

Apocalypse 77

Chapter 77 Being the Bait

"As we've finished resting and eating, let's delve into today's plan," Kisha began, taking a sip of her tea. Outside, darkness still prevailed, the only sound piercing the quiet being the growls and roars of the zombies wandering about.

"As I mentioned yesterday, the road ahead is blocked by a massive zombie horde, a number we can't handle. So instead, we'll weaponize this horde and direct them southeast," Kisha stated in a tone devoid of emotion, as though discussing the weather.

Duke remained unruffled, showing neither concern nor surprise, as he had been privy to this plan from the start and had given his approval.

Despite the surprise, no questions were raised, not even from the newcomers. They were accustomed to their master's approach and anticipated that this was how things would unfold. However, what astonished them was Kisha's demeanor—she seemed to mirror their master in every way, albeit as a female counterpart.

Sparrow seemed to grasp the situation. "So, you sent me to confirm the enemy's location for this purpose?"

Kisha affirmed with a nod. "Exactly. Your role is vital—you'll guide the zombie horde toward the designated spot."

"Am I to understand correctly that I'll be directing them to a post where the lookouts are offline?" Sparrow sought clarification.

"Didn't you already clear out one post when you retrieved the map?" Kisha reminded him.

Sparrow chuckled dryly, recalling the harrowing experience. "So, my task is to guide the horde to that specific location and let them overrun the entire area, right?"

Kisha nodded, her expression bearing a devilish grin. "Exactly. They've cornered the Winters in the center, surrounded on three sides. The only reason they didn't station an ambush team on the side facing the zombie horde is because of the overwhelming numbers of the undead.

So, despite their ample supplies, manpower, and superior weaponry, they're still wary of the zombie horde, keeping an escape route open for themselves while leaving the Winters to perish from hunger or at the hands of the zombies," Kisha explained with a grim tone.

Duke's jaw clenched tightly, his eyes smoldering with hatred as his fist clenched, knuckles turning white from the intense pressure.

"Since they're resorting to unscrupulous methods, we'll fight fire with fire. We'll begin from the southeast side, gathering the zombie horde and directing them southeast, catching our enemies off guard. Sparrow, you'll be our bait, given your agility," Kisha stated without flinching. Then, she retrieved an amulet from her inventory and passed it to Sparrow.

"This amulet will shield you from three critical hits. Once depleted, it will disintegrate," Kisha clarified as she passed the amulet to Sparrow.

Examining the amulet, Sparrow noted its aged appearance, with markings written in what seemed like red paint. As if reading his thoughts, Kisha added, "Those marks aren't made with paint, but beast's blood. Crafted from the essence of a hundred different beasts, it offers potent protection. Keep it close to your heart for maximum efficacy while you lure the horde."

Sparrow nodded, tucking the amulet securely into the inside pocket of his vest, over his left chest. He patted his chest a few times, feeling the reassuring weight of the amulet against his heart. His pulse quickened, not from nerves, but from anticipation and adrenaline. He relished the thought of making a significant move against their enemies.

With a growing smile, he readied himself to play the bait, eager for the challenge ahead.

Before Sparrow could rise, Kisha handed him a few vials of thick black liquid. Sparrow studied them for a moment, then glanced up at Kisha.

Duke recognized the vials from the base, where Kisha had given them a similar substance used for instant healing. However, the color was different this time, so he, too, awaited Kisha's explanation.

"Since you'll be running around as bait, I know you'll be using your wind ability nonstop. These potions are similar to mana and spiritual energy replenishers. They should help restore your spiritual energy levels when they hit rock bottom.

However, I'm not entirely sure if they'll work as intended, so it's best to try them when you still have plenty of spiritual energy left and see if they make a difference." Kisha explained.

Those witnessing Kisha's actions for the first time regarded her with awe. Every move she made seemed miraculous to them. Hearing about Sparrow and Vulture's awakened abilities only added to their envy, yet it was clear that Kisha surpassed them both in power and capability.

Even Duke gazed at Kisha with pride, grateful for her thorough preparations and concern for his subordinate.

With everything ready, Kisha and the others emerged from the building. Sparrow, already outside, held large chunks of meat in his hands, still dripping with fresh blood. He dashed toward the approaching zombie horde, the mass of undead so dense that even a dropped pin would hardly reach the ground amidst the throng.

As Sparrow reached the designated spot, he climbed atop a lamppost, clutching the meat tightly. Not a single zombie had noticed him yet. He attempted to attract their attention by shaking the meat, causing blood to dribble onto a zombie directly beneath him. However, the undead remained oblivious. In frustration, he resorted to shouting at the top of his lungs, hoping to provoke a response.

Finally catching the zombies' attention, they began to growl louder and gather beneath the lamppost. However, Sparrow sensed it wasn't sufficient. Disappointed, he tossed the meat down to the zombies, only to see it ignored and trampled upon once it hit the ground. Frowning, Sparrow made a quick decision and drew his tactical knife.

Ensuring he had his spare tactical knife, one he hadn't yet wielded against a zombie, Sparrow swiftly made a deep cut in his forearm, ensuring a continuous flow of blood for a certain duration.

As expected, the scent of fresh blood from his wounds aroused the nearby zombies, prompting them to clamor excitedly as they surged toward the lamppost. Satisfied with the outcome, Sparrow leaped from

lamppost to lamppost, drawing more zombies to his trail. Once confident he had their full attention, he began guiding the horde steadily southeastward.

Sparrow diligently ensured he drew in the zombies lingering in the smaller streets, steadily augmenting the horde tailing him. At times, he even feigned near falls, riling the zombies' instinct to seize him, for to them, he was nothing but a potential meal. Though stripped of their past memories, the zombies retained their primal urge to feed and destroy.

Sparrow's repetitive maneuvers effectively manipulated the zombies, stirring their primal instincts. Despite the darkness veiling the streets, the zombies relied on their sense of smell. Though dulled compared to their living state, it remained keen enough to guide them in hunting their prey.

As Sparrow led the zombie horde southeastward, Kisha's team advanced toward the center of the western district to rendezvous with Tristan and the others. They waited briefly, ensuring Sparrow had drawn the bulk of the nearby zombies away before making their move.