

## Apocalypse 126

### Chapter 126 The Retaliation

Upon gathering the necessary information, Sparrow cast a disdainful glance at the man who had readily betrayed his own people to save himself. The man shrank under Sparrow's gaze, feeling the weight of his impending fate as cold sweat trickled down his back. He sensed Sparrow's intent, a prelude to something ominous.

"You promised to spare me if I talked!" the man protested, his voice tinged with desperation as he began to back away. Sparrow, however, allowed no opportunity for escape. With a swift gesture, he conjured a razor-sharp wind blade aimed directly at the man's head.

The man's eyes widened in horror as he felt the sudden surge of wind pressure, but before he could react, his head was cleanly severed from his neck. His eyes remained wide open, frozen in shock, in the moment before his demise.

Sparrow harbored no sympathy for the man; one who could so readily betray his own people did not warrant it. He shifted his attention back to the map he had just acquired, meticulously noting each location he needed to remember. With a cold resolve, he murmured, "A man like you will never find a place in this world. You are the true danger."

Sparrow delivered a swift kick to the man's head, sending it tumbling like a soccer ball before hurling his body off the building toward where the zombies were gathered. As the body hit the ground, the ravenous undead descended upon it, tearing into flesh with savage hunger. Sparrow watched indifferently, then scoffed before vanishing from his position like the wind.

Guided by the map, Sparrow executed his final mission with meticulous stealth. Just as before, he led the zombies to encircle the enemy's camp undetected, ensuring each location was tightly surrounded

before withdrawing to a safe distance. From there, he observed with grim satisfaction, eager to witness how the Coltons would confront their imminent doom.

He knew they would not emerge unscathed from this ordeal, even if they managed to survive.

Sparrow stood atop the roof, arms crossed, a wry scoff escaping his lips as he surveyed the scene before him. His belongings lay at his feet, forgotten for the moment. In the distance, the cacophony of zombie roars and growls reverberated through the air, a grim testament to their overwhelming number.

The streets below were choked with the undead, rendering them impassable to any unfortunate souls who might attempt to traverse them.

Sparrow maintained a mental countdown, poised in patient anticipation as he awaited the commencement of the impending spectacle. Meanwhile, the Coltons remained blissfully unaware of the imminent threat looming over them.

Kisha also wanted to see the show but refrained from coming because if she came, Duke would also come but, they wouldn't be as fast as Sparrow and even if Kisha could be of help setting up the speakers and the other things using her awakened ability, Duke wouldn't be able to help as much and they would only be on Sparrow's way, so, they decided to just lead the main party back to a safe place while leaving this mission to Sparrow since his agility and stealth would be his strong points.

As the Coltons' camp became encircled by zombies on all sides, the air filled with the reverberations of gunfire. Despite their awareness that loud sounds could draw more undead, they had no choice but to unleash the deafening sound of their assault rifles.

With all combatants engaged in killing wave after wave of zombies from the rooftop, they tried to clear a path for their escape and the relocation of their base. Amidst the relentless barrage of gunfire and cacophony of Zombie roars, they remained oblivious to any suspicious signs around them.

They never even had a moment to contemplate the sudden emergence of the zombie horde, as no warning had reached them. The unexpected assault left them bewildered and unprepared, their focus consumed by the urgent need to fend off the relentless undead onslaught.

Upon reaching out to neighboring camps for assistance, only then did they realize they had been set up. Each camp faced the same dire predicament, encircled on all sides by hordes of zombies. With no means to send reinforcements and lacking sufficient grapple guns to escape to neighboring buildings, they found themselves trapped.

The sudden surge of undead caught them off guard, their arrogance and complacency shattered by the unfolding chaos. They had believed everything was under their control, confident that their elaborate plans would ensnare the Winters without fail. Now, confronted with the harsh reality of their own vulnerability, they scrambled to devise a new strategy amid the chaos of the encroaching horde.

Their attempts to strategize were abruptly cut short by the thunderous sound of simultaneous explosions, which sent shockwaves rippling through the ground and debris hurtling through the air. Severed limbs flew in all directions, obscuring the source of the devastation and leaving them disoriented and vulnerable.

Caught completely off guard by the sudden onslaught, they found themselves reeling from the chaos as the explosions echoed ominously in the distance. In an instant, three-quarters of their forces lay lifeless, the opening created by the blasts serving as a grim invitation for the encroaching horde of zombies.

With their ranks decimated and no escape in sight, they were left utterly defenseless and at the mercy of their relentless assailants.

Left with no other viable options, the Coltons resorted to using grenades to clear a path through the encroaching horde of zombies. The earlier explosions had already drawn the attention of zombies from miles around, so they decided to just make use of the chaos and create an escape route.

With the relentless tide of zombies converging on their location from all corners of the western district, time was of the essence. If they didn't act swiftly, their chances of making it out alive would diminish with each passing moment.

With a cold, indifferent gaze and a malevolent smile, Sparrow observed the Coltons' final bid for survival. As they frantically sought refuge in their garage, oblivious to the trap awaiting them, Sparrow's calculated plan unfolded. He had strategically placed explosives in the garage, ensuring their escape route was sealed shut.

Moreover, he had targeted adjacent buildings, preventing them from using their grapple guns to seek sanctuary elsewhere—a tactic Sparrow and the others had employed successfully to run away from the horde of zombies crowding the streets. It was a ruthless scheme, meticulously designed to ensure their demise, and Sparrow reveled in the unfolding chaos.

He ensured there was no escape route, relishing in their futile attempts to find one. Sparrow watched as they clung desperately to the dwindling shreds of hope, unaware of the inevitable Fucked up fate closing in on them.

This is Kisha's brutal retaliation against the Coltons for their relentless targeting of the Winters. Her vengeance knows no bounds as she seeks to utterly crush them and wipe the Coltons from existence.

It's not just about this lifetime; it's about the countless 99 lives where Duke suffered at the hands of the Coltons. She's avenging him with every ounce of her being.

This marks the beginning of a new chapter where she and Duke can finally embrace a better life in the midst of the apocalypse, surrounded by their cherished loved ones.