

Apocalypse 397

Chapter 397 Loyal Dog

Even though there were only three cargo trailers in place, their length and height would require considerable time to fully cover them with the earth wall.

After an hour, Vulture and the others finished covering the three cargo trailers, just in time for Aston and his team to arrive with another three.

Their goal was to completely erect all ten cargo trailers that Sparrow's team had brought back.

The reason it took Vulture and his team an hour to complete their task was that they alternated their efforts to fully recover and avoid depleting their spiritual energy, as Kisha had advised.

Whenever they felt they were nearing their limit, they would step back, allow the others to take over, and return once they had rested.

Kisha's presence significantly accelerated their recovery, but it still placed a strain on their mental stamina.

Nevertheless, they persevered as the sky gradually turned a deep crimson and a cold wind began to blow.

Fortunately, Aston's team returned with hot coffee to keep Vulture's team warm and alert throughout their work, and they provided towels to help dry their sweat, ensuring that no one would catch a cold—even if it was unlikely for an awakened ability user to do so.

After some time, Vulture's team became accustomed to their task, working faster and more efficiently.

By half past seven in the evening, they had successfully completed all ten cargo trailers, fortifying both the inside and outside.

They even managed to erect impressive earth spikes outside the wall, far superior to their efforts from the previous night.

Kisha couldn't help but smile widely at the sight. Watching them take initiative felt akin to seeing her child grow and learn to run after just mastering walking.

She felt an overwhelming sense of pride.

Their task became significantly easier thanks to Aston's preparations.

He had set up several large headlights around the work area, ensuring that the warriors could see what they were doing even after sunset, reducing the risk of zombies ambushing them from the shadows.

After delivering the last cargo trailer and securing it in place, Aston and his team didn't leave immediately.

To streamline the process, they positioned all the headlights around the trucks and cranes, making it easier to transport them back inside the base once they were done.

Once they completed their tasks, everyone hopped onto the trucks for the ride back.

"What's that?" one of the warriors asked, his gaze fixed on something emerging from within the city.

As the truck turned around, the headlights now illuminated the road ahead, making it difficult to see what was behind them.

Initially dismissing it as a figment of his imagination, he squinted into the darkness.

But the more he focused, the clearer the shadow became, revealing a movement and a gleaming eye staring back at him.

The warrior shuddered uncontrollably, transfixed by the gleaming eyes staring back at him from the darkness.

Despite their terrifying presence, he couldn't tear his gaze away; the fear held him captive.

Those eyes were both bewildering and chilling, and he sensed that if he looked away, whatever lurked in the shadows might leap toward him.

He couldn't shake the thought that this moment would haunt his nightmares for days to come.

As soon as someone spoke, the rest turned in fear, instinctively on guard against a potential attack from the shadows.

Kisha, with her heightened senses, also heard the hushed warning. When she glanced back, the dim outlines in the darkness became clearer to her, revealing what others struggled to see.

She scrunched up her nose and furrowed her brows, squinting into the darkness.

A humanoid figure emerged, moving toward them in slow, deliberate steps. Its eyes glimmered ominously in the dim light, creating an unsettling contrast against the shadows.

It wasn't alone; a smaller figure scuttled ahead, walking forward with a steady pace, while the larger figure trailed behind, exuding an air of menace.

The sight sent a chill down her spine, and an instinctive sense of danger began to rise within her.

With her heightened senses, Kisha could pick up the sound of rapid, labored breathing.

It was strange—more like gasping, as if the creature were parched and struggling for air. The noise was disturbingly familiar.

Then, she caught a low, guttural growl, unmistakably that of a zombie. But this one didn't sound as feral or aggressive as the others.

Instead, it had an eerie, subdued quality to it—tamed, but still dripping with menace.

Kisha's breath caught in her throat as a chilling thought crossed her mind.

Before anyone could react, she leaped from her spot onto the roof of the truck's driver side, landing near one of the large headlights.

With swift precision, she swung it toward the approaching figures.

The sudden beam of light momentarily blinded the other warriors as it swept across their backs, causing them to squint and instinctively adjust their vision.

Despite their disorientation, they quickly dropped into defensive stances, though confusion crept in as they realized the figures weren't attacking—or even making a move.

Their questions were soon answered when Kisha focused the light on the figures.

Arf!

Grrr!

At the front was an Alabai dog, nearly as large as Zeus. While Zeus had a bear-like presence, this dog resembled a massive, muscular pit bull. Kisha couldn't help but feel like its head might be bigger than hers. But that wasn't the most unsettling part. Behind the dog stood a female zombie, her long, tangled hair covering her face, leaving only her gleaming eyes visible.

As it growled, little puffs of steam escaped from its mouth, adding to its eerie presence.

The moment the light hit the zombie and the massive dog, the zombie let out a low, warning growl, while the dog immediately shifted into a defensive stance, ready to lunge at anyone who dared to approach.

Its posture radiated aggression, as though it was poised to bite off the head of the first person to step forward.

The sight of the zombie was unsettling, but what truly took everyone by surprise was the bizarre relationship between the two.

The dog wasn't being led by the zombie—quite the opposite. The leash was tightly wrapped around the zombie's hand, tethered to the dog's collar.

It was the dog that was dragging the zombie forward, keeping a calculated distance between them, almost as if it was controlling the pace.

Kisha and the others were so stunned that no one thought to react immediately.

They stood frozen, eyes locked on the aggressive-looking Alabai dog and the zombie trailing behind it.

The zombie made repeated attempts to bite at the dog, but each time, the dog skillfully dodged, then barked sharply before glancing back at Kisha and the others.

The group's confusion deepened—what did the dog want?

Its actions seemed contradictory. On one hand, it appeared to be warning them not to approach, but at the same time, its barking and glances almost seemed to beckon them closer, as if it was trying to communicate something they couldn't quite understand.

'Does it want us to feed ourselves to its former owner?' That unsettling thought crossed everyone's mind as they exchanged uneasy glances.

It was the only explanation that made sense in the moment.

The dog clearly didn't want them to approach, perhaps out of a fierce loyalty to its zombified owner.

Yet, at the same time, its actions seemed to invite them closer, almost as if it was guiding them to offer themselves as a meal.

"What a loyal dog," someone muttered under their breath, a mix of disbelief and dark humor.