

Apocalypse 416

Chapter 416 The Level Up Changed The Body

Grabbing a nearby metal pipe, he swung it with precision, taking down the zombie next to him.

He didn't care that blood splattered across his handsome face; he exuded an aura of ruthlessness and wild intensity, fully immersed in the chaos of battle.

Duke's team shivered as a wave of goosebumps ran across their bodies, feeling the sheer menace of his aura as he cut through the horde.

They could only follow closely behind, awe-struck by his relentless power, while the snipers from the watchtower cleared the path ahead, ensuring they wouldn't be overwhelmed by the swarming zombies.

With Duke leading the charge at the forefront, the team swiftly carved their way through the zombie horde.

They moved with relentless momentum, fighting and running without pause.

Those stationed in the middle of the formation were tasked with quickly harvesting the crystal cores from the zombies' skulls as they advanced, ensuring they wasted no time while collecting valuable resources.

With time running short, they couldn't afford to use daggers.

Instead, they plunged their bare hands into the zombies' skulls, ripping out the crystal cores along with bits of brain matter.

The urgency of the situation left no room for hesitation or nausea, their focus solely on survival and completing the mission.

With their relentless pace and efficient handling of the situation, Duke and his team quickly broke free from the zombie horde and sprinted deeper into the city.

Duke didn't slow down until he was certain they were no longer surrounded and had secured a clear escape route in case of emergencies.

Only then did he stop, allowing his team to catch their breath after the intense run.

Despite their exhaustion, no one uttered a word of complaint.

Instead, following Duke's orders, they immediately checked on each other, ensuring no one was injured and assessing if any adjustments were needed in their formation.

They understood the importance of knowing if the group could maintain this formation over a long period, especially given the intensity of their mission.

At this moment, Duke was still evaluating which formations worked best with his warriors and which ones fell short, ensuring they could adapt quickly if things went sideways.

He was meticulously testing their endurance and responsiveness, knowing that any tactical misstep could be costly.

Fortunately, Vulture had anticipated this need and had already selected team members with the best stamina and solid defensive abilities.

Though they weren't as powerful as Duke in terms of dealing damage with their raw strength, their resilience ensured they wouldn't be a burden in critical moments and could defend themselves or their teammates when things went south.

By the time they finally stopped, two and a half hours had passed, and they had been sprinting as if their lives depended on it—because they did.

The warriors were panting heavily, gasping for air, their legs feeling like lead from the relentless pace.

Despite their exhaustion, none of them dared to stop until Duke gave the signal.

They knew too well that halting prematurely would mean certain death, making them easy prey for the zombies and becoming their lunch.

Pushing their weary bodies to the limit, they kept running, fully aware that slowing down before Duke's command would turn them into the horde's next meal.

While the team took a moment to rest, Duke stood by the entrance of the building, assessing the situation outside.

Inside, the warriors hastily dug into their military rations—biscuits and water that Kisha had carefully prepared for the mission. As Duke observed them, he noticed how quickly they were consuming their supplies.

He remembered that Kisha hadn't been able to pack much food, as their bags were already filled with other essential items. Realizing this, Duke made a mental note of their dwindling provisions.

Despite the brief respite, Duke ensured that at least two guards remained on alert at the building's entrance, rotating shifts with the others.

He excused himself from the group, telling them he was going to scout the area while they rested. No one dared protest.

They could all see the stark difference between themselves and their leader—while they were drenched in sweat and struggling to recover from the grueling two-and-a-half-hour sprint, Duke appeared almost unaffected.

His shirt was only lightly damp, and his breathing was calm, as if the intense run had barely made an impact on him.

The team respected Duke's strength and endurance, knowing that his instincts would keep them safe as he ventured out to scout the perimeter.

Even though some of them wanted to accompany Duke on his scouting mission, their bodies simply wouldn't allow it.

Exhaustion had overtaken them, and their limbs felt like jelly.

As they ate, lifting their trembling hands to feed themselves took tremendous effort.

Every movement seemed like a monumental task.

If it weren't for their pride and the fear of losing face in front of their comrades, they might have just collapsed onto the ground, eating their rations like worms, barely able to move anything but their heads.

Seeing them in such a state, Duke could only shake his head in amusement. He understood, though, that these warriors had given their all.

What they just did wasn't a casual jog but a full-on sprint, and despite having awakened their abilities, they were still at Level 0—unlike him.

They couldn't possibly keep up with his pace, but the fact that they tried their best spoke volumes.

It showed they were determined not to hold him back, a trait Duke deeply appreciated.

Their effort and resolve were more than enough for him to recognize their potential and dedication as loyal subordinates.

After excusing himself, Duke made a quick beeline to the nearest grocery store they had passed.

He pretended to be on a supply run, grabbing a large eco bag that resembled a suitcase—big enough to fit a person inside.

He stuffed it with essentials: cup noodles, loaves of bread, plenty of water, and energy bars and he even added a few vegetables to the mix.

To ensure he looked like he was genuinely gathering supplies all over the place, he took dawdle a little.

While he waited, Duke took the opportunity to set up a small camping stove and filled a pot with water to let it boil.

As the water heated, he leisurely munched on a melon bread that Kisha had tucked away in his Space Ring.

His casual demeanor masked the urgency of their situation, allowing him to gather not just supplies, but also a moment of rest like the others.

When the water began to boil, Duke pulled out a kimchi-flavored noodle packet he had randomly chosen from his stash and set it to cook.

After a few moments, he added two drops of egg and promptly turned off the stove.

Once the noodles were fully cooked, he didn't bother waiting for them to cool; instead, he dove right in, savoring every bite.

Surprisingly, he didn't feel the usual sting of heat on his tongue.

Perhaps it was due to his enhanced defenses, which allowed him to enjoy the food regardless of its temperature.

In reality, the soup was hot enough to cause a significant burn, around a 4.5 degrees burn on the scale, yet Duke relished it without a care.