwhile, Rose maintained her ice crystal dome, confident in its ability to deflect the evolved zombies' relentless attacks without the need for reinforcement.

Duke bent his knees and flipped his spear, creating a circular barrier in front of him to deflect the vine-like arm of the mental-type evolved zombie as it lunged to attack.

Meanwhile, the agility-type evolved zombie's movements had noticeably slowed; without its other arm, it was forced to rely on just one arm for offense, limiting its options and making its attacks more predictable.

This reduction in movement option allowed Duke to maintain a confident smirk as he effortlessly intercepted another strike from the agility-type zombie, blocking it with the spear he continued to twirl.

The deflected attack stunned the zombie, momentarily throwing it off balance.

Seizing the opportunity, Duke swung his spear with precision, striking the zombie squarely in the right ribcage.

The force of the blow sent it crashing against the wall, leaving a clear mark of Duke's dominance in the fight.

Seeing its companion losing to Duke, the mental-type evolved zombie let out a piercing screech and lunged at him.

However, Rose seized the moment to assist Duke.

She conjured dozens of ice crystal needles, each twice the size of the previous ones, and launched them toward the mental-type zombie.

Even though the creature managed to evade her initial attack, Rose continued to summon more needles, sending them after the zombie as if they were homing missiles, effortlessly tracking its every move.

The mental-type zombie became increasingly furious as it realized it couldn't aid the agility-type zombie, especially as they both sensed the impending danger emanating from Duke.

They knew all too well that the other zombie would die in Duke's hands.

The agility-type zombie sprang to its feet, quickly assuming a defensive stance.

However, Duke wasn't about to give it a moment to readjust.

Thankfully, Rose took the initiative to keep the mental-type evolved zombie at bay, allowing Duke to focus solely on the agility-type.

Without hesitation, he lunged at the creature, each strike aimed at severing its head or piercing its skull.

The agility-type zombie did its utmost to evade Duke's relentless attacks, growling and glaring in frustration, but Duke remained unfazed.

He knew he couldn't afford to let such a threat linger near their base; if given the chance, the zombie would only grow stronger.

Defeating it now was crucial—not just to eliminate the immediate danger, but also to prevent it from harboring a deep-seated hatred for Duke after losing its arm.

Realizing it could no longer escape, the agility-type evolved zombie switched tactics, going all out in a frenzied assault.

It became increasingly ferocious, attacking Duke relentlessly while circling around him, launching strikes from every direction.

Duke could barely keep up, his keen senses picking up afterimages of the creature as it darted around him, its sharp claws slashing wildly in a chaotic barrage.