

Apocalypse 596

Chapter 596 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 6

Despite the complexity of his strategy, the intervals between his strikes were surprisingly short, proving that he wasn't just a math genius—he was a master of applying his skills in battle.

He wasn't wasting a single shot, nor any of his spiritual energy.

Calm and calculated, his movements were smooth and precise, almost as if he were casually throwing a baseball or playing with a water balloon.

Meanwhile, Rose was equally relentless. She conjured hundreds of Ice Crystal needles, each as thick as an adult finger and five to six inches long.

The crystals were so hard that they became one-shot kills, piercing through the zombies like bullets from a machine gun.

Rose's practiced precision ensured she rarely missed her targets, each strike lethal. With the two of them working seamlessly in tandem, their coordinated efforts successfully contained the wave of incoming zombies.

Vulture on the Northern wall channeled all his sorrow and pain over losing his brother into the fight.

Each earth spike he conjured and hurled at the zombies below carried the weight of his grief, but it still didn't feel like enough for him.

After a moment, he picked up his massive hammer and enveloped himself in an impenetrable suit of earth armor.

From head to toe, he was encased, with only small openings for his eyes, nose, and ears.

The rest of him was completely covered, making him resemble a walking mound of earth—an imposing, living earth golem ready to unleash his fury.

"Vulture!!!"

"Come back up here!"

Bald Eagle was taken aback as he watched Vulture leap from the wall directly into the midst of the zombie horde.

With his massive hammer raised high above his head, Vulture arched his body to maximize the momentum of his descent.

When he landed, he brought the hammer crashing down with devastating force, obliterating the zombie beneath him.

The impact was so powerful that it not only crushed the zombie's head but also created a massive crater in the ground, sending shockwaves through the surrounding area.

"Argh!" Vulture roared at the top of his lungs, unleashing all his pent-up frustration, anger, sorrow, and melancholy in a guttural cry.

With unrelenting fury, he swung his massive hammer to his right, smashing a zombie into oblivion.

Then, with a swift movement, he conjured three sharp, seven-inch-long earth spikes on his armored fist, resembling the claws of a predator.

He turned to his left and drove his spiked fist through the skull of another zombie, the force of his punch piercing it cleanly.

Without pausing, Vulture swung his hammer in a powerful diagonal arc, obliterating several more zombies in one strike, his movements wild and ferocious, as if consumed by a berserker's rage.

But Bald Eagle quickly realized Vulture wasn't done—not by a long shot.

With a primal roar, Vulture charged forward like an enraged bull, smashing zombies directly in his path with his hammer while ramming others aside with the sheer weight of his earth-armored frame.

Bald Eagle's jaw dropped in disbelief as he watched Vulture unleash unrestrained fury, going berserk on the battlefield.

While Bald Eagle was familiar with Vulture's tendency to be easily provoked and lose his temper, he'd never seen him like this—completely untethered, fighting with reckless abandon.

Fortunately, the northern wall wasn't as densely packed with zombies as the western side, where the undead were surging in a chaotic stampede.

This gave Vulture some breathing room to maneuver, allowing him to move freely as he wreaked havoc amidst the horde.

The warriors and soldiers atop the wall could only watch in a mix of awe and panic as they frantically provided cover fire to support Vulture.

Their hearts felt like they were hanging by a thread, tension rising with every swing of his hammer.

Yet, as the minutes dragged on, their initial worry began to feel misplaced.

Not even the relentless horde of zombies could halt Vulture's rampage.

He tore through them with an almost mechanical precision, smashing one after another as if playing an unstoppable game of whack-a-mole.

"Vulture! Don't push yourself too hard! Get back here before you collapse out there! If that happens, we won't even be able to recover your body—and then no one will be left to avenge Sparrow!" Bald Eagle shouted desperately, his voice strained with urgency as the veins in his neck bulged.

He had no choice but to invoke Sparrow's name, hoping it would snap Vulture out of his frenzy.

Watching him wreak havoc amidst the sea of zombies, Bald Eagle knew that if Vulture fell unconscious, rescuing him would be impossible, leaving him there vulnerable.

Vulture faintly heard Bald Eagle's shout, the mention of Sparrow causing him to flinch.

The words pierced through his raging fury, helping to steady his turbulent emotions.

After smashing a few more zombies in his path, he took a deep breath and conjured stepping stones from the earth.

With swift, calculated movements, he leaped from one stone to the next, climbing higher with each jump until he finally reached the top of the wall, where Bald Eagle and the others waited anxiously.

As soon as Vulture reached the top, he retracted his earth armor, revealing his sweat-soaked face and body.

His breaths came in ragged gasps, but his expression was noticeably calmer. The dark shadows under his eyes had softened, and the tense furrow in his brow was gone.

Bald Eagle observed these changes and felt reassured—Vulture had managed to release some of the pent-up anger and stress that had been weighing on him.

With a firm nod, Bald Eagle stepped forward and patted Vulture's shoulder, a silent gesture of support and acknowledgment.

"You've done well, brother," Bald Eagle said, his voice steady and reassuring as he took charge of the battle, giving Vulture the chance to rest and regain his composure.

Vulture's lips tightened for a moment before he managed a faint whisper, "Thank you, brother."

He descended from the wall and found a quiet spot in a corner, far from the chaos.

Slumping down, he rested his back against the cold wall, his gaze fixed on the dark sky above.

His mind wandered, consumed by unspoken thoughts and memories. Minutes passed in silence before he finally let out a long, weary sigh.

Gathering his resolve, he slapped his cheeks firmly, the sharp sound echoing faintly, as if to jolt himself back to the present.

"This is enough of worrying the others," Vulture muttered to himself as he brushed the dust from his pants, his posture straightening with determination.

"Otherwise, if Sparrow saw me like this, he'd just laugh and call me a sissy again."

At the thought of Sparrow, a small chuckle escaped his lips. He couldn't help but smile as memories of their constant bickering flooded his mind.

He could almost hear Sparrow's teasing remarks if he were still around, and despite the pain, the thought brought a bittersweet warmth to his chest.

With a renewed sense of purpose, Vulture reentered the battle, his determination unwavering.

He didn't change his approach; the hammer and close combat felt more suited to him.

It allowed him to control the earth spikes with greater precision, providing the support he needed when surrounded.

Moreover, his strong defensive abilities meant that the zombies couldn't even get a scratch on him.

When Vulture shared his plan with Bald Eagle, there was no convincing him otherwise.

Bald Eagle, understanding Vulture's resolve, relented and ordered the warriors and soldiers to provide him with support from the top of the wall, knowing there was no stopping Vulture once his mind was set.