

## **Apocalypse 450**

### Chapter 450 Too Much Of A Coincidence

Even Duke, despite his strength, found himself in a dire predicament, flanked by two evolved zombies.

These creatures were likely somewhere between level 0 and level 1, and a level 0 zombie could match the power of a level 1 superhuman on the brink of leveling up to level 2.

With two of them flanking Duke, the situation was even more dangerous.

As Rose approached, she heard a gurgling sound.

One of the warriors struggled to breathe, blood pooling in his mouth.

Feeling a rush of urgency, she moved closer to help him, glancing at Duke as he fought to hold back the evolved zombies with his spear and awakened abilities.

His expression was a fierce mix of determination and anger.

An hour earlier...

Without Rose, who had been sent on her last solo mission before nightfall, Duke and his team searched for a suitable camping spot for the night, planning to move again the following day.

Along the way, they encountered numerous zombies, but his team had grown accustomed to the threat.

They killed the undead with ease and minimal fear, a stark contrast to how they feared and acted during their first mission outside the base.

Noticing their complacency and burgeoning overconfidence, Duke felt it necessary to remind them of the dangers they still faced.

"Don't get too complacent just because you're improving," Duke warned, his tone serious.

"Always stay vigilant and keep an eye on your surroundings—danger can strike when you least expect it."

While he reprimanded his team, he kept his gaze lowered, straining to sense the environment around them.

A lingering unease had settled over him since earlier, though he couldn't quite pinpoint its source.

The only movement he felt was the steady advance of zombies being killed by his warriors as they continued their journey.

He wasn't the type to dismiss his uneasiness; his strong instincts and keen senses had always guided him well.

Yet, despite his efforts, he couldn't identify the source of his discomfort.

All he could do was remain as vigilant as much as possible, scanning the surroundings for any signs of trouble.

Then a horde of zombies emerged from both sides, flooding in front of them at the fork in the road.

However, Duke's team remained calm, fighting in formation and resisting the urge to take on any zombies solo, no matter how weak the zombies appeared.

This disciplined approach earned Duke a satisfied nod.

Before long, his warriors managed to clear the streets once again and resumed their journey.

Yet, it wasn't long before another wave of zombies appeared, flanking them from both the front and the back.

The warriors quickly took their positions, dealing with one zombie at a time while others held the defensive line.

Despite their impressive performance, Duke's brow began to furrow with increasing concern.

'This is too much of a coincidence,' Duke thought, his eyes scanning the area as his team engaged in battle.

The relentless waves of zombies felt almost too orchestrated; it was as if they were strategically flanking his team.

While it could be argued that the initial wave from the front was a mere accident, the appearance of hordes from the back suggested otherwise.

It seemed the zombies had been lying in wait, biding their time until his team passed by before launching their attack and sneak behind them.

This realization made Duke's frown deepen as he looked around their surroundings, and was deepening his sense of unease.

Even if the zombies weren't specifically trying to catch Duke and his team off guard, the relentless stream of undead was wearing them down.

Initially, the drone had indicated that this area was clear, but the continuous waves of horde of zombies were proving otherwise.

It felt as though they were engaging in a battle of endurance, and Duke's warriors were clearly not in an advantageous position against the zombies who don't feel tired or pain.

It was a good thing that his warriors were alternating between using their awakened abilities, hand-to-hand combat, and melee weapons to take down the regular zombies.

However, with all his observations, Duke was increasingly convinced that these zombie attacks were more organized than usual.

The relentless onslaught seemed calculated, coming at them without rest as they navigated the streets.

This battle of endurance was a tactic often employed since the early days to wear down the enemy before the main force launched a full assault.

In this case, however, Duke feared that the so-called "main troops" could either be a horde of thousands of zombies or, worse yet, an evolved zombie capable of commanding the others.

It was possible that this evolved zombie possessed a mental-type ability or had reached a level that allowed it to act as a "zombie king," commanding the normal zombies to follow its every order.

Now that Duke had considered this possibility, he felt his heart racing faster than before. If his speculation was correct, it meant he and his team had unwittingly entered enemy territory and fallen into a carefully laid trap. Fortunately, it wasn't too late for them to rectify their mistake.

As he looked around, searching for a better route, Duke realized that if he focused solely on finding an exit without understanding the enemy's position, he could easily end up moving deeper into danger rather than escaping it.

He didn't want to unwittingly walk into a situation that would lead them closer to the chopping block.

With that thought, Duke took a deep breath to calm his nerves, forcing himself to act as normally as possible.

He knew that panicking would only cloud his judgment.

Instead, he relied on all his senses—his eyes, instincts, nose, ears, and gut feelings—to identify whether an evolved zombie was nearby or if more hordes were closing in.

Duke's intuition leaned heavily toward the belief that an evolved zombie was lurking in the shadows, enjoying the game of hide-and-seek, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

He remained alert, every muscle in his body tensed, ready for action as he tried to piece together the puzzle of their dire situation.

The stakes were high, and any misstep could cost them their lives.

Duke had faced this kind of danger many times before, and he knew he wasn't simply acting paranoid.

Something was definitely targeting them, and the sense of impending doom hung in the air like a thick fog.

It could have begun the moment they entered the northern side, or perhaps it was a remnant of the zombies that had raided the base just days earlier.

Maybe it was a newly evolved zombie, adapting and learning to hunt more effectively.

Regardless of the cause, one thing was clear: his team needed to evacuate this area as soon as possible.

But how? The thought echoed in his mind, a relentless drumbeat of urgency.

Duke scanned their surroundings again, weighing their options.

Duke knew his warriors weren't strong enough to take on an evolved zombie, especially considering they had no idea what abilities it might have developed.

If it specialized in ambush tactics, his team would be doomed.

The uncertainty gnawed at him; he couldn't shake the thought that this evolved zombie might retain a remnant of its rationality, much like the one Kisha had encountered inside the base.

The implications were dire, and with each passing moment, the potential threats multiplied in his mind.