

Apocalypse 382

Chapter 382 Something Happened to Rose 3

When they saw Sparrow's truck hurtling forward at top speed, panic rippled through the guards. They scrambled to contact the gatekeeper, urgently ordering the gates to be opened.

Meanwhile, someone atop the wall frantically waved their hands, desperately trying to get Sparrow's attention to slow down.

It was only when Sparrow noticed the soldiers atop the wall signaling for him to slow down that his fear-stricken heart began to calm. He quickly grabbed the radio and contacted the other trucks, relaying the message.

"Slow down, the soldiers are opening the gate for us," Sparrow said, his voice hoarse and strained. The worry in his tone was unmistakable, but there was also a sense of relief.

Seeing someone alive inside the base had eased his fears, and the rest of the drivers, equally anxious, silently followed suit, slowing down and trailing behind Sparrow's truck.

With their fears somewhat pacified, they finally had a moment to take in the full aftermath of the battle.

Fires still burned in some areas along the road, and charred zombie corpses littered the ground in a scene both horrifying and nauseating.

The overwhelming stench made their stomachs churn, but they clenched their teeth, struggling to keep from retching as they drove through the devastation.

"What could have happened here?!"

"Do you think there was another zombie raid, like the one last week?!"

"T-then, do you think the base was breached?!"

Everyone began to speculate about what had happened, glancing uneasily at their surroundings as the truck quietly approached the gate.

The snipers stationed in the watchtowers were on high alert, ready to take out any zombies drawn out of the city by the rumble of the truck's engine.

Sparrow's team, both superhumans and regular members, didn't need to lift a finger. The snipers handled any approaching threats.

But even if they had to fight, their minds were too distracted to focus. Worries about their families' safety and the fate of their only remaining home consumed them, leaving them unable to muster the will to engage.

Their minds swirled with unsettling thoughts, none of them good. In the apocalypse, they had learned to always expect the worst, as every hardship shattered any glimpse of hope or happiness.

When Kisha and the others had finally provided them with a place to feel safe, those fears had receded for a time.

But now, as the looming uncertainty resurfaced, the ugly weight of fear began creeping back into their hearts, threatening to consume them once more.

As they sat huddled in the truck, waiting anxiously for the gate to open, everyone's heart was caught in their throat, gripped by fear.

They had no idea what awaited them beyond the wall. Memories of the devastation from the first zombie raid resurfaced, and the gnawing feeling of dread settled in, as if an invisible force was slowly eating away at their hearts.

They didn't even realize they were holding their breath, paralyzed by fear. The tension was palpable, each second stretched out as the gate slowly creaked open, its metallic creaking adding to the suspense that filled the air.

Creak...

Screech...

Engggg...

As soon as Sparrow spotted the gate inching open, he accelerated, determined to get through before it fully opened.

With impeccable timing, he maneuvered the truck into the narrow gap, just barely fitting it through.

However, the moment he crossed the threshold, he was taken aback by the sight before him—a line of survivors waiting to greet them, as if they were heroes returning from a battle against a demon lord.

The survivors were a mix of excitement and fear as they welcomed Sparrow and the others back. While relief washed over them at their return, an undercurrent of anxiety loomed in the air.

They were all too aware of the dangers lurking outside, and many couldn't shake the fear that their remaining family members might not have made it back from their missions.

When Kisha and Duke caught wind of Sparrow and the others' return, they hurried to the eastern wall to greet them.

As Kisha watched Sparrow drive through the gate, she noticed his bewildered expression, but overall, they seemed to be in good shape.

The trucks bore the unmistakable marks of their harrowing journey—thick, black zombie blood splattered across the vehicles made them look like they had just traversed a muddy road.

A few dents here and there hinted at the chaos they faced, but remarkably, the military trucks had sustained no serious damage, and they had the same number of vehicles as when they set out on their mission.

So, Kisha's worry subsided, after all, aside from worrying about the other members of the team, she could see that Sparrow was doing fine even when he was far away because he was still part of her team and she could check on his status from time to time.

As the trucks rolled in one by one, the survivors stepped aside, creating space for them to enter.

Following the instructions of the medical personnel, they took a few steps back, allowing the team of medics to assess the warriors' condition before permitting anyone not part of the medical crew to approach.

As soon as the truck came to a stop, Sparrow leaped out and hurried over to Kisha.

"Young Madam, something has happened to Rose. Please follow me," Sparrow said calmly before pivoting on his heels and leading Kisha to the farthest truck.

As he pulled back the dark green tarp, Kisha was confronted by a coffin-like structure of crystal ice that transformed the back of the truck into a frigid chamber.

Frost continued to creep along the surfaces, steadily encasing nearly half the interior in its icy grip.

Kisha blinked several times, her expression shifting from confusion to a steely focus. "What happened?" she demanded, her voice low and tense.

"Tell me everything—why is Rose in this state?" Her serious demeanor made it clear that she was far from pleased.

How could she feel anything but dread when all she could see in Rose's status window was an error message?

[Rose Brigget]

[Status Unavailable: Error]

[Error]

No matter how hard she attempted to access any information about Rose's status, she was met with a relentless stream of error messages, each one intensifying her anxiety and frustration.

Sparrow quickly filled her in on the events that had transpired during their encounter with the invisible zombie in the storeroom where Rose had been bitten.

He explained that nearly 24 hours had passed since the incident, and just when they believed Rose was on the brink of awakening, this shocking turn of events had occurred.

Sparrow, too, found himself at a loss for words after recounting the events. Once he finished, Kisha fell silent, her expression clouded with concern.

She had genuinely believed that Rose was on the path to awakening, as she had previously explained to Sparrow and the others, and this unexpected turn left her grappling with uncertainty.

The situation with Rose was like a double-edged sword.

There was a genuine chance she could awaken, and based on what Kisha had heard, she might possess multifaceted abilities beyond just ice manipulation.

However, the darker possibility loomed: if her awakening failed, she could transform into a formidable evolved zombie, one that could rival a Level 1 evolved zombie or even more.

The uncertainty weighed heavily on Kisha, amplifying her concern for Rose's fate.