

Apocalypse 83

Chapter 83 Sparrow's Side

In the western district, Sparrow arrived at the location where he had encountered the two men and discovered the map. This map had been instrumental in helping him locate crucial lookout points and served as a valuable clue in finding the hideout.

Since no lookout was stationed in that specified place, no one was able to stop him from advancing further and notifying the others. In order to keep baiting the zombies in the dark, he kept a steady pace along with the continuous way on hurting himself in the forearm. By now, his forearm was covered by deep and long cuts that was overlapping each other.

The thick scent of blood enveloped Sparrow, drawing the attention of the zombies and exciting them to the point where they refused to let him out of their sight. As he progressed, he unwittingly attracted even more zombies, who were not only enticed by the scent of blood but also by the commotion created by their fellow zombies on Sparrow's trail.

The group of zombies Sparrow was leading had doubled in size. Meanwhile, the other lookouts assumed the two men stationed where Sparrow was, were merely messing around around, leading them to neglect checking on them or attempting to radio them. It didn't strike them as unusual that they hadn't received any reports from the men throughout the entire night, which played to Sparrow's advantage.

Sparrow continued to monitor the others through the radio he had acquired, using it to gauge any potential movements on their side. As he approached the edge of the building where the two men were stationed, Sparrow couldn't resist glancing up at the rooftop. To his dismay, the zombies he had led were still lingering there, seemingly drawn by his bloody scent.

Despite being several buildings away, they began to exhibit signs of excitement, converging towards him with a relentless determination.

They believed they could reach Sparrow by pressing forward, leading many of the zombies to shove each other off the building's rooftop in a chaotic mess, resulting in fatal falls and crushing impacts.

Sparrow found the scene strangely amusing; the zombies appeared utterly devoid of any sense of danger, their actions seeming almost comically foolish. Taking a moment to observe and rest, Sparrow looked down on his handiwork with a mixture of amusement and satisfaction.

Once again, Sparrow continued on his path, leading the zombie horde towards the center. Descending to the lampposts, he resumed his strategy of leaping from one to the next, deliberately making himself seem tantalizingly close to the mindless zombies below.

Exploiting their lack of intelligence, he knew they would be driven to move forward in a futile attempt to reach him, unaware of the distance between them.

The zombies showed no signs of exhaustion, relentlessly howling and roaring like mindless beasts with no regard for their physical limits. As Sparrow reached the brightly lit street, he paused, waiting for the zombies to catch up. He pondered his next move, contemplating how to navigate past the illumination without alerting the enemies of their presence.

Failing in his mission was not an option, so he strategized carefully, mindful of the risks involved.

Not yet proficient enough to utilize his wind ability to reach a target several hundred meters away, and with his spiritual energy reserves depleted to their lowest acceptable level, Sparrow resorted to opening the vial of black liquid and downing its contents in one gulp. The effects were swift; he didn't have to wait long before feeling its almost instantaneous effect.

Just before the zombies reached the spotlight, Sparrow utilized his wind ability to ascend swiftly to the top of the building where the lights were positioned. With a silent landing behind the two men standing guard on the roof, their attention focused elsewhere, he seized the opportunity to slit one of the men's throats with lightning speed.

As the remaining man reacted with alarm and aimed his gun at Sparrow, Sparrow's superior agility allowed him to swiftly grab hold of the assault rifle and deflect it away. Before the man could pull the trigger, Sparrow's dagger plunged deep into his throat, silencing him before a single shot could be fired.

As the life drained from the man's body, he grew weaker, making it simple for Sparrow to wrench the assault rifle from his grasp and discard it on the ground. With the immediate threat eliminated, Sparrow scanned his surroundings, ensuring there were no additional threats nearby. Fortunately, there were none; the rooftop guards rotated periodically, granting Sparrow a brief window of opportunity.

Acting swiftly, he sprang into motion, tracing the wiring connected to the large street-facing lights in search of the electric box that controlled them all.

