

## Apocalypse 750

### Chapter 750 - Zombies Are Getting Cunning

Then, Sparrow's voice crackled through the radio once more with a report. "Young Madam! We've spotted an evolved zombie up ahead. I believe it noticed us, but instead of attacking, it fled—straight in the direction of our destination. Should we pursue it now or wait for the main group before making a move?"

It seemed Sparrow had learned his lesson from his recent encounter with the mutated tree. No longer charging ahead recklessly in the name of scouting, he had returned to being cautious, no longer letting overconfidence cloud his judgment.

After hearing Sparrow's report, Kisha released her smaller katana, letting it continue slicing through zombies under her telekinetic control. She reached for the walkie-talkie and pressed the button to respond.

"I figured as much. There are stronger zombies out here—normal evolved ones, some even at peak level 1. The fact that they're not fighting each other for territory and seem this organized suggests there's a higher-level evolved zombie up ahead, possibly directing them."

Her tone was calm but firm as she continued, "Don't engage. Just observe and maintain a safe distance. Stay close enough to the main group—we can't afford to split up too much."

She knew Sparrow would catch the deeper meaning behind her words. Sure enough, a moment of silence followed before his quiet, acknowledging nod came through the line.

"Understood, Young Madam. Tristan and I will stay alert for any signs of an ambush ahead. We'll keep a safe distance—close enough that if something does happen, we can hold out long enough for backup to reach us," Sparrow replied steadily.

His response was met with a brief but approving "Hmm" from Kisha.

Kisha was relieved to see that Sparrow understood her hidden warning not to pursue the evolved zombie. From the way it had acted, it was clearly trying to bait Sparrow and Tristan—either to ambush them directly or to lure the main group into a trap.

If they had fallen for it, it would've made it much easier for the evolved zombie to pick them off one by one. Thankfully, thanks to her reminder, Sparrow caught on to the strategy.

He chose instead to maintain a safe distance from the group—close enough that if he and Tristan were targeted, Kisha could still deploy the Scarlet Bees to buy them time while she and Duke rushed to assist.

Sparrow returned to his mission, crouched low on the rooftop behind a large ventilation unit. From time to time, he peeked out cautiously to observe the surroundings. He had already set up a makeshift alarm system to avoid being caught off guard—just five seconds of warning would be enough for him to either brace for battle or retreat quickly.

But Sparrow wasn't relying on the alarms alone. He knew that evolved zombies had gained awareness, and with that awareness came the possibility of heightened observation skills.

They might notice his traps or even anticipate his precautions. With that in mind, Sparrow remained on high alert, relying just as much on his instincts as he did on his equipment.

As soon as he finished his report, Sparrow glanced toward the spot where Tristan was stationed. Tristan lay flat on his stomach atop the rooftop, carefully scanning the area through a pair of binoculars.

They had positioned themselves on the tallest building in the vicinity—only about ten floors high, but still the best vantage point available. The surrounding area was filled with sprawling factory buildings and wide roads, and because the factory dealt with harsh chemicals, it was built at a distance from the nearest structures.

Even though Sparrow and Tristan were still a good distance from their target factory, they remained on high alert. Up ahead, the landscape offered fewer hiding spots and even fewer elevated positions. It would soon become much harder to stay concealed—or to observe the enemy without being seen.

The last 500 meters leading to the factory consisted of nothing but a vast stretch of open land, broken only by a perimeter of wired fences and the looming factory buildings beyond.

Currently, Sparrow and Tristan were stationed in the dormitories once used by factory workers who preferred to stay close to their jobs. Ahead of them stood the factory complex itself.

If they planned to remain hidden after entering the vicinity, their only real options would be the rooftops or the watchtowers scattered around the premises—structures originally built for guards to monitor activity inside and outside the compound.

While there were more watchtowers deeper within, they offered little in the way of cover. In truth, those elevated points would leave them far too exposed.

Just before the factory fences lay a wide stretch of road, and it was there that Sparrow and Tristan chose to pause and report back, seeking instructions on whether they should pursue the evolved zombie they had spotted earlier.

Sparrow carefully peeked toward their destination. The area surrounding the factory was swarming with zombies—many of them still dressed in their work uniforms, making it easy for him to identify them as former factory employees who had turned after the blood rain.

