

## Apocalypse 350

### Chapter 350 Rose Is Slipping Away

After giving his orders, Sparrow crossed his arms and leaned against the side of the truck. His gaze lingered on Rose in the distance, and he sighed heavily, lamenting the loss of such a skilled soldier so soon after leaving the city.

"Captain Sparrow!" one of the men crouched beside Rose shouted in panic, instantly catching Sparrow's attention. A wave of dread washed over him, and as he took a heavy step forward, it felt as if lead was weighing down his limbs.

Even from a distance, Sparrow could see Rose's body convulsing violently on the ground. Her team, panicked, was shouting and struggling to hold her down. They understood what was coming next. Two of them were desperately pressing her stomach and feet to prevent her from thrashing about on the hard ground and potentially injuring herself or hitting her head on something sharp.

Everyone watching could only sob.

'These grown-ass men are crying like kids'

"No... No... No! Captain!" they chanted desperately, their voices tinged with fear as they tried to restrain her. Despite their frantic efforts, no one could bring themselves to deliver the fatal blow to her head as they watched her transformation unfold.

One of the men holding her legs accidentally brushed against her bare skin in the chaos. He clamped his hands down, feeling the coldness of her skin, but his focus was too scattered to process the unsettling sensation.

He felt an unsettling coldness, as if he were touching a corpse, causing him to stiffen involuntarily. Glancing back at Rose, he saw that despite the efforts of three grown men holding her down, they were being overpowered by her convulsions. Another man rushed to assist, trying to keep her restrained until Sparrow finally reached the scene.

Sparrow's expression was a mix of helplessness and concern as he watched the scene unfold. He could do nothing to assist, as everyone was already occupied restraining Rose. The air was filled with her frantic screams, and her eyes, rolled back, revealed only the whites turning a disturbing shade of red.

The veins in her eyes seemed to writhe and swell, threatening to burst with every agonizing moment.

Unable to endure Rose's agonizing, beastly screams any longer, one of the men swiftly retrieved a towel from his beltbag. As Rose let out another guttural cry with her mouth wide open, he quickly placed the towel over her mouth to prevent her from biting her tongue or anyone else.

He then securely tied each end of the towel to ensure it stayed in place, effectively silencing her and preventing any further harm.

Sparrow understood that, despite his desire to help, there was little he could do in this situation. He could only watch somberly as six men struggled to restrain Rose, who writhed in apparent agony. The sight of her in such pain, with everyone working desperately to keep her from thrashing, weighed heavily on him.

Black blood seeped through the bandage on her arm, evidence of the virus slowly destroying her cells. The dark coloration signified the infection's advance, and the excessive strain Rose was putting on her body had reopened her wound, causing it to bleed profusely.

The team responsible for preparing lunch stood stiff and distracted, their minds struggling to distance themselves from the unfolding crisis. Despite their best efforts to focus on their tasks, the harrowing situation weighed heavily on them.

They couldn't shake the unsettling realization of their own vulnerability, imagining themselves in Rose's place. The possibility of facing a similar fate loomed large, especially for those who had not yet awakened, leaving them feeling exposed and hopeless.

Once bitten, survival seemed nearly impossible for the unawakened; they were effectively sentenced to death. In contrast, those who had awakened were more resilient, akin to cats with nine lives. As long as they avoided bleeding to death or succumbing to immediate fatal injuries, they stood a chance of surviving and eventually returning home.

They were all aware of the risks before embarking on the mission, but witnessing Rose's dire situation drove home the fragility of their lives in this apocalypse. It stirred a mix of emotions within them—an urgent desire to grow stronger intertwined with a profound fear of their vulnerability.

The people surrounding Rose collectively gasped, drawing everyone's attention. They held their breath, eager to hear what would come next or to discover if there was any new development in her condition.

"She... she..." One of Rose's subordinates stammered, struggling to find the right words, his voice trembling with uncertainty. Even Sparrow's brows furrowed in concern as he leaned in, eager to understand what was happening.

"She stopped breathing!" someone finally managed to say, his voice hoarse with shock. Rose had suddenly gone still, and for a moment, everyone breathed a collective sigh of relief, thinking she had merely passed out. However, when one of them checked for a pulse and found none, panic set in.

They scrambled to perform CPR, but hesitated to remove the towel from her mouth, fearing that if she regained consciousness and bit the rescuer, it could lead to disaster.

Despite the rising panic, one person attempted to remove the towel from Rose's mouth. However, he was swiftly stopped by another who, remaining logical amid the chaos, insisted on prioritizing safety.

Fortunately, an STAU member who was nearby heard the commotion and rushed over to assist. Thanks to Kisha's foresight, their emergency supplies included medical essentials like oxygen tanks and a pocket mask for resuscitation. With these resources on hand, they were prepared for such worst-case scenarios.

The STAU member swiftly retrieved the medical supplies, and without hesitation, Rose's subordinate removed the towel from her mouth and replaced it with the pocket mask. Another team member began administering chest compressions, working urgently to restore her breathing.

They performed several sets of compressions, and with each set, the person administering them began to sob, their quiet whimpers breaking through the tense silence. They could feel Rose slipping away, a reality no one wanted to face.

The mission had barely begun, and already, they were dealing with this nightmare. Those who were more superstitious couldn't help but feel this was a bad omen, and the thought of backing out crossed more than a few minds.

Sparrow stood still, deep in thought, weighing everything. He knew the mission was both urgent and crucial. Kisha's reasoning echoed in his mind—it made perfect sense. The zombie population was growing at an alarming rate, their strength increasing frighteningly fast.

Kisha's decision to send them out to reinforce the walls wasn't just a good call—it was the only call. Despite the risks, he understood that fortifying their wall defenses was their best chance of survival.

Backing out wasn't an option, not now. Even though Sparrow understood this, he didn't try to antagonize those who were clearly panicking. It was only natural—they were losing someone close to them. But they were outside the safe zone, and anything could happen.

Sparrow, along with those who still had their wits about them, took it upon themselves to stay vigilant, guarding the perimeter while the others mourned and let their emotions take over.

They were already emotional, and there was no need to push the wrong buttons to get the message across.