

## **Apocalypse 91**

### Chapter 91 The Plan

"I don't have a grand plan, to be honest. It's quite simple, really. You'll just need to fight your way through a few dozen, or even a hundred, zombies without getting killed," Sparrow stated seriously.

"Are you fucking out of your mind?! We have the Patriarch with us and Master is unconscious!" Vulture exclaimed, frustration evident in his gritted teeth.

"Still beats facing thousands, or even hundreds of thousands, right?" Sparrow retorted mockingly, his tone implying that Vulture was being a wuss.

"Then, what do you say we should do?" Tristan's voice sounded from the other side again, as if he really is planning to accept Sparrow's suggestion.

Sparrow paused to recalibrate his thoughts. While he had proposed the idea, he couldn't dismiss the inherent danger it posed. Among the 22 individuals involved, only one possessed awakened abilities. Unlike Sparrow, whose agility type and awakened skills aided him in navigating crowded streets, his companions inside the building lacked such advantages.

A single misstep could prove catastrophic for them. Nevertheless, they found themselves backed into a corner with limited options.

"Before I dive into it, could you let me know your current location?"

"We're currently holed up in the basement," Vulture replied.

"Did you and the master crawl from the sewers to that place?" Sparrow's direct question didn't bother Vulture; their interactions were often characterized by such casual banter. Without taking offense, Vulture simply recounted how they'd entered the building through the sewers, ensuring to mention the events that had rendered the sewers inaccessible for their return journey.

Sparrow nodded thoughtfully, absorbing the details of their situation as Vulture recounted the events so far. He didn't interrupt, recognizing the importance of ensuring they were all on the same page. Now, he also understood that Vulture and Tristan were attempting to enlist the help of the bees to find an alternative route, although the success of this plan still remained uncertain.

"Given our current predicament with Master and Young Madam both unconscious, we're running out of options. What I have in mind may seem risky, but it's worth considering. Before anyone objects, hear me out," Sparrow spoke, his tone firm yet earnest. He wanted them to think rationally and weigh the potential risks against the urgency of their situation.

Lingering any longer could only worsen their already precarious circumstances.

"Since you guys are now familiar with my awakened ability, you must have known that my strong suit is agility so it was easy for me to navigate around even when there were many zombies surrounding me, but actually, I was able to travel from places to places because I jumped from roof to roof which has lesser number of zombies and was easier to navigate than the streets." He pauses for a bit to breathe after talking for so long.

"So, let's consider this: if we can't use the sewers or streets, we can ascend to the upper floors and move from roof to roof to avoid the zombies. And if there's a significant gap between buildings, Vulture can create a bridge using his earth ability for everyone to cross. I believe this idea is feasible.

Though getting up there initially might pose a challenge, once we're on the roof, everything will become easier. What do you all think?" After reviewing his plan again, Sparrow concluded that it was the best solution available, rather than simply waiting.

Tristan and Vulture exchanged glances as they processed Sparrow's words. They both found his plan feasible and sensible. After all, they couldn't predict when their enemies would make their next move. It was possible that they would take steps to ensure the zombies could besiege them, or the zombies themselves might break through the fiberglass.

As Sparrow had pointed out, the initial challenge would be clearing the hundreds of zombies already inside the building. However, once they reached the rooftop, Sparrow could lead the way, guiding them on the safest route. With him clearing the path ahead, they could navigate more efficiently.

After outlining their plan, Tristan gathered everyone, including the Patriarch and Mr. Winters, to ensure everyone was on the same page. Meanwhile, Sparrow made another round outside to ensure no Coltons were nearby to spoil their exit.

"I hope everyone's well-rested," Tristan began, scanning his comrades' faces. They seemed to have gained a bit more strength compared to the last few days, thanks to the warm meal and rest they just had.

"Have you found an exit yet?" the Patriarch inquired.

