

Apocalypse 910

Chapter 910 Offensive Use Of Spatial Ability

They only stared blankly at Sparrow, who hovered above them before descending onto the crest of the Earth Wall. His gaze swept over the people hiding on the far side, then shifted to his own group.

A few men stepped forward, flames swirling into existence in their palms. The sight alone made the survivors' eyes widen in shock. Without a word, the fire-wielders peered over the wall, pinpointed their targets, and hurled the fireballs like seasoned baseball pitchers.

The first victim's scream tore through the air as fire consumed him. He rolled frantically on the ground, but the flames refused to die out, burning until all movement ceased, leaving only a charred body curled like a shrimp.

"This... this..." the survivors stammered, pointing shakily at Sparrow's group. They couldn't quite grasp what was happening as they watched Sparrow's team methodically massacre their opponents.

But Sparrow had already instructed them to head to the HOPE Base, meaning they'd eventually encounter awakened ability users there anyway. Revealing their powers now wouldn't make much difference.

More importantly, they needed to end this quickly before the commotion attracted a horde of zombies. If that happened, escaping the area safely for the survivors would become nearly impossible, and Sparrow's team would have to fight their way out as well.

Without hesitation, Sparrow continued conjuring more 'Wind Boomerangs.' Even with the enemy hiding behind vehicles, the razor-sharp wind blades would find their targets.

Swoosh!

Swish!

Two more people from the opposing side fell, lifeless. Then Vulture conjured a towering 'Earth Spike'

that slammed into a van, overturning it. The longest spike shot up through the vehicle, and through some of the survivors who had switched sides. Their blood soaked the spike, flowing down like water.

They glanced toward Vulture and the others with eyes full of regret, but before they could speak, they coughed up blood and drew their final breaths.

Seeing his men being slaughtered, the boss on the other side bellowed, "Kill them! Shoot them down!" His roar was filled with fury as his people fell like flies. His eyes burned with such hatred toward Sparrow and his team that it seemed he wanted to devour them whole.

Yet, despite his rage, he was too afraid to even peek out. One man after another died, while the woman he once saw as a prize cowered at his side, pressing both palms against her ears to block out the desperate cries of those she had chosen to side with.

If she had known how easily those people would be massacred, she wouldn't have said a word; she would have stayed obediently behind Sparrow, silent and unseen. But regret has no cure, and now she was too terrified to even make a sound.

She didn't want to die, not after just escaping that warehouse, only to face death outside before even living a day in this hellish place.

She trembled in terror, unable to move. Seeing her like this, the opposing leader seemed to find a twisted outlet for his rage. Furious beyond control, he grabbed the pretentious woman by the hair and kicked her toward the oncoming horde of zombies.

Though he wanted to mutilate her himself, the dire situation left him no choice. The zombies, drawn by the commotion, swarmed closer, and already one or two were at their heels. With no time to waste, he fired at the nearest undead as the woman flew through the air.

She didn't even have a chance to scream before a zombie sank its teeth into her face, tearing off the skin in an instant. Her agonized scream echoed, her wide, incredulous eyes locking onto the man who had sent her to this fate.

"No! No! Help me!" she screamed one last time before a second zombie bit into her throat, silencing her. Her screams turned to gurgles as blood spilled from her open wound.

Soon after, she lay still, lifeless, as another zombie moved in to feast on her flesh. The leader clicked his tongue in disdain.

"What an unlucky bitch," he spat to the side before crawling away, desperate to escape the nightmare.

The boss knew if he didn't sneak away now, Sparrow would kill him along with the others. So, he started crawling close to the ground like a cockroach, desperate to escape.

Meanwhile, his men kept firing at Sparrow and his team, even attempting to encircle them. But their efforts were in vain; a blazing fireball suddenly struck, scattering them.

Every bullet aimed at Sparrow was deflected by the swirling 'Whirlwind' that surrounded his body, pushing the projectiles off course. That invisible barrier shielded him completely.

