

Apocalypse 343

Chapter 343 Sparrow's Side

On Sparrow's end, once outside the wall, he wasted no time. He drove straight ahead, bulldozing through the abandoned vehicles blocking the path, much like he had done before when navigating the highway jammed with cars. With his experience, he knew exactly where to hit, clearing the way efficiently.

Even without the assistance of the Scarlet Bees, Sparrow skillfully managed to clear the path for the convoy of trucks following behind him, demonstrating his ability to forge ahead and keep things moving smoothly.

However, as Sparrow and his team reached the eastern outskirts of City B, they encountered a group of survivors desperately fighting off zombies while trying to flee. Both groups briefly locked eyes, but Sparrow didn't so much as slow down.

Despite hearing their frantic pleas for help, he knew stopping would only worsen the situation—their raised voices were drawing even more zombies. Sparrow, focused on his mission, was under strict orders to complete it at all costs. Stopping now would jeopardize everything, and he couldn't afford any delays.

Sparrow wasn't the type to be swayed by moral dilemmas. The cries and desperate pleas for help barely registered with him. Stopping the truck to assist them was out of the question—there was no room for more survivors, and risking his men's lives for something outside their mission wasn't an option.

His focus was clear: complete the mission and keep his team safe, no matter the cost. Compassion would have to take a backseat to survival.

It might seem harsh, but Sparrow knew better than to play the hero in this situation. His priority was to ensure the safety of himself and his team. With their own survival at stake, he couldn't afford to jeopardize their mission by diverting resources or risking their safety for unknown individuals.

Until he could guarantee their own security, extending help to others was a luxury he couldn't afford. After all, he had no way of knowing whether these new survivors were friend or foe.

If there was one lesson Sparrow had learned from Kisha, it was not to trust anyone blindly and to stay vigilant. Despite the pitiful state of the survivors, he couldn't afford to stop the truck. However, showing a flicker of compassion, he signaled one of the 'Space Type Ability Users' to hand over a bag stamina booster.

He tossed it to the man who appeared to be in charge, then pointed him in the direction they had come from, suggesting that they might find the base if they followed that route.

Sparrow didn't need to explain himself further; it was clear that these survivors were trying to reach the base, and while he wouldn't obstruct their path, he also couldn't assist them. They needed to navigate this challenge on their own. If they were fortunate enough to be rescued by the base's warriors, that would be their luck.

Otherwise, Sparrow had already emotionally detached himself from the situation, focusing solely on his mission.

That's the reality of leadership. With the rumbling of their truck, Sparrow and his team managed to divert half of the zombies' attention toward them, providing the running survivors a crucial opportunity to regroup. The stamina booster Sparrow had given them offered a much-needed boost, allowing them to continue their flight with renewed energy and without interruption.

Despite not being rescued, the survivors were deeply grateful for Sparrow's simple act of kindness. They appreciated that, even though he didn't stop to save them, he extended some help by providing a stamina booster.

Having traveled from City A to City B, they had witnessed countless harrowing scenes and endured immense bloodshed and sacrifice, particularly from those who served to protect and rescue them.

The survivors understood that Sparrow and his team, who didn't appear to be soldiers, were under no obligation to assist them. They appreciated the help they received, recognizing that given the context of their journey and previous encounters with heinous acts, it was understandable for Sparrow and his team to prioritize their own safety.

After receiving the stamina booster, the survivors quickly parted ways, with their brief exchange lasting less than two minutes.

As Sparrow's team drove away, they fired their firearms to draw the zombies' attention. Without this distraction, the group of survivors—comprising many haggard and exhausted children and women—would have been overwhelmed and quickly overrun. The diversion was crucial to giving them a fighting chance.

Sparrow and his team also used grenades to create further distractions, giving the survivors a crucial window to regroup and continue their escape. Once Sparrow could no longer see the survivors, he instructed his team to cease using grenades and instead rely on their awakened abilities.

This approach minimized noise, helping to prevent attracting additional hordes of zombies from all corners of the city.

When the zombie numbers began to overwhelm them and the trucks could no longer advance, Bell and her Scarlet Bees sprang into action. They launched a decisive counterattack, clearing the way and reducing the pressure on each truck. This allowed Sparrow and the rest of the convoy to continue their journey safely while the Scarlet Bees managed the onslaught.

The zombie carcasses piled up on the road made their journey bumpy, but Sparrow made sure that Bell and the Scarlet Bees collected all the crystal cores scattered on the ground. Having adopted Kisha's meticulous approach, Sparrow had become accustomed to scavenging every resource available.

It didn't sit well with him to leave any valuable material behind, so he ensured that nothing was left in the area, leaving it stripped clean.

Despite Bell and the Scarlet Bees working tirelessly, Sparrow didn't stop for a moment. They spent a grueling four hours navigating the Eastern part of the city, carefully avoiding areas overrun with zombies. Only upon reaching the outskirts of City B did they finally pause to find a place to rest and refuel their trucks.

As usual, Sparrow decided to stop at a gasoline station to check for any remaining fuel in the underground tanks or in nearby trucks. Although they had brought sufficient gasoline for their trip, Sparrow preferred to stockpile as much as he could. He wants to refill their tanks from the station they passed by, always keen to hoard extra resources for future use.

Fortune was on Sparrow's side; the gasoline station he chose still had some fuel in the underground tank. He instructed Clyde and the 'Space Type Ability Users' to fill as many large drums as possible with

the available gasoline. Meanwhile, Sparrow headed inside the store to see if there were any other useful supplies they could salvage.

Inside the store, Sparrow found a scene of chaos. The shelves were overturned, broken glass littered the floor, and the remnants of shattered bottles and burst bags of chips were scattered everywhere. The store was a complete mess, with most of the valuable items already taken. Sparrow searched in vain, finding only broken goods and debris, with nothing useful left to salvage.

Undeterred, Sparrow decided to check the back warehouse where the stock was usually stored. He grinned when he saw that the door was still secured with a padlock. Even so, he remained cautious, aware that someone could have locked a zombie inside. After breaking the lock, he pressed his ear to the door, listening for any sounds of movement before cautiously opening it.