

Apocalypse 170

Chapter 170 Do You Want To Follow Him?

After fooling around for a bit, Duke and Kisha fell asleep together. They were abruptly awakened by the night watch's alert just before dawn, signaling that more zombies were approaching from all directions. Duke wondered if the scent of human blood from the traitor's body, impaled at the highest point of the watchtower, was attracting the zombies.

Although it wasn't a massive horde, the number of zombies was still significant enough to pose a challenge.

According to the night watch, at least a thousand zombies were approaching, a number they couldn't handle without using their awakened abilities. Kisha and the rest immediately stood up and began packing as quickly as possible. Kisha, thinking ahead, considered storing everything in her inventory but refrained from doing so because there are many outsiders in their group currently.

She was the first to leave the tower with Duke, saying they would be out to find an escape route. In reality, they were putting back all the supplies she had taken to store in her inventory. Meanwhile, Sparrow and Vulture stayed behind to finish packing with everyone.

Soon after, the others came down, and the zombie horde had yet to reach their location. The zombies were marching rather than running, likely driven by curiosity rather than the certainty of food. The traitor's body had been impaled at the top of the tower for several hours, causing his blood to dry and its scent to weaken, even as the wind carried it around.

The atmosphere among the group was still heavy from the previous night's events, but there was no time to dwell on it. They quickly boarded the truck, and Sparrow wasted no time starting the engine. Regardless of the direction he chose, they were met by hundreds of zombies standing on the road.

The moment the zombies heard the engine's rumble, their marching turned into a sprint as they chased after the truck.

Many in Aston's group were visibly nervous, their anxiety growing as they saw the horde. One member subconsciously glanced back at the tower, wondering if they should return and wait for the zombies to disperse before continuing their mission. From his position, he saw something different at the top of the tower.

Unlike Sparrow and Kisha, who had good eyesight and could see far away, his vision was blurry. He thought the object he saw was just another decoration on the rod.

Noticing his intense focus on one spot, another member, trying to distract himself from the anxiety of the zombie horde chasing their truck, also looked up to see what his comrade was staring at.

His better eyesight allowed him to make out the silhouette on top of the tower. He recalled what Duke and the others had said about dealing with the traitor. Realizing that it might be the traitor from their team, a shiver ran down his spine, and his mouth fell open in horror.

He couldn't comprehend Duke and his group's brutality. Placing a dead body in such a degrading position seemed unnecessary and inhumane. The traitor was already deceased, so what purpose did this serve? His face turned pale, and his body trembled uncontrollably.

Fear gripped him, not just of Duke and his group, but also of making any noise that might draw attention, though, amidst the surrounding zombie noise, it seemed unlikely anyone would hear him anyway.

But at that moment, fear consumed him, his attention fixated on Duke and Kisha seated before them. His teammates noticed his unease and followed his gaze upward. Despite the distance from the tower, they could still discern the unsettling sight their comrade had seen. Aston, currently silent, looked up with a cold, emotionless stare.

The silhouette on the tower triggered a shift in Aston's demeanor from melancholy to rage, his fury directed squarely at Duke. Confusion still gripped the others as they stared upward, until Aston's roar pierced the air, punctuated by a swift punch to Duke's face.

But Duke didn't let Aston lay a finger on him, his gaze alone enough to freeze Aston in place. Despite Duke's intimidating stare, Aston's anger fueled his adrenaline, and he lunged at Duke again, like a hyena attacking a lion. Duke casually deflected Aston's punches, knowing full well why Aston was furious but showing little concern.

In Duke's view, survival was paramount; had they not been prepared, they'd all be dead. He contemplated whether their corpses would be left for the zombies or simply left to rot, scenarios equally bleak and unknown.

His fury burned hotter as he recalled how his people had been abandoned to turn into zombies or die—a fate equally inhumane. Duke felt he was merely returning the pain inflicted upon them. However, he was resolved that his retaliation would far exceed what they had endured.

He vowed to mete out tenfold the suffering and anguish inflicted upon his people, holding both the mastermind and their cohorts equally accountable.

As Aston persisted in his assault, Duke's patience wore thin. "If you're so eager to join your treacherous friend up there, leaving your vulnerable comrades here with us, I won't object to sending you on your

way," Duke declared with a cold, authoritative tone. It was clear to everyone present that this was no idle threat; Duke was making a serious proposition.

The reminder of betrayal hit Aston like a bucket of cold water. As Sparrow took a sharp turn, Aston was thrown back into his seat with such force that it pained his back. Yet, in that moment, the physical discomfort paled in comparison to the emotional turmoil he felt.

But, with Duke's reminder of his remaining people with him out there and still on the mission to look for the Winters brought him back from his reverie to sort out his emotions like how he was trained to. He stared at Duke for a little then went back to his stern and cold demeanor as if nothing ever happened to him earlier.

Duke's words served as a stark reminder to everyone present. They realized that even if Duke had not desecrated the corpse of their former comrade who had betrayed them, his body would not have received a peaceful burial, as per the tradition of honoring the deceased.

In this harsh reality they faced, they considered themselves fortunate to still have their bodies intact and the ability to move freely. Bringing back a dead body would have been impractical and risky, especially given the difficulty they already faced in transporting essential supplies back to their shelter.

They collectively realigned their thoughts to prevent their righteous hearts and minds from interfering with their mission. In fact, they realized they should be grateful to Kisha and her team for preventing them from being backstabbed without their knowledge.

They hung their heads in embarrassment, realizing their thoughts and actions had seemed ungrateful towards those who had saved them. Reflecting deeply as the truck jolted along, navigating through the encircling zombie horde, they understood the gravity of their situation and had to be on guard right now, rather than thinking of the past.

Despite the rough terrain, Sparrow maintained their speed, ensuring the zombies couldn't catch up.

He expertly maneuvered through a series of sharp turns, causing the zombies in pursuit to stumble and pile up like a stampede, gradually thinning their numbers as they continued their journey.