

Apocalypse 433

Chapter 433 His Observation

In his mind, this was a high-stakes gamble, a strategy to lure out the other threat lurking in the shadows—the zombies.

Duke knew the mutated rats weren't the only danger in the city.

The undead were scattered across the city, many were wandering aimlessly.

But they were drawn to sound.

Loud noises like the explosions he was creating would undoubtedly reach their decaying ears, pulling them toward this side of the city.

And that was exactly what Duke wanted. He was counting on it.

If he could attract a horde of zombies to the area, they would clash with the mutated rats, creating chaos and infighting between the two monstrous forces.

The rats, in their aggression and hunger, would likely turn on the zombies, and the zombies would do what they always did—attack anything that moved.

It was a risky play, but one Duke believed could buy them time and provide an opportunity to escape while their enemies were distracted, locked in combat with one another.

The warriors had no idea that this was Duke's plan.

All they could see was the danger growing with each deafening blast.

They braced themselves for what might come next, their eyes scanning the horizon for any sign of incoming zombies or more rats.

Duke, however, remained calm, methodical.

His eyes, sharp and calculating, never wavered from the chaos below.

Duke was playing a dangerous game, but he needed to know—would the zombies and mutated rats join forces against him and his warriors?

If they did, it would be the worst-case scenario, an alliance of monsters that would ensure their doom.

His plan, risky as it was, would backfire spectacularly, and the relentless barrage of grenades would turn out to be nothing more than a stupid, reckless choice.

But Duke wasn't one to leap blindly into action.

He'd thought this through—at least as much as he could in the chaos.

If the rats and zombies were coexisting peacefully, then it stood to reason that the rats wouldn't attack the undead.

They would treat the zombies as fellow inhabitants of the city, perhaps avoiding them altogether.

Yet, from what he had seen so far, there was no sign of cooperation between the two.

He had never seen any indication that the rats considered the zombies anything but another source of food, and if they were as territorial as he believed, they would likely turn on the zombies the moment they entered their domain.

That was his bet—that the rats, aggressive and ravenous as they were, wouldn't pass up a meal, even if that meal was the decaying flesh of the undead.

If his assumption was right, the mutated rats would see the zombies as invaders and attack them on sight.

The rats might be mutated, but they still operated on basic survival instincts. And those instincts told them to eat.

But then came the question that gnawed at him, one he couldn't shake: would the zombies simply stand there and allow themselves to be slaughtered by the rats?

Were they mindless enough to let that happen? He'd seen zombies before, and they weren't exactly known for their strategic thinking or their ability to defend themselves.

They attacked whatever was in front of them.

They moved toward noise, toward life, and attacked anything living.

But the rats weren't like any other creatures the zombies had encountered.

They were fast, vicious, and unpredictable.

Would the zombies even be able to fight back, or would they be overwhelmed by the swarm of mutated rats?

Duke weighed his options. If the rats tore into the zombies like he expected, it would be a fight between two formidable threats, allowing him and his warriors a chance to escape while the two sides were distracted by each other.

But if the zombies somehow banded together with the rats, or worse, simply ignored the rats and kept coming after his team, they would be trapped—surrounded on all sides by enemies with no way out.

It was a gamble, but Duke was willing to take it. He had no choice.

The survival of his team depended on it. He needed to create enough chaos for them to slip away unnoticed.

The rats and zombies couldn't afford to ignore each other—not if his theory was right.

So as he hurled another grenade down into the depths of the building, Duke clenched his fists, bracing himself for what was to come.

The sound of the explosion ripped through the air, the walls shaking with the force.

All he could do now was wait, his heart pounding as he watched the smoke and debris settle, hoping—that the two forces would turn on each other like he expected.

And if they didn't? If he was wrong?

Duke glanced at his warriors, their faces taut with fear and anticipation. He had to be right. There was no other option.

Even if the zombies couldn't outright kill the mutated rats, Duke knew they would still serve as an effective diversion.

The sheer chaos of the undead swarming the rats would buy him and his team precious time—time to regroup, find cover, and rethink their strategy.

The goal wasn't to wipe out the rats; it was to create enough disruption to slow them down, giving his team a fighting chance to escape.

With this thought in mind, Duke's resolve only hardened. He yanked the pins from more grenades, his fingers moving with practiced efficiency, and hurled them into the stairwell below.

The explosions echoed violently through the confined space, sending mutated rats flying in all directions.

Their bodies, torn apart by the blast, rained down in grotesque fragments, painting a macabre scene of severed limbs, twitching tails, and viscera splattered across the crumbling remains of the staircase.

The sight should have been unsettling, but Duke felt no pity. These creatures, mutated and monstrous, were the very embodiment of survival gone wrong—ravenous and relentless.

He couldn't afford to hold back.

Each grenade was a calculated throw, tearing into the horde with brutal efficiency.

He watched as the larger rats—the ones that had been attempting to form a grotesque bridge with their own bodies—were torn apart by the shrapnel.

Their quick thinking had been no match for the force of the explosions, and their writhing bodies were flung into the air like ragdolls.

A quick glance over his shoulder told him the warriors were still working to get across the earth bridge, moving in cautious batches of five.

They couldn't afford to rush, not when the bridge's integrity could only support so much weight at once.

Every second counted, and Duke knew it was up to him to keep the mutated rats at bay for as long as possible.

The mutated rats, fortunately, didn't seem to have impenetrable defenses.

Their twisted, sinewy bodies weren't immune to the force of the grenades, which was a relief—without the added firepower Kisha had packed into his Space Ring, they'd have been overwhelmed long before now.

The grenades were proving to be a game-changer, allowing him to thin the horde significantly and keep the rats from advancing too quickly.

He allowed himself a brief moment of gratitude for Kisha's foresight in loading his Space Ring with these essential supplies.

The explosives had already proven invaluable, and they were helping him turn what could have been a catastrophic failure into a fighting chance for survival.

Without them, he and his team might have already been overwhelmed, pinned down by the swarm of mutated creatures.