

## **Apocalypse 34**

### Chapter 34 10 Hours Prior

At 2 midnight, Sparrow and the others arrived. Elios and Hawk were already waiting at the door pushing a hospital stretcher to the backseat.

Elios carefully climbed into the backseat to firmly hold onto the thick towel that was placed under the patient and he instructed Hawk to slowly lift the other end of the towel. They worked together to carefully place the patient on the stretcher before they could wheel him inside the building to the operating table.

Kisha and Duke silently supported the two men and prevented them from stumbling into any obstacles until they reached the operating theater. And since there was no active nurse present in their team, Hawk stepped up to take the position to assist Elios during the operation.

This did not pose a big issue to Elios as he is the hailed medical genius in the Medical industry. He only allowed Hawk to pass him the needed tools and devices while he was operating, even before Sparrow and the others arrived, he already prepared all the possible tools and equipment he would need during the operation to lessen his burden and to prevent it from taking too much of his time.

From anesthesia, blood suction, and suturing of the open wound, he performed everything as cleanly and orderly as possible. He remained calm all throughout the 12-hour operation and he kept steady and focused.

During the operation, Duke and Kisha were anxiously waiting outside, they already sent Sparrow and Vulture to rest, so the long and dark corridor seemed gloomy which added to their anxiousness. They both saw how much damage the man's body had sustained and his breathing could stop at any time, Kisha was already amazed at how tenacious the man was for holding that long.

But he clearly lost too much blood and also suffered from internal bleeding any of his wounds were deadly on their own but he sustained all possible deadly wounds. He was only holding onto his life through his strong will to survive.

It was clear that the perpetrator wanted him dead, he must have gotten hold of an important information so the enemy wanted to silence him. Duke and Kisha understand this well that's why they are anxious for the man's survival.

They have yet to identify the survivor as he was covered in thick hardened black and human blood all over his body. If not for his uniform and the crest embedded in it that could hardly be recognized, would Sparrow and Vulture realize that he is one of them?

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Back to 10 hours ago.

Sparrow drove to the streets they recently took to escape the city, according to Kisha, it was safer compared to the other busy streets and main roads.

They did not waste too much time traveling and circled the last location they knew where the others were missing. Not wanting to get unwanted attention from zombies and people, they parked the car in a nearby parking lot in an abandoned commercial building and hid their car through the junk.

Sparrow and Vulture both held military knives in their hand and an assault rifle with a silencer in their backs. They also brought military backpacks filled with water and dry rations with medical kits, spare bullets, and loaded magazines.

Although they have awakened their abilities, Kisha told them not to be too reliant on their abilities as it consume their energy, so they have to use them moderately, especially since they have yet to master the control.

Keeping this in mind, they move silently and swiftly through the streets. Eliminating two to three zombies on sight. They rarely rely on guns and only use them when they are faced with a big group of zombies or when they are fleeing.

Repeating this process as they slowly move around to reach their target location. They exhausted two magazines each and were too tired to move so they decided to stop for a while and eat.

"There, I think it has a great vantage point." Pointed by Sparrow as he tapped on Vulture's shoulder. Vulture followed his finger pointing at a one-story toy store in front.

The surrounding buildings are all old commercial one-story buildings located in the old commercial street on the west side of the city. This place was on the opposite side of the now-newly developed commercial streets which are full of luxury brands and high-end malls.

The toy store has enough cover with the use of the big bear signage and there was a torn tarp placed on the flat surface of the roof, maybe the owner used it to cover the roof from leakage. The two circled and saw a 6-7 feet tall wall behind the store, Vulture used it as leverage to climb the roof of the toy store.

It wasn't that hard for him to climb up the wall with a heavy baggage tied to his back but compared to him, Sparrow brings about a small windstorm enough to lift him up to the roof.

He looked down on Vulture who was working hard to climb up with a taunting smirk on his face.

Vulture was so triggered that he wanted to pull Sparrow's feet and drag him down from the roof. 'This asshole! Not only did you not help me up, you even came to provoke me?!' His nostrils flared up.

With a heavy heart, he climbs up faster and once they have sat their asses off the roof, Sparrow surveyed the surroundings for any danger or signs. Once everything was clear, they ate their rations and rested for 10 minutes, after their quick rest, they left to go straight to the edge of the west district where the convoy was lost.

"Is this really the right place?" Asked Vulture as he slowly took his step in an alert manner.

"This is the last known location we found on Tristan's table, even if they are not here. We could try looking for clues." Right after he finished his sentence he noticed a pool of blood outside a residential apartment's side door. It was inconspicuous and he felt a loud thump in his heart and gave him a premonition he did not want to see.

He cautiously surveyed the place and looked around, indeed, he found one of the convoy's vehicles that crashed into a telephone pole a few blocks away from them. They rushed to check but aside from the bloody seats, they found nothing, the people inside were missing.

He saw dents and scratches on the armored car, he investigated and found a bullet stuck to the hinge of the car window. The bullets did not penetrate the bulletproof body and window of the car but they were cornered in the pursuit and were led to hit the telephone pole.

They probably tried to maneuver but it looks like another car rammed them from the back based on the huge dent, preventing them from taking other actions.

Looking at the traces left in the car, they probably used a sticky bomb as the left back door was blown off, and while the passengers were lightheaded and unsteady, they took the chance to stab them in tendons and stuffed their mouths to prevent them from committing suicide.

Following the blood traces, they were most likely dragged down from the vehicle as they struggled violently, their joints were dislocated and broken if not, there would be no chance for the enemy to drag them out. These were all their deduction based on the traces left

As they continued to follow the traces and type the report on their phone, they felt like they ate shit, their strong emotions are eating away at their rationality and they wanted to burn the place down. The pool of blood they saw earlier must be the place where they were dumped while they were barely breathing after the bout of torture.

Sparrow and Vulture were not sure if they were tortured for information or for other purpose.

With that much splattered blood on the floor and the chaotic scene, they must have been attacked by zombies and they couldn't fight back, they deduced based on the scene but since their bodies were not there, they had a small hope that they might have crawled inside the building or rather, they made themselves believe that there's still a little hope.

Both of them dragged their heavy feet and entered the residential building.

They just entered and they already met one, half his body was bitten off, to the point that his bones were in plain sight, and his face was half eaten showing a bloody skull and hanging eyeballs.

Their poor comrade couldn't even make a growling sound as he crawled to reach their feet because his jaw was dislocated and hanging loosely while his tongue was bitten off and the remaining part was churning up and down. The black thick blood slowly dripped. It was a hell of a sight that burned Sparrow's and Vulture's anger and hatred for the perpetrator.