The scene reminded him of their previous mission at the textile factory, and he couldn't help but assume this situation was similar. However, what made this place potentially more dangerous was the possibility of a powerful evolved zombie lurking within—one capable of commanding the lesser evolved zombies. That thought alone made his throat dry; he swallowed hard and licked his parched lips.

Activating his 'Hawk Eyesight', Sparrow scanned the area, searching for a potential opening that the main group could exploit to enter the factory. Unfortunately, it was nearly impossible to tell the evolved zombies apart from the regular ones—at a glance, they all looked the same.

Unlike the evolved zombies he had encountered before—those that usually had distinct features setting them apart from the rest—these ones looked completely ordinary. There were no obvious signs or differences that marked them as evolved, which made them all the more dangerous.

That's why, when Kisha mentioned that there were evolved zombies mixed among the swarm charging toward them, it genuinely caught Sparrow by surprise.

He began to suspect that the seemingly normal zombies surrounding the factory might actually be evolved ones, just as Kisha warned. And the one he saw earlier—the only one that looked clearly

different—might have been a decoy, meant to lure them in and create the illusion that all the others were just regular zombies.

It was a terrifying thought: to be surrounded by thousands of what looked like normal zombies, only to realize too late that many of them were evolved and capable of ripping through them in an instant if they let their guard down.

A chill ran down Sparrow's spine as he scanned the area again, goosebumps rising across his skin.

The evolved zombie they had spotted earlier was unmistakably different. It had locked eyes with Sparrow, its beady gaze unnervingly sharp and intelligent.

Without hesitation, it grabbed two nearby zombies and smashed their heads together, crushing their skulls with its bare hands before tossing their limp bodies aside like broken dolls.

Then, without so much as a glance back, it turned and headed toward the factory teeming with the undead.

With a single powerful leap, it cleared the six-foot fence with ease and seamlessly disappeared into the crowd of zombies. Its appearance was grotesque—its head looked swollen and deformed, as if it were about to burst, with one eye disturbingly larger than the other.

Its body was massive and hulking, almost like a distorted version of the Hulk, but what stood out even more were its arms—long, muscularly thick, and grotesquely stretched, so much so that it had to drag them slightly as it walked.

The way it moved was almost absurd; it looked a little funny, but also terrifying, sending a chill down Sparrow's spine.

Just the thought that the zombies were becoming more cunning—faster, stronger, and capable of adapting to their environment like humans—sent a chill through Sparrow. A creeping fear took hold of him: what if he wasn't strong enough to keep up?

If the undead continued to evolve at this rate, how could ordinary survivors hope to stand a chance, especially those who hadn't awakened any abilities yet?

And for the regular humans who might never awaken at all... wouldn't survival eventually become impossible?

Sparrow's thoughts were spiraling when Tristan suddenly appeared beside him. "What's wrong? Why are you zoning out?" Tristan asked, eyeing him with concern.

Without even realizing it, Sparrow's confidence had been quietly eroding ever since the incident with the mutated tree. That close brush with death had left a mark—one he couldn't shake off.

He felt weaker now, more uncertain, haunted by the terrifying reality that he might not be good enough. After all, who wouldn't fear death?

Maybe someone like Kisha, who always seemed fearless, or those madmen who didn't believe death was the end. But Sparrow wasn't like them. And seeing how the zombies were evolving—becoming stronger, faster, smarter—only deepened the fear clawing at his chest.

"Young Madam just said that among the horde of zombies heading their way, there were normal evolved ones, some even at the peak of level 1," Sparrow said, keeping his head low as he scanned the area.

"But when we saw them earlier, they all looked like regular zombies, so it was a surprise to hear that. Luckily, Young Madam and Master are strong enough not to get overwhelmed by their numbers."

"Hmm... maybe this is just part of their evolution. After all, our people are getting stronger too. It's only natural that the zombies would adapt to the changes," Tristan replied casually. "We can't expect we'll be the only ones evolving. This world's about survival of the fittest."

"You're taking this awfully lightly," Sparrow suddenly said, lifting his head to look at Tristan. His eyes searched Tristan's face, hoping to find something—signs of fear, maybe—but after a moment, he sighed in quiet defeat when he found nothing there.