

Apocalypse 507

Chapter 507 Protected By A Dog

No amount of huddling together would be sufficient if the temperature dropped any further.

The situation was dire—without a reliable way to start or sustain a fire, the nights would become unbearable.

It was clear to everyone: this wasn't just another supply run. This had evolved into a mission for survival, where every decision could mean the difference between life and death.

After many volunteers signed up for the mission, Duke carefully scanned the list to ensure that everyone was qualified.

He wasn't questioning their abilities, but he knew that even a small mistake could pull down the entire team.

It was essential to make thoughtful decisions.

After narrowing down the list, Duke and the team began preparing for their mission to the linen factory.

Duke aimed to keep it short and efficient, so he brought along two STAU's, as well as Fred, Rose, Evelyn, Reese, and Clyde.

Meanwhile, Vulture, Bald Eagle, and Sparrow remained behind.

Once the Winters' bodyguards had finished securing the resources from the territory space, Sparrow would leave with them, heading in the opposite direction.

Vulture and Bald Eagle, on the other hand, were assigned to guard the wall and the base.

"Alright, let's head out!" Duke called out as the team gathered in front of the gate, their trucks lined up and ready to go.

The sun had almost risen at its peak, they were already set to leave. Kisha stood with them, there to see them off.

Just before they left, Duke stepped closer to Kisha, pulling her into a hot, passionate kiss that left her breathless.

"We're in public view," Kisha whispered, still catching her breath.

"It's fine," Duke replied, his voice warm.

"You're my wife, and besides..." He glanced around, noticing everyone watching with amused, teasing smiles, as if they were spectators to a scene in a Korean drama.

"They're all enjoying the show," Duke added with a grin.

Kisha, now blushing a deep shade of red, swatted at him playfully, earning a few chuckles from the team. "Stop it!" she said, her embarrassment making her laugh despite herself.

Three trucks were lined up in front of the gate, engines humming in preparation.

After Duke finished saying his goodbyes to Kisha, he gave the truck a firm knock, signaling for it to start moving.

With that, he climbed into the passenger seat of the lead truck, settling in as the convoy began to roll out.

Bang...

Bang...

Creak...

After a series of gunshots cleared the path, the heavy gate creaked open slowly.

"Zeus, go with Duke," Kisha commanded, her voice firm yet gentle.

The dog, still sitting beside her with his tail wagging and tongue lolling, immediately sprang to attention.

At the sound of her command, Zeus dashed forward, racing past the gate just before it closed. He sprinted after the truck, his paws pounding the ground in pursuit.

The soldiers, caught off guard by the sudden movement, paused and exchanged surprised glances.

They hesitated, unsure whether to open the gate and call for the City Lord's beloved dog to return.

"It's okay, he can fend for himself," Kisha said, waving for the soldiers to quickly close the door.

The soldiers, unsure of Zeus's capabilities, exchanged uncertain glances.

Only those who had witnessed Zeus in action knew just how powerful he was—stronger even than some of the warriors themselves.

The rest of the survivors didn't know if they should fear for the dog's safety.

Outside, Zeus's heavy paws thudded against the ground as he sprinted, his broad form cutting through the air with surprising speed.

Without hesitation, he reached the rear of the last truck and leaped into the back.

The truck creaked and wobbled under Zeus's weight, his bear-like frame causing the vehicle to tremble like a small mountain had just landed in the cargo area.

"Woah! What was that?!"

"What happened?!"

The warriors in the back of the truck jolted, their instincts kicking in as they immediately dropped into defensive stances, their reflexes sharp as ever.

It wasn't until they spotted Zeus, the bear-like dog, lounging at the rear of the truck that their tension eased and they slowly relaxed.

A sudden crackling noise filled the radio, signaling an incoming transmission.

"What happened?" Duke's cold, indifferent voice came through the static. The warrior sitting in the passenger seat of the last truck quickly grabbed the radio, responding.

"Vice City Lord, yo—you, um..." The warrior hesitated, glancing back through the small window, then peering behind the truck.

"Your dog... it followed us out of the base. It jumped onto the back of the truck," he reported.

"Let it protect the rear," Duke replied nonchalantly, ending the radio call before the soldier could respond.

Duke's calm and casual reaction left both the driver and the warrior who answered a bit puzzled.

