

## **Apocalypse 355**

### Chapter 355 Port City 4

Zeus, because of its formidable presence, stood out due to its size, making it a visible target but also an imposing shield for the group. The formation was tight and efficient, with everyone ready to defend against any threat.

Despite the chaos, no one dared mention the bear-like creature in their midst. Zeus's presence was a crucial deterrent, preventing the group from overtaking Sparrow's team. His imposing size and wild demeanor made them wary of potential attacks from it, adding to their hesitation and fear to step forward and forcefully overtake Sparrow's team.

Although Zeus's massive size obstructed the view for some, Sparrow positioned him next to the STAU so that, in an emergency, they could grab onto Zeus's coat and make a swift escape. Maintaining their formation was crucial; those behind, unable to see the front because of Zeus' massive size that was obstructing their view, depended on the reactions of their immediate team to guide their actions.

At first, they are all scared and nervous because this would be their first time putting their training into real action, outside where it was most dangerous, but with Sparrow's lead, they managed to always be on alert and do what formation they needed to do while keeping their defense.

The STAU was also making sure to stick closely with Zeus all throughout the mission because that was what Kisha wanted them to do.

After Sparrow broke away from the group with his top speed, he quickly inspected the open warehouse he had spotted from a distance. Inside, he found crates of imported cars. Despite the presence of some zombies, the situation was more manageable compared to the horde they were facing.

He quickly surveyed the warehouse and discovered a small back door that could serve as an escape route. After confirming it was secure, he returned to his team with the good news. The warehouse offered a safe refuge where they could regroup and continue their mission.

Having been ambushed by an invisible evolved zombie before, Sparrow was especially cautious. The last thing he wanted was to lead his team into another trap.

Fortunately, this time, the situation was truly safe. When Sparrow returned, the team was visibly relieved and enthusiastic. They were well-informed about his plan, thanks to the sign language Sparrow had taught them for emergencies and situations involving unknown individuals. This training ensured that no one was flustered when he suddenly darted off.

Upon his return, Sparrow quickly outlined his plan. The information spread through the team via sign language, and everyone increased their speed. Most of them, having already awakened their abilities, moved much faster. Those who hadn't awakened had no choice but to push their limits, despite the strain.

Those who hadn't awakened yet felt their limbs growing heavy from the strain of pushing their limits. Despite the effort, their adrenaline kicked in, making their legs feel stronger and lighter. The combination of adrenaline and Duke's rigorous training seemed to give them an extra boost, helping them keep pace.

Despite the strain, they ran faster this time. The STAU, unable to match their speed, simply clung to Zeus' thick coat. Zeus took off effortlessly, as if the weight of five people was barely a burden, darting ahead with ease.

After Sparrow and his team surged ahead, the group that had tried to use them as a decoy was quickly left behind. Exhausted from their prolonged escape, they lacked the energy to match Sparrow's speed, which was exactly why they had hoped to use Sparrow's team as a shield in the first place.

Now, they were once again the primary target of the zombie horde. Watching Sparrow's team vanish into the warehouse, they hoped to follow their escape route, but the door was swiftly closed behind them. Left exposed and furious, their frustration boiled over, and they could taste the metallic tang of their own blood from grinding their teeth.

With no choice but to fend for themselves, they scrambled to find a safe place.

As soon as Sparrow and his team entered the warehouse and the rusty door creaked shut behind them, the noise attracted the zombies inside. The instant the door was closed, they found themselves engaged in a fierce battle with the horde.

Leading his team, Sparrow leaped into the air, dagger poised, and plunged it decisively into a zombie's head. Meanwhile, the rest of the team headed by Fred formed a party of three and engaged the remaining zombies with precision: one member faced each zombie head-on, while the other two flanked from either side.

This strategy ensured that all three were prepared for any attack and could support each other effectively.

As his team practiced their skills, Sparrow kept a tight control on the number of zombies. He allowed only one zombie to enter the formation at a time, ensuring that once a team had dealt with one, they could step forward to confront the next. This method kept the formation orderly and ensured each team member could focus on their assigned zombie.

After defeating each zombie, the warriors grew more confident but remained disciplined, avoiding recklessness or the temptation to fight independently like Sparrow. They stuck to the strategy until they had eliminated the last zombie in the warehouse. Once the threat was neutralized, they took a moment to rest and catch their breath.

While the others rested, Sparrow radioed the team waiting back.

"Anyone reading me? Over."

"Yes, sir, we're on guard. Is there an update? Over." Clyde's voice crackled through the radio.

"Yes, we encountered a group of survivors. They weren't overtly hostile, but they weren't friendly either. They tried to use us as bait to divert the zombie horde and escape. Keep an eye out for them and ensure the safety of our trucks and people."

"Copy that, sir!"

After ensuring that the team staying behind was aware of the other group and was on high alert, Sparrow turned his attention to his own warriors. He instructed them to carefully check each other for any scratches or bites before they could continue.

He emphasized the importance of honesty in this process—if they hadn't noticed a scratch due to their focus during the fight, that was understandable, but a bite was another matter entirely. Sparrow wanted to ensure that everyone was still intact and safe before proceeding.

After ensuring that everyone was in good condition, Sparrow led the group to the backdoor he had previously identified. This time, they moved more cautiously, checking to make sure the other group was no longer in the vicinity before exiting the warehouse.

Thanks to the commotion caused by the other group, which drew most of the zombies to the western port, Sparrow and his team only had to deal with the remaining zombies, many of whom were slow or mobility-impaired, such as those with severed legs or skeletal lower halves.

What initially seemed like a potential disaster turned out to be a blessing in disguise. The distraction allowed Sparrow's team to navigate the area more easily and reach the cargo trailers without much difficulty. Once they arrived, the five STAU took turns to fill as many trailers as they could with cargo.