

Apocalypse 508

Chapter 508 Clyde And Reeve

The two young men felt their ears burn with embarrassment at the comment, the playful reprimand making them squirm in their seats.

The two young men were undeniably getting carried away, their exhilaration from using their awakened abilities still fresh in their minds.

Their Gifts and Talents, both based on group synergy, had a noticeable impact on everyone around them.

The warriors fighting alongside Clyde and Reeve felt a sudden surge of energy.

They moved faster, hit harder, and their bodies seemed to become more resilient.

It was as if they had received an invisible buff, making them feel stronger with every passing moment.

The more people that were near Clyde and Reeve, the more powerful they became.

This was precisely why Kisha had urged Duke to bring both of them along, despite the fact that they had just awakened and hadn't fully mastered their abilities yet.

While they might still fumble with their powers or be less efficient than the more experienced members, their group synergy made them invaluable.

Even if their individual skills weren't fully honed, the boost they provided to the team was already more than enough to make a difference.

Now that Duke understood why Kisha had been so adamant about bringing Clyde and Reeve along, he could finally relax in his seat as the two young men practiced.

However, being newly awakened, they still lacked full control over their abilities.

As a result, they were experimenting with their powers indiscriminately—Reeve testing his sonic boom, and Clyde using his gravity manipulation—while being careful not to face their comrades, mindful of the risk of a friendly fire incident.

Clyde, in particular, struggled to control the strength and radius of his gravity manipulation.

It was clear that he was still learning the limits of his power.

Every attack seemed to draw on his spiritual energy with such intensity that it felt as though his gravity manipulation was set to its highest possible level.

The sheer force of his abilities could easily flatten anyone caught in the blast, and the warriors around him instinctively gave him plenty of space.

Despite the chaos of their raw power, there was a certain admiration in the air as they watched the two young men hone their extraordinary abilities.

After several attempts, Clyde gradually gained more control over his gravity manipulation.

He discovered that he could now adjust the intensity of his attacks, choosing how much gravitational force to apply.

With a powerful strike, he could crush zombies with the force of a giant, leaving a crater in the ground, or he could reduce the strength to the point where he only shattered their bones without killing them.

As he continued practicing, Clyde began to gain more precision over the radius of his attacks.

In time, he would be able to target individual enemies even in the midst of a crowd, selectively applying his power to hurt only those he intended to.

Though these improvements would happen in the future, but for now, Clyde was already making impressive progress, and he could feel his confidence growing with each successful attempt.

But right now, Clyde was still struggling to fully control his abilities, and his lack of precision caused everyone in the truck to instinctively huddle together in one corner for safety.

The sudden, loud 'clank' of metal echoed through the truck, and when they looked up, they saw the side of the vehicle dented, a visible reminder of the raw power Clyde was still struggling to harness.

The tense silence that followed was broken only by the faint hum of the engine, as everyone exchanged nervous glances, hoping the young man could rein in his abilities before they were all caught in the line of fire.

Clyde's embarrassment was evident as he awkwardly looked around, still trying to rein in his power while indiscriminately attacking zombies on both sides of the truck.

Reeve, shaking his head in exasperation, smacked him lightly on the back of his head.

"Be careful, will you?" he scolded, frustration clear in his voice.

But almost immediately after, Reeve unleashed a sonic boom of his own, his attack blasting through the air with such force that it nearly hit the truck behind them.

The sonic boom clipped a nearby lamppost, sending debris flying, but by some miracle, the truck swerved just in time to avoid crashing into a cluster of zombies.

Reeve felt the rush of panic when he realized how close it had been to disaster.

Sheepishly, he scratched the back of his head, glancing at Clyde with an apologetic smile, knowing that his own mistake had been just as reckless.

The two young men, both of the same age and having been in the same group for a while, had grown close over time.

Their bond had deepened through shared experiences, and now they interacted with a camaraderie that allowed them to be both reckless and hardworking together.

Their friendship had evolved into something that balanced their impulsiveness with determination, making them a strong team capable of tackling challenges head-on.

Because of these accidents, everyone in the same truck as Reeve and Clyde had become hesitant to get too close or be within their line of sight.

They feared becoming unintended targets, just like the zombies, worried that they might be crushed like an empty can by a misplaced gravitational impact or have their brains explode from a sonic boom they couldn't even see or hear coming.

Since neither Reeve's sonic boom nor Clyde's gravitational impact were not visible, the only clues to where the attacks would land were the subtle movements of Reeve's mouth or Clyde's hand gestures, making it a nerve-wracking experience for anyone near them.

Now, the group found themselves more afraid of these two kids than the zombies.

Only after Reeve and Clyde finally ran out of energy did the others breathe a collective sigh of relief, eager to take over the task of eliminating any zombies that got too close to the trucks.

Despite their fear, the warriors were relieved that there weren't enough zombies on the road to pose a serious threat or risk stranding their convoy.

Reeve and Clyde, meanwhile, had been exerting themselves not out of recklessness but with a clear purpose—they were practicing.

Both were determined to master their abilities so that, when the time came for a real battle, they could pull their weight and prove themselves as assets to the team rather than liabilities that others had to worry about.

As the convoy continued to navigate through secluded streets, the drivers focused on ramming any zombies that blocked their path.

The trucks rattled and shook relentlessly, making the ride at the back almost unbearable.

After two hours of nonstop travel, everyone's bodies ached from the constant jostling.

Despite the discomfort, the group pressed on, their goal steadily drawing nearer.

When they finally reached the marked location, the convoy came to a halt.

Following standard protocol to avoid being stranded in a potential horde, everyone disembarked from the trucks.

The group immediately divided into four teams, each led by a captain: Duke, Clyde, Reeve, and Fred.

Evelyn was assigned as Reeve's vice-captain, tasked with helping him navigate his new leadership role and providing guidance along the way.

Similarly, Rose was paired with Clyde as his vice-captain to ensure he stayed grounded and made thoughtful decisions.