They couldn't harm anyone else either because the towering 'Earth Wall'

that stood firm in front of Sparrow's survivors, providing perfect cover as Sparrow's team used it strategically.

"Get down!" one of the opposing men suddenly shouted. Before anyone could react, he hurled a cluster of hand grenades still attached to a belt, the pins already pulled.

Even Sparrow was caught off guard; the grenades were thrown by the very man he had just killed with a 'Windblade.' Distracted, Sparrow was busy defending himself, manipulating the swirling 'Whirlwind' around him.

Boom!

The explosion beneath Sparrow jolted him mid-air, momentarily throwing him off balance.

The loud explosion tore a massive hole in the 'Earth Wall,' allowing the enemies to rush through; they had no way to retreat now.

Zombies swarmed from all directions, piling in relentlessly, while Sparrow and his team stood firm in front of them. It was a kill-or-be-killed scenario now. Their escape route was cut off long ago, and their bullets were running dangerously low.

No matter how many 'Windblades' or 'Fireballs' struck, the next wave charged relentlessly, tackling anyone within reach. Even Clyde and Reeve ceased attacking using their awakened abilities, wary that in the chaos and close quarters, they might accidentally hit their own allies, after all, their awakened abilities are wide-range type.

Vulture crouched, preparing to conjure more 'Earth Spikes' to finish off the remaining foes, but suddenly, the people who had just passed through the breach vanished, leaving Vulture blinking in stunned surprise.

Everyone looked around but found none of the enemies. Though only a few of the enemies remained, maybe four to six people, but their sudden disappearance before everyone was still something to be worried about.

They feared those lunatics might have strapped explosives to themselves, ready to die along with everyone else.

Because the survivors were so close to the awakened ability users, the latter hesitated to fully unleash their powers, wary of accidentally harming the innocent nearby.

A few minutes passed, but there was still no sign of the opposing group, which had vanished without a trace. Sparrow suspected that one of them might possess a 'Teleportation' awakened ability like Tristan's, or perhaps a 'Time Control' power that could freeze time and whisk people away. After all, didn't his Master have something similar?

Using his 'Hawk Eyesight,' Sparrow scanned the vast parking lot, searching for any sign of the missing foes. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he spotted someone crawling low like a cockroach, slipping from car to car to avoid the zombies' notice.

With a graceful glide, Sparrow descended right in front of the escaping leader.

"Hello there," he said with a wide grin. "Trying to run?"

The opposing leader tried to spin around to run, but Sparrow's powerful kick struck him square in the back, sending him crashing hard against the vehicle ahead.

Having leveled up multiple times, Sparrow's strength far exceeded that of any normal human. The impact not only slammed the man into the car but also cracked his spine, instantly paralyzing him from the waist down.

Without hesitation, Sparrow grabbed the man by the hair and dragged him forward.

"Speak. Where are the others? What awakened abilities do they have?" he demanded.

But the leader only shook his head, tears and snot streaking his face, an image so pitiful it even made Sparrow cringe.

Since the man remained silent and more zombies were approaching the parking lot, Sparrow dragged him back to where the rest of their group was. Just then, one of the silent STAU members stepped forward and bit his lip before speaking.

"Captain Sparrow, there's no need to search for the missing enemies," he said calmly, waving his hand.

Suddenly, several lifeless bodies appeared out of nowhere.

In a moment of panic earlier—when he feared the enemies might break their defensive formation—the STAU member had impulsively waved his hand to trap the attackers inside his personal Space.

But then he remembered: unlike Kisha's Space, his could not sustain life.

On their previous mission, they had to customize oxygen muzzles for the animals precisely because of this limitation, so they then decided to transport the animals outside the city while making it appear as if they had been captured there.

Now, recalling this, the STAU member stared blankly ahead, counting the seconds. He focused his consciousness into his Space and saw the unfortunate enemies clawing at their necks in desperate gasps for air.

Their faces turned a deep purple-blue; their eyes bulged and rolled back, blood trickling from their bloody throats.