

Apocalypse 136

Chapter 136 Level 1 Zombie

Reflecting on everything happening around her, Kisha felt that encountering a level 1 this early was no longer surprising. The second Blood Rain had arrived six months ahead of schedule, and superhumans were emerging earlier than in her previous lives. Everything seemed to be moving at a fast-forward pace, causing a headache to creep in as she grappled with the rapid changes.

Her memories from past lives were becoming less reliable, and she realized that much of what she knew might no longer be 100% accurate.

Two hours ago...

Sparrow had been traveling non-stop for two hours, leaping from roof to roof. He had used up five stamina boosters and five black vials of liquid just to catch up with Duke and the rest. He was eager to deliver the news that the three Colton camps had been razed to the ground with zero survivors.

Exhausted and eager to rest after completing his mission, when finally reached them but for now, he could only smile to himself.

He was proud, and rightfully so, for he had just avenged his fallen comrades who had been killed and tortured by the Coltons. He knew that his other buddies, who were with Kisha and Duke, would be very pleased to hear how the Coltons' camps met their end. He was eager to recount every detail: how their enemies' faces lost all hope when they realized they were doomed.

But despite his happiness, there was a sadness in his eyes. All he could do now was keep moving forward and protect what was left to protect: his master and his wife. He steeled himself to do better and become stronger so that he could achieve this.

But his thoughts were distracted by the rain again. He felt something was wrong with it but couldn't pinpoint what it was. He also noticed the zombies on the streets becoming more frenzied as if they were high on drugs. Their screeching roars were eerie enough to make his hair stand on end, and his heartbeat skyrocketed almost every time he heard their terrifying, intensified growls.

He sensed something was off but couldn't quite grasp what it was. However, there was no time to stop and ponder. He pressed on, knowing he was still too far from Kisha and the others. Sparrow increased his speed, though the heavy bags he was carrying slightly hindered his movements but he did not want to let it go.

He selected the most useful items he could find from the three camps that were still usable. He sneaked in without alerting the zombies and managed not to disturb them. After salvaging whatever he could, he left the rubble and the zombies to deal with the aftermath of the explosion and the deaths of the Coltons.

His thoughts were interrupted by an ominous feeling looming over him. He halted on one of the rooftops, scanning his surroundings. The heavy rain obstructed his view, blurring everything and making it difficult to see clearly.

But he sensed that something was wrong as if he were being stalked like prey. His instincts kicked in, urging him to be careful. Yet, no matter where he looked, the surroundings were eerily quiet. Aside from the sound of the rain, the usual roars of the zombies had ceased, leaving an unsettling silence.

His senses heightened, alerting him to the imminent danger. He realized that something dangerous might be on his trail, perhaps following him with the intention of attacking once he led it to where more people like him were waiting.

Just the thought made Sparrow break into a cold sweat. This was undoubtedly the way predators hunted. They didn't pounce immediately upon finding a lone lamb. Instead, they patiently lurked in the shadows, waiting for the lambs to regroup. Once the predator pinpointed the safe haven of the lambs, it would launch a fierce attack, swiftly killing them one by one.

Alternatively, it might silently eliminate its prey, maintaining a delicate balance to avoid arousing suspicion among the lambs. This strategy ensured the predator could sustain its hunt, striking again when hunger called.

Sparrow refused to lead this danger back to his master and family, even if it meant sacrificing himself on the spot. He resolved to halt the enemy's advance. As seconds stretched on, Sparrow's heartbeat quickened, feeling as though it were lodged in his throat. Yet, the enemy remained elusive.

Sparrow couldn't discern whether it was a superhuman or a zombie, leaving him in the dark about the nature of the threat.

He set down his belongings and seemed to scan the surroundings for a spot to rest. Deliberately, he projected an air of vulnerability and weariness, mimicking someone who had endured a long journey. After arranging his possessions aside, he sought out a cozy nook for repose.

Finally settling, he lay down, using the shelter of the roof to shield himself from the rain, his posture conveying exhaustion and a sense of vulnerability.

After nearly half an hour, the creature remained still, refusing to take the bait. Sparrow, feigning sleep for too long, began to feel genuine fatigue and drowsiness creeping in. It appeared that Sparrow alone wasn't enticing enough to lure the creature out.

Just as he entertained the thought of his fatigue playing tricks on him after a prolonged journey, he sensed a sudden lunge from the shadows of the roof, dispelling any doubts he had.

The creature moved with such speed that Sparrow could barely register its form, only catching a fleeting afterimage. Fortunately, Sparrow's agility as a wind user enabled him to react swiftly, summoning a protective whirlwind to shield himself. The force of the whirlwind pushed the creature several steps back.

Despite nearly tumbling to the ground, it managed to regain its balance by digging its toes into the cement floor and bracing against the wind. Its claws scraped deep furrows in the cement, marking its attempt to halt its momentum, leaving a trail several feet long and as deep as an inch.

Sparrow's eyes widened in horror as he recognized the attacker as a zombie, but unlike any he had encountered before. This one moved with a speed and ferocity surpassing any he had witnessed, resembling a feral beast driven by insatiable hunger. Its gaze bore into Sparrow with a primal intensity, sending shivers down his spine and a sense of profound weakness through his body.

Merely facing its gaze, Sparrow felt himself inferior to the creature before him; its mere nails seemed capable of slicing through him as easily as soft tofu.