

## **Apocalypse 400**

### Chapter 400 One Track Mind

Vulture leaped out from the back of the truck and made his way toward Kisha.

He swiftly cut the leash binding the alabai, sensing that the dog was intelligent enough to remain calm and not run off in a panic.

The moment the alabai saw its owner being killed, it let out a mournful whine, a sound filled with sorrow and resignation.

It seemed to understand that the person it once loved was gone, replaced by the monstrous form that now lay lifeless on the ground.

The dog's eyes reflected a profound sadness, but there was also a flicker of acceptance as it recognized that its former owner was no longer the same.

However, when the alabai witnessed Kisha rescuing the baby, a spark of hope ignited within it.

Without hesitation, the dog followed Kisha closely, moving quietly beside her this time, displaying an unusual calmness that indicated its trust.

Vulture, meanwhile, approached the zombie's body and carefully removed the baby carrier. He figured it might serve a purpose in the future, perhaps as a means to safely transport the baby when necessary.

It only needed a thorough washing and cleaning to restore it to a usable state.

As Kisha and Vulture regrouped, the alabai stayed close to them, casting glances back at the lifeless form of its former owner.

It had shifted its loyalty, understanding that the survival of the baby was now its priority and it was now the only protector of the baby.

As Kisha's daggers whirled through the air, expertly killing the few remaining zombies—no more than a handful, their numbers reduced to a single digit —she felt a sense of urgency pulse through her.

Once she had eliminated the last of the threats, she swiftly returned to the truck.

Each warrior wore a somber expression, the weight of recent events heavy on their shoulders.

The realization of what they had just witnessed lingered in the air like a thick fog, and it became clear that the incident had struck a chord with everyone.

They had all seen the tragic remnants of a once-loving mother, her instincts transcending death itself, and it stirred deep emotions within them.

Thoughts of their own families began to surface, evoking memories of sacrifices made in the name of love and protection.

The image of the alabai, loyal to its owner even in her transformed state, mirrored their own struggles.

It reminded them of the bonds they shared with their loved ones and the lengths they would go to keep them safe.

Kisha could see it in their eyes—the pain of loss, the fear of what lay ahead, and the hope that somehow, they could forge new connections in this shattered world.

They were united not just by survival but by the shared understanding that love, in all its forms, was worth fighting for, even against insurmountable odds.

As the truck rumbled to life and they prepared to head back to the safety of their base, Kisha felt she needed to give each one of them space to also process their conflicting feelings because of the stirring emotions evoked by what they had witnessed.

As the truck rolled through the imposing gates, the soldiers and gatekeepers on duty couldn't help but notice the large alabai dog standing closely behind Kisha.

Its presence was a striking addition to their ragtag group, and Zeus, her loyal companion, radiated joy at the sight of a new friend.

His tail wagged furiously, a clear indication that he was more than happy to welcome this unexpected addition.

Earlier, Zeus had been a bundle of nerves, sensing Kisha's mood sink like a stone into the depths of despair.

His worried barks had echoed through the tense atmosphere, each bark a plea for her to shake off the heaviness that seemed to envelop her.

But now, in this moment of newfound companionship, it appeared as though he had completely forgotten his earlier concerns.

The worry lines on his furry face faded, replaced by unbridled excitement at having another dog to play with.

Kisha couldn't help but shake her head in defeat, a small smile breaking through her earlier seriousness.

It was a bittersweet reminder of the simple joys that could still be found amidst the chaos of their world.

Zeus's instinct to worry and protect had been well-founded, yet his ability to switch gears and embrace happiness so quickly was a testament to the resilience of animals—and, perhaps, a lesson for her as well.

'I guess it's a blessing to have a one-track mind, easy to forgive and forget, just like a dog,' Kisha mused quietly to herself, the thought bringing a small smile to her lips.

Inside the base, the atmosphere was charged with tension as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows across the compound.

Guards stood at their posts, their eyes scanning the darkness for any signs of a zombie raid, still haunted by the events of the previous night.

Every rustle of leaves and distant echo felt amplified in the stillness, a constant reminder of the dangers lurking just outside their walls.

But when Kisha and the other warriors finally returned, weary yet intact, an obvious wave of relief swept through everyone.

The tense lines etched on their faces began to soften, shoulders that had been wound tight with anxiety relaxed ever so slightly.

Though their vigilance remained, the sight of Kisha, Zeus, and the alabai dog brought a sense of calm to the uneasy crowd.

The playful camaraderie between the dogs was infectious, easing some of the fear that had gripped the base.

Laughter bubbled up, breaking the silence as a few soldiers exchanged glances, grateful to see their friends return safe and sound.

Especially when they witnessed Zeus playfully lunging at the alabai, who stood like a stoic soldier being pestered by an overenthusiastic child, the sight sent ripples of laughter through the group.

The stark contrast between the two dogs—one exuberant and spirited, the other composed and unyielding—made the moment all the more amusing.

Kisha noted how the atmosphere had shifted; the fear was still there, but it was now accompanied by a glimmer of ease.

However, after a careful inspection, they noticed Kisha cradling a small bundle in her arms.

Only Evelyn, who had come with her husband to stroll around the base for some quality time together, seemed to recognize the significance of the small bundle.

Evelyn had just returned from a perilous mission outside the base, and while her husband knew she was much stronger than he was, the lingering fear of losing her still gripped his heart, that's why he wanted to spend more time with her.

As they spotted Kisha returning, both of them instinctively stepped closer to observe her from a distance.

However, it was Evelyn who first noticed the bundle cradled in Kisha's arms.

Her curiosity piqued, she tugged on her husband's sleeve, urging him to move in closer.

It was only then that she realized the bundle contained an infant, just a few months old.

As a mother herself, Evelyn felt her heartstrings tugged violently.

She realized that Kisha must have rescued the infant from outside, and it was painfully clear that the baby's mother was no longer alive.

Having recently lost her own daughter, Evelyn felt an intense connection to this child.

It was as if she had found a vessel for the motherly love she still carried in her heart—love that had nowhere to go since her daughter's passing, causing her deep distress.