

Apocalypse 430

Chapter 430 The Infestation

"Shit!" One of the warriors exclaimed, panic surging through his chest like ice water.

"Move! Move up!" Duke barked, urgency lacing his voice.

He gestured for his team to climb the ladder leading to the roof of the building, which was only about five floors high.

As Duke's command echoed in the cramped space, the warriors sprang into action, urgency overriding their fear.

They scrambled up the metal stairs, their hearts pounding with adrenaline.

Just as they began their ascent, the mutated rats surged forward, flooding the window beside them with terrifying speed.

With a deafening crash, the glass shattered, sending shards flying in all directions.

The rats poured through the broken window, some tumbling down into the raging fire below, but their instincts were singular and relentless—they seemed utterly unconcerned with their own demise, fixated solely on reaching Duke and his team.

Screech!

The air filled with the shrill cries of the mutated rats, their desperation echoing off the walls, a chilling reminder of the danger that pursued them.

Duke felt a surge of determination. There was no room for hesitation.

They had to reach the roof before it was too late.

"Keep going! Don't look back!" he urged, his voice cutting through the chaos.

The warriors pushed themselves harder, fueled by a primal instinct to survive.

With each step up the ladder, they could feel the heat of the fire below mingling with the overwhelming stench of the rats, a putrid reminder of what lay in wait should they fail.

They could hear the rats clawing and screeching behind them, a cacophony of fury that threatened to swallow them whole.

But Duke knew they had to hold their ground; they had to outlast this wave.

He couldn't even begin to estimate how many waves of these mutated rats were still lurking, waiting to strike.

If his instincts were right, he and his team had already taken down hundreds of them, swarming out from the sewers in relentless attacks.

Yet, the thought of how many more could still be hiding in the labyrinthine sewer system sent a surging headache.

It was hard to imagine the full scope of the infestation.

These creatures were like grotesque—landbound piranhas with ravenous hunger, tearing through anything in their path.

In a strange twist of fate, he almost felt lucky they'd encountered the rats while on outside on a mission.

If these monstrous vermin had reached their base unnoticed, the outcome would have been catastrophic.

Caught off guard, the entire base would've been defenseless, overrun by the horde of these mutated rats.

Not only would the infected have risen as zombies—just as Kisha had warned—but the base itself would've crumbled, becoming nothing more than a feeding ground for these voracious creatures.

The very thought made Duke frown deeply.

Even Kisha, their most knowledgeable person because of her experiences from her past lives, hadn't predicted the surge in the mutated rat population festering underground.

It was a terrifying realization: the threat was far greater than any of them had anticipated.

This had to be why Kisha's mission classified these mutated rats as a major threat.

It wasn't just an oversight or a minor concern—these creatures represented a looming disaster waiting to happen.

They were fortunate, for now, that the rats hadn't yet made the decision to swarm out of the sewers and launch an assault on their base, something Duke had feared from the very beginning.

The threat was real, but they still had a window of opportunity.

Right now, they had the advantage.

The rats were still confined to the sewers, biding their time in the shadows.

If they could act swiftly, they might be able to eradicate these pests before the rats made their move.

It was a race against time—if the rats decided to attack, the base and everyone in it would be in grave danger.

The stakes couldn't be higher.

For now, the only thing standing between the rats and the base was this team.

It wasn't just about killing them; it was about preventing a full-scale disaster from unfolding.

This mission had shifted from a precautionary operation to a desperate attempt at survival.

The fate of everyone at the base depended on whether or not they could stop the rats from overrunning them.

Duke's mind raced, frantically searching for a more effective solution to deal with the swarm of mutated rats in one decisive strike.

He knew that as long as even a single nest remained hidden deep within the sewer system, they would never be truly safe.

The rats had an alarming reproductive cycle, breeding at a staggering rate.

In just over half a month since the apocalypse, their numbers had exploded into the hundreds, maybe even thousands.

This wasn't just a simple infestation—it was an unstoppable force growing stronger by the day.

The realization gnawed at him: they were running out of time.

The rats weren't just dangerous; they were evolving, thriving in the shadows.

With each passing day, the situation worsened.

If he didn't find a way to uproot every last one of them, it was only a matter of time before the infestation spiraled completely out of control.

The base would be overrun, and no amount of fortifications would hold these creatures back.

Duke understood that their current approach—fighting them wave after wave—was unsustainable.

They needed a plan, a way to strike at the heart of this rat colony and wipe them out before their numbers grew beyond containment.

As the team leader, the weight of responsibility hung heavily on his shoulders.

Every second they delayed, the rats multiplied, their population growing exponentially.

It wasn't just about survival anymore—it was about ensuring the future safety of the entire base.

The rats' rapid growth and sheer numbers made them more than just a nuisance; they were a force of nature.

How could Duke be so certain that the mutated rats had an alarming reproduction rate?

The answer lay in what he knew about the cities before the apocalypse. City B, much like City A, had always been diligent about pest control.

As one of the country's main merchant hubs—and a thriving one at that—the city had been under constant scrutiny by the government to ensure that its bustling economy remained unaffected by health hazards, particularly pests.

The stakes were high; any outbreak of disease or infestation could have ripple effects that would harm business and disrupt trade.

With so much at risk, pest control wasn't just a priority—it was a necessity.

City B's sewers, though not completely free of rats, should have been relatively clean.

The city's rigorous pest management strategies ensured that the rat population was always kept in check.

In a city as prosperous as this, the government spared no expense to maintain hygiene, knowing full well that even a minor pest problem could spiral into an economic disaster.

Under normal circumstances, the number of rats in the sewers would have been manageable, with regular sweeps keeping their population low.

But now, in the wake of the apocalypse, everything had changed.

The sudden explosion of mutated rats in such a short time was a glaring anomaly.

These rats weren't just surviving—they were thriving, multiplying at a terrifying pace.

Duke could tell that the population had grown exponentially, far beyond what the sewers should have supported under normal conditions.

The fact that they had already encountered hundreds of these creatures, despite the city's previous pest control efforts, was all the proof he needed.

It wasn't natural—this was the result of rapid mutation, combined with an accelerated reproductive cycle.