

## **Apocalypse 466**

### Chapter 466 Sparrow's Group Vs Victor's Group

Sparrow grabbed the walkie-talkie in front of him, pressing the button as he waited for the familiar crackle of static.

Once it cleared, he spoke with urgency. "Listen up, people. Targets spotted between three and four o'clock, and from eleven to nine o'clock. Take your positions and prepare to fire back. Over."

"We're ready to move out anytime, Captain," Fred replied, his voice steady as he signaled for the warriors under his command to fall into a defensive stance, ready to strike the moment the opportunity presented itself.

Evelyn and Zeus positioned themselves alongside Rakan and his team, mirroring the defensive posture. Clyde and Reeve, though vulnerable due to their still-unawakened status, remained protected within the formation, flanked by the five STAU members.

Despite the five having awakened, their abilities were no more than that of ordinary humans with slightly enhanced strength, which made them no match for the upcoming battle.

Despite the risk, they kept Clyde and Reeve guarded within the formation, given their youth and inexperience in battle.

Meanwhile, Evelyne and Zeus positioned themselves at the most dangerous points, fully aware of the danger.

Rakan and his subordinates, still seated on the truck's floor, exchanged confused glances.

They couldn't understand why Sparrow and his team had chosen to take the same compromised route, one they knew was already dangerous.

Why not opt for a safer, alternative path that would minimize the risk and ensure they wouldn't be walking straight into further danger, ambush even?

'They could have easily gone around. There are plenty of secret routes around Port City that would get them out unscathed. Why risk it all by going through Victor's territory?' Rakan muttered to himself in frustration.

He couldn't make sense of Sparrow and his team's decision, and all he could do was let out a resigned sigh. If they fell, it meant they were all dead—no escape.

What Rakan didn't understand was that Sparrow, much like his master, didn't tolerate leaving enemies with a target on their back.

They both knew that such threats would haunt them relentlessly, like ghosts that wouldn't rest.

They hated the trouble, and after all, this mission wasn't the last one. There would always be a next day, a next target.

So what if he managed to avoid these people and throw them off his trail for now?

It didn't guarantee they'd stop targeting Sparrow and his team.

In fact, they would likely escalate their efforts, closing off other hidden routes. That would only force Sparrow and his group to take longer, already a significant concern with their mission on a tight deadline.

The cargo trailer was critical for completing the new wall, and every delay could cost them more than they could afford.

The best approach, then, was to force their way through and eliminate their enemies. As Kisha had said, not everyone was worth saving.

It would be better to wipe them out entirely so that no more threats lingered around their base.

When they returned to Port City, their mission would be much smoother.

By taking the same route again, they could lower Victor's guard.

Since Rakan and his people had been gravely injured and nearly dead the night before, Victor likely assumed they hadn't survived and wouldn't be able to expose them.

With Victor's plan in motion and his confidence high, this was the perfect opportunity for Sparrow to strike while they were off guard.

With a devilish smirk, Sparrow slammed his foot on the gas and signaled to the person in the passenger seat. "Now!"

In an instant, the person beside him summoned a thick layer of earth, swiftly covering the spikes designed to puncture the truck's tires.

The action was so quick that Victor's men were caught off guard, unable to react in time.

Before they could even comprehend what had happened, one of their own had already fallen—victim not to a bullet, but to a sudden burst of fire that rained down from the sky.

"Arg!!! Help me!" The man screamed, but his desperate cry was drowned out as the fire engulfed him.

The flames, hotter and more lethal than anything he'd ever encountered, consumed him instantly.

In moments, he was reduced to a smoldering crisp.

The fire's essence was drawn from a Superhuman Level 0 at its peak, who had been preparing to level up after days of consuming Scarlet Honey.

The power behind the flames was beyond anything that a normal man could survive.

Sparrow's truck screeched to a halt just ahead of the position where Victor and his men were hiding.

The moment it stopped, Sparrow's crew erupted from the truck, the normal humans staying behind to man the vehicle, preparing their weapons for cover fire.

Meanwhile, the superhumans unleashed their awakened abilities with a ferocity that left the enemy stunned.

Wind blades sliced through the air, fireballs ignited in mid-flight, and other potent abilities surged upward, all aimed directly at the enemy.

The opposition was momentarily paralyzed with disbelief, unable to comprehend the sheer force they were facing. They didn't even have time to react before their comrades began falling, one by one.

A few heads were cleaved clean off as wind blades zipped through the air, slicing through necks with surgical precision.

Blood sprayed in violent bursts before the lifeless bodies crumpled to the ground.

It wasn't until nearly half of Victor's men had fallen in the span of a few heartbeats that the survivors snapped back to their senses.

In a desperate scramble, they dove for cover, hiding behind anything solid they could find, trying to shield themselves from the onslaught.

The enemy occasionally peeked out from behind their cover to fire, but their bullets followed a straight line, barely reaching their targets.

In contrast, Sparrow's superhumans could conjure fireballs that arced through the air as though they had a mind of their own, striking with deadly accuracy.

The wind blades they summoned weren't just ordinary weapons—they curved and spun like boomerangs, relentlessly homing in on their targets until they struck with fatal precision.

The windblades, especially those thrown by Sparrow, were far more lethal and sharp than any ordinary version.

Ever since leveling up and consuming the Scarlet Honey, Sparrow had grown more attuned to his abilities.

With each passing day, it became easier to sense the windblade's presence in his fingertips, allowing him to control its spin and trajectory.

A subtle flick of his fingers before the blade left his hand ensured its deadly, curved path—like a boomerang, it would return to haunt its target, cutting down anyone in its way.

Sparrow smirked, satisfaction evident on his face as he effortlessly executed his new technique.

The more he practiced, the easier it became to perform it with precision and speed.

His men watched in awe as he effortlessly conjured wind blades that curved and cut through the air with deadly intent, while theirs only followed a straight line.

They couldn't help but marvel at his skill, observing closely in hopes of picking up some pointers.

However, despite their efforts, it was clear there was a natural gap between those with innate talent and those who had to rely on training alone.

Mastering such a technique wasn't easy, and even with all the practice, some things could not be replicated so easily.