

Apocalypse 469

Chapter 469 Sparrow's Group Vs Victor's Group 4

Victor, sensing a shift in the air, reacted instantly, ducking out of sheer instinct.

The motion saved him from a fatal strike as Sparrow's dagger only managed to graze the edge of Victor's hair.

Sparrow raised an eyebrow, momentarily perplexed. Despite his superior agility, Victor's instincts were far more dangerous than he had anticipated.

As Victor ducked and quickly spun around, he aimed to sweep his legs out from under Sparrow.

However, Sparrow was already one step ahead. Noticing the movement, he quickly pivoted and delivered a precise knee strike.

The positioning worked in his favor, allowing him to connect the blow just as Victor was mid-turn.

Sparrow's knee slammed into Victor's face before he could fully complete his sweeping motion, sending a shockwave of impact through Victor's face.

Although Victor's instincts were extraordinary, they couldn't match Sparrow's speed.

The knee strike landed squarely on Victor's face, shattering his nose with a sickening crunch.

The force of the blow forced him to stagger back a few steps.

Dazed and disoriented, Victor pressed his hand to his nose, feeling the warm trickle of blood seeping through his fingers, dripping down to his lips.

The sharp sting of pain reverberated through his skull, and his vision blurred as his head throbbed.

'Fuck! I think my lip's busted too!' Victor thought, the realization making his anger flare.

He glared at Sparrow with renewed ferocity, the sting of the attack fueling his rage.

Grunting, he roughly wiped the blood from his mouth, his eyes narrowing into a deadly, menacing glare as he locked onto Sparrow.

The taste of blood only heightened his determination to turn the tide in his favor.

Victor shifted his stance, sidestepping cautiously as he drew his dagger.

He knew that trying to engage Sparrow with his assault rifle was pointless—Sparrow seemed to glide on the wind with every movement, too elusive for gunfire.

So, Victor decided to close the distance and rely on his hand-to-hand combat skills, confident in his own strength and fighting prowess.

What he didn't realize, however, was that it was the worst decision he could have made.

He never anticipated that his instincts, which had always kept him alive in the most dangerous situations, would fail him at this critical moment.

As Victor took another cautious side step, Sparrow surged forward with a smirk, taunting him.

But Victor could barely track Sparrow's movements, let alone see his expression.

In an instant, Sparrow turned into a blur, and before Victor even realized it, Sparrow's dagger had already swung through the air.

Victor stepped back instinctively, but Sparrow, anticipating his reaction, adjusted his position.

With a swift, calculated motion, he swung his dagger again, this time slashing across Victor's shoulder, cutting deep into his chest and down to his stomach.

The wound was severe.

Blood spilled freely as Victor staggered back, his hand instinctively reaching for his gut.

His fingers met the warm, sticky blood, and to his horror, he felt the raw edge of the wound.

His stomach had been torn open, and the pain hit him like a wave, his vision blurring as he struggled to maintain his balance.

Victor glanced down in horror, seeing his intestines spilling from the gaping wound.

His eyes widened, disbelief spreading across his pale face as dizziness overtook him.

His vision blurred, and the world around him seemed to spin.

He tried to focus on Sparrow, but his weakening body refused to cooperate.

The blood loss was rapid, and with each passing second, he could feel the life draining from him.

A cold, suffocating fear began to settle in—he was dying, and he couldn't escape it.

"No, I can't die here," Victor gasped hoarsely, his breath ragged as he desperately tried to push his intestines back into his body, his hands trembling in panic.

With a dull thud, he collapsed to his knees, his legs no longer able to support him.

"No, no, no," he whispered weakly, a broken murmur as he fumbled in vain to seal the wound.

The blood poured out relentlessly, and deep down, he knew the truth—his time was running out.

The wound was too severe, and unless a miracle occurred, death was inevitable.

Seeing Victor slowly succumbing to death brought no satisfaction to Sparrow.

With a flicker of mercy, he stepped forward, his expression cold yet resolute.

In one swift, decisive motion, Sparrow summoned a wind blade and cleanly severed Victor's head, sending it spinning through the air.

As Victor's body collapsed, the last thing he saw was the world spinning around him, his severed head joining the motion, before everything went black.

Victor didn't even have the time to regret his choices before his life was abruptly cut short.

Sparrow cast one final glance at Victor's lifeless body before he grabbed the severed head and turned to rejoin the chaos of the battlefield.

His forces and Victor's continued to clash in the skirmish, the sounds of gunfire and combat still filling the air.

Thud-

With a powerful leap, Sparrow soared high into the air, using his whirlwind ability to carry him.

He hurled Victor's severed head into the heart of the battlefield, where it landed unnoticed at first, lost among the chaos of combat.

As the fight raged on, the two forces were too consumed in their own struggles to pay attention.

Then, like a ghost on the wind, Sparrow descended with slow, deliberate grace, making a dramatic entrance right in the midst of the fray.

The sheer spectacle of his arrival caused both sides to momentarily falter, giving him the opening he needed.

He landed in front of Victor's head with a calculated ease, kicking it disdainfully toward the opposing enemy, his message clear in the motion.

A collective gasp echoed through the enemy ranks as they finally saw what Sparrow had kicked toward them.

Horror washed over their faces, their color drained, and a wave of trembling fear took hold.

They looked back at Sparrow, and without him uttering a single word, the message was clear.

Sparrow's actions spoke louder than anything he could have said—he was offering them one final choice.

It was now up to them: they could either choose to end up like Victor, or they could cherish the fragile lives they had left.

The weight of the decision hung in the air, and the tension was palpable.

In truth, Sparrow wasn't offering them a choice—he was showing them their inevitable end.

They had already drawn their weapons and set their sights on Sparrow's team, and even if he let them go now, the lingering resentment would fester, eventually becoming a threat that could endanger his people.

Sparrow had seen the ugly face of greed and mercilessness in this apocalyptic world far too many times, and each time it had only deepened his disappointment.

He knew better than to gamble with his people's lives. There was no room for mercy in a world that had already shown its true, ruthless nature.

Before Victor's remaining forces could even think of retreating, Sparrow signaled to his own team.

In an instant, the air crackled with energy as his warriors conjured fireballs, windblades, and other powerful abilities, launching them toward the retreating enemy.

Unlike before, when hesitation lingered in their hearts, there was no such uncertainty now.

They understood the harsh truth—this was a "kill or be killed" world, and only those willing to fight with everything they had would survive.

The jungle had its rules, and today, they would be the ones to enforce them.