

## **Apocalypse 39**

### Chapter 39 The Patient is Awake

Right after breakfast, Kisha let her family do their own task and she followed Duke to the ward.

Yesterday, after Eagle fed the blue liquid to the patient, his vitals turned to normal in a matter of minutes. He was not sure what's the thing Duke made him feed his comrade but it was miraculous. He excitedly called Elios to check on the patient, forgetting that Elios was just about to take his rest.

Elios dragged his feet and headed to the ICU, however, when he reached the ICU and saw the monitoring machines, his exhaustion disappeared without a trace. He passionately checked the condition of the patient and everything was normal. He has a quick epiphany and slowly cuts off the patient's bandage with scissors, his hands trembling with his unimaginable speculation.

With careful inspections, he found out that the wounds left no trace at all. He could not understand what happened that led to this, he jolted from his seat and this sudden movement knocked the small bottle on the side table. The bottle rolled to the edge of the table and Elios's attention was brought to it.

He noticed the trace of the blue liquid in the bottle, he picked it up to sniff the remaining content but it had no smell, and then, he tilted it upside down to his mouth to have a taste. For some reason, he feels that it has something to do with the patient's sudden recovery.

Eagle who was watching from the side was shocked, he didn't have a chance to say anything from Elios's inconsistent movements.

The moment the remaining drop of liquid entered Elios's throat, he felt a refreshing feeling gliding through his throat down to his stomach and it immediately spread through every cell of his body. He felt rejuvenated and savored the feeling for as long as possible.

Eagle uneasily asked. "Mr. Evans. Hmmm, what are you doing?"

Elios did not answer his question, when he opened his eyes, he met Eagle's eyes and returned a question instead. "Did you feed him this?"

Eagle remained silent, he did not know where Duke got the liquid but he did know that this is an incredible thing that might lead to danger if known. He had forgotten to get rid of the bottle due to the turn of events and excitement.

He remained stoic and refused to answer Elios.

Elios understood his silence, he knew that he was stepping out of line. He also knew that Duke has a world-class research facility but what the liquid achieved was beyond what science can. But then again, a lot of unimaginable things are happening around them now so he can't rule out miracles.

Elios took out a sample of the patient's blood took it to the small lab for research and left Eagle on his own.

And so, Eagle reported what happened to Duke early in the morning.

Back to the preset...

The dying patient that was sent last night was now sitting on the bed. Looking incredulously at his boss with trembling hands. "How long have I been asleep? Was it years? Months? It can't be days, right?" He started to weep like a child.

"Did Tristan and the others save the old master and madam? I'm sorry boss, I'm so useless." His tears were mixed with his snot. "Are they alright?"

Duke shook his head with a grim expression. Just seeing his expression was enough to make the man cry even more miserably.

"Did they die? What about Tristan and the others, did they all die that's why the boss is so sad? Am I the only survivor?" The man's thoughts were running a mile per second and he imagined all tragic end the others met.

Eagle who's standing in the corner was secretly filming the patient with a playful smile. He was planning to show Hawk the embarrassing crying face of the Squad 1 captain. He knew that it was not a good time to do this but he couldn't pass the good opportunity to have good material against the strict captain who gave him a lot of beating down during training.

Duke pinches the bridge of his nose, a headache is building up in his temple hearing the ruckus. "Stop crying!" He snapped

The man instantly stopped crying with a hiccup and hearing Duke snapping at his comrade, Eagle put away his phone gave the man a cup of water, and stood still at the side.

"You've only been asleep for a night." Kisha explained.

The man choked on the water and coughed his lungs out. "No. wa-wait." He coughs a few more times and adjusts his breathing before he continues speaking. "Only for a day?" He touches his body but he feels no pain so he sneaks a peek inside his clothes and there are still no wounds. "Then what happened to my wounds?"

