

Apocalypse 98

Chapter 98 Mrs. Winters is Gone

"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.

Mr. Winters struggled some more to get on top of the bridge even when he knew that he couldn't do anything anymore but he was indignant to just accept that his wife was gone just like that.

"OLIVIA!" He croaked, his voice so heart-wrenching that even Tristan felt like crying to see the spitting image of Duke, both have cold domineering exteriors was now crying his eyes out like a child as he kept on calling his wife's name as he struggled, as if he wanted to follow her to her death.

Although Tristan empathized deeply with Mr. Winters' anguish over the loss of his wife, he couldn't allow himself to lose Mr. Winters as well. The thought of explaining Mrs. Winters' death to Duke, once he regained consciousness, was unbearable. With a heavy heart, Tristan closed his eyes in sorrow, grappling with the weight of the situation.

They couldn't ascertain the exact sequence of events, but judging by the circular cracks on the bridge and Sparrow's earlier reaction, it seemed likely that another sniper attack had occurred, likely aimed at Mrs. Winters.

If that were indeed the case, similar to the previous victim, she likely suffered a fatal headshot and fell from the bridge. None dared to muster the courage to glance downward at the bridge's edge where Mrs. Winters had fallen. The dread of witnessing the horde of zombies below, tearing into her body like a rag doll, kept their gazes fixed ahead.

The fact that the sniper hadn't targeted the Patriarch earlier suggested they were likely on the move to a different location. Then, upon finding a suitable vantage point, they took another shot, unfortunately hitting Mrs. Winters as she crossed the bridge.

With Sparrow hot on their heels, the sniper and their companion bolted upright and dashed away at full speed. Because they literally saw Sparrow gliding through the wind like some kind of immortal that they only saw on TV.

They are still unaware of the awakened abilities and when Sparrow and Vulture used their abilities earlier, the sniper and their comrade had yet to arrive at the fifth floor after they led the horde of zombies from the ground floor to that garden.

These people of the Coltons rush to the security room to open up the main door of the condominium and the gym door located on the other side of the emergency exit just so they could use the staircase Vulture and the other used, they also sent small heat detector drones around to specifically find the Winters, since zombies are basically dead bodies, it does not emit heat in their body, which made their task of locating the Winters easier since they did not see any other survivor in the vicinity.

With an arsenal of equipment at their disposal, the sniper and his team propelled from building to building with remarkable agility, closing in on the specific condominium where the Winters sought refuge. Their advanced gear facilitated their movement, offering them a distinct advantage over the Winters, who lacked comparable resources and were therefore severely limited in their options.

Once they had cleared the way for the zombies, their strategy was simple: disrupt the Winters' defenses and wait for their fortifications to crumble under the relentless onslaught. With the Winters weakened, completing their mission would be a straightforward task. Afterward, they could swiftly retreat by propelling themselves to the safety of a nearby building, leaving chaos in their wake.

Little did they anticipate Sparrow's swift ascent to the seventh floor, resembling a flying sparrow in the night sky. His sudden appearance struck fear into their hearts; he seemed poised not just for combat, but to usher them into their darkest nightmares.

"What, scared now?" Sparrow sneered, exuding a menacing aura akin to a grim reaper as he drew closer.

'If I don't avenge Mrs. Winters, Master will undoubtedly storm the Coltons' headquarters seeking blood.' Sparrow could already envision Duke's reaction upon learning the truth. He felt compelled to ease Duke's sorrow by avenging his mother, fearing Duke might even blame himself for not being present when his family was in dire peril.

Sparrow descended onto the balcony of the seventh floor of the condominium, where the sniper and his cronies were positioned. They scattered at the sight of Sparrow, perhaps underestimating his swiftness, assuming he would take his time catching each of them. Among them were four individuals: a sniper, a technician, and two close combat specialists.

The two non-close combatants sprinted, realizing they couldn't confront Sparrow head-on. They hoped he'd take his time capturing them to extract information. However, they underestimated Sparrow's resolve; he was there solely for vengeance.

He swiftly dispatched the two combat specialists, unleashing a focused wind blade aimed directly at their throats. The attack was so swift and precise that all they could perceive was their comrade's head separating from their bodies in a blur of motion.

Sparrow rarely employs this technique due to his limited control over his wind ability. The stability of his attacks varies, making it difficult for him to aim accurately at moving targets. Sometimes, his wind blade disperses before reaching its intended target.

But now, he didn't dwell on the complexities; his eyes burned red with determination. The concentrated wind blade, no wider than 5 to 7 inches and so thin it was imperceptible to the naked eye, honed in on its target, even eluding his 'Hawk Eyesight.'

Sparrow felt like he'd stumbled onto something remarkable. Perhaps his ability had sharpened through continual use, as he'd traversed rooftops all day. Now, instead of relying on logic, he trusted his instincts. He sought to recall the sensation he'd experienced when conjuring the wind blade, anchoring himself in that memory.

As he familiarized himself with the sensation, Sparrow felt an electric current surge through his body, tingling as it reached the tips of his fingers. Meanwhile, the two remaining enemies stood frozen, stunned by the sudden and swift demise of their comrades.

Sparrow descended calmly, and before they knew it their comrade's heads rolled to the floor before their headless bodies followed with a resounding thud.

The next thing they knew, the blood of their comrades sprayed across their bodies and faces, yet they remained oblivious to what had just occurred. Despite their lack of awareness, a chilling realization washed over them: they were all doomed.

In mere seconds, Sparrow conjured another wind blade in his palm. Though invisible to the naked eye, he could sense the intense pressure it exerted against his skin. The air around him seemed to converge, forming a vortex of energy focused on his palm. This concentrated force condensed into a razor-sharp blade.

With Sparrow's staying still, the wind blade streaked toward the technician's head. Swift and razor-sharp, it grazed the tip of his nose, leaving a fleeting sensation like a passing line. Before his mind could comprehend the touch, half of his head was already plummeting to the ground, a crimson trail marking its descent before darkness overtook his vision.

The sniper's gasp echoed loudly as he watched the technician's head split in half, a gruesome spectacle that left him frozen in shock. Before he could process the horror before him, Sparrow lunged with lethal precision, his dagger plunging into the sniper's skull before he could even react.

Sparrow, now familiar with the sensation of conjuring the wind blade, exercised caution in its use. Aware that it required intense concentration, he refrained from continuous deployment. Each wind blade demanded a few precious seconds to materialize, during which Sparrow had to remain perfectly still, lest the wind disperse and render his efforts futile.