

## **Apocalypse 598**

### Chapter 598 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 8

As he neared one of the earth-type awakened ability users, he swiftly handed over the dying warrior.

"Take him up! Get him to safety!" Vulture commanded, his voice resolute as he carefully handed the limp body of the injured warrior to his comrade.

The wounded man coughed up another mouthful of blood, his grip weak but desperate as he clutched Vulture's arm with the last of his strength.

"Captain... don't... go... it's dangerous..." he rasped, his voice barely audible over the chaos. Each word seemed to take everything he had.

The gaping wound in his stomach remained wide open, but the frost encasing the edges had stemmed the bleeding.

The chilling cold from the ice seemed to seep deeper into his body, his limbs trembling uncontrollably as his teeth began to chatter.

Despite his efforts to suppress it, he could feel his life slipping away with every passing moment.

Despite his fading strength, he refused to let go of Vulture's arm.

Time seemed to stretch endlessly, though it had only been a matter of seconds, barely even a minute.

His pleading gaze locked onto Vulture, silently begging him not to go.

He could sense Vulture's intentions, the unmistakable resolve in his captain's stance—the determination to face the evolved zombie head-on.

Seeing the worry in the warrior's eyes, Vulture gave a small nod of reassurance.

"Don't worry too much," he said firmly. "I won't fight a losing battle. The moment I gauge the enemy's strength, I'll retreat if it's beyond what I can handle."

"Someone has to test the waters, or that zombie will eventually breach these walls, putting everyone in danger."

His voice carried conviction, though it was clear he wasn't acting out of recklessness or a desire for heroics.

Among them, Vulture had the best chance of holding his ground against the evolved zombie.

Even now, as they stood amidst the chaos, the warriors and soldiers on the wall were providing cover, ensuring no other zombies could approach while Vulture transferred the injured man to the other's care.

"Captain..." the warrior began, his voice weak but filled with desperation as he tried to plead with Vulture to reconsider.

Perhaps they could call for reinforcements from the City Lord or Vice City Lord.

But deep down, he knew the harsh reality—both Kisha and Duke were stationed at the most crucial and heavily infested walls, where the sheer number of zombies was overwhelmingly large.

Neither of them could abandon their posts without risking the city's collapse.

Even so, the fear lingered. Could Vulture truly stand against the evolved zombie?

The odds seemed stacked against him.

Their elements were in direct opposition—ice held a natural advantage over earth, its chilling force capable of overpowering and shattering even the sturdiest defenses.

Vulture would be fighting at a disadvantage from the outset.

Vulture didn't waste time with further explanation.

His sharp gaze shifted to the man now carrying the injured warrior, silently conveying his intent.

The man caught Vulture's unspoken message and, with a resolute nod, glanced down at the wounded comrade in his arms.

Pressing his lips into a firm line, he turned away and sprinted off as soon as Vulture gently pried the injured warrior's grip from his arm.

The injured man barely had time to register what was happening.

His strength was fading fast, leaving him powerless to resist or protest.

Before he could muster a reaction, the distance between him and Vulture had already widened.

His fading consciousness allowed only a fleeting moment of realization before the darkness claimed him, and he passed out completely.

The warriors and soldiers atop the wall worked tirelessly to provide cover, ensuring the warrior carrying the injured man could make it up without delay.

Wind blades flew, and earth spikes rose to keep the zombies at bay as the pair ascended.

As soon as they reached the safety of the wall, the space type awakened ability user stationed in the norther wall rushed over without needing to be prompted.

His urgency was palpable as he knelt beside the injured man, quickly pulling out a small vial of blue liquid from his space.

"Hold him steady and pry his mouth open," he instructed firmly.

With the help of the others, they carefully opened the unconscious man's mouth, allowing the STAU to slowly pour the liquid down his throat, ensuring every drop was administered.

Each movement was deliberate, their combined efforts a race against time to save their fallen comrade.

The injured man, even in his unconscious state, seemed to instinctively recognize that the liquid being poured into his mouth was his lifeline.

Driven by an innate will to survive, his body reflexively swallowed the blue elixir. Within moments, an astonishing transformation began.

His pallor improved almost instantly, and the gaping wound in his stomach started to mend itself.

