

Apocalypse 467

Chapter 467 Sparrow's Group Vs Victor's Group 2

The fire-type awakened ability users among Sparrow's team began summoning fireballs in their hands, carefully calculating the trajectory based on the distance, wind direction, and the position of their enemies.

With precise aim, they launched the fireballs into the air, allowing them to arc and curve in a controlled pattern—either a sharp or wide curve, depending on the situation.

As the fireballs reached their peak, they would fall directly onto their targets, incinerating them with ruthless efficiency.

Victor's team, caught off guard and at a severe disadvantage, could only curse and scream in panic as they begged for their lives, realizing too late that escape was impossible.

How could Victor's team possibly compete with Sparrow's?

Some of his men were not only battle-hardened soldiers, but some were mathematicians, engineers, and experts who had a natural affinity for numbers.

The mathematics professor, in particular, was the first to devise this strategy.

Using his sharp analytical mind, he calculated the precise angles and trajectories, testing his theory in real-time.

Those hiding behind walls with narrow openings were quickly falling into his trap, unable to escape the deadly accuracy of his fireballs.

One by one, they were picked off, dying slowly as they realized too late they were caught in a calculated, inescapable web.

Sparrow's eyes landed on the middle-aged professor, who appeared unremarkable at first glance. But the calculating smirk playing on his lips betrayed his true nature as he conjured yet another fireball, his gaze sharp with focus as he lined up his next target.

Sparrow couldn't help but whistle and chuckle under his breath, impressed by the sheer talent in his team.

While their awakened abilities may not have been the most overpowering, it was the wielder who determined a weapon's lethality. After all, weapons are only tools; it's the one who wields them that truly makes them deadly.

And the perfect example of that stood right in front of him—the mathematics professor, whose sharp mind turned every fireball into a calculated strike of destruction.

Sparrow wasn't about to be outdone by his team, so he continued to unleash his boomerang-like windblades, each strike more precise than the last.

Soon, curses echoed from the distance, followed by desperate cries.

"FUCK! FUCK, FUCK!!!"

"I don't want to die! Please, stop!"

But how could Sparrow and his team stop when they weren't the ones who initiated this fight?

Still, even though they had been dominating the skirmish from the start and none of them had been injured, Sparrow's men couldn't help but feel a pang of pity for the opposing side.

Those with weaker resolve and a stronger sense of morality hesitated, their hands faltering as they stopped attacking.

Their hesitation left only Sparrow and the professor to continue the assault, while the others stood idly by, unsure of how to proceed.

Rakan, still inside the truck with Evelyn and the others, could only hear the desperate shouts coming from Victor's men.

At first, he thought it was Sparrow's team that was shouting and crying, but as he listened more closely, he realized that the voices came from Victor's men and there was a distinct lack of gunfire.

Instead, all he heard were pleas, curses, and wails of agony—until it all suddenly fell silent.

Rakan and his subordinates were left baffled, unable to imagine what was happening outside.

The only thing they could assume was that Sparrow and his team were engaged in a brutal melee battle with Victor's forces.

Sparrow's side hadn't even used up the first magazine in their guns.

They had only provided cover fire at the beginning, but as soon as Sparrow and the other superhumans took control of the battle, they stopped. It seemed pointless to waste more ammunition when their enemies had already retreated into hiding.

But as soon as the other superhumans ceased fighting, leaving the stage to Sparrow and the professor, Victor—who had been expertly hiding amidst the rubble just out of sight—slowly emerged. A glint of hatred and malice flashed in his eyes as he surveyed the scene.

"Monsters die!!!" Victor shouted, his voice dripping with malice as he opened fire with his assault rifle.

His ambush caught some of Sparrow's men off guard—still reeling from their momentary moral hesitation and pity.

They had let their guard down, and Victor seized the opportunity, gunning them down mercilessly.

Despite their enhanced strength and defenses, the bullets pierced through, cutting them down one by one.

As soon as Sparrow noticed the chaos, he sprang into action. Leaping through the air, he conjured two wind blades—one in each hand—and hurled them with deadly precision toward Victor.

But Victor, battle-hardened and quick on his feet, wasn't so easily taken down.

Trusting his instincts, he dodged the wind blades with a swift, fluid movement, narrowly evading the unseeable strikes.

Victor dashed forward, using a stack of bricks as cover, quickly propping himself up behind it.

He could see that even though his men were sheltered, they were still falling, struck by something they couldn't see.

Realizing that the unseen threat was relentless, he knew he couldn't afford to stand still.

Moving swiftly between covers, he kept himself well-hidden, constantly staying one step ahead.

As soon as he spotted an opening, he fired his assault rifle, sending rounds toward any target in sight, all while ensuring that whatever was targeting his men couldn't reach him.

"Take cover!" Sparrow bellowed, his voice laced with fury as he snapped his subordinates out of their shock.

They had been momentarily paralyzed, staring in disbelief at their fallen comrades, blood pooling around them.

In their newfound confidence as superhumans, they had underestimated the threat of ordinary weapons, thinking that guns and bullets would no longer be a serious danger.

But seeing their own people go down proved just how vulnerable they still were.

Their awakening hadn't granted them invincibility, and the harsh truth was clear—there was no room for hesitation, no place for moral doubts. Survival was the only priority now.

As the rest of the team took cover, Sparrow, consumed by anger, pursued Victor relentlessly.

The distance between them grew, but the others in the truck didn't just watch—they sprang into action.

Covering fire erupted from their guns, a shield for the superhumans to pull their injured comrades out of the open.

The first to act was the mathematics professor. He rushed to a fallen comrade, his body slick with blood, and dragged him closer to safety, his eyes never leaving the battlefield.

Even as he pulled his teammate to cover, he continued launching fireballs towards the enemy's position, ensuring that no one could sneak up and overwhelm them.

His efforts, though chaotic, were crucial—his side had been thrown into disarray, but he wasn't about to let it fall apart.

"Help the wounded and get them to safety!" The professor commanded, his voice sharp and authoritative, cutting through the chaos.

With Sparrow occupied and Fred at the back, providing cover fire, the professor found himself to be the only possible temporary leader in the frontline who could take on the job.

He knew the gravity of the situation—his sharp mind, the only one fully functioning in the chaos—was needed now more than ever.

As Sparrow fought further away, the professor took charge, guiding his team with calm urgency, making sure the injured were tended to and swiftly moved to safety, all while keeping the pressure on the enemy.