

Apocalypse 125

Chapter 125 Worked in their Favor

Seven hours ago...

After parting ways with Kisha and the rest, Sparrow, with a military backpack strapped to his back, leaped from rooftop to rooftop, focused on his mission. He gripped the backpack's strap on his shoulder, increasing his speed. Kisha had ensured he was well-equipped, giving him an additional five vials of black liquid and ten stamina boosters.

Before he set off on his mission, Kisha cautioned him once more about the vials she had given him. She urged him not to overdose and to avoid using them consecutively whenever possible, as the side effects were still unknown.

He always made sure to follow Kisha's instructions, knowing that her words were law, especially now that she and his master were husband and wife. From the moment he saw his master treat Kisha differently when he rescued her from those people chasing them around the city, he knew she would not be able to escape his master's grasp and would eventually become his wife.

He didn't have any proof before, only noticing Duke's oddities in his actions, but now he was certain. This gave him even more reason to put extra thought and effort into the mission Kisha had entrusted to him.

Soon enough, he reached the building where the Winters were trapped before. He scanned the entire area, searching for any remaining death warriors. After making a few rounds to ensure the coast was clear, he finally sprang into action.

He began dismantling the remaining speakers that were attracting the zombies. Once finished, he changed their sequence, directing the zombies that had gathered in the center toward the west section of the western district.

This area, once home to the wealthy residents of City B, was filled with high-end luxury apartments and condos, all centered around a picturesque man-made lake and other exclusive amenities.

He cautiously maneuvered through the area, ensuring he didn't attract any unwanted attention. It took him four hours to set the speakers in the correct sequence, carefully dealing with lookouts in specific locations to create a path for the zombies, much like he had done in the southeast part. While the plan seemed straightforward, the execution was far from easy.

He had to navigate above the zombies to reach the speakers, which were often dangerously close to the undead.

The zombies clawed at the walls, following the intermittent sounds designed to stimulate and lure them. The walls were smeared with coagulated black blood, and fragments of fingernails and flesh clung to the surface, creating a grotesque sight. Every time Sparrow approached, the stench of decay assaulted his nostrils, and he found himself only a few steps away from the horde.

Despite being perilously close to the zombies' claws each time, he never got flustered. Perhaps he had grown used to the danger or considered the zombies as manageable as a child's play. The individuals who had originally placed the speakers never anticipated that anyone would dare tamper with their arrangements.

They had strategically positioned the speakers to draw the zombies toward the center while also placing them in perilous locations to deter interference. Destroying them with long-range weapons like sniper

rifles was feasible, but approaching them up close was a death sentence, even for those who had installed them.

Sparrow was doing an excellent job dismantling the speakers, rendering the efforts of those who had made the arrangement futile. He also didn't forget to collect the AWMs and the lookouts' backpacks, having learned not to let any opportunity to gather supplies slip by.

These resources, such as the assault rifles and AWMs he had previously gathered from enemies in the southeast part, had proven invaluable, and he knew they would be just as useful in the future.

He noticed that the arrangement of the lookout stations was similar to those in the southeast, leading him to conclude that the enemy's base layouts were uniform and not particularly well-hidden. This made it easier for him to navigate, especially since he had acquired their map.

It seemed the enemy had grown complacent, never expecting the Winters to escape their predicament, let alone turn the tables on them.

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They likely thought they were playing a game of cat and mouse, with themselves as the cat toying with its prey. However, they didn't anticipate certain factors beyond their expectations that would tip the scales against them.

So, the lookout, who had grown complacent yet also fearful of the world's changes, was willing to do anything to ensure his survival. He readily divulged his group's whereabouts and even provided a bird's-eye view version of the map, detailing each of their locations.

Sparrow also discovered that the Coltons swiftly dealt with individuals showing any signs of transformation into zombies, such as high fever or suddenly collapsing, by killing them without waiting for them to transform. They believed that even without a bite, the virus could still be transmitted, leading others to turn if not dealt with preemptively.

This explains why there were no awakened individuals among the Coltons' ranks even after a week had passed, while Duke's group had already acquired five superhumans. Sparrow couldn't help but find the irony amusing. The Coltons' young master's paranoia and instability inadvertently worked in Duke's group's favor.

Kisha pondered whether the Coltons had any superhumans among them. She realized the potential implications for their safety and plans if they were caught off guard by such information. She tasked Sparrow with uncovering any superhumans within the Coltons' ranks, emphasizing the importance of staying informed to avoid surprises that could jeopardize their group's safety.

But then she changed her mind and just planned to just kill all of them to end their future problems.

Now, with a clearer understanding of the Coltons' condition and the map providing a boost to his mission, Sparrow felt as though a stubborn fishbone had been removed from his throat. He couldn't help but feel a surge of confidence and gratitude for the opportunities that seemed to come his way effortlessly, even in the midst of the apocalypse.

It was as if luck was always on his side, presenting him with windows of opportunity without him needing to seek them out.

This insight proved immensely beneficial for his missions, leading Sparrow to contemplate the fortunate circumstances that had brought them to this point. Perhaps it was a stroke of luck, or maybe it was the result of his master's past good deeds. Regardless, meeting Kisha had been a pivotal moment.

Her generosity in sharing vital information ensured that their forces wouldn't suffer unnecessary losses.

Sparrow might find even more reason to laugh if he were to discover that Duke had indeed done something remarkable in his past life. This could explain why Kisha had approached Duke first and had been so eager to alter his path and protect him. It was Duke's sacrifice that ultimately led Kisha to recognize whom she should prioritize in her current life and where she needed to exercise ruthlessness.

She was determined to ensure that those who had caused her death and betrayed her faced the consequences of this life. She wouldn't allow these individuals to harm more innocent lives for their selfish gains. This became her personal vendetta because they had touched with what belonged to her: Duke.