

## Apocalypse 354

### Chapter 354 Port City 3

Sparrow and his team navigated through the forest for a while before finding a relatively safe area with few zombies, near the western edge close to the sea. Sparrow carefully ensured that the area wasn't deserted due to the presence of a powerful zombie. Once he confirmed the location was secure, he directed everyone to cross the fences one by one.

They didn't cut the wires; instead, they climbed over the fences. They knew that the fences were essential for keeping the zombies contained. If they opened a path, the zombies could escape and spread out, creating further problems if they needed to return for more cargo trailers in the future.

Fortunately, this section of the port was relatively quiet, likely because the zombies had been drawn to the more chaotic areas, leaving this part deserted. As a result, Sparrow and his team could move with relative ease. However, Sparrow repeatedly warned them not to become complacent, emphasizing that danger and surprises could be lurking anywhere.

Sparrow hope he never said a thing.

Just as he warned them, a distant shotgun blast echoed through the area, and a horde of zombies suddenly surged from the opposite side of the warehouse, trailing behind a group of people fleeing in panic.

Fred's team and Sparrow's team were thrown into a panic as the sheer number of zombies overwhelmed them. With their path back blocked and their escape route cut off, their only option was to forge ahead.

Sparrow refused to let them retreat, particularly since they had no idea whether the approaching group was friend or foe. He was afraid that they would only endanger their lives if they turned their backs on these people. Preferring to be cautious, he raised his guard and prepared for the worst, treating the newcomers as potential threats.

He and his team immediately assumed a defensive position, and as expected, the approaching group led the zombies directly towards them.

"Dammit!!! I just jinxed us! Damn it all! Fucking hell!" Sparrow cursed himself furiously, his frustration boiling over.

Sparrow's sudden outburst startled his team, they didn't know what happened to him, or why he was suddenly agitated. Sparrow himself was all too aware of his streak of bad luck on missions. He was fed up with constantly stumbling into misfortune and the relentless string of setbacks.

He couldn't help but vent his frustration. Just moments after warning his team to stay cautious and avoid complacency, trouble was already at their doorstep. Who wouldn't be angry in his shoes?

But there was no time for self-pity. Sparrow quickly composed himself and rallied his team. They had to brace for impact and protect one another. The approaching group had no intention of stopping; it seemed they planned to use Sparrow's team as a buffer, dumping the zombies on them and leaving them to handle the threat.

Sure enough, the people didn't make any more moves against Sparrow and his team when they saw Sparrow and his people prepared for battle. After all, why would they try to kill Sparrow or do anything to them, they would lose their shield and might even be caught by the zombies that were just running after their tail.

So, when they saw Sparrow and his team, they increased their speed, a smug smile playing on their lips, as if they had already succeeded in surviving.

When they passed Sparrow and his team, the woman leading the group even winked at Sparrow before grinning smugly at him, irking Sparrow even more, he didn't care if the other party was a woman or not, but all he knew was they wanted Sparrow and his people to die in their place, how could he just accept this lying down?

He refused to let it slide. Fueled by frustration, he barked, "Follow them!" His team instantly grasped his intent. They didn't hesitate, feeling no guilt in turning the tables. After all, this wasn't their fight to begin with, and they had no intention of cleaning up someone else's mess.

They regrouped swiftly, maintaining their defensive stance as they began to retreat—matching the pace of the group trying to use them as decoys. Sparrow's team wasn't just stronger due to the presence of superhumans; they also had the advantage in numbers. The opposing group consisted of only ten, while Sparrow's team had far more.

Not to mention, Rose and Clyde's team were positioned at the rear, ready to assist. If Sparrow fired the flare gun, it would signal to Clyde and the others that Sparrow's team was in trouble and needed immediate backup. No flare meant that Clyde and his group were to hold their position, securing a clear path and preparing an exit for everyone.

However, Sparrow remained wary of the group ahead. If he could have backup waiting in the wings, they might too. It was possible they had deliberately lured the zombies toward his team, intending to steal their weapons or vehicles. Whatever their plan, Sparrow wasn't about to let his guard down.

The group that had hoped to use Sparrow as a shield was caught off guard when they saw his team backing away alongside them. Sparrow's people moved even faster, maintaining their defensive stances, leaving the group uncertain if they were guarding against the approaching zombie horde or them.

One thing became clear: they were trapped, stuck between the relentless zombies and Sparrow's formidable team.

No matter what unfolded, it was clear that the group would bear the brunt of the situation—not Sparrow's team, nor the zombies trailing them. As they backed away, Sparrow carefully led his people toward safety, ensuring they avoided the path they had originally taken. The last thing he wanted was for these opportunists to exploit the safe route his team had discovered.

Instead, Sparrow subtly guided them in a different direction, making it appear as though he was retreating from both the zombies and the other group. He didn't need to wait and see what their intentions were—it was already obvious, and he had no time for mind games.

The moment he spotted an open warehouse, he immediately picked up his pace, tapping into his true agility as a level 1 superhuman, leaving everyone behind, including his own team.

Sparrow's team didn't panic. They were used to his sudden moves, but the other group was caught off guard. Stunned, several stumbled when Sparrow abruptly vanished from sight. Unprepared, those who fell became easy prey for the approaching horde.

Panic rippled through the group as they lost three members in an instant. Screams of curses and anger filled the air, but their outbursts only fueled the zombies' frenzy. Worse, their noise attracted even more undead, with zombies now emerging from other corners, closing in fast.

Sparrow's team couldn't tell if the group was intentionally attracting more zombies or if they were just too reckless to realize the danger. Either way, there was no time to dwell on it. With Sparrow off scouting for a safer spot, his team kept pace, skillfully maneuvering to keep the group from overtaking them while staying ahead of the horde.

They ensured the other group remained cornered, unable to use them as a shield again.

Sparrow's team ensured there was no opportunity for the group to overtake them. Maintaining their protective formation from the moment they crossed the fences, they kept the STAU safe within their circle.