

Apocalypse 608

Chapter 608 The Beginning Of The End's Battle 18

Luckily, after Duke vaulted over the wall, Clyde quickly took charge of the group above, allowing Duke to focus on the front lines without worry.

Clyde understood the gravity of the situation.

He knew that they had to deal with the evolved zombie swiftly, or else the longer it remained on the battlefield, the harder it would be for his team to maintain their resolve.

The constant fear and anxiety would slowly erode their morale, even if they didn't crumble under the physical onslaught of the zombies.

The longer the battle raged, the more mental strain they would endure, leaving them vulnerable in ways that the enemy could exploit.

Despite knowing the dangers of going down alone, Duke understood it was the best course of action, and he was the only one capable of carrying it out.

Determined, he fought his way through the relentless zombie wave, closing in on the evolved zombie.

His movements were unyielding, and his presence exuded a menacing aura that seemed to seep into the very core of his enemies.

Even the evolved zombie, despite its heightened abilities, began to feel the weight of fear under the pressure of Duke's unwavering killing intent.

Duke's swift movements and powerful strides brought him directly in front of the evolved zombie, leaving it momentarily stunned.

The path he'd carved through the zombie horde seemed effortless, the creatures falling aside as though they were nothing more than obstacles.

Realizing it had nowhere to run, the evolved zombie surged deeper into the horde, trying to escape, but the impact of Duke's presence was undeniable.

As it retreated, the entire zombie wave coming to the wall halted, redirecting its focus to Duke.

The evolved zombie, now feeling its safety threatened, continued to use the normal zombies as a shield, desperately searching for somewhere to hide.

It knew it couldn't blend into the horde—it stood out too much. No matter where it tried to go, Duke would always be on its trail.

Of course, Duke was able to track the evolved zombie without difficulty.

Just moments before it had attempted to flee, he had managed to surreptitiously place a retroreflective sticker on its back, a small, nearly undetectable move.

With a flick of his finger, the sticker was sent to the evolved zombie's back, allowing him to see its glowing reflection whenever it merged into the horde.

Now, as the evolved zombie ran, Duke simply followed the gleaming trail it left behind.

Standing face to face with the evolved zombie once again, Duke wasted no time.

He unleashed his 'Ice Storm,' ensnaring the evolved zombie's feet and the surrounding area within a three-meter radius of ice.

As it struggled to move, Duke seized the opportunity, launching his spear with deadly precision.

The spear connected with the evolved zombie, its piercing effect taking hold and the stab skill ensuring the attack was as devastating as possible.

With a single strike, Duke obliterated the evolved zombie, its monstrous form collapsing in an instant.

As the horde around him began to scatter and be all over the place, the zombies on the street surged toward him in a chaotic wave, attempting to overwhelm him.

But Duke's quick reflexes made him a difficult target. Without missing a beat, he rushed forward, grabbing both his spear and the evolved zombie's crystal core.

In one fluid motion, he dashed back toward the wall, ensuring the core was safely in his possession.

Duke kept the crystal core close, wary of the other zombies that might target it, as he had witnessed before with the other evolved zombie eating other evolved zombie's crystal core to further their evolution.

As the evolved zombie fell, the mist that had enveloped the street began to dissipate, gradually fading away.

As Duke sprinted back, he conjured 'Fire Meteor' and 'Lightning Strike,' using the powerful blasts to clear his path through the horde.

Simultaneously, his 'Ice Storm' froze the zombies closest to him, trapping their feet in place and halting their advance.

Despite his quick movements and relentless attacks, he could feel his spiritual energy draining rapidly.

In response, he fished out a vial of black liquid, quickly downing it to replenish his energy and continue unleashing his elemental powers.

With the zombies immobilized by his Ice Storm, his other attacks cut through them with ease, leaving a trail of destruction in his wake.

He carefully placed the evolved zombie's crystal core into his Space Ring, making sure not to lose it during his frantic retreat.

Meanwhile, his spear was in constant motion, swinging to carve a path as he moved forward.

Because the evolved zombie had ventured deep into enemy territory, Duke was still a little too far from the safety of the wall, the pressure mounting as more zombies closed in.

The soldiers and warriors couldn't afford to attack blindly, wary of accidentally striking Duke in the chaos.

Through the thick mist, they could only catch glimpses of his elemental attacks flashing in the distance.

Tension hung in the air as they held their breath, eyes fixed on the swirling fog, waiting for Duke to emerge.

Every second felt like an eternity as they stood poised, ready to act the moment Duke reappeared.

Slowly, the mist began to dissipate, revealing the battlefield little by little, allowing the warriors to finally make out the lay of the land.

The anticipation grew as they braced themselves for the next move.

"I-I see the Vice City Lord!" Clyde shouted, pointing toward a specific direction.

The soldiers and warriors, filled with excitement, quickly followed his fingers, their eyes narrowing in on the shadowy figure emerging from the mist.

As the figure grew clearer with each passing moment, flashes of elemental attack lit up the area behind it, confirming that it was indeed Duke.

The unmistakable silhouette of his long spear soon followed, and the soldiers knew exactly where he was.

To prevent the zombies from focusing solely on Duke, some of the soldiers began tossing grenades across the battlefield, creating chaos among the horde.

The explosions rattled the undead, ensuring they wouldn't be so easily drawn to Duke alone.

Moments later, Duke emerged from the mist, and the soldiers and warriors collectively exhaled in relief.

They watched as he leaped toward the wall with impressive strength, his legs propelling him high into the air.

However, despite the height of his jump, it wasn't quite enough to reach the top.

Without missing a beat, ice spikes materialized midair, providing Duke with a makeshift stepping stone.

With a swift push, he used them to propel himself the rest of the way, reaching the top of the wall.

As soon as Duke reached the top of the wall, a wave of relief washed over everyone, and they let out a collective sigh.

Meanwhile, Duke slumped, too exhausted to move, his head pounding from the strain.

It was clear to everyone that their Vice City Lord had pushed himself beyond his limits to deal with the evolved zombie.

Reeve, noticing his condition, immediately stepped in to help, guiding Duke toward a tent for some much-needed rest.

"No," Duke muttered, his voice weak. "Take me to the western wall. I'll rest better and recover faster there."

Despite barely being able to stand, Duke's determination still shone through.

Reeve quickly radioed for a golf cart to be brought to the site, ready to take Duke to the western wall as he requested.