

Apocalypse 552

Chapter 552 What Happened To Sparrow 2

He always maintained his composure, his trust in their resilience unshaken.

But now, as he called out to Sparrow over the radio without a response, something within him was unraveling.

Why was this different? What was it about Sparrow's silence that caused Vulture to lose his iron grip on control?

The unspoken question hung heavy in the air, and the unease among them deepened as they watched their unyielding leader teeter on the edge of rage and despair.

They all wanted to know what was running through Vulture's mind, but the sheer weight of his fury kept them at bay.

The oppressive tension in the air made their nerves fray, and none of them dared to step closer or ask.

An icy dread crept up their spines, turning their feet numb, while cold sweat trickled down their backs.

The group fell into an uneasy silence, each unwilling to confront the fears that mirrored in the others' eyes.

Suddenly, a voice called out from the distance, cutting through the oppressive stillness like a knife.

"Ah! It's them!"

The cry echoed through the wreckage of the animal farm, shattering the silence and snapping everyone's attention toward the direction of the sound.

Some of the Winters' men turned toward the source of the voice, their eyes narrowing as they scanned the wreckage of the animal farm.

In the distance, figures clad in black emerged, steadily pushing aside debris as they advanced.

Their identities were unclear in the bright sunlight and swirling dust, casting an unsettling shadow over the scene.

Instinctively, the group shifted into defensive stances, muscles tensing as they prepared for the unknown.

Yet, Vulture remained detached from the moment, his thoughts consumed by the storm of emotions raging within him.

His usual sharp instincts seemed dulled, his awareness of the outside world faltering as his senses betrayed him.

"Captain, Vulture, we've got movement—people are heading our way," one of the Winters' men reported sharply, his voice steady despite the tension in the air.

The team instinctively shifted into formation, their training kicking in as they prepared for potential confrontation.

Recognizing Vulture's distracted state, one of them nudged the team's STAU forward, positioning him close to Vulture to make sure that he was just as protected.

The rest of the group tightened their defensive perimeter, their eyes locked on the approaching figures.

They couldn't afford to take any chances—not when Vulture, their strongest pillar, seemed completely consumed by whatever storm raged inside him.

The team drew their daggers in one hand and pistols in the other, their postures tense and deliberate.

Each of them silently prepared to summon their awakened abilities, ready to adapt their tactics based on how the approaching group might react.

The air around them buzzed with the weight of unspoken strategy, every member poised to respond to the slightest sign of hostility.

But the figures advancing toward them were in no rush.

Their unhurried pace only heightened the tension, the agonizing slowness building an unbearable pressure in the team's already taut muscles.

Every second dragged on, amplifying the nervous anticipation of the inevitable confrontation.

The group standing under the glaring sunlight seemed to notice the tense and solemn atmosphere emanating from Vulture's team.

Their movement faltered, and they came to an abrupt stop, an action that only heightened the unease among Vulture's men. Every muscle in the team coiled tighter, nerves stretched to their limit.

Then, one of the figures on the opposing side slowly raised an object.

The intense sunlight obscured it, blinding anyone who tried to focus on it—even binoculars failed to provide clarity.

The unknown gesture, combined with the charged tension in the air, triggered a cascade of assumptions within Vulture's team.

The oppressive atmosphere, seemingly fueled by Vulture's silence and intensity, cast a shadow over their judgment.

One team member, unable to suppress the growing unease, fired a shot.

The bullet narrowly missed the figures and struck a piece of debris near their feet.

The sound of the gunshot shattered the fragile stillness, and before anyone could process what had happened, others followed suit.

A hailstorm of bullets erupted, raining down on the unknown group, turning a tense standoff into chaos in an instant.

"Shit! You! You! Stop! Stop! What the hell are you doing?!" the people from the other side shouted desperately as they ducked and scrambled for cover behind anything they could find—torn-down walls, broken ceiling fragments, pieces of wood, or whatever debris was within reach.

They waved frantically at Vulture's team, holding up the object in their hands as if to signal their intentions, but their actions were drowned out by the relentless gunfire.

Vulture's men, blinded by tension and adrenaline, ignored the shouts and continued firing, their focus fixed solely on neutralizing what they perceived as a potential threat.

"I said, STOP, you fuckers!" a furious voice bellowed from the other side.

Suddenly, with a burst of raw power, a massive boulder—likely a chunk of a fallen pillar—came hurtling through the air.

The boulder was as tall as an adult and as thick as a person's waist, leaving everyone stunned.

By the time Vulture's team realized what was happening, it was already too late to react smoothly.

Chaos erupted as they scrambled to dodge, diving out of their positions in a desperate bid to avoid being crushed.

The boulder slammed into the ground with a deafening thud, kicking up debris and leaving a crater, a stark reminder of what could have been an instant death for anyone caught in its path.

However, when a piece of a pillar was suddenly hurled toward their side, it solidified the belief among Vulture's team that the approaching group had hostile intentions.

This perceived aggression only escalated the situation further.

The gunfire ceased, but not because the tension abated—instead, Vulture's team transitioned to using their awakened abilities, unleashing an onslaught of elemental attacks.

Fireballs blazed through the air, slicing wind blades tore across the field, and water bullets rained down in rapid succession.

Some among them conjured jagged earth spikes, sending them hurtling like javelins toward the other side, creating a chaotic storm of destruction.

The battlefield became a whirlwind of power and fury, with the attacks crashing down relentlessly on the other group, who had no choice but to take cover and endure the barrage.

Perhaps it was the mounting pressure from Vulture's uncharacteristic behavior, or the growing concern over Sparrow's disappearance, with no word on their other teams' whereabouts.

A swirl of mixed emotions overtook Vulture's team, and in the chaos, their impulsiveness got the better of them.

The relentless barrage of attacks had been a release of their pent-up stress, but once that fury began to fade, their assault slowed, giving the other side a window of opportunity.

Seizing the moment, a figure from the opposing team slipped from shadow to shadow, moving with remarkable speed.

They were using their awakened ability to enhance their agility, darting from corner to corner with fluid precision, their buffing skill making them almost invisible as they closed in on Vulture's team.

The change in tactics was subtle, but it was clear: the tide of the confrontation was shifting, and the opposition was ready to capitalize on Vulture's team's momentary lapse.

Without Vulture's team noticing, the figure silently closed the distance, moving with stealth and precision.