

Apocalypse 456

Chapter 456 Be One

Duke sensed that the agility-type evolved zombie was now pouring every ounce of its strength into this final showdown, determined to decide who would emerge victorious.

He narrowed his eyes, focusing intently as he wielded his spear defensively, using it as a shield to protect himself from the creature's frenzied attacks.

He positioned it strategically to guard against strikes aimed at his most vulnerable areas—his head, neck, and joints—where a hit could easily incapacitate him.

With a keen awareness, he tracked the afterimages of the zombie's movements, his ears attuned to the rush of wind, ready to anticipate its next strike.

Clang!

Clang....

One... Two... Three...

The agility-type evolved zombie darted from one location to another, attempting to exploit any potential weak spot in Duke's defenses.

Frustrated, Duke realized that relying solely on his eyesight was futile; all he could see were fleeting afterimages of the creature's movements.

Any reckless strikes he attempted only opened him up to counterattacks.

Instead of blindly swinging his spear, he decided to adopt a more patient approach, much like a lion waiting for its prey to drop its guard.

He focused on remaining calm and alert, biding his time for the perfect moment to strike and deliver a decisive blow.

Rose expertly kept the mental-type evolved zombie at bay, consistently blocking its attempts to support its agile counterpart.

The zombie showed no inclination to flee, and as more warriors recovered, they joined the fray by summoning earth spikes and creating small pits to hinder its movements.

Those who couldn't summon spikes from a distance focused on conjuring them close by, then plucking them up and throwing them like javelins.

Meanwhile, Rose's ice crystal dome provided strategically placed openings, allowing the warriors to launch their attacks without exposing themselves, ensuring they remained well-protected within their safe zone.

Thanks to their teamwork, Duke was now able to focus on the agility-type evolved zombie without distraction.

He honed in on its movements, anticipating the direction from which it would strike.

With a deep breath, he steadied himself and tightened his grip on his spear, preparing to make his move.

Swoosh!

The agility-type evolved zombie leaped behind Duke, but he had anticipated this move.

With a swift turn, he kept his spear close to his body, avoiding any wide movements that might give the zombie to alter its course after seeing his movement.

In an instant, a dull ripping sound echoed as his spear pierced through the zombie's vulnerable abdomen, driving up through its throat and into its skull, completely skewering its insides.

The suddenness of the attack caught the evolved zombie off guard, and it froze in place, the life draining from its body as Duke's spear found its mark.

Duke had long observed that the agility-type evolved zombie frequently leaped to his sides to strike, but these attacks were often superficial, mere feints designed to mislead him.

However, when it positioned itself behind him, its assault was lethal, consistently delivering three random strikes from various angles before attempting to ambush him.

The zombie relied heavily on its speed and cunning, making it difficult to pin down.

Yet, despite its intelligence, it lacked the complexity of an adult's thought process, allowing Duke to recognize and memorize its attack patterns with relative ease.

Graaaaahhhh!

Whaaaaaaaarrrr!!!!

A chilling screech echoed through the street, as if the mental-type evolved zombie mourned the loss of its fallen companion.

As Duke withdrew his spear from the lifeless body of the agility-type evolved zombie, the mental-type zombie extended its vine-like arms, conjuring an army of illusionary zombies.

Although Duke understood these were mere phantoms, he couldn't shake the oppressive surge of energy surrounding him.

A deep frown creased his brow as he watched the illusory horde advance towards him with relentless determination.

The mental-type evolved zombie moved forward, approaching the lifeless body of its fallen ally.

Crouching beside it, it lingered for a moment, its gaze fixed on the still form.

Then, without warning, it opened its mouth and began to bite off the agility-type zombie's head, a gruesome display of grief and primal instinct.

"Ugh! It's eating its own companion!" one of the warriors shouted in disgust as they watched the mental-type evolved zombie consume the head of the fallen agility-type.

Meanwhile, the illusions of other zombies began to close in around them, obscuring their view and creating a barrier that prevented them from seeing what the mental type was doing next.

"Shit!" Duke exclaimed, a sudden realization hitting him.

He gulped and lunged toward the mental-type evolved zombie, determined to strike it down in one swift motion.

But he was too late; the mental-type evolved zombie had already consumed the agility-type evolved zombie's crystal core, gulping it down before leaping back to safety.

Surrounded by its army of illusory zombies, the mental-type evolved zombie began to detach its vine-like arms, maintaining the illusion even as it shed them like a snake shedding its skin.

As its arms grew longer, they curled around its body, forming a cocoon.

With its beady eyes locked onto Duke, a glint of malice flashed before it was completely enveloped by the crawling vines.

"Kill it! Kill it!" Duke shouted urgently to his team.

The evolved zombie was on the brink of another evolution, and he feared the consequences.

Uncertainty gnawed at him; he had no idea what kind of monster would emerge from that cocoon after consuming the agility-type evolved zombie's crystal core.

Though it was just a hunch, Duke felt certain that this was the mental-type evolved zombie's plan to exact revenge and wipe out his entire team.

He knew that once it broke free, it wouldn't just be twice as powerful—it might possess entirely new abilities.

He couldn't afford to take that risk.

Even as discomfort twisted within his energy core, Duke channeled his spiritual energy to conjure a barrage of attacks—ice spears and fire meteors—firing them in rapid succession at the protective cocoon.

He suspected that this cocoon-like barrier was as formidable as the one that shielded Rose during her awakening, and he was determined to find a way to penetrate it before it was too late.

Feeling the urgency in Duke's voice, Rose quickly began conjuring her own ice crystal spears.

With precision, she hurled them from above, sending them flying toward the cocoon.

The team collectively ignored the advancing army of zombies, now aware that they were merely illusions incapable of inflicting harm.

Their focus sharpened on the true threat at hand, prioritizing the imminent danger posed by the evolving creature.

A concentrated barrage of energy erupted from the team as they launched their attacks in rapid succession.

Earth spikes surged upward from the ground in a concerted effort to breach the protective cocoon surrounding the evolved zombie.

However, despite the multitude of spikes conjured, their impact failed to create even the slightest dent in the cocoon's surface, highlighting the formidable strength of the evolved zombie's defenses.

The resilience of the cocoon underscored the pressing need for a more effective strategy to counter the imminent threat posed by the creature within.

Thud!

Rose's Ice Crystal Spears struck the upper portion of the cocoon, and given their renowned defensive properties, they were expected to deliver a significant blow when used offensively.

However, the outcome was disappointing; her attack merely punctured a small hole in the cocoon, and the once-mighty ice spears shattered upon impact, producing only a dull thud.

This result left her feeling frustrated and concerned, as it was clear that the cocoon's defenses were far more robust than she had anticipated.