

## **Apocalypse 434**

### Chapter 434 Two Forces Fighting Against Each Other

But Duke knew better than to let his guard down.

The rats, though momentarily stunned by the blasts, were still surging forward.

Their screeches filled the air, a sound that grated against his nerves. Despite the carnage, their numbers weren't diminishing fast enough.

The grenades were working, but the horde was relentless, and the narrow stairwell could only contain them for so long before they'd spill over and flood toward his team.

He could feel the tension building around him. The warriors waiting for their turn to cross the bridge cast uneasy glances at him, their faces pale from fear and exhaustion.

The constant explosions echoed around them, making the situation feel even more dire.

It was only a matter of time before the loud noises attracted more unwanted attention—from either another horde of mutated rats or, worse, a nearby group of zombies.

But that was exactly what Duke was hoping for.

His plan was a gamble, but if it worked, the noise from the explosions would draw the zombies into the fray.

If the zombies attacked the rats, it would create enough of a diversion for Duke's team to escape without being pursued.

It was a race against time now—how long could they hold out before the entire city's horrors descended on them?

His mind raced as he tossed another grenade, watching as the stairwell collapsed further, sending more rats tumbling into the wreckage below. The explosions reverberated through the air, louder than ever.

The sound would carry, drawing attention from every corner of the city.

Duke could almost feel the approaching tension, knowing that if the zombies did show up, it would be soon.

And when they did, the real test would begin. Would the zombies and rats tear each other apart, as he hoped, or would his team find themselves trapped between two deadly forces, with no way out?

Duke didn't wait for the answer. He continued to throw grenade after grenade, each one buying his warriors a few more precious moments.

The bridge was almost clear. Only a few more batches of men remained on his side. He just had to hold out a little longer.

Grahhhh!!!

Raaawwr!!!

Thud...

Thud...

A cacophony of zombie roars echoed from all directions, accompanied by the thunderous sound of a marching sound, no, it was more like a stampede reverberating throughout the southeastern part.

'They're coming!' Duke thought, his heart racing as everyone held their breath, desperately trying to navigate the earthen bridge.

They struggled to compose themselves, but it was futile; their legs felt like they were about to buckle under the weight of fear.

The thunderous march of approaching hordes reverberated through the ground, even from several floors above, while the deafening roars of zombies echoed ominously nearby, signaling their presence in the vicinity.

Just then, the mutated rats paused, momentarily stilled by the zombies' guttural cries.

But it wasn't long before they screeched in response. Duke, witnessing the chaos unfold, couldn't help but grin widely.

'Oh! Now they're worried that the zombies might steal their prey,' Duke mused, glancing into the distance. 'They must have sensed the overwhelming horde approaching—an alarmingly large number they can't afford to ignore.'

Rats are intelligent creatures, and though they can be vengeful and destructive, they possess a keen survival instinct that alerts them to threats.

That's why they band together, using their numbers to fend off larger predators or to hunt.

Right now, with the zombies marching toward their location in alarming numbers, the mutated rats recognized that their target was the same as theirs.

Redirecting their anger, they understood that if they didn't confront the zombies now, their prey would continue to fight back, depleting their own numbers.

Not only could the zombies steal their prey, but the rats could also become victims of the zombies, who were their natural enemies.

Duke watched from the rooftop as the mutated rats abruptly changed direction, turning to face the approaching zombies.

The rumble from the rooftop door faded as the rats poured out of the building's windows, joining their peers to create a tidal wave of fury aimed at overwhelming the zombies.

Soon, the two groups clashed in the intersection below, and a brutal carnage ensued.

The mutated rats eagerly tore into their enemies that had invaded their territory, while the zombies, impervious to pain, fought back with relentless bites, devouring any rat they could grasp.

But the mutated rats only grew angrier as they witnessed their comrades being devoured.

The smaller rats banded together, leveraging their speed to target one zombie at a time, tearing into its flesh and bones without hesitation. However, the zombies, lacking functioning pain receptors, felt no suffering.

Instead, they grabbed the smaller rats that lunged at them, shoving them into their mouths even as they were being eaten and their flesh and bones being torn apart.

There was even a loud crunch as the mutated rats bit into the zombie's bone but the zombies didn't care and just continued to feed on the food that came their way.

The scene was so gruesome that the warriors could hardly bear to watch the brutal clash between the two sides.

However, witnessing the chaos unfold, the warriors—including Duke—felt the tension in their bodies begin to dissipate.

They let out a collective sigh of relief, knowing they could continue on their path with renewed reassurance.

While they still needed to regroup and devise a new plan, their immediate priority was to distance themselves from the area.

This time, the warriors crossed the earth bridge with ease, their minds freed from the weight of time constraints and the threat of mutated rats.

Once everyone had safely made it across, Duke instructed them to destroy the bridge, and he too, shattered the ice that reinforced it.

He remained on the far side of the building, keeping a watchful eye on the fierce battle between the zombies and the mutated rats.

Many had already perished, their bodies piling up in the streets, but Duke had no intention of intervening.

Acting now might draw attention to him and his team, putting them at risk of being hunted by both forces.

He understood the delicate balance of nature; even lions and deer could ally against a new predator, just as lions from rival territories might join forces to take down a forest tiger.

Duke was keenly aware of how these dynamics played out in the wild.

After observing the chaos for a while, Duke walked slowly to the edge of the building. The earth bridge was gone, and the warriors looked at him in confusion.

They now understood that Duke wasn't planning to sacrifice himself; they simply didn't want to confront what he was about to do, fearing it would further bruise their confidence.

As they suspected, Duke leaped effortlessly from the edge of the building to their side, as if he were taking a leisurely stroll in the park.

He landed with a graceful precision that made it seem like the wind itself had carried him down, placing him gently on the ground.

However, no one voiced their concerns; they swallowed their thoughts as Duke led them to the next building.

This time, they didn't need to create another earth bridge since the distance wasn't far.