

Apocalypse 381

Chapter 381 Something Happened to Rose 2

When Sparrow saw what had happened to Rose, he was utterly stunned, grappling with disbelief. Her body was encased in a thick layer of crystal ice, resembling a chilling coffin that enveloped her completely.

The transformation had occurred so rapidly that even Evelyn, who had been tending to Rose, hadn't had a moment to react before the ice sealed her in seconds.

That's why she and the others in the back of the truck became frantic, pounding on the small window to get the attention of the driver and the passenger.

They urged them to call for Sparrow's assistance. With the base so close, they were terrified about what to do with Rose in this state; they didn't know if they could bring her back or if it was even safe to try.

The sight of her in such a condition filled them all with worry and dread.

A thick layer of frost coated the metal floor of the truck, and an unbearable chill swept through the back, transforming it into a freezing chamber.

The sudden drop in temperature made everyone shiver uncontrollably, as if they were trapped in a walk-in freezer.

Even the fire-type ability users felt the drastic drop in temperature. They attempted to use their flames to melt the ice while warming themselves, but their efforts proved futile; the crystal ice showed no signs of melting, even under their intense heat.

Instead, their hands grew increasingly cold when they got too close, as if the ice were siphoning the warmth from their bodies.

Evelyn even attempted to use her steeled body to scrape the ice away, but when her steel made contact with the crystal ice, all they heard was a sharp 'clink' of crystal meeting metal.

If it weren't for the bone-chilling cold, they might have mistaken the ice for diamond, its surface gleaming with an otherworldly brilliance and sturdiness.

Sparrow observed them as they exhausted every possible method, only to be met with repeated failure.

After a moment of regaining his composure, he stepped forward and motioned for the others to back away.

Summoning a wind blade in his right hand, he aimed it directly at the encasing crystal ice.

This was his most potent wind attack, one he knew possessed the sharpness to slice through steel.

However, concern crept in; he feared it might inadvertently harm Rose, trapped within the encasing crystal.

To mitigate this risk, he prepared a second wind blade, ready to deflect the first, ensuring it wouldn't pierce through the ice and endanger her.

But lo and behold!

His wind blade didn't even graze the surface of the ice; instead, it bounced off, as if the crystal were impervious to his attack.

The edges of the ice deflected the wind blade, sending it soaring upward instead. With a sharp whoosh, it sliced through the ceiling of the truck, creating a clean cut in the dark green cover above.

The sudden sound of tearing metal echoed in the confined space, drawing startled looks from everyone present.

The remnants of the blade whirled around briefly before dissipating into thin air, leaving behind a tense silence filled with disbelief.

Sparrow's heart raced as he realized the extent of the ice's power—if his most potent attack had been rendered ineffective, then they were facing something truly formidable.

Sparrow was left speechless as he watched his wind blade deflect effortlessly off the crystal ice, his eyes widening in shock and disbelief.

Determined to try again, he quickly shot the other wind blade from his other hand, but to his dismay, it met the same fate.

The second blade ricocheted off the ice, reinforcing the unsettling realization that they were dealing with a force far beyond anything they had encountered before.

Frustration mingled with fear as he struggled to comprehend the situation, his mind racing for alternative solutions.

Everyone stood frozen, overwhelmed by confusion and fear. Questions raced through their minds: 'What was happening to Rose? Would she be able to breathe inside the ice? Was she dead, or was there still hope?'

The uncertainty weighed heavily on them, and the most pressing concern loomed— 'Should they take her to Kisha for help?'

All eyes turned to Sparrow, searching for guidance in his expression. They were desperate for his opinion, knowing they were powerless to act without his direction.

The silence was thick with tension as they awaited his response, each heartbeat echoing their collective anxiety.

For a moment, everyone held their breath, and silence enveloped the space, creating a thick, tense atmosphere.

Finally, after a pause that felt like an eternity, Sparrow broke the stillness.

"Let's head back to the base and let the City Lord decide," he ordered, his voice steady despite the turmoil churning inside him.

He understood that only Kisha might hold the key to unraveling this mystery and finding a solution for Rose.

He and the others were determined not to give up on Rose. Just yesterday, when they feared they might have to end her life to spare her suffering, they had waited—hoping against hope that she wouldn't succumb to the virus.

They had witnessed the agony etched on her face as she fought against the infection raging within her, and it had torn at their hearts.

Each passing moment felt like an eternity, a painful reminder of her struggle, and they were desperate to see her pain come to an end, yet equally desperate to save her from becoming a mindless zombie.

They could hear her continuous, pained groans echoing in the truck. An hour passed, then another, and the entire night wore on, yet Rose continued her struggle against the virus.

Hope flickered within them; perhaps she could emerge victorious and awaken, rather than succumb to the fate of a zombie.

However, the unexpected development of her being encased in crystal ice left them reeling. This new twist only deepened their uncertainty, breeding fear and unease among the group.

Each breath they took felt heavier with the weight of what might come next.

Without hesitation, Sparrow leaped out of the back of the truck and directed everyone to board quickly.

They needed to accelerate their return so Rose could receive the urgent help she required. Time was of the essence, and every second counted.

Sparrow drove off, leading the convoy with an urgency that surpassed before. However, as they drew closer to the base, the scene grew increasingly horrifying.

The streets were littered with zombie carcasses, and the sickening stench of charred, rotting flesh filled the air.

With each passing moment, their faces paled further as the gruesome sight unfolded before them, and an overwhelming sense of fear enveloped them.

'What about the base?'

'Was the base raided by zombies again? What happened to the base?'

'What about our families? Are they well or are they even alive?'

Questions raced through their minds as Sparrow pressed down on the accelerator, weaving through the gruesome pile of zombie carcasses.

The battlefield outside the base had yet to be cleared, leaving debris scattered everywhere, but it didn't deter him.

With determination, he plowed through the obstacles at top speed, showing no sign of hesitation.

Screech...

Clinked...

Crash...

The sound of metal grinding against asphalt echoed ominously, drawing the attention of the guards on the wall.

They quickly leaned over the edges of the cargo trailers, their eyes widening in disbelief as they witnessed the military trucks barreling through the debris.

The littered vehicles crumpled like paper beneath the trucks' aggressive speed, showcasing a forceful determination that left no room for hesitation.