

## **Apocalypse 653**

### Chapter 653 Securing The Chopper

Sparrow wanted to curse out loud, but the thought of maggots falling into his mouth kept his lips tightly sealed. Disgust twisted his expression as he struggled to push the zombie away, dodging its flailing arms that clawed desperately at him.

He barely managed to evade its attacks in such close quarters, his movements hindered by both revulsion and exhaustion. Gritting his teeth, he summoned the last of his strength and shoved hard, forcing the zombie back by two feet. Wasting no time, he lunged forward and drove his dagger straight into its skull.

The way he fought made him look like an inexperienced civilian with little muscle strength. After just a single kill, he was already gasping for breath, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

Even if his mind didn't register the exhaustion, his body certainly did—he was pushing himself far beyond his limits. It was clear that something was off; his body's limiter had failed, preventing him from receiving the proper signals from his brain.

He couldn't feel the pain, nor the full extent of his fatigue, making it dangerously easy for him to ignore the damage he was accumulating.

Sparrow scanned his surroundings as he struggled to stand upright, his posture weak and vulnerable. He could have used his wind ability, but with the chopper so close and his lack of precise control, there was too much risk.

A poorly aimed wind blade could easily damage the aircraft, destroying their only means of escape. That left him with no choice but to engage in close combat. Not that he had much of an option—he had been caught off guard by the sudden appearance of the zombie, forcing him into the fight before he could even consider using his powers.

He quickly scanned the area around the chopper, then turned his attention to the stack of crates near the edge of the helipad, where the zombie had appeared. His pulse pounded as he checked for any more lurking threats, but to his relief, there were none.

Taking a deep breath, he reached for the chopper's door and pulled it open—only to be met with another shock.

Two zombies lunged at him from inside the aircraft, their rotting hands grasping for him. Behind them, several more remained strapped into their seats, still secured by their buckles.

It didn't take much to piece together what had happened—whoever had been aboard must have been preparing for takeoff when one of their own turned, attacking the others and dooming them all to the same fate.

The two zombies lunged at Sparrow, their jaws snapping hungrily as they aimed for his neck. Fortunately, he had anticipated the possibility of another surprise attack and had instinctively raised his dagger to guard his throat before opening the hatch. Though his reflexes were sluggish, that small precaution saved him from an instant, fatal bite.

However, while one zombie's teeth clamped down on the blade of his dagger, the other managed to sink its teeth into his arm. But there was no time to dwell on it—he needed to act fast.

Sparrow wrinkled his nose in disgust as he struggled to break free. He couldn't feel the pain, but the sight of blood seeping from his arm told him the zombie's teeth had pierced his flesh. Gritting his teeth, he used his body weight to shove the two zombies back into the chopper.

A chorus of guttural growls erupted from within, making his stomach churn. Thankfully, the rest of the undead were still restrained by their seat buckles, their rotting bodies writhing uselessly as they strained to reach him. Though they snapped and clawed in frustration, they were trapped—at least for now.

Rawr!

Growl!

Rah!!!

As soon as Sparrow and the two zombies hit the ground, he wasted no time. He drove his dagger straight into the skull of the first one, its body twitching before going still. The second zombie, still latched onto his arm, refused to let go. Gritting his teeth, Sparrow pressed down on it with his injured arm, forcing it back just enough to yank his dagger free. Without hesitation, he plunged the blade into its head, silencing its growls for good.

"Eat that, you motherfucker!" Sparrow nearly roared, his breaths coming in ragged gasps. "Ha... Ha... Ha..."

He wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his dagger-wielding hand, his body trembling from exertion. "Fuck... I feel like I'm high on something..." He muttered, glancing at the carnage around him. He had only killed three zombies, barely moved much, and yet he was already drenched in sweat, his muscles screaming as if he'd just run a marathon.

"Or to be precise, I feel like I've been downgraded to Level -0, with my stats deep in the negatives," Sparrow muttered, shaking his head.

Before he could dwell on the thought, the guttural growls around him yanked him back to reality. The zombies still strapped to their seats thrashed violently, their decayed hands reaching for him.

Then it hit him—the rancid, putrid stench trapped inside the aircraft. The moment he cracked open the hatch, the concentrated odor of rotting flesh slammed into his face like a physical blow. His stomach lurched. His vision blurred.

Gagging, Sparrow stumbled backward, barely managing to stagger away before the nausea overwhelmed him. He sprinted to the edge of the helipad and doubled over, vomiting violently.

"Ugh! That was disgusting!" he choked out between heaves. "I swear... the stench in there could probably ignite if you lit a match—Uweh!" Another wave of nausea crashed over him, cutting his words short as he hurled again, shuddering. Even after emptying his stomach, he swore the rotten smell had seeped into his very skin.

He waited a while for the stench to dissipate, knowing he had nothing to cover his nose and risking passing out due to the stench if he charged in too soon. When he felt the air had cleared just enough, he took a deep breath, steeling himself. Then, with a sharp inhale, he rushed back inside.

Starting with the zombies closest to the door, he drove his dagger into their skulls one by one.

The wet crunch of bone giving way echoed through the confined space, but Sparrow didn't let himself hesitate. The passengers-turned-zombies, still strapped to their seats, had no chance to resist. He moved methodically, ensuring each one was truly dead before moving on.

Once the last body slumped lifelessly, Sparrow bolted outside for a breath of fresh air, hands braced on his knees as he sucked in lungfuls of cleaner air. He barely gave himself time to recover before heading back inside, this time making his way toward the cockpit.

As expected, the pilots had turned as well. Sparrow gritted his teeth—there was no choice. He killed them swiftly, his dagger finding its mark.

When the job was done, he stumbled outside again, gulping down fresh air for the second time. Just then, Group 6 arrived along with the civilians, and the earth staircase leading up to the helipad had just been retracted.

When Sparrow spotted the group approaching, he immediately barked out orders.

"Check the fuel tanks! Make sure we have enough to fly!"