

Apocalypse 35

Chapter 35 10 Hours Prior 2

Vulture promptly dealt with his comrade by stabbing his military knife into his skull. As a form of respect for his late comrade, he firmly supported his falling head and steadily placed it on the floor, searched for his dog tag, and solemnly put it in his breast pocket with a raging fire eating at his heart he swore to take revenge on the culprit.

Both of them were overwhelmed by grief and anger, and this was the very first time they felt so powerless.

They tightened their grip on the knives, their knuckles turning white and their jaws tense from trying to rein in their rage to avoid clouding their judgment.

They forced themselves to continue searching for others, each step they took felt so heavy, their hearts drowning as they followed the traces.

The second trace led them to one of the residential doors on the first floor, both of them looked at each other, determination reflected in their black orbs, and then nodded at each other. No matter what they see here, they decided to do everything they could to move forward.

Sparrow signaled to Vulture that he'd open the door, so Vulture nodded after Sparrow pulled open the door, Vulture quickly and cautiously entered the dimly lit room, he scanned the room and reached out to the wall near the door to turn on the switch.

Once the light was on, he saw three dead bodies lying symmetrically on the floor covered by a thin cloth, so he took it off and saw that they were probably the three other men from the car earlier. They look a little better than the one they saw outside but not that much better.

He knocks at the side of the door to inform Sparrow that the room is clear.

Sparrow entered, shut the door, and locked it from the inside to prevent anything or anyone from attacking them from the back. After that, he strode straight to the three men lying on the ground and inspected their wounds.

He saw that they were the same as their comrade outside, they were bitten all over their body and it was hard to recognize them anymore so he slowly searched them for their dog tags. After securing their dog tags, he stared at them for a while and nodded, as if he realized something.

Vulture waited for him to explain what he found out, soon, Sparrow's solemn and hoarse voice sounded in his ears, asking. "Didn't Tristan and the others went over to support the convoy?!"

Vulture looked up to think and he nodded. "Yes, he brought everyone from the base to assist the madam and master." Soon after, he realized what he was implying and went out to follow his lead.

Straight away, they fought the zombies they saw along the way in search of the people who respectfully ended their brother's suffering and climbed each floor in caution.

On the third floor, they saw traces of fighting and bullets stuck on the walls, blood stains were all over the place so they carefully forced open each door to find more clues. On the last unit, before they were able to open the door, they heard low growls and grunts.

With a heavy heart, they forcefully entered and dealt with the zombies inside. Like the previous situations, there are three more of their comrades inside but they are in a lot worse shape than the previous four.

One of them had a severed arm, his tendons were cut off, gushing bullet holes in his body, and was knawed by zombies on every part. The other one has broken limbs, his throat was torn open from a bite and even his eyes were not spared and was eaten. The last one met a more tragic end than the rest, he's barely able to move because he is almost only left with bones.

Witnessing this tragic end, the two felt their chest heaving uncontrollably, and their whole body trembled. No matter how hard they tried, they couldn't contain their bitter tears anymore and they sat on the floor as they silently mourned for their lost brothers.

They cried for five whole minutes, they knew that crying would not achieve anything but they still cried to let out their grief and sorrow for their brothers. After they let their feelings take over, they felt a little refreshed and then collected themselves to start working.

They gathered the dog tags and made sure to take pictures just like they did in the previous four and continued to type their report. Once everything was organized and the pictures were attached, Sparrow sent the report to Duke.

Afterward, they left the room to head back. Sparrow's head was lowered, a little dejected from everything they witnessed and because they failed to gather more information about the other's whereabouts.

In his peripheral view, he caught sight of red droplets towards the stairs and through closer inspection, it turned out to be a blood trail. They followed it all the way to the fifth floor, and then they stood in front of the utility room.

They looked at each other's nervous eyes and instantly entered, but they did not forget to secure the place. What greeted them was a bloody mess of a man who was bathing in his own pool of blood.

His face was covered by dried blood together with knife wounds so they couldn't recognize him, Sparrow stepped closer and squatted in front of the man to get a better visual. He notices his uniform with their squad's crest embedded in his chest.

He turned excited after finding out that he was one of them, but was also afraid to dampen his hope if he found out that he was already dead. Despite the turmoil he felt inside, he placed his index finger under the man's nose and his other hand is feeling the man's pulse.

He was devastated when he did not feel air coming out of the man's nostrils and his pulse beat. However, before he took his hands off, he felt a weak hot air coming from his nose. He was stunned for a minute and looked at Vulture, who met his eyes with wide eyes.

Vulture could tell from Sparrow's reaction that something was up. So he started to get anxious watching.

Sparrow continued to check the man's breathing and pulse for a whole minute. "He's alive!" He yelled.

In a panic, he fished out his phone from his pocket and struggled to text Duke with his trembling hands. "Boss, we've found one survivor but he's wretch!"

He made sure that the text was delivered, and then he sent out Vulture to get the car while he performed the first aid. He first took off the man's clothes, including the pants, took some folded clean towels from the basket in the corner and slowly wiped the man's body off of blood, he boiled water in the electric kettle from the mini kitchen located inside the utility room.

Once the water was boiling, he took the biggest bowl he could find from the kitchen and put some water and mixed some hot water in it to continue to clean the man's body.

But he could not completely clean him due to the hardened blood so he focused on where the fatal wounds were and cleaned around it. His face has hardened blood but only has minor injuries so Sparrow let it be.

As he performs the first aid, he continues to inspect the gravity of his injuries. He would touch his body from time to time to check if he had broken ribs or bones, and because of it, the man would let out a weak grunt that was as soft as a kitten's purr.

When he was almost done dressing his wounds, Vulture burst in, he was drenched in his own sweat. He must have sprinted from the residential area to the abandoned building where they left the car.

"Is there anything I can do?" Vulture asked, not minding his fatigue. He was still panting and wiping his sweat using his sleeves.

However, before they could talk more. Sparrow's phone rang loudly, breaking the room's silence. They look startled and look at each other. When he checked, he found out that Duke was video-calling him, so he promptly answered.

Before he could ask Duke anything, the phone was passed to Elios. He immediately understood what Duke wanted him to do, so he explained the general situation of the patient since he was not a medical expert he could only describe his findings.

Elios did not waste time greeting any of them and went straight to asking the status of the survivor and even asked Sparrow to slowly zoom in the camera around the patient's body as he examined the wounds. With limited access to the patient's body, he pulled Hawk to the floor and placed the camera on the floor leaning 90 degrees on Duke's mahogany table.

He slowly instructed Sparrow using Hawk as a model on how to correctly adjust the dislocated bones, how to effectively close the big wounds with their available medical supply, and many more.

Making sure that they did not miss any procedure, he advised them to transport him using a thick towel that could support his whole body so that it would be easier later to transfer him from the car to the stretcher.

Vulture made a makeshift cloth stretcher when he heard Elios mention it. After Sparrow completed all the necessary emergency treatment, they carefully placed the man in the towel stretcher, covered his body with a clean towel to prevent him from catching a cold and left the building in a steady but swift manner. And drove away to send him to the base.