

Apocalypse 606

Chapter 606 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 16

The ongoing tension had everyone's nerves stretched to the breaking point, their hearts pounding as if hanging by a fragile thread.

It felt like a heart attack could strike at any moment with the constant, sudden appearances of zombies seemingly materializing out of nowhere.

The stress was starting to mess with their heads, filling them with the unnerving paranoia that a zombie might pop up inches from their faces at any moment, ready to catch them off guard.

Even Duke was struggling, as he was tasked with protecting the largest section of the southern wall using his area-of-effect attacks.

Unlike Kisha's side, however, the southern wall had yet to receive the upgraded ammunition from the artisans.

Aston had deemed the western wall the most urgent priority, given its dire situation, but no one had anticipated that Duke's side would face an entirely different type of threat.

Yet, even if they had the upgraded ammunition, it would make little difference—they couldn't fight what they couldn't see.

Suddenly, the ground began to tremble beneath their feet.

A massive horde of zombies emerged on one side of the wall, catching everyone by surprise.

Like the scene on Kisha's side, the zombies began piling onto one another in an attempt to scale the wall.

Their abrupt appearance threw the soldiers and warriors off guard, causing a crucial delay in their response—just enough for the tension to reach a breaking point.

But that wasn't the only problem.

As the zombies suddenly flooded one side of the wall, the warriors and soldiers instinctively rushed to that area, leaving the other sides vulnerable.

Moments later, another horde attacked a different section, making it clear that these assaults were coordinated.

To make matters worse, the base of the wall was shrouded in a thick mist, completely obscuring the ground below.

Panic began to spread among the defenders as they realized the zombies appeared to be operating with some level of intelligence.

However, Duke knew better.

These were no masterminds—the zombies were merely pawns under the control of an evolved zombie that was manipulating the mist.

The real challenge was identifying the type of evolved zombie they were dealing with and understanding its full range of abilities.

Aside from the mist, Duke had no concrete information to work with, making it nearly impossible to devise an effective strategy to counter the horde or the evolved zombie.

"Clyde, go take care of the other side," Duke commanded, his voice cutting through the rising chaos.

Everyone was in a state of panic, and he knew it was the gnawing anxiety and nervousness eating away at their composure.

The thick mist that blanketed their surroundings hid the lurking threats from view, amplifying their fear.

After all, what could be more terrifying than being surrounded by enemies you couldn't see?

Duke understood what they were feeling—the sudden appearance of zombies, coupled with the unsettling intelligence they displayed, was enough to push anyone to the brink.

But despite the oppressive tension, Duke's presence served as a stabilizing force, keeping the group from completely falling apart.

After Clyde moved to the other side, where the second horde of zombies was attempting to scale the wall, Duke turned his attention to the soldiers gathered on the opposite side.

He ordered them to take out the tank of used oil.

For a moment, the soldiers froze, confusion flickering across their faces as they struggled to grasp the meaning of his command.

Then, realization dawned on them as they glanced down the wall, where zombies were climbing with alarming speed.

Understanding Duke's intention, they sprang into action, scrambling to gather the used oil that had been drained from the truck engines and other machinery.

The oil, stored in unused tanks, had been set aside as part of their efforts to conserve and repurpose every resource they had.

With supplies dwindling, nothing could be wasted—everything had to be reused or recycled as much as possible.

Most of the awakened ability users were mentally and physically exhausted, still in the process of recovering their spiritual energy.

The walls, therefore, had only a handful of fighters left standing, with Duke being the sole force holding everything together.

Now that Duke had provided them with a clear strategy for dealing with the zombies, the soldiers' nervous hearts began to settle, and they started working with renewed focus.

Meanwhile, the remaining soldiers and warriors fought to keep the zombies from scaling the wall.

On the other side, Clyde used his 'Gravity Manipulation' to flatten the zombies to the ground.

With the creatures piled on top of each other, he had little trouble handling them; his power covered the entire area, making the task feel almost effortless.

A sense of satisfaction washed over him as he looked at Duke, seeking validation for the job well done.

Duke wasn't stingy with praise when it was warranted, and he certainly recognized Clyde's strategic thinking.

He watched as Clyde patiently waited for the zombies to pile on top of each other before unleashing his awakened ability.

Clyde planned to use the highest gravity weight he could muster to flatten them, and given the situation, the amount of spiritual energy required would remain the same, with the radius of his attack unchanged.

Since the zombies were already stacked together, there was no need for Clyde to overexert himself.

It was a perfect example of working smarter, not harder—a principle Duke appreciated.

With a quiet chuckle and a nod of approval, Duke acknowledged Clyde's approach, making Clyde feel more confident in his decision.

With this tactic, they managed to keep the incoming zombies at bay. But then, another horde emerged from the mist and began scaling the wall, mirroring the actions of the first two.

It was as if they were searching for an opening, hoping to breach the defenses and climb over.

Just as the other warriors and soldiers were about to scatter to address the new threat, those who had gone to retrieve the used oil Duke had requested returned.

Without waiting for further orders, they rushed to the edge of the wall and began pouring the oil over the zombies that had already made it halfway up.

The thick black oil slowly cascaded over the zombies, covering most of them.

Then, without hesitation, the fire-type awakened ability users ignited the zombies, and the soldiers with the oil tanks did the same to the remaining horde scaling the wall.

With the battlefield already shrouded in thick mist, the addition of the smoke rising from the burning zombies barely made a difference to the visibility.

The soldiers and warriors watched the zombies burn, even though the creatures couldn't feel the pain, but still, their muscles stiffened gradually, and one by one, they collapsed, falling and rolling over each other.

The pillar of zombies that had been scaling the wall had begun to crumble, giving the soldiers and warriors a renewed sense of confidence.

They repeated this process time and again, allowing most of them to recover their stamina and spiritual energy.

Even Duke took this opportunity to rest for a moment, feeling the pulsating ache in his head from overusing his awakened ability in an effort to hold the fort.