

## **Apocalypse 607**

### Chapter 607 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 17

"Vice City Lord, the oil is nearly gone!" shouted the soldiers who had been pouring the used oil over the zombies.

Despite this, the aftermath of their tactic was clear: the remaining pillars of zombies that had been scaling the wall were now engulfed in flames and crumbling to the ground.

Then, from within the mist, an angry roar echoed, signaling the evolved zombie's fury.

While it was a sign of their success, it also meant that they had taken down a substantial number of zombies in the process.

And Duke wasn't in a rush to confront the evolved zombie.

In fact, he'd just come to a realization: the evolved zombie, lurking within the mist, might only be using the mist as its ability, along with crowd control to manipulate the horde at will.

If that was the case, then all Duke needed to do was pinpoint its location, which would make it easier to tip the battle in their favor.

Once he dealt with this one issue, they could return to their original strategy without exhausting his soldiers and warriors by constantly battling zombies that appeared out of the mist.

The zombies seemed to emerge at random, waiting for Duke's forces to lower their guard before launching an attack.

But if his people stayed alert, never letting their defenses slip, they risked wearing themselves down mentally.

Duke continued to monitor and analyze the zombies' movements and patterns.

Just moments ago, when the evolved zombie let out a roar, Duke used the sound to try and pinpoint its location within the mist.

That's when it hit him—the zombie might not be as far away as they thought. It could be standing right in the middle of the mist, watching them from a distance.

They couldn't see the evolved zombie, but perhaps it could see them. If that was the case, it would explain how the zombie was able to direct the horde, determining where and when to strike.

Having finished his analysis, Duke instructed the soldiers and warriors to hold their positions and wait while resting.

They had already dealt with the pillars of zombies that were still burning near the base of the wall, eliminating most of the threat.

What Duke needed now was to confirm whether his suspicion was correct.

"Wind-type awakened ability users, line up here!" he commanded, stepping aside to make room for them.

As the warriors with wind-type awakened abilities lined up beside him, all eyes turned toward him in anticipation. Duke pointed in a specific direction, his voice steady.

"Use your strongest whirlwind and cast it toward that area—all at the same time."

The warriors exchanged glances, taking deep breaths as they prepared. Then, with a shared understanding, they began to focus, conjuring the whirlwind, ready to execute the plan.

As the whirlwind grew stronger, the wind users pushed it forward, directing it toward the specified area.

The mist was sucked up and carried away by the powerful gusts, momentarily clearing the path.

However, the mist would gradually return, slowly reclaiming the area.

Then, Duke saw a lone figure emerge from the fog.

Their eyes locked, and Duke couldn't help but smile smugly, but before he could react further, the figure vanished back into the mist.

The whirlwind began to dissipate, and the mist crept back into the cleared area, slowly engulfing it once more.

As the evolved zombie's shadowy figure slowly disappeared into the mist, the atmosphere shifted, signaling a moment of confrontation.

In that instant, Duke took out the Kratos' Spear and leaped down from the wall, his cloak swirling dramatically in the wind.

The soldiers and warriors were left in stunned silence, fear and awe mixing in their expressions.

Clyde, reaching out in a futile attempt to stop him, grasped only empty air—just inches from the fluttering tail of Duke's cloak.

As Duke hit the ground, he swung his spear in a wide arc, decapitating a burning zombie that had been charging at him, eager to sink its teeth into him. Without missing a beat, he sprinted into the mist.

Zombies leaped from the fog, attempting to bite and tear at him, but Duke's reflexes were lightning-quick. His spear seemed to move of its own accord, swinging in a natural, almost instinctive motion.

One zombie wasn't enough. Suddenly, a horde materialized out of nowhere, swarming toward him with bloodthirsty intent.

But Duke didn't falter. While running, he swung his spear overhead, spinning it like a helicopter blade before rolling it in his wrist, maintaining the circular motion. With fluid precision, he passed the spear to his other hand, clearing a path through the crowd.

As he continued to charge forward, the spear spun relentlessly around him, cutting down zombies with unstoppable force. His movements were so fast, and the Kratos' Spear rotated with such precision, that anyone witnessing it would find it hard to believe the weapon was as heavy as it was.

Duke rotated the spear behind him, transferring it smoothly to his other hand through the back, ready to strike at the zombies closing in from behind. At the same time, he sliced through the ones approaching from his sides. With each motion, he left a trail of dismembered corpses in his wake.

Then, within the mist, he spotted the familiar shadowy figure. Without hesitation, Duke propelled himself high into the air with a powerful leap, soaring more than two meters off the ground.

As he rose, he rolled the spear in his wrist, positioning it with precision before gripping the end with his right hand and the middle with his left. With one swift motion, he thrust the spear downward at the zombie directly below him.

The attack landed, but the evolved zombie, ever resourceful, used one of its minions as a shield, sacrificing the normal zombie to block the strike. Unable to evade in time, the evolved zombie took a step back, momentarily retreating, and the zombie it used as a shield received Duke's attack just now.

"Tsk!" Duke clicked his tongue in frustration, but he didn't stop. With a heavy step forward, he activated the Spear's 'Stab' skill, and the piercing effect took hold, striking the evolved zombie in the shoulder as it continued to retreat.

The zombie was trying to run, seeking the safety of the mist and summoning the horde for reinforcements.

But Duke wasn't about to let it escape so easily. He took another powerful step forward, his foot sinking into the pavement, leaving an imprint as though the ground were soft clay.

With his spear raised, he thrust it again, but just as he did, a wave of zombies surged forward, forming a wall to shield the evolved zombie. Duke's attack slammed into them, allowing the evolved zombie to pull further away.

Despite the setback, Duke's gaze never left the evolved zombie. His resolve was unwavering—this time, he wouldn't let it run away.

Even as a wave of zombies lunged at him, Duke didn't break his stride. He used his spear to clear them away, the weapon's sharpness effortlessly slicing through their ranks as if they were mere obstacles.

His focus remained solely on the evolved zombie, even as he pushed deeper into the enemy's territory.

Despite the growing chaos around him, Duke remained calm—unshaken. It was the evolved zombie that seemed to be losing its composure. Roaring in frustration, it used the normal zombies as fodder to buy itself time, retreating further into the mist.

This only confirmed Duke's suspicion: the evolved zombie didn't possess any special abilities of its own, relying solely on the mist to hide and control the horde.