They exchanged uncertain glances, unsure how to process the order.

Could they really rely on a dog for protection, especially when they were the best of the best—handpicked by Duke himself and trained in offensive, defensive, and support abilities?

With a skeptical thought, they decided to let it be.

After all, if the other large dog had managed to survive outside, even guiding its owner back to the base while carrying a baby, then perhaps this seemingly silly-looking dog could hold its own too.

They even began to wonder if zombies were simply not attracted to animals, though they didn't realize the larger problem: there were almost no animals left in the city.

What they didn't notice was the absence of pet animals, which should have been common—most had either been eaten by their owners, by other survivors, or by the ravenous zombies.

The Alabai dog they had in mind was much like Zeus: a fiercely protective, yet battle-hardened fighter, and its survival instincts could not be underestimated.

How could a small dog like a Chihuahua—or even a friendly, non-aggressive dog—possibly defend itself?

Sure, they might try to fight back, but with their small builds and limited stamina, they would quickly become exhausted and overwhelmed by the sheer numbers of zombies. Eventually, they would succumb.

In contrast, the Alabai dog was a different breed entirely. It was a fierce fighter, determined to protect its owner and their wishes.

Its survival against the odds was nothing short of miraculous.

Perhaps it was its intelligence that allowed it to make it this far—able to assess situations, avoid zombie hordes by circling around, and choosing safer paths.

It only fought when victory was within reach, and every action was driven by its sole mission: to guard and safely deliver the baby to a secure place, following its owner's instructions to the letter.

Soon, the warriors believed their Vice City Lord was simply making a joke, unaware of Zeus's true strength.

However, at that moment, Zeus was curled up behind the truck, resting peacefully, lulled by the rumbling of the engine.

Meanwhile, Duke and the others were pushing forward, ramming through zombies in their path, while the first two trucks fired off fireballs and wind blades to clear any approaching threats.

Even Reeve and Clyde, who had only recently awakened their abilities, weren't sitting idle.

They were using this opportunity to practice and get more familiar with their powers.

And even without their abilities, the two had already honed their melee combat skills, ready for whatever challenges came their way.

Reeve opened his mouth as if to shout, but instead of a vocal cry, a powerful sonic boom erupted, sending zombies flying through the air.

Their heads exploded like balloons, the force of the sound hitting them without even touching them directly.

"Woah! Your awakened ability is incredible! What kind of ability is that?" one of the warriors asked, wide-eyed.

Reeve, feeling a little shy under the attention, replied, "The City Lord said it's called 'Sound Manipulation,' and my Gift is called 'Siren's Call.'"

Before anyone could fully process Reeve's impressive display, Clyde waved his hands to both sides of the truck, and with a forceful motion, the zombies that were about to reach the truck were instantly crushed to the ground, flattened like empty cans beneath a heavy boot.

The sight of the bloody scene made everyone gasp in shock, their eyes widening in horror as they stared at Clyde.

"W-What about you? What's your awakened ability?" one of the warriors asked, both fear and admiration evident in his eyes.

The sheer power of both Reeve and Clyde's abilities left him in awe, and a pang of envy hit him as he realized just how much stronger they had become compared to the rest of them.

"Mine is 'Gravity Manipulation,'" Clyde replied simply, attempting to match Duke's cold, indifferent tone.

However, despite his calm exterior, there was a gleam of pride in his eyes.

Deep down, Clyde was a young man who had once doubted his own potential, thinking he'd only be of support and never gain an awakened ability.

But now, with a power that could crush enemies with ease, he felt an overwhelming sense of pride.

Even the City Lord had acknowledged both him and Reeve as "irregulars," much like herself, and that validation meant the world to him.

Despite his best efforts to appear mature, Clyde was still only 19, and the excitement and pride of discovering his power were emotions that could not be hidden.

The two young men, working in tandem, effortlessly obliterated the incoming zombies without even making direct contact.

Their powers were so overwhelming that even Duke found it amusing to watch.

There was hardly anything for him to do, so he leaned back in his seat, relaxing, while his voice crackled through the radio.

"Don't push yourselves too hard, or you'll burn out before you even get to enjoy your awakened abilities," he teased lightly, the hint of mischief in his tone.