

Apocalypse 96

Chapter 96 Crossing Over

Without pausing to question or gather further information, they hastily collected their belongings and bolted away. Sparrow, still feeling lightheaded and groggy from being abruptly awakened, struggled to fully comprehend the situation. Nonetheless, he instinctively followed the others, trusting their lead.

They soon reached the edge of the garden, adjacent to the building standing beside it. A distance of 8-10 meters lay before them, which they needed to cross to reach the balcony of the adjacent apartment building.

Vulture wasted no time and conjured an earth bridge. However, being only a level zero, the bridge he summoned from that distance wasn't as sturdy as he had hoped. It was already pushing its limits to support two people at once; any more than that would risk causing the bridge to crumble. Worse still, anyone crossing it might fall from the bridge, which was suspended 10 floors above the ground.

Without a doubt, a fall from that height would be fatal. Even if the zombies below somehow cushioned the impact, the victim would likely be overwhelmed and bitten to death before they could comprehend what was happening.

The apartment building adjacent to their condominium was also high-end, boasting large units and spacious balconies. However, being a residential building, they had to anticipate a substantial number of zombies residing there as well. Venturing to the 10th floor posed significant risks, given the uncertainties that would inevitably follow.

Their deliberations were cut short as zombies emerged from the building, advancing directly toward them despite their efforts to remain stealthy.

As if guided by an unseen force, the zombies advanced towards them. When this realization struck Tristan, he glanced back at the source of the marching sound. Urgently, he instructed his companions to begin crossing the bridge one by one.

With Duke and Kisha unconscious, the first person to cross secured three thick ropes around their body, tethering them to the others who remained on the opposite side of the bridge.

After crossing the bridge, he swiftly dealt with the two zombies on the balcony, ensuring the door leading to the apartment's living room was securely closed to prevent any further zombie intrusion while the next person crossed over and he was doing the necessary preparation on his side.

Experienced in such situations, they wasted no time crossing the bridge. Swiftly and confidently, they ran across its surface, each member following in rapid succession. As soon as one reached the balcony, the next would promptly follow suit.

The first person to cross had already secured the three ropes to the railing, creating a sturdy suspension rope that would act like a conveyor belt but would require a human force to push what was placed on top of the rope. This arrangement allowed them to place the stretcher on top, requiring only one person to push it along until they reached the end apartment's balcony.

Since the bridge couldn't support the weight of more than one person, they had to devise a different method to transport Duke and Kisha to the other side. After preparations were completed, the two men assisted in placing the stretcher onto the suspended rope, ensuring that each side of the rope fit snugly around the metal poles of the stretcher.

An additional middle rope provided support to maintain balance in the middle and both sides.

As everyone watched the individual transporting Duke and Kisha over the rope, they held their breath. The tension was palpable; any misstep could result in the two on the stretcher tumbling and plummeting to the ground below.

The worst-case scenario loomed in their minds: the stretcher overturning on the rope, sending Duke and Kisha hurtling directly into the swarm of zombies below from the 10th floor.

None of them had the chance to watch intently, as the zombies from the building reached their location, surrounding them. Only five people had successfully crossed over the bridge, while Duke and Kisha, along with the person transporting them, were still in the midst of the bridge, not even close to the middle to be exact.

The process was taking longer than expected, and time was running out as the undead closed in on them.

With a wider area to protect, Vulture found himself unable to create any more earth walls. The remaining dozen or so people on their side took up defensive positions to shield the Patriarch, Mr. and Mrs. Winters, who had yet to cross the bridge.

They were fortunate to have an assault rifle and a few extra bullets, which bolstered their defense somewhat. However, the relentless stream of zombies emerging from that particular side was cause for concern.

It seemed as if the main door of the condominium leading to the emergency exit on the floor they were on had been forcibly opened, but they had no way to investigate as they were now in the midst of

battle. Meanwhile, the individual transporting Duke and Kisha remained suspended in the middle of the bridge.

Clang-

Amidst the cacophony of roars and growls from the encroaching zombies, a jarring metallic clang reverberated through the air. Tristan and Vulture both turned simultaneously, only to witness Bell soaring overhead, circling around the stretcher. To their dismay, the individual tasked with transporting Duke and Kisha was nowhere to be found.

Their hearts seemed to skip a beat, pounding against their ribcages with fear. With a sinking feeling in their stomachs, they couldn't shake the conclusion forming in their minds. Yet, without witnessing the event themselves, uncertainty gnawed at them, leaving them unsure of what had transpired in that fleeting moment.

Sparrow abandoned his post and hurried over to where Duke and Kisha lay, relieved to find them unscathed. However, his relief was short-lived as he scanned the area for the person responsible for transporting them, only to be met with the sight of a member of their group on the other side signaling to him in sign language.

Sparrow's heart sank as he learned that the individual had been shot in the head and fallen from the bridge.

"There's a sniper!" The urgency in Sparrow's shout spurred another person to take over the transport task. Sparrow quickly assigned Bell to safeguard Kisha and Duke while he set off to locate the sniper. His suspicion was fueled by the loud metallic sound they had heard earlier, possibly Bell deflecting a bullet with its forelegs.

Sparrow also observed a sizable cut on Bell's front forelegs, oozing a translucent greenish substance that seemed to be its blood seeping from the wound.

Upon learning about the sniper, tension rippled through the group, heightening their vigilance. However, they found themselves in a vulnerable position, akin to sitting ducks in the water. Tristan surmised that the sniper had likely orchestrated the sudden appearance of zombies in the garden, effectively trapping them in a perilous predicament.

However, the presence of a sniper meant that anyone, including the Winters standing behind them, could be the next target. While they were fortunate that Bell had successfully shielded Duke and Kisha, the ongoing threat posed by the sniper put them all at risk. If the attacks persisted, their defenses would crumble in a matter of seconds.

Sparrow swiftly sprang into action, utilizing his 'Hawk Eyesight' gift to scour the surroundings. He focused on identifying vantage points with clear lines of sight to their location, ones that weren't too distant. He reasoned that the sniper likely hadn't strayed far, having recently orchestrated the path for the zombies.

If the sniper aimed to target Duke and the Winters, they wouldn't have had time to flee too far.