

## Apocalypse 100

### Chapter 100 Last Spurt

After clearing the balconies ahead, Sparrow swiftly returned to assist Vulture in defending their position. With their numbers dwindling, the pressure on the remaining defenders intensified. Though snipers from the other side provided support, ensuring they weren't overwhelmed, it remained challenging for the remaining fighters to hold their ground.

Sparrow's timely assistance was crucial in maintaining their position under such trying circumstances.

As their defensive force dwindled to just seven individuals, Vulture took charge, conjuring successive earth walls to encase them. He also erected earth spikes in front of the walls to impede the zombies' advance, providing the team with crucial moments of respite and an opportunity to regroup.

Sparrow held back, observing the situation, and only sprang into action when Vulture and Tristan were the last defenders left on that side.

To buy them precious time to escape, Sparrow conjured a whirlwind between the earth walls. He and Vulture had already consumed vials of black liquid, ensuring they could summon their abilities as needed. Once Tristan successfully crossed the bridge, Sparrow directed Vulture to take flight ahead for easier maneuverability.

As Vulture made his way across, Sparrow unleashed wind blades that effortlessly sliced through a dozen zombies, showcasing the blades' razor-sharp precision before they dissipated.

Bell also lent her aid in fortifying the position alongside Sparrow. When Vulture safely crossed, Bell promptly informed Sparrow and urged him to follow suit. Sparrow wasted no time, taking two long leaps between riding his whirlwind to reach the other side.

As the earth wall began to crumble, Vulture had already transformed the earth bridge into dirt, severing the connection between the two buildings. Relief washed over everyone as they watched the earth bridge disintegrate, finally releasing the tension that had gripped their hearts throughout the ordeal.

Their fortunate outcome stemmed from the fact that their group comprised highly trained combat elites, enabling them to withstand the zombie siege. Had they been composed of civilians, they would have likely succumbed to the onslaught from the very onset of the attack.

As the rush of adrenaline subsided, they collapsed to the floor, gasping for air, their bodies trembling as they struggled to regulate their breathing. The half-minute standoff had felt like an eternity, each passing second stretching out like hours in their minds. Amidst the chaos, one thought dominated their consciousness: they had to press on.

For in this fight, they knew that if one of them faltered, it could spell the end for them all.

Their resilience had finally borne fruit, and the overwhelming emotions they had bottled up came pouring out in tears of relief.

Mr. Winters tenderly attended to his unconscious wife, diligently disinfecting the wound on her forehead. Concerned by her trembling and rising temperature, he administered another dose of fever medicine, recognizing the impact of the harrowing experience she had endured.

Some of them seized the opportunity to enter the apartment, swiftly killing any zombies they found inside. Meanwhile, others focused on clearing and cleaning the rooms, preparing them for Duke and Kisha to rest on. One room was designated for Mrs. Winters, who remained unconscious and in need of care.

Once they completed their tasks, Vulture, having rested briefly, joined Tristan in preparing a simple, hearty meal to replenish everyone's energy. They cooked steaming rice accompanied by mushroom soup, along with canned tuna sautéed with shallots and pickles for added flavor—the best ingredients they had on hand.

Not forgetting the instant noodles they found in the cabinets, they included them in the menu as well.

As he observed the food being prepared in the kitchen, Sparrow couldn't help but glance toward the door leading to where Duke and Kisha were resting. He found himself longing for Kisha's cooking, reminiscing about the abundance of food and choices she used to offer.

However, unlike Sparrow, the others found the meal abundantly satisfying and were already expressing gratitude for the opportunity to enjoy a hot meal. If only they could hear Sparrow's thoughts, they might have been exasperated by his wistfulness and kick his ass right there and then.

Despite Sparrow's nostalgic thoughts, his fatigue and hunger were undeniable. He felt as though he could devour an entire cow, especially considering the physical and mental strain he and Vulture endured while continuously using their abilities during the siege.

While Vulture and Tristan continued to prepare the meal, Sparrow settled into the living room, taking a moment to check through the loot they had acquired from their enemies.

He meticulously inspected the broken communicator once more, hoping to salvage any useful information from it but unfortunately, he couldn't find anything out of it. Moving on to the other equipment in their backpacks, he found long, thick ropes accompanied by grappling hooks.

Additionally, there was a grapple gun—a versatile tool that could assist them in various scenarios, enabling them to propel from one location to another quickly and efficiently.

It occurred to him that this might have been the very item their adversaries used to ascend to the 7th floor with such speed and ease, a feat impossible to achieve by clearing one floor at a time in such a short span of minutes.

Now equipped with four grapple guns and an additional four grappling hooks, they had ample tools at their disposal to navigate any situation. With an abundance of ropes available as well, their ability to traverse from building to building was significantly facilitated.

Sparrow and Vulture could now move with greater ease, knowing they no longer had to exert themselves unnecessarily with these items in hand.

After sorting through his loot, Sparrow divided the ammunition among the others, ensuring everyone had what they needed for the coming challenges. He then passed the food supplies to Vulture and Tristan, suggesting they incorporate them into the menu. Meanwhile, Sparrow took charge of the equipment, his mind already busy formulating plans for their next moves.

Uncertain whether to press on or wait for Duke and Kisha to awaken, Sparrow grappled with the weight of the recent events. The prospect of navigating further challenges with two unconscious individuals added to his dilemma. Recognizing the gravity of the decision, he decided to set it aside temporarily, intending to revisit the matter later with input from the group.

After contemplating his options, Sparrow allowed his weary body to rest while awaiting the meal. The events of the day had taken a toll on him, compounded by his ongoing battle with anemia and the re-opening of wounds on his arms. because of his fatigue, he drifted off to sleep, succumbing to the exhaustion of the day's trials.

Fortuitously, one of Sparrow's comrades noticed blood seeping through the bandages on his arms and took it upon themselves to assist him. While Sparrow was sound asleep, they gently cleaned his wounds and carefully re-bandaged them. Sparrow's exhaustion was so deep that he didn't even register the sting of the medicine as it made contact with his wounds.