

Apocalypse 353

Chapter 353 Port City 2

Naturally, they would think this way since they weren't aware that Kisha already has an unlimited supply of meat and vegetables. However, no one would complain about having an abundance of supplies, would they?

This is why Sparrow didn't even entertain the idea of a supply run. Though he enjoyed hoarding, he had a clear set of priorities, with following orders at the top. His personal interests would always come second.

The other team leaders, of course, voiced their concerns to Sparrow. Their main reason for wanting to do a supply run was to ensure the Supply Center remained stocked. With supplies constantly being consumed and circulated within the base, they needed to maintain a steady source of replenishment to keep things running smoothly.

But that's exactly the issue—no new supplies were coming in. Now that the base was beginning to stabilize, their next priority had to be increasing their stockpiles and figuring out a way to establish a sustainable source of supplies moving forward.

After hearing their concerns, Sparrow couldn't help but chuckle, though he quickly noticed the other team captains' faces tightening in response. Realizing how it might have come across, he clarified with a smile. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to laugh at your concerns. I completely understand where you're coming from. But trust me, our City Lord has everything covered. She's already thought this through."

However, Sparrow didn't completely dismiss their opinions. He recalled that Kisha had mentioned the need for supply runs, not just for practical reasons but also to maintain the illusion of a steady influx of resources. This would help keep the true source of their supplies—Kisha's hidden inventory, worth billions—under wraps, ensuring her space and its contents remained a well-guarded secret.

Especially now, with thousands of people to feed and care for, their current supplies would only last a few years, and that's not accounting for future population growth. After his brief chuckle, Sparrow made sure to clarify, "We'll handle the supply run once we've secured the cargo trailers needed for the wall."

"But Captain, what if we prioritize the cargo trailers and, while we're busy with that, other forces take the supplies without us knowing?" one of the men reiterated, concern evident in his voice.

"The supplies could easily be grabbed, and we still don't have a sustainable way to support the base aside from these runs. The stockpile in the supply center will eventually run out. We need to build it up." He repeated his point, feeling that their earlier concerns hadn't gotten through and that Sparrow might be treating the situation too lightly.

"Yes, I understand," Sparrow responded, his tone serious. "But have any of you considered that no matter how much we stock up, without proper defenses, we won't be able to protect it? In the end, it could be our damnation." He didn't bother softening his words, making sure his point came across clearly.

"What do you mean, Captain? Are you suggesting that those forces might shift their focus to us and raid us for our supplies?" Clyde asked, his tone serious, a tension that everyone in the group could feel.

"At least you have a working brain on top of your neck." Sparrow complimented halfheartedly with a smirk.

"It wouldn't be that bad, would it?" someone asked uncertainly. After all, they were all human, trying to survive in this nightmarish world. The number of survivors worldwide might not even reach millions, and shouldn't they be fighting together rather than against each other?

If anyone seemed to be taking this lightly, it was the other team captains in front of Sparrow. He couldn't help but chuckle at their naivety. "Kids," he said with a hint of mockery, unable to restrain himself from talking down to them. "It seems you haven't learned a thing from all this chaos, despite surviving this long.

Don't underestimate human nature, especially in times like these when there's nothing holding people back from doing whatever they want."

Sparrow didn't need to elaborate further; his message was clear. A chill ran down everyone's spines as they recalled how quickly people had turned violent over minor disputes, even when laws were in place to restrain them. Now, in a world without any legal constraints, there was nothing to stop people from acting on their worst impulses.

Once everyone grasped the gravity of the situation, they fell silent and adhered to Sparrow's plan. However, Sparrow added, "If we manage to secure as many cargo trailers as possible and still have room for supplies before heading back, then, by all means, we'll head to the eastern district to gather what we can." His casual tone did little to alleviate the growing unease among his team.

They now became accustomed to fighting and killing zombies, fully aware that there was no cure for the virus. They understood that the infected were beyond saving, as the virus had permanently altered their genes. This was not a sickness that could be cured but an irreversible evolution.

However, dealing with other humans was different. Law-abiding citizens like them had grown up respecting the law and had these values deeply ingrained in their core. The idea of confronting their fellow humans, who were once bound by the same societal rules, was a different kind of challenge.

Fighting against other people and potentially killing them was a concept that was both difficult to accept and distressing to contemplate.

Sparrow, ever perceptive, noticed their shift in demeanor and gave a slight nod before speaking. "Don't dwell on it too much. We'll deal with things as they come. Worrying excessively won't help if you're not prepared to act. Remember, what's crucial is protecting your lives—not just for yourselves, but for your families waiting back at the base. Everything else will fall into place."

After their emotional meeting, everyone felt more resolute and focused, setting aside their overthinking. With the plan finalized, Sparrow and Fred led the first truck toward the western part of the port. Rose's and Clyde's teams followed at a safe distance, ready to monitor the situation and provide immediate support if the advance team encountered any trouble.

As Sparrow led the advance party, plowing through the zombies in their path, he guided the other truck along the outskirts toward the western part of the port. This route was the same one Aston and his team had used to retrieve some of the cargo trailers.

It was a dirt road and on their right side was the city, and at the side of the road were metal fences, and it was good to keep the zombie away. They didn't try to linger and drove as quickly as they could and it was relatively easy.

They halted their advance, parking the trucks outside the fences once they had a clear view of the stacked cargo trailers from a distance. They had no choice but to stop there—an enormous horde of

zombies had gathered around the area. Attempting to ram the trucks through the fence would only leave them trapped and overrun by the zombies.

Sparrow ordered everyone out of the trucks, and they proceeded on foot along the dirt road, moving away from the fence. They circled around the area, searching for an opening where zombies were sparse. Their goal was to enter the fenced area without alerting the zombies, as doing so would waste both time and energy.