

Apocalypse 97

Chapter 97 Find the Sniper

Another concern weighed heavily on Sparrow and Tristan's minds: the possibility that the enemies lurking in the shadows were a team of highly trained elites, including both snipers and close combatants, much like themselves. This uncertainty only compounded the array of challenges they currently face.

Additionally, they were perplexed as to where these individuals had originated from, given that all passages appeared to be sealed shut or compromised.

They had no time to dwell on the problem, their minds racing at a mile a minute while their bodies continued their relentless onslaught. The chaos and danger made it impossible for the Winters to collect the crystal cores. Mrs. Winters could only watch with a heavy heart as the zombies fell one by one to the ground, lamenting the loss of those precious crystal cores.

She proved herself to be really the wife of a businessman, who doesn't want to take a loss.

The enemies seemed to be toying with them, halting their sniping as if they were aware that Sparrow had closed in on their location. It was unclear whether this was a tactical move to extend Sparrow and his team's struggle in finding them, or if they had some other sinister intention.

After a couple more minutes passed, there were no significant developments. The onslaught of zombies continued unabated from the same location, and their numbers showed no sign of dwindling. Meanwhile, their ammunition was being depleted rapidly, and the individual transporting Duke and Kisha was only three-quarters of the way across the bridge.

Frustration and nervousness mounted among the group as time dragged on.

Sparrow and Vulture refrained from recklessly employing their abilities at the moment, opting instead to engage the zombies in hand-to-hand combat. Unlike the others, they weren't as fearful of being bitten, having already successfully awakened their abilities.

This granted them a degree of immunity to the virus, enabling them to confront the zombies head-on with nothing but their cold weapons, even amidst the swarm.

As soon as they heard the people on the other side shout, "Master and Young Madam have successfully crossed the bridge!" Tristan's group felt a wave of relief wash over them. Encouraged by this news, they urged the Winters to cross the bridge as well.

The Patriarch's son and daughter-in-law insisted that he cross first, understanding Mrs. Winters' fear of heights, the Patriarch went up the bridge to walk one step at a time while holding onto the rope that was still tied to the railings. Meanwhile, her husband continued to offer words of encouragement, coaxing her gently, "Honey, don't be afraid. I'll be right behind you every step of the way.

Just keep your eyes on the other side, and before you know it, you'll be there. Trust me, okay?"

With tears welling in her eyes, she nodded at her husband, understanding that she had to muster the courage to cross on her own. It wasn't feasible for her husband to walk closely beside her while holding her hand, so she resolved to take the step forward independently.

Mr. Winters kept a watchful eye on his father as he crossed the bridge, holding his wife close in his embrace and offering words of comfort to ease her fear. Despite his efforts to reassure her, he couldn't shake his own nerves, especially with the lurking threat of the sniper hiding in the shadows.

Truthfully, he was more terrified of the sniper targeting his family than he was of the zombies currently surrounding them.

The zombies, though numerous, were still manageable due to their sluggish movements. Their only advantage lay in their sheer numbers and lack of exhaustion. On the other hand, the snipers possessed the intellect to scheme and exploit loopholes around them, making it difficult to predict their next move.

Unlike the zombies, driven solely by primal instincts to feed and kill, the snipers' actions were unpredictable. Thankfully, the Patriarch crossed the bridge without incident, while Sparrow continued to scan the surroundings for clues to locate the sniper.

Bell dispatched its army of bees across a 250-meter radius, covering the entire floor and the surroundings outside the building to aid Sparrow in locating their enemies. However, it appeared that their adversaries had either gone into hiding or had vacated their previous position, relocating elsewhere to evade detection.

This was a typical tactic employed by snipers to elude their pursuers; they would shoot and relocate, making it challenging for their enemies to track them down until they completed their mission. Unless they were significantly distant from their enemies, it would be difficult to pinpoint their exact location.

Sparrow refused to relent; he was resolute in his determination to pinpoint the enemy's exact location. Every minuscule detail became crucial as he meticulously scoured the surroundings, searching for any clue that could unveil the enemies' hiding place.

As it became Mrs. Winters' turn to cross the bridge, the relentless onslaught of zombies heightened the pressure on everyone. However, as she began her journey, she was met with a powerful gust of wind that buffeted her frail frame. The deafening roar of the wind drowned out all other sounds, disorienting her further.

Struggling to maintain her balance, her body swayed with each forceful gust, her weakened form unable to withstand the powerful currents.

While the bridge wasn't excessively narrow, neither was it particularly wide. Thus, when the wind slammed against Mrs. Winters' body, she swayed, inadvertently glancing downward in her attempt to regain her balance. Instantly, a wave of fear washed over her, causing her entire body to tremble, her limbs turning cold as she stood frozen in place.

Observing her sudden stillness and the shift in her demeanor, Mr. Winters sensed that something was amiss. Despite his instinct to rush to her side, he hesitated, acutely aware of the bridge's limitations and the potential danger posed by adding his weight to it. He feared that any sudden movement might compromise the bridge's durability, endangering Mrs. Winters' life further.

Mr. Winters shouted, "Honey, breathe, and don't look down!" He attempted to soothe her with his confident voice, hoping she would find comfort in his reassurance. However, unbeknownst to him, Mrs. Winters couldn't hear him over the howling winds, his voice barely audible amidst the tumultuous gusts that slammed into her body.

"Ah!" The entire place seemed to freeze in an instant as Mrs. Winters' urgent shout pierced the air, only to gradually fade away from their ears. Even Mr. Winters, caught off guard, felt as though his feet were rooted to the floor. A chill ran down his spine as he watched helplessly, his blood running cold, as his wife fell from the bridge, the bridge cracking where Mrs. Winters once stood.

"OLIVIA!!!!" Mr. Winters' anguished cry echoed through the chaos as he attempted to climb the bridge, only to be restrained by Tristan.

"I found the damn sniper!" Sparrow's furious roar pierced the air, his sense of urgency propelling him skyward without hesitation. With a singular focus, he soared towards the direction from which the bullet had originated.

"No, no, no!!!! OLIVIA!" Mr. Winters' voice cracked, the desperation evident as he called out his wife's name repeatedly, unwilling to accept the reality that she had fallen from the 10th floor of the bridge.