

## **Apocalypse 468**

### Chapter 468 Sparrow's Group Vs Victor's Group 3

"Those who can still fight, keep pushing forward! Don't lose focus!" he commanded, his voice firm.

Turning to the others, he shouted, "Anyone wounded needs immediate attention—get them to the truck for treatment, then return here to support the line!"

Gradually, order returned to their ranks as those stunned by the sudden turn of events regained their composure and followed the professor's instructions.

They began pulling their wounded comrades out of the open, while launching counterattacks against the enemy, who had regained their firepower and confidence after Victor's ambush and was now relentlessly shooting at them.

Once they had pulled their comrades out of the open, they carefully made their way back to the trucks, lifting the injured up into the truck beds.

Evelyn helped position the wounded inside, supporting them as gently as possible, though pained grunts escaped them each time they were moved.

They were fortunate that Kisha, with her foresight, had arranged for a doctor to join them.

Though his skills hadn't been necessary on previous missions, now he sprang into action.

With the five STAU providing support, the doctor prepared for an impromptu field surgery to remove bullets from the wounded before administering the vial of blue liquid meant to aid their recovery.

Although the unhygienic environment was far from ideal, minimizing infection risks was secondary to stabilizing the injured.

The doctor could only hope the blue liquid's healing properties would help offset these rough conditions.

They prioritized the gravely wounded first, beginning immediate operations right there on the spot.

Fortunately, due to their superhuman resilience, even though the bullets had pierced the enhanced defenses of their bodies, they hadn't gone too deep.

This made it easier for the doctor to extract the bullets and quickly move to the next patient.

After each extraction, one of the STAU team members would administer a vial of blue liquid to the patient, accelerating recovery and helping prevent infection or other complications before they could take hold.

Through their coordinated efforts, they managed to treat the dozen wounded warriors.

Rakan and his subordinates watched in awe as the warriors who had been on the brink of death were now breathing steadily, their wounds healing at an incredible speed.

At that moment, Rakan realized it had truly been Sparrow's team who had saved him and his men from the deadly injuries that had almost claimed their lives.

"What are you guys lounging around for? Get up and support the others!" Clyde, who had been quiet until now, suddenly got up and gave a playful kick to the foot of a wounded warrior.

Rakan stared at Clyde, wide-eyed, thinking, 'This kid is even more ruthless than I am—and I'm a mafia lord. Can't he see they just barely escaped the Grim Reaper?'

But just as Rakan thought that, the warrior Clyde had kicked propped himself up with a playful wink, sticking his tongue out.

"I thought I could fool you and sleep it off. The others can handle things on the battlefield," he said with a wry smile.

In truth, the man had been hoping to avoid returning to the frontlines. He felt guilty for being caught off guard by the enemy, a victim of his own hesitation to harm or kill, driven by his lingering sense of morality.

It almost cost him his life. If he hadn't awakened as an ability user, that bullet might've taken him down instantly.

Just the thought of it made the warriors who had been sent back feel embarrassed and guilty.

They were afraid of pulling their comrades down with them again.

So, after they healed up, they pretended to sleep, hoping to avoid drawing attention.

But how could anyone sleep when gunfire was constantly echoing around their trucks?

Some bullets even hit the sides, creating loud, jarring "clanks" as metal met metal, each sound a reminder of the chaos outside.

Clyde could easily tell whether they were truly unconscious or just faking it.

He was ruthless enough not to give them the time to stew in their guilt or hesitation—his focus was on the people outside who desperately needed support.

The battle had already shown that, despite their newfound abilities, the warriors were still vulnerable to gunfire.

Awakening didn't make them invincible, and they were just as prone to death as before if they weren't careful.

With the opposing side bringing enough firepower to threaten them, they needed all the help they could get to take down the enemy.

After Victor's successful counterattack, his forces found new courage and determination.

It was now all or nothing—there was no turning back after provoking the hornet's nest.

With renewed fighting spirit, Victor's men reorganized their lines and launched a fierce counteroffensive, coordinating their fire to cover each other as they shot at Sparrow's team.

Fortunately for Sparrow's side, they were equally well-armed, particularly the regular humans like Fred.

Fred quickly took charge, leading his team to provide crucial support for the superhumans, ensuring that the line held strong and the counterattack was as coordinated as their enemies'.

Fred took cover behind the truck, steadying his assault rifle with practiced ease.

His sharp eyes locked onto a target, and with pinpoint precision, he squeezed the trigger.

The shot rang out, and an enemy dropped instantly, a clean hit to the head.

With each calculated peek, Fred's training paid off, allowing him to take down one enemy at a time with unwavering accuracy.

Fred peered cautiously from his cover, scanning the battlefield to pinpoint the next enemy.

His eyes narrowed as he tracked a target within his sights.

With practiced precision, he quickly reloaded his sniper rifle, then steadied his breath.

Peeking through the scope, he exhaled slowly, his finger tightening on the trigger. The shot rang out, clean and silent, as his target fell.

Bang!

The man who had been hiding behind the wall, trying to sneak up on the superhuman at the front line, suddenly dropped to the ground, a clean bullet hole in his head.

The superhuman, who had almost fallen into the ambush, whipped around and scanned the area, his gaze briefly landing on Fred's position.

But Fred had already ducked back into cover, taking a steadying breath.

He knew he couldn't afford to expose himself too often; one careless peek could make him a target for a stray bullet from an enemy sniper positioned elsewhere.

Fred swiftly moved to a different position, carefully surveying the area for a new target.

Once he identified one, he repeated his previous actions—steadying his breath, aiming through the scope, and taking the shot with precise focus.

Bang!

As Victor skillfully dodged Sparrow's windblades, Sparrow leaped onto the roof, pausing for a brief moment to regain his bearings.

Below, Victor scanned the area, searching for any sign of his elusive opponent, but no matter how hard he looked, he couldn't seem to pinpoint Sparrow's location.

Meanwhile, Sparrow sneered from above, silently watching as Victor moved cautiously beneath him, clearly unaware of the danger lurking overhead.

Knowing that Victor's incredible instincts made him nearly impossible to take down with his windblades, Sparrow realized that continuing to target him would only drain his spiritual energy and expose his own position.

With a scoff, he decided to change his approach.

Riding the wind like a breeze, he seamlessly moved through the air, suddenly appearing behind Victor.