

## **Apocalypse 347**

### Chapter 347 Fending Alone

So, Sparrow was left to fend for all of them alone. Fortunately, the room was now free of obstructions, allowing him a clear view of his surroundings. While he didn't possess Kisha's heightened senses, he could rely on his exceptional 'Perception' skill and keen eyesight.

Ackack...

Sparrow felt as if the evolved zombie was mocking him, or perhaps it was signaling an imminent attack. Each time he heard that eerie, otherworldly sound, his muscles tensed and his nerves frayed. It was as if the zombie's menacing noise was a battle cry meant to shake his resolve, much like a commanding general's shout to demoralize their enemies.

Sparrow was starting to feel the toll of maintaining his heightened awareness since they first entered the room. The constant strain was beginning to numb his senses and make his mind buzz, pulling his focus away. After half an hour of keeping his stance, he realized he might have overtaxed his skill, pushing it to its limits.

However, Sparrow had no way to gauge his spiritual energy levels, lacking the tracking system that Kisha used. Without such a measure, he was uncertain if he had already depleted his reserves.

Sparrow's eyes narrowed, then brightened with a glint of determination. He had finally found a breakthrough in this stalemate. Clearing the room of obstructions had proven to be the best decision he could have made in this situation.

Sparrow took a deep breath, exhaling slowly as if steam was escaping from his mouth. He then conjured a wind blade in each hand. With precise timing, he launched both blades simultaneously, his movements synchronized and fluid.

Bam!

Rumble...

Rose could barely see what was happening, but she could hear the deep rumbling of the cement floor as something massive struck it. Debris clattered around the room, echoing off the walls. She couldn't determine if Sparrow's attacks were random attempts to hit the elusive target or if the evolved zombie was simply too agile or adept at hiding to be seen.

But Sparrow remained relentless in his assault, sending wind blades in rapid succession throughout the room. His eyes tracked an unseen movement with sharp focus. Unlike the last evolved zombie he faced, which had exceptional agility, this one had the ability to turn invisible. It maintained its invisibility even while launching attacks, making it a more elusive and challenging opponent.

Grahhh!

Screech!

The evolved zombie emitted an angry roar toward Sparrow, but Sparrow's smile only grew wider. He could tell that the creature was becoming frustrated because it couldn't get close to him or his team. Instead, it was reduced to darting around the room in frustration. The zombie was baffled by how Sparrow had managed to pinpoint its exact location despite its invisibility.

With no obstructions left in the room, Sparrow's keen perception was finally paying off. He could now detect the subtle distortions in the surroundings—slight, shimmering rifts that appeared where the image wobbled as if a mirror had been displaced. These inconsistencies in the environment allowed him to see the evolved zombie's exact position with clarity.

Sparrow's keen eyesight and agility were assets, but he was constrained by his need to protect Rose and the 'STAU,' limiting his movement. Despite his earlier thoughts, he couldn't abandon them to focus solely on the battle. Instead, he relied on his wind blades to maintain a long-distance assault, balancing his responsibility with his need to confront the evolved zombie.

However, Sparrow knew he couldn't sustain this strategy for much longer. Tracking the zombie with his current method was inconsistent and was putting a significant strain on both his eyesight and his 'Perception' skill, which couldn't endure indefinitely.

Sparrow took a deep breath and paused his relentless attacks, his vision now obscured by the dust and debris stirred up from his continuous assault. The room was filled with a haze of floating dust, making it hard to see clearly. After clearing his mind and focusing, Sparrow retrieved his dagger and, with a burst of speed, darted in one direction.

Clank!

Sparrow's dagger clashed with the zombie's claw, causing a spray of black blood to splatter against its invisible form. A wicked grin spread across Sparrow's face as his eyes gleamed with determination—he had locked onto his target.

Sparrow wasn't just flinging attacks blindly. Even if his wind blades missed the target or only served to irritate the zombie, he had a purpose behind his relentless assault. His aim wasn't desperation; he was deliberately trying to disorient the evolved zombie and prevent it from closing in on him and the others.

Simultaneously, he was working to fill the room with dust, creating a veil that would further obscure the zombie's movements and give him a tactical advantage.

The evolved zombie might have been able to dodge Sparrow's attacks, but it couldn't escape the pervasive dust now clouding the room. As expected, the dust settled on the zombie's form, outlining it and revealing its presence.

With the zombie's shape now visible, Sparrow finally had a clear view of his elusive target, which had previously been difficult to track due to its distortion in space and occasional delays in his perception.

Now that he had achieved his goal and revealed the zombie's form, Sparrow no longer needed to rely on his strained skills. With the evolved zombie's outline clearly visible through the settling dust, he could shift his focus to using his physical abilities. He lunged directly at the zombie, ready to engage it in close combat.

Rawrrr!

As Sparrow's dagger pressed forward, he felt the warm breath of the evolved zombie on his face and caught a whiff of its foul stench. The zombie roared angrily, clearly confused about how Sparrow had managed to pinpoint its location while it was supposed to be invisible. Fortunately, the zombie's lack of intelligence allowed Sparrow to exploit the situation with relative ease.

Given that the evolved zombie relied solely on its invisibility and was slightly stronger but less agile than Sparrow, Sparrow felt a surge of confidence. He easily overpowered the zombie. However, he soon encountered a protective membrane surrounding the evolved zombie's body.

The membrane surrounding the zombie was shimmering, slimy, and repulsive. Every time Sparrow struck, his dagger only made shallow cuts due to this grotesque barrier. However, he noticed that as the membrane was scratched away, the exposed areas of the zombie's body became increasingly visible.

Sparrow deduced that the protective membrane functioned both as armor and as the mechanism for the zombie's invisibility. As he observed the zombie's barely visible form, he smirked. With a swift motion, he lunged at the zombie's neck, then quickly retreated to put some distance between them before the zombie could swipe its long claws at him.

It seemed as though Sparrow was toying with the zombie, merely provoking it. He repeated the same attack pattern, each time landing blows that only deepened the zombie's frustration. The zombie's enraged roars echoed through the room, but Sparrow remained unshaken. Finally, on his fifth attempt, he delivered a decisive strike.

Sparrow conjured another wind blade, but this time, instead of launching it as he had before, he guided it to envelop his dagger. With a powerful swing, he struck just as the zombie lunged toward him. He saw the attack coming but didn't hesitate. His blade sliced through the zombie's head with precision. Sparrow quickly leaped back, avoiding the splatter of the zombie's blood.