

Apocalypse 595

Chapter 595 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 5

As the 'Fire Meteor' crashed down, it shattered the statues into nothing but ice shards and dust, leaving the battlefield eerily silent for a moment.

But before Duke and his people could breath, the zombie wave continued to pour out from within the city. "Vice City Lord, you can take a break for now." Clyde offer as he was preparing to flatten the zombies down the wall with his gravity manipulation skills.

Duke shook his head. "No, not yet. It's still too early for you to step in."

"But we don't have enough people to handle this! The zombies keep coming!" Clyde protested, his voice tinged with panic as he glanced nervously over the wall.

Even though Duke had obliterated countless zombies with a single attack, it seemed to have no effect.

The undead surged forward relentlessly, like moths drawn to a flame.

Unlike them, the zombies didn't fear death, which meant there was no need to maintain morale or concern themselves with fatigue.

They simply kept coming, tireless and unstoppable.

Seeing that Clyde was beginning to feel overwhelmed, the soldiers and warriors Kisha had sent approached with purpose.

They gave a respectful salute to Duke before reporting. "Vice City Lord, we've been sent by the City Lord to assist on the southern side of the wall," one of them explained.

Duke raised an eyebrow in silent questioning, but his focus remained on the battlefield, his hands steady as he continued conjuring powerful attacks, each one lighting up the sky with devastating force.

Seeing Duke's expression and subtle cue, the soldier continued. "The City Lord is doing fine on the Western wall..."

He paused for a moment, choosing his words carefully before adding, "In fact, she's handling it so well that she's single-handedly cutting through the zombie wave."

"It seems she's fully mastered her awakened ability and is now able to decimate large groups of enemies with her bubble-like power."

"Bubble-like power?" Duke repeated, his brow furrowed in confusion.

He hadn't seen what they were referring to. All he knew about Kisha's awakened ability was that she could control inanimate objects with her telekinesis.

But was this bubble-like phenomenon another aspect of her telekinesis? Or was it a separate skill entirely? Duke wasn't sure.

The soldiers and warriors weren't sure either, so the soldier could only explain, "Maybe it's a skill, but it really looks like a cube-shaped bubble."

"It traps zombies inside, and then the City Lord crushes them like a tin can. She can conjure countless of them, covering a huge portion of the battlefield."

"Some of us were practically redundant over there." The soldier shrugged, recalling what he had witnessed on the western side.

He shuddered at the memory. While Duke's awakened ability was flashy and powerful, Kisha's was just unnervingly terrifying.

With her, they never knew when the next strike would come, but when it did, it was an instant death.

"Yeah, we think she can even make the zombies' heads explode with just a thought," one of the warriors added, his voice tinged with awe.

Duke smirked, raising an eyebrow as the memory of Kisha practicing that move over the wall came to mind.

He knew exactly what they were talking about, and it was clear that the bubble-like ability was a new skill she had just developed.

A sense of reassurance washed over him; after all, he knew his wife well—she wouldn't do anything that would put her in danger. With a deep sigh of relief, he nodded.

"Alright, take your position with the next group for the shift change. I'll remain here for a bit longer before handing over this position to the next team," Duke said.

He had planned to hold the line for at least one hour before letting Clyde take over, allowing him to rest for the next two hours.

After Clyde, it would be Reeve's group, and then it would cycle back to Duke's team.

This way, their rest periods would be spaced out, ensuring that they could fully replenish their spiritual energy and recover from the mental strain caused by the vial of black liquid for maintaining their spiritual energy reserves while fighting.

Duke decided that he would check in on Kisha once he had handed the reins to Clyde.

"You can help these kids once it's their turn to take over the wall's defense," Duke said, tilting his head toward Reeve and Clyde, who were clearly on edge.

"But until then, take some time to rest and recover."

The soldiers and warriors Kisha had sent understood Duke's orders, so they made their way to the tents to rest until they were called to prepare for their shift on the wall's defense.

Just then, Duke conjured dozens of 'Ice Spikes' and, with a swift motion of his hand, launched them toward the zombies.

It was like an army of archers releasing a volley of arrows into the sky. The sight was awe-inspiring as the 'Ice Spikes' impaled one zombie after another, striking with the force of ballista bolts.

Each spike was long and thick enough to pierce two zombies at once or even more, and even if the attack didn't kill them, it grounded the zombies, rendering them immobile.

This made them easy targets for the soldiers to snipe or for the warriors to kill using their awakened abilities.

Duke then summoned another 'Ice Storm,' but this time, it was on a smaller scale.

Rather than freezing the zombies into solid statues, he focused on freezing their feet to the ground, effectively immobilizing them.

This allowed him to conserve a bit more spiritual energy while still maintaining a solid defensive strategy.

By grounding the zombies, Duke ensured that the soldiers and warriors would have easy targets, allowing them to take down the frozen zombies without wasting their spiritual energy or ammunition on missed shots.

This tactical shift enabled him to seamlessly alternate between defensive and offensive moves, maximizing the efficiency of his team's efforts.

Sure enough, the soldiers and warriors were able to conserve much more spiritual energy and ammunition.

With the zombies immobilized, their chances of hitting the target dramatically increased, reducing the risk of wasted shots.

The warriors, in particular, were able to unleash their wind blades and fireballs with precision, striking the zombies' heads in a single blow.

It was a significant advantage for them, as taking down moving targets was always a challenge, and now they could focus on finishing the job with confidence.

On Rose's side, things weren't easy either. Zombies continued to pour in from the east, and she suspected these were the ones that had fled from Port City, only to meet their demise and turn into the undead.

Alternatively, they might have come from smaller villages or towns, but whatever the source, the numbers were far from insignificant.

Fortunately, among her team was a mathematics professor who also possessed a fire ability, which proved to be a valuable asset in handling the oncoming horde.

Although the math professor didn't have an Area of Effect attack like Duke's 'Fire Meteor,' he had developed a unique approach to combat.

With remarkable precision, he threw fireballs in a perfect parabola, each one expertly striking a zombie in the head.

It was as though he had anticipated their every move—calculating the distance, wind direction, and trajectory with pinpoint accuracy before each attack.