

Apocalypse 135

Chapter 135 Bitten?

"What took you so long?" Vulture's tone carried a hint of playful reprimand, though his eyes betrayed his relief at seeing his close friend return unharmed. Sparrow's arrival conveniently coincided with their dinner, prompting Vulture, Bald Eagle, and the others to eagerly assist him in setting down the items he had carried like a mule.

Vulture gently urged Sparrow to take a seat in one of the chairs before dashing back to fetch a bowl of beef stew and bread for him. It was evident to all that Sparrow was trembling from both the cold and hunger after his relentless journey to reach them, and they recognized that he was exhausted and in need of rest.

Vulture and Bald Eagle worked in tandem to move the charcoal stove closer to Sparrow, ensuring he could warm up. Clyde and his group were astonished, having no idea where Vulture and his team had obtained the stove and amassed so many supplies.

Seeing Sparrow bring out such a substantial haul single-handedly made Clyde's group realize that each member of their team was likely acting as a pack mule, carrying as many supplies as possible while traveling on foot.

As Clyde and his group pondered the situation, a nagging feeling of uncertainty crept in. Despite the distance, they should have noticed Kisha and her team carrying such a significant amount of supplies into the bank. However, lacking an explanation, they chose to set aside their suspicions and concentrate on their meal instead.

Kisha and Duke refrained from pressing Sparrow with questions, allowing him to eat slowly. The others helped him warm up, noticing his hands and lips had turned so pale they were nearly purple, and his fingertips were already numb and shriveled from the cold.

Kisha's nose wrinkled as her expression grew increasingly grave. "Why didn't you say you were injured?" she asked, her voice cold and tinged with clear anger.

Everyone turned to look at Kisha with puzzled expressions, then realized she was addressing Sparrow, who had just arrived. Vulture's head snapped to the side, his eyes accusatory as he looked at Sparrow. Kisha didn't wait long before she called out for Vulture to pass the blue vial of liquid to Sparrow, instructing him to drink it immediately.

She could smell blood in the air, indicating a severe injury. Coupled with being soaked in the abnormal rain for too long, Sparrow was likely suffering from severe infection, with the virus attacking not only his immune system but his energy core. She couldn't even fathom how long Sparrow had been enduring such pain. Sparrow must have lost too much blood.

He lifted his face and looked at Kisha with an apologetic, wry smile. Despite his severe condition, his expression didn't reveal any signs of pain. It was the same look he wore when he used his own body and blood to lure the zombies to the southeast of the western district.

Vulture was furious that Sparrow hadn't informed them about his injury as soon as he entered the office, instead acting as if he were fine. Despite his anger, Vulture didn't know what had happened to Sparrow. He exhaled heavily, strode over to him, uncorked the blue vial, and handed it to him. Clyde and his group were curious and concerned about Sparrow's condition.

They had heard he was injured, and their fear was that he might turn into a zombie, just like their other friends and bodyguards who had been bitten and transformed shortly afterward.

There was no specific timeframe for when a person would turn into a zombie, as it depended on individual willpower, immunity, and the ability to combat the virus within their body. The chance of overcoming the virus was a mere 0.01%. Kisha had yet to witness anyone bitten who, instead of turning into a zombie, awakened an ability.

This was an almost impossible feat, and Kisha understood why Clyde's group became wary upon hearing that Sparrow was injured. They were already anticipating the worst possible outcome, which she couldn't blame them for.

"Was he bitten?" one of the girls asked, her entire body trembling in fear at the memory of their companions who had turned into zombies. Her question caused fear to ripple through the group, and they instinctively backed away into a corner while eyeing Sparrow. They didn't make a move, however, as Sparrow wasn't one of their own; they waited for Kisha and her team to take action.

But instead of killing him, Kisha's team handed Sparrow a small vial of blue, glittery liquid. Clyde's group began to panic, their anxiety mounting as they watched Sparrow drink the vial in one gulp. Almost immediately, his condition began to improve. His pale skin regained color, his breathing evened out, and his trembling eased.

Though they couldn't see his injury, it was clear Sparrow was recovering rapidly, as if he had been renewed.

Sparrow's trembling and pale complexion were due to severe blood loss from his injury, yet he had continued to travel despite this. His blood left a trail that was gradually washed away by the raging rain. Now that Sparrow was steadily recovering, Kisha simply waited for him to finish eating. She and the others resumed their meal as if nothing had happened, which baffled Clyde's group.

They were left in the dark about what had transpired and felt unable to ask Kisha and her team for an explanation.

Kisha ignored Clyde's inquisitive glances, as did everyone else. Although they understood Clyde and his group's fear of what might happen next, there was no need to address anything outside the scope of their deal. Their sole responsibility was to ensure Clyde and his people reached the shelter safely.

This arrangement did not grant Clyde's group access to Kisha's team's command, control, or inner workings. If an explanation was necessary, Kisha could provide a simple reassurance that their safety would not be compromised.

Seeing Kisha and her group's silence and lack of action, Clyde realized that Kisha had already made a decision regarding the newcomer. He also understood the message she was sending to him and his group. Acknowledging this, Clyde fell silent and gave his group a reassuring smile and a slight nod. However, this wasn't enough to ease the concerns of the others.

Soon after everyone finished eating, the office descended into an eerie silence that sent chills through everyone present. Kisha called Sparrow to the center of the room, while the Winters and the rest of their group formed a circle around him, resembling a council ready to judge the accused.

Clyde's people stayed in their corner, resting quietly and making a conscious effort not to eavesdrop on Kisha's meeting. This discretion did not go unnoticed, and Kisha appreciated their respectfulness.

Duke, regardless of the occasion, couldn't resist making Kisha sit on his lap. He enjoyed her scent and played with her soft hair, acting as her chair. Despite the urgency of the matter or the seriousness of the issue, everyone couldn't help but relax a little, smiles creeping onto their faces as they watched the newlyweds behave as if they were on their honeymoon.

Kisha let Duke have his way, enjoying his playful act since it was both relaxing and ticklish. "Sparrow, could you tell us what happened?" she asked, frowning. "I don't think this injury was caused by the mission I assigned you." She paused, a thought crossing her mind that seemed almost impossible. "Did you encounter a level 1?" she added, her voice filled with concern and dread.