

## **Apocalypse 399**

### Chapter 399 The Disparity

Seeing the Alabai dog calm down, Kisha cautiously approached the zombie from behind.

The dog continued to occupy most of the zombie's attention, skillfully dodging its attacks by jumping from side to side.

It was clear that the dog didn't want to harm its owner, instead, it seemed to be protecting something.

Whenever Kisha got too close, the zombie would sense her presence and turn to face her.

She hesitated, unsure if she could attack just yet, as she didn't fully understand the zombie's condition. Kisha knew she had to be extremely cautious.

Kisha quickly jumped back to avoid the zombie's claw. Instead of a full-on attack, the zombie seemed more defensive, reacting out of hunger rather than pure aggression.

From her observations, it was clear that the zombie wasn't intent on attacking but was driven by desperation.

Its behavior felt more passive-aggressive, and Kisha could almost understand its reluctance to fully engage.

The alabai lunged forward, yanking the leash to draw the zombie's attention.

The force of the pull caused the zombie to stumble, bringing it face to face with the dog. The alabai, startled by the sudden closeness, hesitated and began to step back.

But the zombie's eyes locked onto the dog, blood-like drool dripping from its mouth.

Almost instinctively, the zombie lunged, teeth bared, ready to sink into the dog's flesh.

Everyone was taken aback by the sudden turn of events. Even Kisha felt her heart leap into her throat.

No matter how cold and hardened her heart had become, she still had a soft spot for dogs and cats.

Before anyone could react, the zombie lunged at the alabai, its mouth gaping wide, ready to strike.

Clank!

A sharp metallic sound echoed through the air, breaking the tension as everyone's hearts hung by a thread.

Before anyone could fully grasp what had happened, the zombie had already lunged at the alabai. The dog, however, didn't fight back—it simply whined, frozen in fear.

Fortunately, Kisha's reflexes kicked in. She had long made it a habit to keep a dagger—or two—within arm's reach whenever dealing with zombies, always prepared for the unexpected.

That instinct hadn't failed her before, and now it proved invaluable once again.

This time, with Kisha's swift intervention, the zombie's jaws clamped down on the sharp edge of the dagger instead of the dog. Its decayed flesh tore against the blade, yet the creature showed no sign of pain, gnashing its teeth as though unaware of the damage.

Desperate to reach the alabai, the zombie continued to bite down on the dagger, relentless in its attempt to get through to its target.

With quick precision, Kisha intercepted the zombie's attack, protecting the alabai from its transformed owner.

It was painfully clear that the dog, even in the face of danger, didn't want to harm its master, despite the fact that the person it once knew was no longer there.

The dog whined anxiously, trying to move closer, but the zombie lunged again, this time directly at the dog.

Kisha's second dagger deflected the attack, but she hesitated—she didn't want to kill the zombie, uncertain of its current condition.

Her second strike merely deflected the zombie's advance, accidentally slicing a portion of its long, tangled hair that had been concealing much of its face.

"Uwah!"

"Uwah!"

A baby's wail pierced through the night, louder than the growls of the surrounding zombies.

The sound was unmistakable, and it echoed so clearly that everyone stopped in their tracks, their attention snapping to the source of the crying.

Even the alabai's ears perked up in response, but instead of barking at the unknown source, it directed its defensive barks at its former owner, as if instinctively knowing something was wrong.

The zombie that had once been the alabai's owner frantically searched for the source of the crying, its growls growing louder and more frantic.

Its eyes, filled with an instinctive hunger, darted around as it locked onto what it perceived as its next target.

The creature spun in circles, causing the alabai to bark anxiously in response.

Then, Kisha realized the truth: the dog's concern wasn't for the zombie itself but for the baby it was carrying on its back, obscured by its long, matted hair.

The wailing that had set the alabai on edge was coming from the very child the zombie now carried on its back.

Kisha couldn't determine whether the zombie's hair had been arranged that way before the alabai's owner completely transformed or if it had become tangled and disheveled during the chaotic ordeal they had both endured.

Either way, the long strands now served to obscure the baby hidden on the zombie's back, while the alabai dog acted as their guide, navigating through the chaos in search of other human settlements or survivors.

With this newfound understanding, Kisha acted swiftly, skillfully guiding her dagger to sever the zombie's head.

As the lifeless body began to topple, she deftly supported it, ensuring the baby strapped to its back wouldn't be crushed.

To her shock, nestled within a baby carrier was indeed an infant; the moment Kisha's dagger sliced through the zombie's hair, the sudden movement startled the baby, causing its pacifier to fall to the ground and eliciting a wail of distress.

It became clear that the alabai dog wasn't concerned for its owner but for the baby strapped to its back.

Though it had been defensive toward the other survivors, its true intention was to seek their help in ensuring the baby's safety.

It was likely the last command given by the dog's owner before her complete transformation into a zombie.

Kisha felt a sting in her eyes as she grasped the depth of a mother's love, capable of transcending even life and death.

The faith the mother had in her loyal companion to seek help for her child when she could no longer protect him tugged at Kisha's heart.

In a final act of devotion, the owner had tied her own hands with the dog's leash, ensuring that her beloved pet would fulfill her last wish to find someone to save her baby.

Kisha's heart trembled at this realization as she gazed at the baby. It was a profound expression of motherly love—something she had never truly experienced in her own life.

Even though the Aldens had adopted her and treated her as one of their own, she always felt the subtle divide, knowing they were not her biological family.

This understanding had become a painful ache in her heart, leaving her to wonder why her mother had chosen to abandon her and why she had never been wanted.

The stark contrast between the motherly love she witnessed now and the affection she had never experienced in her own life was overwhelming.

Without even realizing it, her eyes began to glaze over, and tears threatened to spill as they turned red with emotion.

Only Zeus's worried bark snapped her back to reality, pushing aside the unnecessary feelings that had crept into her mind and heart.

With renewed focus, she gently reached to lift the baby from the carrier while using her other dagger to fend off the surrounding zombies that had been drawn in by the commotion and the dog's frantic barking.