He remembered that he suffered a few broken ribs and bones, there were also bullet and knife wounds that were quite deep, and even his head was smashed by the back of the assault rifle of his enemy. He did not know how he survived such an ordeal.

Duke shook his head for the second time and glanced at Kisha, the man followed Duke's gaze and assessed Kisha from her face to her temperament.

"Doctor, thank you for saving my life. How did you do it, with advanced technology?"

Kisha's brows involuntarily raise after hearing him calling her doctor. "I'm not a doctor but you're right with one thing. I did partly save your life." She paused and continued. "Anyway, that's not important. Care to explain what happened to the convoy?"

Remembering the chaos that day, he delved into his memory.

They received a bizarre order from the higher-ups that day, from safely transporting the Winters family to getting drenched from the blood like rain. They did not receive any explanations, only the leaders knew what was going on. They only know not to get bitten by the flesh-crazed addicts roaming the streets and to detain their comrades if they suddenly fell ill and kill them if they turned rabid.

Although they did not know the reason behind all this, they still strictly followed, especially the men in his squad. They treated Duke's order as a creed.

From the ancestral house in the suburbs, they circled around the city and stopped from place to place to avoid being followed by their enemy. However, they did not expect the earthquake and the rain to happen ahead of the expected time.

They could only briefly tell the old master, Mr and Mrs. Winters that Duke gave them a mission to bring them to a safe place and to make sure they stayed in the rain.

They had a hard time pacifying the masters but when they did, people started going crazy so they could only tuck the masters inside the car and for them to follow the plan. Unfortunately, their movements were sniffed by the opposition and they were ambushed near the border of the west district.

He asked the assistant captain of his squad to request for backup and to be the vanguard of the convoy while he took care of the rear. He was taken by surprise by a pincer attack at a critical moment, two cars were cornered including his.

His squad knew best not to stop and to continue to flee and shake off the tail.

He fought back and tried to regroup with the passenger of the second car, but when they arrived. The four were left outside to be eaten by flesh-crazed bastards. They tried communicating with them but it did not work, something was not right with them. They don't look like just crazy but they could not explain what's wrong.

They attack them physically but those people don't seem to feel any pain as they continue to jump on them after being hit, they drag their four unrecognizable comrades inside the residential building.

One of the four bites the one dragging him, so he accidentally let go of him but he did not have time to drag him again as the door was already breached so they continued to drag the other three to one of the units.

They secured the door and could only make sure that the remaining three would rest in peace from their suffering and retrieve their body at a later time. He tried calling the convoy but the signal was jammed so they waited for the crazy bastards that were banging on the door to disperse.

Regrettably, the one who was bitten started groaning in pain, firmly holding his hand that was bitten. The veins in his hands are turning black and the red blood turning coagulated black. He started panting and a trail of sweat formed on his forehead.

As soon as the people outside dispersed after hearing a loud explosion outside, the four of them came out of the unit and headed for the door but when they opened the door, they were rained with bullets. One of them was hit so they headed upstairs instead.

They did not have much chance to tend to their wounds when they were caught on the third floor. They started fighting in close combat, three men ganged up on him so he was fighting fiercely. His three men were caught and their limbs were broken and being played at just like what happened to their four comrades downstairs.

He became even more fierce and ruthless with his attacks, however, he suffered severe beatings and wounds, and he was even shot by a pistol at a close distance.

The enemy noticed that the person they were fighting was fiercely resisting and seemed to have no fear of death. They decided to retreat, but not before one of them said, "Our objective has been achieved. They will soon perish, and the wild animals outside are waiting to feast on them. Let's leave them to their fate and move on to the meeting point."

Right after the enemy left, he dragged his three men, one by one to the last unit to tend to their wounds but he noticed that there was nothing that could be used to dress their wounds. He could only grit his teeth and climb up the stairs to look for useful items. He reached the fifth floor's utility room, but before he could do anything. He lost consciousness and was engulfed by the darkness.

He thought it was his end.