

## **Apocalypse 137**

### Chapter 137 Sparrow's Fight

Even though Sparrow was already overwhelmed by the zombie's strength and agility, his resolve remained steadfast. Despite facing a foe clearly stronger than himself, he found solace in knowing that he possessed an advantage: a functioning brain.

Unlike the zombie, which relied solely on instinct, Sparrow could strategize and scheme, using his intellect to devise a plan to defeat the undead creature standing before him.

Sparrow understood that only one of them could leave that location alive. If he were to lose to the zombie, it would jeopardize the safety of his people, unaware of the imminent danger lurking nearby.

Sparrow unsheathed his tactical dagger and assumed a defensive stance, his gaze unwavering as he faced the hungry zombie. The creature, sizing up Sparrow's strength, emitted a low growl that seemed almost victorious. With calculated movements, it began to circle Sparrow, hunting for an opportunity to strike.

Despite its physical superiority, the zombie remained cautious of Sparrow's whirlwind ability, fearing that a single strike could send it reeling or, worse yet, prove fatal.

Despite Sparrow's readiness to defend himself, he couldn't shake the feeling that the zombie was belittling him with its gaze. Though the undead creature uttered no words, its condescending stare spoke volumes, leaving Sparrow with a palpable sense of unease.

Sparrow refused to remain passive; his eyes tracked the zombie's every movement, from its subtle shifts in posture to the rhythm of its breathing. He sought out patterns, searching for any potential

weaknesses. Despite the obvious power imbalance, Sparrow understood that the zombie's sense of superiority could work to his advantage.

He knew that those who deemed themselves stronger often grew arrogant, letting their guard down in the process. Sparrow saw this as an opportunity—a small window of vulnerability that he could exploit to finish the job. Until then, he focused on survival, ensuring that he could withstand whatever onslaught the zombie unleashed upon him.

In an instant, the zombie closed the distance with a speed that left Sparrow bewildered. Before he could react, it was upon him, its razor-sharp claw aimed straight at his throat. Sparrow's instincts kicked in, and he attempted to retreat, but the zombie's swiftness outmatched his own. The claw grazed his Adam's apple, slicing through flesh and drawing copious amounts of blood.

It was a hair's breadth away from a fatal blow—if Sparrow had hesitated for even a fraction of a second longer, the outcome might have been dire.

The wound inflicted by the zombie was undeniably grave, the fabric of Sparrow's clothing now saturated with his own blood. Yet, the attack had not ceased; the zombie, having struck, swiftly retreated to its initial position. It resumed its menacing circling of Sparrow, its eyes scanning for another opening to deliver a fatal blow.

As the zombie closed in once more, Sparrow sensed the impending attack. With a sudden flung of its arm, the creature aimed for his blind spot. Reacting swiftly, Sparrow steps forward, attempting to evade the strike. Despite his efforts, the zombie's speed proved too much; its claws left four deep, knife-like scratches across his back, drawing blood almost instantly.

Sparrow gritted his teeth, stifling a pained grunt as he staggered back, trying to create distance between himself and the relentless foe. Each step he took left a trail of blood on the ground, a grim testament to

his injuries. Despite the agony coursing through him, Sparrow fought to maintain his focus, determined to stay alert and vigilant.

Persistently, the zombie closed in on Sparrow without affording him a moment's respite. Its arms swung once more in a menacing arc. Fortunately, Sparrow's stumble to the right, caused by his prior injury, enabled him to narrowly evade the strike aimed at his head. Swiftly, he countered the subsequent attack aimed at his stomach, he used his dagger to deflect the blow with determined precision.

Sparrow struggled to regulate his breathing, his senses dulled by the loss of blood and the searing pain coursing through his body. Yet, amidst the haze, his eyes shimmered with unwavering resolve and an indomitable will to survive. He remained acutely attuned to the zombie's every movement, drawing strength from the adrenaline coursing through his veins to maintain his focus.

Each pang of pain served as a stark reminder of his mortality, grounding him in the present moment and compelling him to trust his instincts more with each passing second.