Tristan shook his head. "There's no exit, Patriarch." Before the Patriarch could ask another question, Tristan continued. "However, instead of waiting indefinitely, we've decided to take matters into our own

hands and create our own escape route. By now, everyone must be aware that we unearthed a mole earlier. Vulture and I managed to seize their communicator after neutralizing them.

Fortunately, the information Vulture shared with us hasn't made its way into their intel yet. But we can't be certain how long we'll remain safe here."

"If they could send an assassin to sneak up on us, they might send another one to open a path for the zombies to besiege us once they notice that the assassin and the mole they sent are both dead," Tristan said, his frustration evident in his voice. "So instead of waiting to be chopped off on their chopping board, wouldn't it be wiser for us to go up the floors and clear our own path?"

Everyone comprehended the rationale behind a battle of attrition, recognizing their current disadvantage. Not only were they encircled on all fronts, but they were also outnumbered and lacked sufficient supplies and firepower compared to their enemy. This was further exacerbated by the presence of two unconscious individuals, one sick and one elderly, among their ranks.

They couldn't afford to remain idle and wait, as every passing moment diminished their options and increased the likelihood of their demise. Therefore, everyone concurred with Tristan's assessment, and they proceeded to discuss the plan outlined by Sparrow.

They engaged in a collaborative brainstorming session, pooling their collective expertise to ensure everyone was aligned and to sift through various ideas, particularly regarding how to address the needs of those unable to participate in combat.

After an hour of deliberation, they finalized a more robust plan. Before setting out, Vulture took charge of cooking a meal, recognizing the importance of sustaining their energy for the imminent battle. Tristan assisted him in the preparation, while the others gathered their combat essentials.

They also reinforced the makeshift stretcher to ensure it could withstand the journey, knowing Duke's unwillingness to let go of Kisha, his grip akin to that of an octopus.

Despite efforts to pry them apart, Duke and Kisha remained inseparable, Duke's clutches unyielding. As preparations continued, Sparrow and Vulture exchanged progress reports to stay informed about both internal and external developments. While the others enjoyed their hot meal, Sparrow begrudgingly nibbled on a compressed biscuit, a meager ration salvaged from the lookouts he had killed earlier.

He also readied the assault rifles and AWMs he had obtained from the enemy, intending to distribute them among his comrades to bolster their combat capabilities once they ascended. Despite his desire to assist them directly, he remained at his post to keep watch, ensuring the Coltons couldn't spring any surprises on them.

As both groups prepared, an hour had already passed, and the night had deepened, adding an extra layer of danger to their situation. However, they were fortunate—the building they occupied still had power, thanks to a functioning generator. The automatic hallway lights provided a sense of security.

Choosing this building had been strategic; they had managed to lock the fiberglass doors through the security room. Yet, this decision was a double-edged sword. If their enemies gained access to that security room and unlocked the doors, it would spell their demise. This knowledge led them to unanimously agree to Sparrow's plan, despite its inherent risks.

The Patriarch rose, after wrapping cardboard and towels around his limbs and body—a makeshift armor to provide some measure of protection. Though it made him feel somewhat uncomfortable, he recognized its necessity. His reaction time had slowed over the years, rendering him more vulnerable. Similarly, Mrs. Winters followed suit under the watchful eye of Mr. Winters, who insisted on her safety.

Others abstained from such precautions, aware that it would impede their movements and hinder their actions.

Once everyone finished their preparations, they each shouldered the bags Kisha had retrieved from her inventory, leaving the empty buckets behind after using up the ice to cool down Duke and Kisha's fevered bodies. With their body temperatures now lowered, the risk of brain damage had diminished. Four individuals remained responsible for carrying Kisha and Duke, while the Patriarch, Mr., and Mrs.

Winters positioned themselves at the center so that they could be well protected.

Tristan took the lead at the forefront, leading the vanguard, while Vulture positioned himself at the rear, serving as backup and conserving his energy. His role was critical for when they reached the roof, where he would need sufficient energy reserves to construct a bridge for everyone to cross if the need arose.