Those watching could see the torn organs slowly regenerating, pulsating rhythmically as they returned to their original state.

The sight was both miraculous and mesmerizing, leaving everyone in awe of the blue liquid's potency.

This was no ordinary healing potion—it was the pinnacle of alchemical achievement, a high-grade elixir known for its extraordinary restorative properties.

The group marveled at its effectiveness, but they also understood its rarity and cost. Only the highest-tier elixirs could achieve such feats, and acquiring them was no simple task.

Kisha, however, had ensured their availability. With her exceptional skill in crafting and selling slave contracts through the system mall, she had earned the resources needed to procure these life-saving elixirs.

Her foresight and preparation had once again proven invaluable in the face of danger.

The STAU's knew the importance of using the high-grade elixirs judiciously.

These potent vials of blue liquid were a finite resource, reserved for dire emergencies.

Unlike the more common healing potions they routinely employed, these elixirs had to be rationed carefully to ensure they were available when truly needed.

Once the injured man's wounds had fully healed, thanks to the miraculous elixir, the others helped him to a designated recovery tent set up for soldiers and warriors.

There, they gently laid him down to rest and recover his strength.

Medics stationed in the tent immediately began to assess his condition, checking his vitals and ensuring he was stable.

Without advanced medical equipment to diagnose potential brain injuries or long-term internal damage, the medics relied on basic methods.

They monitored his pulse, observed his eye movements, and checked his reflexes.

While these measures provided some reassurance, the lack of specialized tools left them uncertain about the full extent of his recovery.

For now, they could only hope that the powerful elixir had worked its magic completely.

Vulture now stood face to face with the enraged evolved zombie, its icy armor glinting menacingly in the little light of the moon peeking in the night sky.

As the creature growled, its red, gleaming eyes tracked his every movement.

Vulture, calm and calculating, began to circle the enemy slowly, his sharp gaze analyzing every aspect of its body.

He was searching for a potential weakness, studying its movements and assessing its defenses.

Although he knew the head was typically a zombie's primary weak spot, this one was different.

Its head was encased in a formidable crown of jagged ice, making it appear far more resilient.

A single, decisive attack wouldn't be enough to bring it down this time.

Vulture clenched his fists, determination etched across his face as he silently formulated his strategy.

Although the evolved zombie was visibly enraged, it made no immediate move to attack.

It was unclear whether it was underestimating Vulture, confident of its inevitable victory, or simply slow to react.

Regardless of its reasoning, Vulture remained vigilant, his instincts on high alert.

Before engaging, Vulture had already ensured the safety of the other warriors on the field.

He sent them to focus on clearing out the lower-level zombies but issued clear and precise instructions: everyone was to remain vigilant for any signs of additional evolved zombies.

If another one was spotted, they were to keep their distance and alert the team immediately.

Meanwhile, the snipers stationed along the walls scanned the battlefield with unwavering focus, their sharp eyes trained on the fray.

Their priority was to identify and neutralize any further threats posed by evolved zombies, ensuring they couldn't catch the others off guard, even if they can't take down the evolved zombies, they were to inform the rest so the warriors on the field could steer clear of them.

As Vulture circled the ice-type evolved zombie, he noticed the ground beneath them gradually frosting over, the icy spread creeping outward like a silent threat.

"Tsk!" he clicked his tongue in frustration, leaping into the air to launch an attack. His left fist, encased in claw-like earth spikes, swung toward the zombie with force.

The strike landed squarely on the evolved zombie's face, but the outcome was far from what Vulture hoped.

The instant his earth spike connected, it froze solid, the ice crawling rapidly over its surface.

Before he could react, the frozen spike shattered upon impact, and the earth armor covering his fist crumbled into pieces, leaving his hand exposed.

Vulture immediately stepped back, his sharp eyes catching the frost creeping up to his feet in the brief moment he had been near the ice type evolved zombie.

He stomped hard on the ground, shattering the ice encasing his feet, and quickly re-formed the earth armor over his left fist.

His expression remained composed, but inwardly, he had pieced together the truth.

The evolved zombie wasn't motionless out of arrogance or sluggishness—it was a deliberate strategy.

It knew that even without attacking, any physical contact with its frozen body would transfer its chilling frost to its opponent, freezing their armor and flesh alike.