

Apocalypse 597

Chapter 597 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 7

Sure enough, the moment Vulture landed on the ground and began smashing zombies with his hammer, he seamlessly incorporated his earth spikes into the fight.

He strategically conjured them at random intervals, primarily to cover his blind spots and ensure no zombies could approach him from behind.

The spikes would erupt suddenly from the ground, either impaling or trapping any zombies attempting to sneak up on him, effectively creating a protective barrier around him as he continued his relentless assault.

Vulture fought like a beast unleashed from captivity, his relentless assault unyielding.

Suddenly, a zombie lunged at him from behind, wrapping its decayed arms around his neck and coiling its legs tightly around his waist.

From atop the wall, Bald Eagle's panic was evident as he shouted warnings, but Vulture remained calm.

He didn't flinch or falter—instead, a confident smirk spread across his face, as though the situation was entirely under his control.

"Foolish move!" Vulture growled, his voice tinged with contempt.

In an instant, jagged earth spikes erupted from every surface of his armor, piercing the zombie clinging to him.

One massive spike shot upward from the crown of his head, skewering the creature from its chin through to its temple.

For a brief moment, Vulture resembled a living porcupine, bristling with lethal spikes.

As the zombie's lifeless body fell limp, the spikes receded smoothly back into the armor, leaving Vulture unscathed and unfazed.

Since Vulture was clad in his earth armor, he had complete control over the spikes that could emerge from every surface of it.

This unique advantage gave him the confidence to dive headfirst into the fray without hesitation.

The spikes served as both offense and defense, ensuring his safety even in the thick of the horde.

With this, Vulture wasn't overly concerned about being surrounded.

He knew that when fatigue eventually set in, he could simply create stepping stones to ascend back to the top of the wall, rejoining Bald Eagle and the others to regroup.

"Damn! I didn't know you could do that!" Bald Eagle exclaimed the moment Vulture climbed back up.

He couldn't help but circle around him, marveling at the impressive earth armor.

However, the once-mighty armor was now smeared with thick, black zombie blood from all the ramming and impaling it had endured.

Vulture, unfazed by the mess, retracted the armor with a simple motion, revealing his sweat-drenched but determined face.

A nearby warrior quickly handed him a bottle of water, which Vulture accepted with a grateful nod.

"That's an innovative way to use the earth element," commented one of the earth-type ability users, his tone filled with admiration.

His eyes gleamed with respect as he regarded Vulture, as though he had just witnessed the creation of a groundbreaking technique.

After all, most of them had been throwing earth spikes like javelins since the zombie wave began, and the constant effort was wearing them down.

Their throws often missed the mark, as precision became harder with fatigue.

Being positioned high above the ground also limited their ability to conjure earth spikes at a distance, as their current strength didn't allow for a wider range.

Even Vulture hadn't mastered that level of reach yet.

However, watching him engage in close combat while using an earth armor to shield himself was nothing short of ingenious.

Before long, the other earth-type awakened ability users followed Vulture's lead.

They donned their own versions of earth armor and armed themselves with the sturdiest weapons they could find, descending into the fray to engage the zombies in close combat.

However, with many of the zombies now significantly leveled up, taking them down proved far from easy.

Regular weapons struggled to finish the job, often requiring several strikes to the head before the zombies were truly defeated.

Realizing this, the group adapted by conjuring earth spikes and wielding them as spears or like a brass knuckles with earth spikes, using their abilities to augment their attacks.

From time to time, additional earth spikes would erupt from the ground to impale nearby zombies, providing tactical support.

With this new approach, their battle began to turn the tide, and the situation started to look more promising.

The other awakened ability users, along with the soldiers, shifted their focus to providing support, ensuring that the earth-type awakened ability users on the ground wouldn't be overwhelmed by the relentless zombie horde.

Their role was to cover the fighters below, using ranged attacks and precise strikes to thin out the advancing zombies.

Whenever the earth-type users signaled their intention to retreat to the wall, the support team worked together to create a safe path, allowing them to ascend without incident.

Thanks to their earth armor, the fighters on the ground felt a surge of confidence, believing they were untouchable—even when surrounded by zombies.

Or so they thought.

"Watch out!" Bald Eagle shouted urgently. At the sound of his voice, Vulture snapped to attention, instantly alert.

The earth armor began to materialize around him, starting at his feet and gradually climbing up his body.

It enveloped him like a protective shell, covering his neck and finally his face, leaving only his determined eyes visible through the cracks in the armor.

With a powerful leap, Vulture soared into the air, his body hurtling towards the battlefield once more.

He landed with a crash, charging forward and plowing through the zombies in his path.

But his urgency wasn't without reason—one of the earth-type awakened ability users had been struck and was now hanging up in the air.

A massive spike of ice had impaled him through the stomach, its jagged shards spreading a deadly chill that began to freeze his body.

The ice cracked and splintered, even tearing through his armor.

Blood coughed from his mouth as he struggled to lift his head, desperate to see the attacker.

What he met was the cold, gleaming stare of a pair of sinister red eyes—belonging not to a human, but to an evolved zombie.

A cold dread gripped the warrior's heart as he realized that his end had come.

The evolved zombie seemed to relish the moment, tilting its head with an eerie smile that sent chills down his spine.

Its body shimmered with frost, encased in a transparent ice armor that radiated an unnatural cold.

A crown of jagged spikes crowned its head, adding to its nightmarish appearance.

As it drew closer, the zombie opened its mouth, and a puff of icy mist billowed from its throat.

Then, with a terrifying roar that seemed to freeze the very air around them, it unleashed its fury, signaling the warrior's doom.

Before the evolved zombie's roar could fully echo, Vulture charged with a powerful force, slamming into the creature and sending it hurtling away.

With a swift motion, he positioned himself in front of the dying warrior.

Conjuring a jagged earth spike in the shape of a claw, Vulture struck the ice spike multiple times, each blow shattering the frozen spike with brutal precision.

As the ice splintered, the warrior's limp body began to fall, and without hesitation, Vulture leaped forward.

With incredible speed, he caught the warrior mid-air, cradling him in his arms to prevent any further injury.

The furious roar of the evolved zombie echoed behind him, but Vulture didn't look back.

Instead, he ran toward the wall, his focus unwavering.