

Apocalypse 657

Chapter 657 Was It Worth It?

Sparrow circled the rooftop several times, searching for an exit, but to his frustration, there was none. The roof was deceptively spacious, with guardrails that served more as decoration than actual access points.

It was both a blessing and a curse. On one hand, the zombies below had no way of reaching them—unless an evolved one specifically targeted them, which was unlikely for now. That meant they were safe for the time being. However, the real problem lay in how they were going to get down.

As Sparrow surveyed the area, he estimated that the rooftop was at least three to four stories above the ground. Under normal circumstances, he and his team could have easily handled the descent—it would have been child's play.

However, given their current condition and the lingering effects of the status abnormality, their mobility was significantly hindered. Right now, they were no better than ordinary civilians when it came to escaping.

To make matters worse, they weren't just responsible for themselves. They had civilians, children, and elderly among them—people who couldn't possibly climb down on their own.

Sparrow's gaze dropped to the streets below, where hordes of zombies moved in an eerily coordinated fashion. They weren't wandering aimlessly like before. Instead, they flowed in one direction, swift and orderly, resembling an army of ants following a precise trail.

Sparrow let out a heavy sigh before turning back to his team. Nearly everyone had made it out of the aircraft, moving swiftly but carefully. The Winters' men worked efficiently, guiding the civilians to safety. Some were stationed at the opening Sparrow had created, helping people climb out, while others stood below, catching the children and assisting the elderly.

Inside, a few Winters' men remained, ensuring the evacuation remained orderly. Once they confirmed that all civilians were out, they quickly followed, leaping from the chopper one after another.

The moment their boots hit solid ground, a collective breath of relief swept through them. The tension that had been gripping them like a vice finally loosened, and for the first time since the emergency landing, they allowed themselves a brief moment to breathe.

Sparrow stepped closer and addressed the group. "We need to stay put until things calm down down there. Keep your distance from the chopper—it could fall at any moment, and with this wind, it might drag us down with it."

He then pointed toward the far side of the roof, where a tower-like structure provided some shade. Though purely decorative, it offered some shelter from the sun and wind.

Fortunately, the town hall's castle-inspired design featured several protruding towers that could serve as cover. Sparrow and the Winters' men guided the civilians—especially the children—to sit behind them while the Winters' men remained on high alert, watching over their surroundings.

"Captain, what now? How long are we going to stay here?" one of the Winters' men asked.

Sparrow let out a quiet breath, his gaze fixed on the swarming horde below. "I don't know how long this migration will last, but our best bet is to wait until they leave town before making a move. They seem agitated—like something's riled them up. If we expose ourselves now, they'll tear us apart." His voice was steady but low, ensuring the civilians wouldn't overhear their grim discussion.

"But, Captain," the soldier said, glancing toward the mass of zombies and then to the direction they were heading. "They're heading straight for City B. Shouldn't we try to inform the master and young madam so they can prepare?"

"I know. I want to do that too, but our hands are tied," Sparrow said, his jaw tightening. "I tried reaching out to them earlier using the chopper's radio, but it's no good. Our best chance is to get to City A's hidden base and use the satellite phone to inform them of this anomaly. I just hope we won't be too late by then."

"Our master and young madam are strong," the soldier said, his gaze fixed in the direction of City B. "They might be able to handle this situation."

"Yeah, I hope so too," Sparrow muttered, his expression darkening. "But something about this doesn't sit right with me. These zombies aren't just moving randomly—it's like they're being herded, like sheep driven toward a specific destination. And whatever is causing this, it's agitating the mutated animals too. I just hope I'm wrong."

His narrowed eyes scanned the restless swarm below. Truthfully, he and his people weren't in any position to worry about others right now—they were barely keeping themselves afloat. But witnessing this unnatural migration filled him with an unease he couldn't shake.

Sparrow and the rest of the Winters' men gathered around, quickly taking stock of their remaining supplies. They needed to distribute rations to everyone, ensuring they had enough energy for the inevitable escape. No one could afford to have shaky legs when the time came to run.

