

Apocalypse 345

Chapter 345 Something Inside the Room

After a brief distraction, Sparrow shook his head, refocusing on the task at hand. But before he could react, he felt a sudden tug at the back of his collar. In an instant, he was being yanked backward, along with the person he had dubbed 'Portable Storage.' Both of them were caught completely off guard as Rose dragged them like a pair of ragged clothes hanging from a rack.

Confusion flashed across their faces as they stumbled, floored by her unexpected and forceful grip.

Just then, a sound echoed through the enclosed space, catching both of their attention instantly.

Akackack...

Screech!

The sound was unnervingly alien, like something straight out of 'Alien vs. Predator'. That was exactly how it felt to both Sparrow and the other man—an eerie, otherworldly noise that made their skin crawl. Tension gripped them as they strained to pinpoint its origin, but the storage room remained silent and still, with no visible threat.

They scanned every corner, their nerves on edge, yet saw nothing.

An unsettling realization began to creep over them: if there was truly an evolved zombie lurking, it was expertly hiding. Worse, their team outside remained blissfully unaware of the potential danger inside. If this creature struck while their guard was down, it would be a catastrophe—one that could spell disaster for them all.

Sparrow's nerves began to fray. They had just escaped the chaos of the city, and the thought of returning empty-handed filled him with dread. If he went back and reported that the mission had failed, he was certain Duke would whip him into shape—though that was the least of his concerns at the moment.

What really gnawed at him was the uneasy feeling that he'd somehow jinxed himself. It seemed like every time he was on a mission, something unexpected and disastrous always happened, leaving him wondering if he was cursed or simply unlucky.

Frustration boiled inside him, and he had to bite back a curse as his eyes darted around, searching for even the slightest ripple in the air. His instincts were on high alert, every sense tuned to detecting any movement. As he guarded Rose and his 'Portable Storage,' both arms extended, gently pushing them to retreat.

Step by step, he guided them backward, inching closer to the door they had entered through, all while bracing for whatever might come next.

He still couldn't figure out how Rose had sensed something lurking in the room before it made its presence known. But now, as his eyes scanned the area, he spotted a claw mark right where he had been standing moments earlier. A chill ran down his spine.

Their enemy wasn't just hiding—it was skilled at ambush tactics, far more adept than the evolved zombie he had previously encountered, which had relied on sheer agility. This one was smarter, and that made it even more dangerous.

If Rose hadn't pulled them back in time, both he and the other guy would likely have been decapitated—or at the very least, suffered a severe throat wound that would have left him bleeding out within minutes. The creature's attack, even if not immediately fatal, would have been lethal in the end. They owed their lives to her quick reflexes.

Akackack...

Grrr.

The creature let out another one of its eerie, otherworldly sounds, reverberating throughout the room, but they still couldn't pinpoint its origin. Yet, it didn't attack. Maybe it was sizing them up, wary of Sparrow's strength—or maybe that was just his imagination running wild.

Right now, all he could hear after the creature's low growl was the sound of their ragged breathing and his own heart pounding in his chest.

Sparrow and the others continued to retreat, knowing they couldn't stay in the center of the room like sitting ducks, vulnerable to attacks from all sides. With their invisible enemy lurking, standing still would be suicide. Even if they couldn't reach the door, they needed to at least get their backs to the wall.

While it was still dangerous, it was far better than being ambushed from behind or the flanks. At least this way, they could focus on defending a single direction—whatever came at them would have to come from the front.

The other guy gulped as he scanned the eerily quiet room. Not a single box was out of place, as if nothing had happened at all. If it weren't for the claw mark gouged into the floor, he might've convinced himself that the sound they'd heard was coming from somewhere else entirely. It was so unlike the usual guttural growls of a zombie—too alien, too unnatural.

He couldn't shake the feeling that they were like insects trapped in a predator's web—completely at the mercy of the enemy's territory. Every move they made was likely being monitored and anticipated by their unseen foe, leaving them powerless and vulnerable while the enemy remained in control.

Then, what Sparrow feared happened.

"Ack!" Rose exclaimed in pain, Sparrow and the other guy's head whipped to the side and looked at her, there she was raising her right hand in defence with her dagger in hand, her arm was bleeding but, there wasn't anything there.

"Shit!" Sparrow cursed under his breath, Rose wasn't just bleeding, she was bitten!

Rose immediately clutched her wounded arm, her eyes rimmed with red as she fixed her gaze on the direction from which the attack had come. Her chest heaved with every breath as she struggled to contain her anger and fear, all while her injury continued to bleed.

As Sparrow and the others continued to stare at her, Rose snapped, "Stop staring at me—look around!" She quickly reached into a small pocket of her cargo pants, pulling out a roll of gauze. With swift, practiced movements, she wrapped it around her arm to staunch the bleeding, all the while keeping her eyes vigilantly scanning the room.

Blood continued to trickle from her wound, forming a grim trail on the floor.

The atmosphere was eerily quiet and suffocatingly tense. Suddenly, Sparrow halted in his tracks, abandoning his retreat toward the wall. Instead, he urgently directed Rose and the others toward the right, where the boxes of supplies were stacked.

Rose and the other guy were initially puzzled by his sudden shift in strategy, but Sparrow's swift, decisive movements conveyed a confidence that left them with no choice but to follow his lead.

They had no better options anyway.

After a few quick strides, Sparrow and the others reached the large boxes stacked nearby. "Get these boxes into your space," he commanded firmly. His tone brooked no argument, and his serious expression, with eyes fixed in one direction and brows furrowed tightly, left no room for hesitation. The others, recognizing the urgency in his demeanor, complied without question.

Unlike Kisha, who could store items regardless of distance, the 'Space Type Ability Users' had a different limitation. They needed to be close to the items and touch them before they could store them in their spaces. So, the guy quickly began touching each box with both hands, working efficiently to store them one by one.

Meanwhile, he positioned himself with his back pressed against Sparrow's, eliminating any gaps that might expose him to danger. He remained vigilant, constantly scanning the area above and around the boxes for any signs of an ambush.