

Apocalypse 426

Chapter 426 Duke Met With Problems

Everyone climbed back into their trucks, with Sparrow taking the lead.

His military-grade armored truck bulldozed through the zombies that came their way, leaving the opposing party in their dust.

Even if they wanted to pursue Sparrow and his team, they were at a disadvantage; their trucks were only regular trailers that had been hastily reinforced with some modifications like sturdier bumpers and blades on the sides to fend off the attacking zombies.

However, none of that could compare to Sparrow's military vehicle, which boasted superior defense and a powerful engine.

They could only glare at Sparrow's retreating convoy with a mix of envy and frustration, unwilling to accept this outcome so easily.

Defeated, they returned to their shelter, realizing they had achieved nothing.

The time spent talking to Sparrow now felt like a waste; they should have seized the moment when they saw him and simply ransacked his trucks once they were done.

Even without any supplies inside, the military vehicles would have given them a significant advantage for navigating the city with greater ease.

Sparrow, however, brushed off the encounter as inconsequential to his mission and the people he had brought with him.

In fact, he was fully prepared to eliminate anyone who failed to recognize the gravity of the situation and backed down.

The opposing party was fortunate that their leader was sensible enough to de-escalate the situation; otherwise, Sparrow would have had no qualms about taking drastic action.

Little did the members of that faction know, their leader had just saved their lives.

Instead, they were already scheming to defect from his faction, leaving behind only a handful of truly loyal followers.

Sparrow and his team made their way back to the base. Although they faced some delays, their return was still within the expected timeframe.

Meanwhile, Kisha allowed Vulture to take the lead with his team while she remained close to the warriors, ensuring to replenish their stamina and spiritual energy at the right moments when needed.

The newly joined survivors quickly settled into the roles they were most familiar with.

The Evans' former bodyguard integrated into the warrior group, where he was astonished to discover the existence of superhumans.

Witnessing their awakened abilities was a mind-boggling experience for him and the other newcomers.

They were equally surprised by how relaxed everyone seemed within the base, as if they didn't have a care in the world about the zombies lurking outside or the uncertain future of their supplies.

To them, it felt like they had stumbled upon a paradise in the midst of a barren desert—an oasis still in the early stages of development.

Although the base lacked a stable water supply and electricity, these issues were far from their minds.

The presence of ample food and drinkable water at the Supply Center overshadowed any concerns they might have had.

Instead of the gloom and negativity that might have surrounded the base due to their lives turning upside down in a single day, the residents exuded an air of resilience and determination, eagerly looking forward to the future.

Kisha herself was unaware of the significant impact she now had on the survivors of her base.

Perhaps it was because she had built a sturdy wall around her heart and mind after enduring past betrayals, allowing only a select few inside.

However, the former bodyguard of the Evans family could clearly see the change. Everyone appeared resilient and strong-minded, like hardy grass thriving by the side of the road.

Given the way their City Lord worked and strategized, the survivors believed she had already devised plans to address the deficiencies in the base.

Even though they hadn't heard her outline these plans, they had faith in her capabilities and in the leaders of each department.

While everything was running smoothly at the base, Duke encountered a problem as soon as he reached the southeast perimeter.

The reconnaissance in the southern sector had gone remarkably well; they even completed their tasks ahead of schedule, allowing them to shift their focus to the east and navigate the city in a counterclockwise direction.

However, upon reaching the southeastern border, they were met with a cacophony of unsettling noises.

Eeeick!

liickickikc!

The sounds that filled the air resembled the high-pitched squeals of rats, and they weren't alone; countless of these creatures emerged from every corner of the city, flooding the streets.

Their sizes varied dramatically—some as large as a normal dog, while others were the size of a cat. There were also smaller ones, darker and more menacing than the rest.

A wave of dread washed over everyone, causing their faces to pale and goosebumps to race down their spines. They couldn't help but swallow the lump that had formed in their throats.

The eyes of the rats glowed eerily red, reminiscent of blood, particularly those lurking in the shadows, which made them appear even more terrifying.

The warriors felt their hair stand on end as an instinctual chill ran down their spines, prompting them to take a step back.

They were overwhelmed by the sheer number of rats encircling them, with no escape in sight.

Yet, Duke remained unfazed, casually scanning his surroundings as he assessed both the situation and his enemies.

The cacophony of rat noises grew increasingly loud, and the creatures seemed almost exhilarated at the sight of Duke and his party.

After mutating into their current form, these rats had spent their existence lurking in sewers or scavenging the city, which offered little more than trash and the occasional zombie.

Their diet consisted mostly of the decaying flesh of the undead that roamed their territory; when hunger struck, they might consume one or two zombies, despite the foul, putrid taste.

With no other options available, they scavenged to survive. But now, with fresh meat approaching, a primal hunger surged through the horde of rats.

The warriors watched in horror as the rats began to drool, resembling animals infected with rabies, their excitement palpable.

A wave of fear washed over the warriors, stronger than any dread they had felt when facing zombies.

The sight of these massive rats, seemingly eager to feast on them, was unnerving.

The sheer number of the creatures was terrifying; the thought of one biting them was enough to send chills down their body, for they knew that if one attacked, countless others would surely follow.

The prospect of being overwhelmed by the horde filled them with a chilling sense of vulnerability.

However, the sheer number of the mutated rats wasn't their only threat.

Their front teeth had grown strong enough to bite through bone, making even the larger rats formidable opponents.

Their attack pattern resembled that of piranhas, swarming a victim in a frenzied onslaught until nothing was left.

The warriors realized that facing these creatures was not just a fight for survival—it was a battle against a relentless tide of flesh-eating predators.

Suddenly, Duke's eyes narrowed as he observed the larger rats, and a chilling realization washed over him.

He recalled Kisha's earlier warnings about these creatures before he set out on his mission.

Now, he fully understood the gravity of her concern. It wasn't just the risk of being bitten—these rats were not merely aggressive; they were poised to devour their prey down to the bones.