

Apocalypse 658

Chapter 658 Getting Down From The Roof

After running as far as he could, Sparrow carefully surveyed the town hall, searching for a safer exit route. He needed to set up a rope and ladder so the rest of his people could descend from the roof quickly.

Time was uncertain—he had no way of knowing when the migrating zombies would return. It could be a day, maybe two, or they might come back at any moment. And he wasn't the type to gamble, especially when others were relying on him.

If he were alone, he could afford to take his time, assess the situation thoroughly, and report every detail back to his master. But with the urgency of their predicament weighing on him, he knew he couldn't afford that luxury. Every second counted.

At the back of the town hall, Sparrow spotted a thick drainage pipe running down from the roof, designed to prevent flooding during heavy rains. It was sturdy enough to support the weight of both an adult and a child.

To be certain, he tested its stability, checking if it was securely drilled into the wall or if it wobbled. Once he confirmed it was firmly in place and safe to use, he made his way back up.

Activating his 'Whirlwind' ability, he propelled himself upward, landing effortlessly on the roof. The moment he arrived, those who had been keeping watch for him rushed over.

Without hesitation, they took the rope from his shoulder, while the Winters' men gathered around, listening intently as Sparrow relayed his plan. They nodded in understanding, ready to act.

Once they secured the rope, they tied it tightly to a sturdy post and a cement guardrail. Two men tugged at it forcefully, testing its strength. It needed to be strong enough to support the weight of an adult carrying a child on their back—there was no room for error.

After confirming its stability, they tossed the other end of the rope down beside the drainage pipe. If anything went wrong during the descent, the pipe would serve as an additional support to prevent a fall anyone could hold on to.

Satisfied with the setup, Sparrow leaped down ahead of the others to prepare the ladder. His goal was to position it near the second-floor window, giving the evacuees a safer way to climb down from the tiled roof on the third floor where the rope ends.

This was the best access point available, especially since they were escorting normal civilians. With their status abnormalities, Sparrow and the Winters' men weren't much different from regular humans at the moment—the only advantage they had was their ability to still use their awakened powers.

"Alright," one of the Winters' men addressed the civilians. "Those who are still strong and have good stamina, please carry a child on your back as you descend the rope. We'll assist you from up here, while our captain keeps watch from below."

A few of the Winters' men would go down first, taking the heaviest or biggest children with them. The smaller, easier-to-carry ones would remain with the civilians until the next round of descent.

After confirming that everyone understood their roles, the first man from Group 6 stepped forward, carrying a boy around 9 or 10 years old on his back. To ensure the child's safety, he removed his shirt

and used it—along with an extra piece of cloth from his backpack—to securely tie the boy to his waist. This way, even if the child got scared and instinctively let go, he wouldn't fall.

Glancing over his shoulder at the boy, who was clinging tightly to his neck, the man spoke in a reassuring tone. "Hey, kid, can you wear my backpack for a bit?"

The boy nodded, lips pressed together, his eyes filled with determination. The man from Group 6 chuckled and teased, "Hey, don't cling so hard—you might strangle me to death."

The boy lowered his head shyly before loosening his grip slightly. He had been too anxious, especially after realizing how high up they were. The thought of rappelling down, suspended in the air before reaching the ladder to descend to the second floor, made his heart race.

Sensing the slight tremor in the boy's body, the man spoke in a reassuring tone. "If you're scared, just close your eyes. By the time you open them, we'll already be on the target floor."

The boy nodded and, without a word, rested his forehead against the man's neck before squeezing his eyes shut.

With a steady breath, the man from Group 6 began rappelling down the rope, maintaining a firm grip while using the drainage pipe to stabilize his footing, as if descending a flat surface. Unlike his usual swift style, he took his time, wary of the sudden bouts of dizziness, weightlessness, or dulled senses that could hit him at any moment. He couldn't afford to lose his grip or footing, not while carrying the child.

His teammates watched closely as he descended, ensuring everything went smoothly. Once he reached the ladder, the second man followed, replicating the same careful approach. One by one, three

members of Group 6 successfully made it to the second floor. Only then did the civilians begin their descent, as the remaining Winters' men had to stay behind to maintain order and watch over those still waiting.

Meanwhile, Sparrow remained on high alert, scanning both the first and second floors while occasionally glancing upward. He kept track of how much time they were taking, knowing they couldn't afford any delays.

"Captain, while the others are making their way down, we can handle things here. Would you like to scout the area a bit?" one of the men from Group 6 suggested.

They could tell Sparrow was restless—his sharp gaze darted around, his stance tense, as if his mind was racing with a hundred different thoughts. Whether it was anxiety or an urge to confirm something, they weren't sure. But one thing was clear—he wanted to move.

Given his superior eyesight and scouting skills, even with the status abnormalities affecting them, Sparrow was still their best option for reconnaissance. With the others still in the process of descending, now was the perfect time for him to survey the area.

Hearing this, Sparrow became aware of his own restless movements—overly guarded yet impatient. Taking a deep breath, he nodded.

"Alright. I need to scout the area while the others are still making their way down," he said. "We need a vehicle to transport everyone to the hidden base. Given our numbers and current condition, traveling on foot isn't an option. I plan to look for something large enough to accommodate everyone."

He didn't want them speculating about his intentions once he left, so he chose to be upfront about his plan.

"The captain always has the sharpest foresight. He knows exactly what we need," one of the men with him remarked with a teasing grin. Despite the lighthearted tone, there was an underlying truth in his words—they could only rely on each other in this situation. It felt just like the old days when they were stranded in the wilderness, forced to fight for survival.

Ever since awakening their abilities, they had grown dependent on their enhanced strength, speed, and defense. But now, with those advantages weakened, the sudden vulnerability felt unsettling—almost foreign. Although their abilities hadn't completely vanished, their bodies were sluggish and frail, making even an encounter with an ordinary zombie a potential death sentence.