

## **Apocalypse 599**

### Chapter 599 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 9

The frost's devastating power could immobilize and shatter anyone reckless enough to engage it head-on.

Vulture's eyes narrowed as he studied the ice-type evolved zombie from a cautious distance.

The creature met his gaze with an unsettling, eerie grin, its razor-sharp, piranha-like teeth glinting menacingly.

Slimy saliva dripped between its teeth, forming threads that added to its grotesque appearance.

The sight sent a shiver down Vulture's spine, cold sweat forming on his back as a wave of unease washed over him.

In that moment, he realized the horrifying truth: this zombie wasn't just an elemental mismatch for him—it was stronger.

Its power radiated with an intensity that suggested it was not only more formidable but possibly even a level above him.

Suddenly, a flicker of doubt crept into Vulture's mind, eroding the confidence he had moments ago.

Yet, retreat wasn't an option.

If he backed down now, everyone behind him—those stationed on the wall and the countless civilians within the base—would be doomed.

Just one evolved zombie breaching the defenses could spell total disaster, spreading infection or unleashing slaughter among the vulnerable: children, the elderly, and non-combatants.

Vulture swallowed hard, the lump in his throat refusing to ease as he stared intently at the evolved zombie.

The creature tilted its head to the side, its expression almost mocking, as if puzzled by why Vulture wasn't fleeing for his life like any sane person would.

Its sinister grin twisted into a frown of anger and displeasure as it let out a low, guttural growl.

Without warning, the evolved zombie leaped toward Vulture.

Midair, its body curled in on itself, transforming into a solid sphere of frozen ice.

When it crashed into the ground, the impact created a deep crater, sending frost rippling outward in an instant.

Nearby zombies were caught in the icy spread, their feet frozen to the ground.

Fortunately, Vulture had already leaped into the air, narrowly avoiding the frost's grasp.

As he landed on the now-frozen terrain, his footing faltered—his foot slipping against the slippery surface.

Thinking quickly, he conjured jagged spikes of earth beneath his soles, giving him traction and preventing a disastrous fall.

With his balance restored, Vulture readied himself, knowing he couldn't afford even the smallest mistake in this critical moment.

Just as Vulture managed to regain his balance, a chilling gust of wind swept past him.

Instinctively, he leapt to the side, just in time to see his previous position obliterated by a massive ice ball barreling through like a cannonball.

The ground it traversed was left with deep gouges, evidence of its destructive force.

Its speed was alarming, and Vulture knew that being struck by such an attack would send him flying and leave him gravely injured.

From atop the wall, the onlookers gasped in unison, their stomachs churning and hearts pounding with fear.

The sight of Vulture narrowly evading the devastating assault left them clinging to worry, their nerves stretched taut as they prayed he wouldn't be caught off guard by the next attack.

Vulture quickly conjured a series of earth spikes along the trajectory of the massive ice ball, hoping to halt or at least slow its momentum.

However, the sheer force and velocity of the icy ball crushed the spikes effortlessly, reducing them to rubble without losing any speed.

His jaw tightened, and a deep scowl etched across his face as frustration bubbled within him.

His efforts had proven futile, and the reality of the evolved zombie's overwhelming power weighed heavily on his mind.

The massive ice ball rolled toward Vulture once more, forcing him to evade at the last possible moment.

Despite his quick reflexes, the edge of the ball grazed his arm.

The brief contact was enough to coat his arm in a layer of frost, and the freezing effect began to spread rapidly.

Reacting instinctively, Vulture struck his own arm, shattering both the ice and the earth armor covering it before the frost could reach his skin and paralyze his limb entirely.

Without wasting a second, he reinforced his arm with a fresh layer of earth armor, preparing himself for the next attack.

The evolved zombie's relentless attacks inadvertently struck its own kind, yet its focus remained locked on Vulture.

With every successful dodge, its fury grew, and its attacks became increasingly intense and erratic.

Observers on the wall could see the strain on Vulture as he narrowly avoided each strike, often coming dangerously close to being hit.

His movements were sharp and desperate, but it was clear that the relentless onslaught was beginning to wear him down.

"What should we do? If this keeps up, Captain Vulture won't survive out there!" one of the warriors exclaimed, panic evident in his voice.

"We can't just stand here and watch! We need to provide support and attack the evolved zombie together!" another shouted, desperation creeping into his tone.

"Are you crazy? If we attack now, we might end up hitting Captain Vulture instead!" someone retorted, their fear and hesitation clear as they tightened their grip on their weapon.

The warrior who suggested attacking scratched the back of his head, his frustration mounting as he realized the flaw in his plan.

Using their awakened abilities to strike from a distance would be risky—it wasn't as if they could control their attacks once unleashed.

It would be like firing a stray bullet, with the very real danger of hitting Captain Vulture instead of the target.

"But it's clear that Captain Vulture is getting worn out," he muttered, his voice filled with worry. "How much longer can he keep dodging those attacks? Honestly, even I wouldn't be confident in evading them—the strikes are getting faster and more relentless..."

"I know, but..." the other warrior trailed off, his gaze fixed on Vulture, who was relentlessly dodging each attack.

The streets were now coated in frost, making the battlefield even more treacherous.

The warriors below had instinctively pulled back, retreating to fight near the base of the wall, ready to climb up if the clash between Vulture and the evolved zombie escalated further.

They didn't want to add to Vulture's burden or risk getting caught in the chaos.

"Wait, can't you guys see something?" one of the soldiers suddenly said, his voice breaking the tense silence.

"See what?" another asked, confusion and curiosity mixing in his tone as he turned to look more intently at the scene unfolding before them.

The soldiers gathered around, their eyes fixed on the battle between Vulture and the ice-type evolved zombie.

Gradually, a realization seemed to dawn on them as they exchanged glances, small chuckles breaking out among the group.

"What's wrong with you guys? Why are you acting all mysterious? Just say it already!" one of warriors snapped, clearly frustrated by the suspense.

"Ha ha, sorry," one of the chuckling soldiers replied. "We just noticed something, and we were double-checking to see if it was real or not."

"And?" the impatient warrior pressed, his curiosity growing stronger.

"And it seems like Captain Vulture is intentionally making it look like he's barely evading the attacks," one of the soldiers explained, a knowing grin spreading across his face.

"He's doing it to fuel the evolved zombie's anger, forcing it to focus solely on him. By doing so, the zombie is unleashing its fury indiscriminately, causing chaos on the battlefield."

"In the end, it's the other zombies that are caught in the crossfire and suffering the most from the destruction."