

## Apocalypse 71

### Chapter 71 Ripping a Sudden Benefit

"Ah, fuck!" echoed simultaneous groans of pleasure from the corner where two brawny men were intertwined, their pants both down to their ankles.

Sparrow was profoundly unsettled by the scenes he had just witnessed, feeling as though his very eyes had been prodded and stirred. Never in a million years had he imagined he would stumble upon such a sight—men engaged in such elicit behavior, particularly in a setting fraught with danger.

The two appeared to be typical straight men, exuding an aura of masculinity and strength. Had he encountered them on the road, Sparrow would have simply pegged them as formidable soldiers. However, his perception had now been shaken to its core.

At that moment, nausea threatened to overwhelm Sparrow, but the urgency of his mission snapped him back to attention. Thankfully, he had managed to stifle any outward signs of his distress, allowing the two men to continue their oblivious activities for a second round.

Sparrow's only desire was to vacate the scene as swiftly as possible, unwilling to prolong his presence there any longer than necessary.

However, as Sparrow began to retreat, a realization struck him: these men likely served as lookouts or snipers, strategically positioned to monitor their surroundings. With a quick scan, he confirmed his suspicion. The rooftop they occupied offered a commanding view, granting them surveillance over every vital street and even the hidden corners of smaller alleyways.

Had these two men not been preoccupied with their carnal desires, Sparrow pondered how long they might have remained vigilant on the rooftop, making it nearly impossible for him to sneak in. Despite the discomfort of the situation, he couldn't help but feel a glimmer of gratitude that their distraction had inadvertently provided him with an opportunity to infiltrate unnoticed.

Knowing that the two men were wholly engrossed in their indulgence, Sparrow seized the opportunity to scour the rooftop in search of any belongings, radios, or maps that might reveal their intentions.

Initially, Sparrow had intended to simply pilfer their belongings. However, as he rifled through their backpacks and secured the Arctic Warfare Magnum (AWM) on his back, a moment of hesitation crept over him. His gaze shifted to the solitary door serving as the rooftop's only exit, and a mischievous grin crept across his lips, planting seeds of a different plan in his mind.

Utilizing his wind ability, Sparrow leaped from the rooftop to a building several floors below where the two men were stationed. Before proceeding, he meticulously surveyed the area for any additional threats, thankfully finding none. Carefully, he set down the backpacks and AWM before retracing his steps back into the building where the men remained unaware.

Entering through a window, Sparrow then directed his attention to the task at hand: gathering the zombies from five floors below and guiding them towards the rooftop door. With a few already present, their numbers grew insignificantly as he added more, all relentlessly pounding on the rooftop door, blending in seamlessly with the existing chaos.

Just before finding himself sandwiched between the advancing waves of zombies, Sparrow swiftly employed his wind ability, executing a series of agile maneuvers along the stairwell. With each leap from edge to edge, he skillfully avoided the encroaching horde as they relentlessly streamed towards the staircase.

Due to the rigid and sluggish movements of the majority of zombies, they failed to react in time to Sparrow's rapid passage, his movements akin to a fleeting gust of wind. Although a handful of more agile zombies attempted to keep pace, none could match Sparrow's remarkable speed and agility.

Instead, the zombies redirected their attention toward the noise emanating from the rooftop door. Once Sparrow had safely exited through the window, he swiftly retraced his steps back to the rooftop. Ensuring that the two men remained deeply engrossed in their activities, he approached the rooftop door with determination.

With a powerful leap, he soared into the air before delivering a decisive kick aimed directly at the door handle. The force of the impact caused the doorknob to shatter instantly, crashing to the ground with a resounding thud.

Thud-

Sparrow anxiously stole a quick glance and strained his ears, hoping to discern any reaction from the two men. However, the deafening cacophony of the zombies breaking through the door drowned out any other sound, rendering his efforts futile.

Keenly aware of the dire consequences of his actions, Sparrow wasted no time in making a hasty retreat back to the adjacent rooftop. Despite the gravity of the situation, a wide grin spread across his face as he disappeared into the shadows, his escape now secured.

Upon hearing a loud thud near the door, the two men's bodies momentarily tensed, but they swiftly dismissed it as merely another onslaught of the relentless zombies. Over time, they had grown accustomed to the incessant banging, hardly giving it a second thought.

If the need arose for them to depart from the building, they could simply rappel down using the ropes they had brought along, a contingency plan they had long prepared for.

So, they resumed their activities, the man positioned behind continued to thrust his hips vigorously against the man in front, his grip firm on the other man's shoulder while his other hand firmly held onto his hips. Amidst the backdrop of their rugged breathing and pleasure-filled groans, they remained oblivious to any signs of trouble, their senses fully absorbed in the moment.

Their passionate activity abruptly shattered when a cacophony of growls echoed behind them, sending chills down their spines. Turning to face the source, their blood ran cold as they were met not by a singular threat, but by a horde of ravenous zombies.

In an instant, the man previously engaged in the act found his ardor extinguished by sheer horror, his once-erect member now limp and forgotten as the grim reality of their predicament set in.

In a panicked frenzy, they attempted to flee, but their pants, still down around their ankles, hindered their movements, causing them to stumble and collapse onto the ground. Desperation mounting, they frantically searched for a weapon, only to realize with a sinking feeling that they had left their pistol and sniper rifle near the rooftop's edge along with their other belongings.

With dread creeping in, they found themselves encircled on all sides by the advancing horde of zombies, their options dwindling with each passing moment.

"Oh, FUCK!" Their terror-filled scream was drowned out by the fervent growls of the approaching zombies, signaling the grim inevitability of becoming their next meal.

Meanwhile, Sparrow had swiftly departed the scene, leaving behind the chaos of the rooftop. He proceeded to another location marked on the map, intent on verifying whether the indication corresponded to a lookout position or a potential hideout.

In the southeastern part of the western district, Sparrow observed five prominent 'X' marks forming a circle. At the center of this arrangement lay a large circle, encompassing a significant portion of the surrounding area. This layout presented a challenge in pinpointing the exact hideout location due to the expansive coverage.

However, upon closer examination and comparison with his current position, Sparrow could only conclude that the enemy had strategically covered the perimeters meticulously. This defensive setup aimed to prevent any unforeseen attacks, whether from a sudden zombie horde or an unexpected human attack.