From what they had witnessed, the migration wasn't limited to just this town—it was happening on a much larger scale. If they wanted to reach City A's hidden base safely, they had to be prepared. There was no telling when they might encounter another horde along the way.

While planning their next move, Sparrow assigned one person to monitor the migrating zombies while he and the rest of the Winters' men worked on their escape route. As soon as the last of the horde left the town, they wasted no time in getting ready to move.

Fortunately, the town wasn't large, and the sheer number of zombies—hundreds of thousands—meant they cleared out faster than expected. They weren't sluggish like the usual undead; instead, they moved with urgency, similar to a crowd rushing for a market sale. Within half a day, the streets were empty, giving Sparrow and his team the chance to act.

They had to leave the rooftop as soon as possible. The relentless sun was beating down on them, and if they stayed much longer, dehydration would become another problem they couldn't afford to deal with.

Sparrow used his 'Whirlwind' ability to slow his descent as he landed on the ground, leaving the others on the rooftop. Without wasting time, he sprinted around the town hall in search of a rope or ladder.

Behind the building, he spotted a small shed. As he approached, the sound of loud banging against the door caught his attention. Something was trapped inside. Sparrow narrowed his eyes and moved closer to investigate. If there was any place that might hold the supplies he needed, it was here.

Grah!

A guttural, throaty growl echoed from within. Pressing his ear to the shed, Sparrow listened intently, trying to determine how many zombies were inside. After a few moments, he confirmed there was only one.

That was manageable.

Without hesitation, he unlatched the door, dagger at the ready, and prepared to take down the undead lurking within.

As soon as Sparrow swung the shed door open, the zombie inside lunged forward. Instinctively, he tensed, muscles coiled, ready to strike—but the attack never came.

Instead of targeting him, the zombie bolted past without so much as a glance, its decayed limbs propelling it forward in the same direction as the migrating horde. It didn't stop, didn't even acknowledge his presence, just kept running as if drawn by an invisible force.

Sparrow stood frozen, momentarily baffled. Then, realization dawned. His eyes sharpened with understanding.

'Wait a minute... They're ignoring me. The zombies are completely focused on migrating, too preoccupied to even register humans as prey. If we don't provoke them, they might not attack at all.

That means... if we move carefully, we could slip through unnoticed and reach the hidden base in a day or two.'

He watched the zombie vanish around a corner, his mind now racing with possibilities.

Once the idea struck him, Sparrow wasted no time. He rummaged through the shed, grabbing a rope and a ladder. But instead of returning immediately to the others, he decided to put his theory to the test.

Circling the town hall again, he searched for more trapped zombies, hoping to confirm whether they truly ignored humans during their migration. Eventually, he reached a restroom and heard the familiar guttural growl from inside. A grin spread across his face.

'Perfect. Another test subject.'

Setting down the ladder and adjusting the coil of rope over his shoulder, he confidently approached the door. Unlike before, he wasn't nervous. The status abnormality still weakened him, but the potential advantage of this discovery filled him with excitement. With anticipation, he swung the door open—

And immediately regretted it.

A zombie lunged forward but tripped, crashing onto the floor. Its pants were tangled around its ankles, and a putrid stench blasted Sparrow in the face like a physical attack. His excitement evaporated.

"Ugh! What the—!"

The zombie, unfazed by his presence, began crawling desperately out of the restroom, just like the others before it. But Sparrow barely noticed—his attention was on the absolute disaster inside.

"FUCK! Did you not know how to use a toilet when you were alive?! What the hell is this mess?!"

His stomach churned. The floor was splattered with filth, a horrifying mix of human waste in various stages of drying. Some of it had even clung to the zombie's exposed butt, now dried and cracked. The humidity had preserved the worst of the stench, and it hit Sparrow like a punch to the gut.

"Uweh—!" He gagged violently, stumbling back.

Eyes watering, he bolted from the scene, abandoning any further experiments for now. Some things just weren't worth it.