With each passing second, Sparrow felt himself sinking deeper into a state of intense focus, where he and the zombie seemed to inhabit their own isolated realm within the chaos around them. In this heightened state, his senses became remarkably acute, allowing him to perceive the subtlest details of the zombie's presence.

He could sense its breath, track its movements, and even discern the minute shifts in its muscle contractions with the precision of a hawk. Every aspect of the encounter became vividly clear to him as if he possessed an extraordinary ability to perceive the world with unparalleled clarity, all fueled by his unwavering concentration.

Sparrow's mind had honed in on the imminent threat before him, filtering out all other distractions until nothing else registered—not the sound of rain, nor the dim surroundings. In that moment, darkness

enveloped them, isolating Sparrow and the zombie in a realm of their own. His heightened awareness bordered on the extraordinary, reminiscent of Kisha's own abilities, albeit temporary.

Perhaps it was his brain's instinctual response to the looming danger, a realization that any lapse could mean his demise. This sharpened state seemed to amplify his gift, 'Hawk Eye,' aligning it perfectly with his senses and enabling this remarkable phenomenon.

The zombie resumed its circling, each movement deliberate, almost as if time had slowed down. Despite the eerie slow motion of the scene, Sparrow's own reactions matched the pace. Armed with an understanding of the zombie's attack projections, he could efficiently counter or deflect impending strikes with minimal effort.

With a subtle sidestep, the zombie's sharp claw grazed Sparrow's left arm, a close call that left him unscathed. Perplexed by Sparrow's evasion of its swift assault, the zombie recoiled momentarily, its confusion palpable. Undeterred, it regrouped and launched another attack, aiming for Sparrow's vulnerable blind spot.

Yet again, Sparrow's precise adjustment in movement thwarted the imminent blow, frustrating the zombie to no end as it struggled in vain to kill him.

Sparrow had grown accustomed to this sensation, his eyes narrowing as he observed the zombie's aerial maneuver. He patiently awaited the opportune moment to strike. With deadly precision, the zombie targeted Sparrow's heart, but Sparrow, ever vigilant, anticipated its attack. Shifting slightly, he evaded the fatal blow, though the creature's claws found a place and stabbed his shoulder.

Reacting swiftly, Sparrow seized the zombie's arm, preventing its escape. Despite the creature's escalating hostility, Sparrow remained resolute. As the zombie attempted another assault with its free

arm, Sparrow outpaced it. With a decisive swing of his dagger, he severed the creature's head from its body.

Before the zombie's remaining hand could reach him, its lifeless head rolled to the ground, defeated.

With a resolute grunt, Sparrow exerted force to dislodge the zombie's sharp claw from his shoulder, causing its lifeless body to collapse to the ground with a heavy thud. As he surveyed the aftermath, Sparrow sensed a profound exhaustion wash over him, a testament to the ordeal he had just endured. He couldn't shake the feeling that he had narrowly escaped death multiple times during the encounter.

It was as though he had entered a heightened state of awareness, allowing him to perceive even the slightest nuances in the zombie's muscle movements, thereby predicting its next move with uncanny accuracy.

Sparrow collapsed to the ground, his legs giving way beneath him as if they had turned to jelly. A chill coursed through his body, exacerbated by the loss of blood. Exhaustion weighed heavily upon him, tempting him to surrender to the darkness behind his eyelids. Yet, he fought against the urge, fearful that closing his eyes might seal his fate.

After stealing a brief moment of respite, he mustered the strength to push himself upright once more. He knew he couldn't afford to delay any longer; his master needed to be informed of the potential emergence of a level 1 zombie.

After he rested for a bit and steadied himself, he stood up, gathered his belonging and drank some blue vial of liquid.

He could have used his awakened ability earlier but aside from defending himself with the whirlwind, he couldn't even get to see the zombie's after image so using the wind blade would be useless and the use of her whirlwind would only uselessly spend his spiritual energy without doing much damage to the zombie, so he only has one option and that is to use his own body, it was a reckless move but, he would have died earlier if he overused his awakened ability and he was sure that the zombie wouldn't give him a chance to consume the vial of blue liquid because, once it saw Sparrow's vulnerability and an opening, he was sure that the zombie wouldn't waste its time to kill him then.