

Apocalypse 577

Chapter 577 The Battle

As Kisha used her telekinesis to evade the sudden attacks emerging from the mist, Duke focused intently on analyzing the mutated tree's movements.

While the tree was cunning enough to bait its victims and launch sneak attacks, Duke could sense it lacked the intelligence to outmaneuver them entirely.

He was certain its attacks followed a pattern—one he was determined to uncover.

As expected, the mutated tree's attacks were predictable—it relied solely on speed, striking from behind or below in an attempt to catch them off guard.

There was no intricate strategy, no clever plan to outmaneuver them, just brute instinct. After carefully analyzing its movements, a dark, menacing smile spread across Duke's face.

"Wifey, this dumb tree only knows how to hit from the blind spot—behind or below," Duke said with a snort, his tone dripping with disdain.

He fixed his gaze on the mutated tree, his expression taunting, as though daring it to try again.

"I know," Kisha replied, her voice steady despite the tension in the air.

"But even so, getting closer is still a challenge. The nearer we get, the more roots it unleashes to attack us. And if we move in too close, those vines might join the assault as well."

Her eyes darted constantly, scanning their surroundings as she monitored for any movement.

Her focus was razor-sharp, always a millisecond ahead of the mutated tree's sneak attacks. Even though she was beginning to adapt to its attack pattern, the strain was immense.

Controlling her telekinesis to keep both Duke and Vulture aloft while dodging was a delicate balancing act.

A single mistake could cost them dearly—if she lost focus for even a moment, she might miscalculate her strength and crush their waists with her power.

It was a risk she couldn't afford, and she was pushing herself to her limit to ensure it didn't happen.

Maintaining the delicate balance of her telekinesis required precise control—it was all about finesse.

With her attention fully focused on dodging the mutated tree's relentless attacks and ensuring Duke and Vulture's safety, Kisha barely had the bandwidth to consider launching a counterattack.

Noticing her intense focus and understanding the strain she was under, Duke offered a solution.

"How about you focus on dodging and defending us, and I'll handle the attacks?" he suggested, his tone calm but resolute, his eyes never leaving the thrashing tree below.

"Master, I can help deflect the attacks if it becomes too much for the Young Madam to handle," Vulture offered, his tone steady but resolute.

His serious expression was laced with a flicker of hatred as he glared at the mutated tree.

"After all, I've got a strong defense and body—these little roots won't do much damage to me."

The burning anger in his eyes betrayed his desire for revenge. If he had the strength to destroy the mutated tree on his own, he wouldn't hesitate.

It wasn't just about survival; it was about avenging his brother. But as much as his hatred fueled him, he knew he wasn't strong enough to take it down alone.

For now, his focus was on working with the others to ensure they killed the monstrous tree and left nothing of it behind.

"Alright," Kisha replied, her voice calm but focused. Inch by inch, she guided them closer to the mutated tree, carefully maneuvering between each attack.

"Do you know this tree's weakness?" Duke asked, his eyes scanning their surroundings. With each question, he deflected the roots that came too close, his spear a blur of precision.

"I can't say for sure," Kisha admitted, her gaze darting around as she remained hyper-aware of their surroundings.

"Every mutated tree has its own specific weakness, depending on its properties. But generally, their vulnerabilities are tied to elemental forces—fire, lightning, or sometimes even salt. Before, some people used salt to cover the ground around the tree, slowly killing it from the roots before launching an attack."

"Salt? Would it work here?" Vulture asked, his deep voice steady despite the chaos around them. With a sharp swing of his massive hammer, he sent an approaching root flying to the side, the impact echoing with a dull thud—like a batter hitting a home run.

"Salt is effective against most mutated trees because, despite their mutations, they still retain their basic plant properties," Kisha explained, her tone steady despite the tension in the air.

"They draw nutrients from the ground through their roots. Unlike mangrove trees, which thrive in watery, saline environments near the sea, forest trees like this one can't tolerate salt. Once it reaches their roots, it causes them to fester and die—especially with prolonged exposure."

"But the problem is," Kisha began, her voice edged with frustration, "I suspect this mutated tree can move from its original position. Using salt would be pointless. We'll have to rely on firepower and locate its crystal core to take it down."

Before she could say more, a massive root lashed out from the opposite direction.

"Ugh!" Kisha grunted as she used her telekinesis to block the attack. The force of the blow sent a sharp gust of wind against her, brushing harshly against her face.

Despite successfully defending herself, the sheer power behind the strike made her heart race.

She spared a quick glance at Duke and Vulture, relief washing over her.

'At least it was me who took the brunt of that attack,' she thought grimly. 'If it had been either of them, I don't want to imagine the consequences.'

"Are you alright?" Duke asked, his voice laced with concern.

"I'm fine," Kisha replied, shaking off the surprise. "Just caught off guard." She refocused her attention, mentally chastising herself.

'I let my guard down for just a moment...' Her expression darkened as she continued her internal thoughts. 'I need to train more—learn how to split my focus effectively. I can't afford distractions like this again.'

After the surprise attack, Duke's expression grew grim.

Now that he knew mutated plants had elemental weaknesses, it played right into his hands. With three different elements in his arsenal, he could test each one on the tree and determine which would be most effective.

As they drew closer, the attacks became more relentless, and Kisha and Vulture focused on defense, their movements quick and precise.

But the closer they got, the more dangerous the situation became. When they finally looked up, the mutated tree towered over them, its shadowy form an ominous presence.

The sheer size of it was suffocating, and they could barely see through the oppressive darkness.

Without hesitation, they all activated their night vision goggles, aware that the vines were now within striking distance.

Without hesitation, Duke unleashed a powerful Lightning Strike, the crackling energy arcing through the air toward the mutated tree.

He knew this wasn't a rubber tree, and it wouldn't be immune to the lightning.

From what he had heard, the lightning element was one of the most potent among awakened abilities, and he believed the mutated tree wouldn't be able to withstand such a powerful attack.

The air around them crackled with energy as the strike surged toward its target, the sky flickering with bright, violent light.

Sure enough, after the Lightning Strike, the mutated tree recoiled for a brief moment.

A crack appeared on its surface where the lightning had struck, and smoke billowed from the damaged area.

Duke's grin spread across his face, but it quickly faded as a surge of anger took over him.

This wasn't enough. Not only had this mutated tree killed his subordinate, Sparrow, but it had also attacked his wife, Kisha.