

Apocalypse 102

Chapter 102 Cat and Mouse

The night grew restless for Tristan, Sparrow, and Vulture, their senses hyper-alert to every sound and movement, leaving them mentally consumed and unable to find rest. Two and a half hours passed in this heightened state of vigilance, amplifying their sense of unease.

They detected movements near the area where they had placed the communicator, and the heat detector registered human heat signatures in its vicinity. Slowly, they roused their resting comrades, including the Winters, ensuring everyone was prepared to act at a moment's notice.

Additionally, they carefully maneuvered Duke and Kisha onto the stretcher, ready to transport them quickly if the situation turned dire. Meanwhile, they positioned themselves in concealed spots and crevices, strategically utilizing blind spots within the room to remain hidden should anyone unexpectedly enter.

And also to make sure that even when the enemy sent another heat detector drone, they could at least maneuver accordingly.

After they saw how the heat detector worked, they and the one who had checked the devices earlier had already made some arrangements to at least disrupt the drone's signal and functions as it entered a certain radius to specific places just so the enemies would not single out the apartment unit they are in.

They had discerned that their enemies were relentless in their pursuit, unwilling to grant them respite or the opportunity to reorganize themselves. Thus far, they considered themselves fortunate that the enemy's response had been limited to sending death warriors.

If the adversaries opted to deploy their entire army to confront the Winters, the situation would become dire, with little chance for the Winters to mount any effective retaliation, let alone survive the relentless onslaught of both enemy forces and zombies.

They were adept at spotting opportunities and exploiting loopholes to their advantage. However, they faced a significant challenge: their resources were scarce, and their designated technician's expertise in this area was limited. While they had achieved some success, it was clear that their current efforts were insufficient to guarantee their safety in the long run.

As each second ticked by, they gritted their teeth and remained vigilant. Sparrow toyed with the idea of hunting down and eliminating the enemies scurrying about, aiming to sow further chaos among their ranks. However, he hesitated, realizing that doing so would deplete his already dwindling spiritual energy reserves, which were already at half capacity.

Furthermore, if any unforeseen circumstances arose with the main team while he was away, he would be unable to return and provide assistance, posing a significant risk for both sides.

With determination, Sparrow opted to maintain his composure and stay with the team, a decision echoed by Vulture and Tristan. They remained level-headed, despite the tense situation. In reality, they had only relocated a few rooms away from their initial landing point, deliberately leaving false trails to divert attention towards a different path leading to a separate floor.

This strategic move allowed them additional time to strategize and regroup while their enemies searched fruitlessly for them.

However, they were all aware that it was only a matter of time before their enemies caught on to their tactics. It was inevitable that the enemies would analyze their movements, catch up to their thinking, and eventually locate them.

They found themselves in a perilous game of cat and mouse, with danger lurking at every turn. Reluctantly, they assumed the role of the mouse being pursued by a meticulously prepared cat. However, amidst the chaos, they clung to a glimmer of hope: if they could endure for another two and a half hours, there was a chance that Duke and Kisha would awaken.

At that point, they anticipated a reversal of fortunes, where they could shift the balance of power and begin to fight back, possibly following Duke's penchant for a retaliatory approach. The tension in the room was palpable as everyone anxiously awaited the next move of their enemies.

The room fell into an eerie silence, their controlled breathing barely audible amidst the cacophony of roars and growls emanating from the zombie-infested corridor outside. Deliberately, they refrained from eliminating all the zombies in that hallway, strategically leaving it untended to create the illusion of a hasty retreat.

This calculated move aimed to deceive their enemies into believing that they wouldn't probably try to stay on the same floor where zombies were running rampant in the hallway where their safety could be jeopardized any second.

While it was uncertain whether their adversaries would interpret their actions as intended, they felt compelled to attempt it, hoping it would buy them some time. Fortunately, their ploy seemed to have succeeded as their enemies all converged on the locators' positions, focusing their attention on the lower floors where potential exits were more accessible.

Another agonizing hour dragged on, each moment laden with tension and anxiety. Beads of sweat dotted everyone's brow as their nerves gnawed at them, making each passing minute feel like an eternity. They anxiously awaited the pivotal moment when Duke and Kisha would awaken, their hopes pinned on their successful awakening. Meanwhile, Mrs.

Winters had regained consciousness after her fall from the bridge, her husband having filled her in on the events that had transpired while she was unconscious.

Despite her husband's recounting of the events, Mrs. Winters struggled to fully comprehend the details. Her mind was consumed by a peculiar sensation coursing through her body, monopolizing her thoughts and preventing her from focusing. Try as she might, she couldn't quite pinpoint the source of this feeling.

Sensing its importance, she made a concerted effort to push it aside, fearing that she was overlooking a crucial piece of information necessary to decipher her own thoughts.

She maintained discreet proximity to her husband and the Patriarch as they advanced towards Duke and Kisha's location, facilitating the guards' task of ensuring their safety. However, this strategy bore a significant risk—if their adversaries were to discover them, the consequences would be dire for all involved.

To mitigate this threat, Tristan, Vulture, and Sparrow assumed the role of their guards. Their unwavering confidence, combined with the presence of Bell in the room, bolstered their determination to protect their group at all costs.

This tactical decision consolidated their firepower, ensuring they could provide comprehensive coverage for the gathered individuals. Vulture summoned an earth wall, while Sparrow conjured a whirlwind barrier, assuming a defensive posture. Meanwhile, Bell assumed the role of the group's offensive force, ready to strike at any sign of threat.