

Apocalypse 348

Chapter 348 Dealing With Rose

As the evolved zombie's blood splattered across the floor, its severed arm landed with a heavy thud, and its decapitated head rolled to a stop at Sparrow's feet. With its invisibility completely undone, the zombie's grotesque form was fully revealed.

Its blackened body appeared as though it was covered in a thick layer of decaying moss, and it seemed like there was no skin left to shield its sinewy form. Sparrow could make out the stark outlines of the zombie's muscles and ligaments.

Perhaps that moss-like coating was once its skin, now rotted and peeling away as it turned pitch black. To make matters worse, writhing worms burrowed through its exposed flesh, parasitically tunneling through the decayed muscle.

Sparrow exhaled a relieved sigh, a small smile playing on his lips. He could feel the difference — he was undeniably stronger than before. The comparison to his first battle with an evolved zombie was inevitable; the gap between then and now was immense. He couldn't help but marvel at how far he'd come.

Before, he had struggled to keep up with the speed of the evolved zombie—it had been much faster than him. But this time, while the creature wasn't as fast, it was far from slow. What made it truly dangerous, though, was its ability to turn invisible and launch precise sneak attacks.

Its unsettling, alien-like body could stretch unnaturally, and it moved with such eerie silence that it was almost impossible to detect. Its mastery of concealment was terrifying.

Had he not made the reckless decision to confront it head-on, choosing instead to play it safe and protect the two behind him, the battle would have dragged on. The evolved zombie would have continued using the boxes as cover, toying with Sparrow while launching calculated attacks that would eventually wear him down, putting both him and the others at lethal risk.

Thud!

As Sparrow was basking in his victory and mentally reviewing the battle to pinpoint areas for improvement, a sudden thud behind him snapped him out of his thoughts.

Rose had been struggling to stay upright, enduring the excruciating pain that felt like molten lava coursing through her veins. Her entire body was wracked with agony, to the point where she could barely hold onto consciousness. The only thing keeping her from collapsing sooner was her determination not to distract Sparrow while he fought the evolved zombie.

She refused to be a burden, even as the torment threatened to overwhelm her.

When Rose saw Sparrow charging at the zombie with just his dagger, her first instinct was to shout or create a distraction to help him land the blow. However, she quickly realized Sparrow didn't need her assistance. He moved with confidence, as if he'd faced this kind of battle before.

Trusting his experience, Rose focused all her energy on staying conscious, determined not to interfere or show weakness.

The moment Sparrow delivered the final blow, instantly killing the evolved zombie, Rose felt a wave of relief wash over her. The pain coursing through her body faded into the background as she stared

blankly at the small beam of sunlight filtering through the tiny ventilation window, casting a warm glow where the evolved zombie once stood.

Sparrow stood like a comic book hero after defeating the villain, a beacon of victory and strength. Rose felt a surge of pride and a deep longing to emulate him. But then, the harsh reality hit her—she had been bitten by a zombie, which only meant one thing.

She has regrets.

She felt bitter.

But there was no changing what had already happened. A bitter smile crept onto her lips as she etched Sparrow's image into her mind—a symbol of what she aspired to be, her future goal. With that thought lingering, her vision faded to black.

Sparrow snapped back to reality and turned to see Rose sprawled on the ground, the dust from her fall still settling around her. Her face was pressed against the floor, and it was clear she had hit her left side and arm hard against the cold, hard surface of the ground. Sparrow winced at the sight before quickly moving to her side.

Even the man who had been cowering in fear while Sparrow faced off with the zombie finally realized the battle was over and that they had a serious casualty on their hands. He couldn't bring himself to comment further, especially since Rose was one of the team leaders and her condition was dire.

He had no idea how they would explain Rose's condition to everyone else, but deep down, they all knew this outcome was a possibility. Despite the grim awareness, it didn't lessen the sting of disappointment and concern they felt.

The guy and Sparrow rushed to Rose's side, their hearts sinking as they saw the blackish veins creeping across her face, her skin taking on a purplish and greenish hue. Sparrow clenched his teeth, gripping his dagger tightly as he pressed it against Rose's neck, but he hesitated, his resolve wavering.

He noticed Rose's chest rising and falling faintly, a subtle sign that she was still alive. It would be easier to end her suffering now, but Sparrow remembered the positive impression Rose had made on Kisha. As a fellow leader and a woman who had traveled from a distant land to City B, Kisha had shown a degree of compassion towards Rose due to their shared experiences.

Sparrow couldn't bring himself to kill her, knowing how much Kisha cared.

He pursed his lips, his gaze fixed on Rose's face. The veins had stopped advancing but hadn't receded either. With a deep exhale, he turned to the man beside him and asked, "Do you have a rope?"

The other man, still in a daze, managed a slow nod before taking several seconds to retrieve a rope from his space. He watched as Sparrow expertly secured Rose, binding her tightly to ensure she couldn't easily break free. Once satisfied, Sparrow hefted her onto his left arm, carrying her like a sack of potatoes.

Only then did it dawn on him what Sparrow was attempting. His eyes widened in shock as he blinked a few times, realizing he couldn't bring himself to suggest that Sparrow kill Rose. Silently swallowing his words, he lowered his head and followed behind Sparrow, feeling the weight of his own inaction during the fight.

Then, the other guy bumped into Sparrow's back, causing him to stumble onto his rear. Sparrow abruptly halted in his tracks. Given that his stats were nearly triple those of the man behind him, it felt as though the man had collided with a solid wall. His nose turned red immediately, and he felt a stinging sensation, suspecting he might be bleeding.

As he rubbed his aching nose, he heard Sparrow's voice, low and commanding. "Go retrieve the evolved zombie's crystal core." Sparrow didn't even glance back; he seemed lost in thought, his mood distinctly somber. The man behind him, sensing his preoccupation, quietly complied and hurried off to carry out the task.

As the man knelt in front of the zombie, he struggled to keep himself from vomiting the breakfast he had eaten. The overwhelming stench of decay and the grotesque sight before him were far worse than anything he had seen in zombie apocalypse movies. The horror of the scene was beyond anything he could have imagined.