It didn't take Sparrow long to locate the electric box, confirming his suspicions that it served as the central hub for all the connected lights. Without hesitation, he blew it off, triggering an instant blackout throughout the entire building. Unbeknownst to Sparrow, the electric box also served as the main electric breaker for the building, compounding the inconvenience for its occupants.

Tough luck, indeed.

After disabling the electric box, Sparrow wasted no time in repurposing the light's wiring to strangle the two guards he had just killed. With methodical efficiency, he hoisted their lifeless bodies and tossed them over the edge of the building.

As they hung grotesquely halfway down the building, their blood continued to flow, tracing a macabre path from their necks down to their feet, pooling ominously on the ground below.

Following the blackout, the occupants of the building quickly realized they were under siege. Frantically, they roused their comrades and began making preparations, their nerves on edge. Suddenly, a collective roar and growls erupted from nearby, sending shivers down their spines. Dread washed over them as they braced for what was to come.

Moments later, the relentless pounding of the zombie horde echoed through the building as they clamored at the doors and gates, their impending doom closing in.

Unsatisfied with the chaos he had already sown, Sparrow meticulously orchestrated the gathering of more zombies, strategically positioning them to encircle the entire street and building. His intent was clear: to ensure that no one could escape through any exit, sealing the fate of those trapped inside.

While inside the building earlier, Sparrow had noticed a signal jammer nearby. An evil grin crept across his lips as an idea struck him. Swiftly seizing the device, he ascended to another rooftop, observing the chaos below as people scurried about like headless chickens.

With a decisive motion, he activated the signal jammer, effectively cutting off any attempts to communicate with lookouts or others from the Coltons, further exacerbating their plight.

As gunfire echoed through the area, Sparrow had already departed, making his way towards the lookout positions. With practiced precision, he navigated the streets, his movements guided by memory alone. He didn't need to consult a map; the locations were etched in his mind from his visit the previous night.

Placing the signal jammer strategically on the building's opposite side, Sparrow ensured that communication beyond its walls remained severed. Despite the distant gunfire echoing in the air, he remained vigilant, aware that any lingering suspicions from the lookouts could jeopardize his mission.

Determined to maintain his advantage, he swiftly moved to neutralize each lookout, one after the other, without pause or respite.

Once Sparrow was certain that all the lookouts in the area had been dealt with, he finally allowed himself a moment of respite. Collapsing into a brief rest, he took the opportunity to catch his breath and recover from the intense work.

Despite his exhaustion, Sparrow made sure to collect the backpacks and sniper rifles from the lookout points. The weight of the burdensome gear added to his fatigue as he leaped from rooftop to rooftop, yet he harbored no regrets. Each item seized represented a victory in his mission, validating the strenuous efforts he had exerted.

Encountering Bald Eagle and the rest of the group made him realize the critical importance of supplies and weaponry in surviving the apocalypse. While Sparrow had grasped this concept intellectually before, the stark reality of scarcity and danger hadn't fully sunk in until now.

His earlier experiences with his Master and Kisha had been relatively uneventful, shielding him from the true hardships of the post-apocalyptic world.

Witnessing the struggles of his fellow comrades, Sparrow's perspective shifted. He realized the necessity of stockpiling resources and armaments to ensure their collective survival in the face of adversity.

With his mission accomplished, Sparrow felt a sense of satisfaction knowing that he had furthered his master's cause, potentially easing his own search for his family. He permitted himself a longer period of rest, mindful of Kisha's warning about the risks associated with relying too heavily on the vial of black liquid she had provided.

Despite its remarkable effects, he understood the importance of exercising caution, lest he become dependent on it or suffer unforeseen consequences.

As Sparrow rested, he took a moment to refuel with an energy bar from his backpack. Simultaneously, he diligently disinfected and bandaged his self-inflicted wounds to prevent bacterial infection. While Kisha had assured him of immunity to the zombie virus since their awakening, she hadn't addressed protection against bacterial infections or other diseases.

Recognizing the importance of wound care, Sparrow ensured he maintained his health and well-being amidst the dangers of the apocalypse.