

## Apocalypse 359

### Chapter 359 Supply Run 3

As Sparrow jumped, the pressure and the tight grip from the five clinging to him made him feel intensely uncomfortable. He could barely move; his arms were squeezed, his neck was choked, and his torso was compressed under their combined weight.

He was stunned by the strength these men could muster when terrified; it felt as though he was done for. He could barely breathe, with the person clinging to his back gripping his neck like an anaconda. Each breath was a struggle as his lungs were squeezed of air.

He was so overwhelmed by the five clinging to him that he couldn't even muster a curse. Reaching his wit's end, he increased his speed, jumping from elevated areas and gliding down with his wind ability.

The five's panicked screams drew the zombies' attention, causing them to swarm and search the port's vicinity for the source of the noise. However, since Sparrow was airborne, the zombies could only scramble aimlessly below.

Soon, Sparrow landed on the roof of the third floor of the third warehouse he had initially explored. However, the five were so terrified that they clung to him desperately, even as he touched down.

As Sparrow tried to shake them off, one of them rolled dangerously close to the edge. Reacting swiftly, Sparrow conjured a whirlwind to arrest the person's fall and hurried over to pull him back to safety.

Sparrow felt like he was babysitting a group of toddlers, unsure whether to laugh or cry at the scene before him. He waited patiently for the five to calm down and regain their composure before they could proceed to gather the supplies.

Despite his dwindling patience, he managed to hold back, allowing them the full half-hour they needed to settle down and prepare for the next phase of their mission.

By the time the five finally stood up, Sparrow's forehead was creased with veins and his lips were tightly pursed. He resisted the urge to voice his frustration. This slow pace was a stark contrast to his usual swift movements on missions, and it unsettled him.

If he had their abilities, he could have completed this mission single-handedly and in record time, without needing to rely on anyone else.

Alas, Sparrow lacked a Space Type ability or the multifaceted powers his master possessed, who wielded three different elemental abilities. 'Oh, how I envy them!' he grumbled to himself as he put on his night vision goggles. The others followed suit, and he instructed them to cling to him once more so he could carry them down.

Before they could come closer, Sparrow shot them a warning look. Though the five were puzzled by the expression, they instinctively loosened their grip on him compared to their earlier vice-like hold.

With a swift jump, Sparrow and the five STAU landed on the warehouse floor. The five looked around in astonishment at the towering stacks of boxes. Sparrow kept a vigilant eye on them, ready to leap into action at the first sign of trouble.

The five quickly forgot their earlier fear of hovering above the zombies outside as their focus shifted entirely to the supplies around them. Following Sparrow's instructions, they began gathering boxes of boxes of canned corned beef, spam, pickles, canned corn, beans, fruits, and more.

They also collected instant noodles, flour, salt, sugar, rice, and cooking utensils, eager to make the most of the bounty before them.

They also made sure to grab chocolates and candies for the kids back at the base. They stocked up on pancake batter, maple syrup, canned tuna, and a variety of other essentials. The five STAU were soon packed to the brim, every inch of space filled with supplies, and they only stopped once they could fit no more.

Sparrow also reminded them to collect a variety of alcohol, useful for both drinking and cooking. They made sure to stock up on these essential items, ensuring that even if the eastern port were to be compromised, they would have no regrets.

They prioritized these crucial supplies, knowing that medical supplies would be less beneficial due to their evolving bodies; the medicines they had would only be suitable for regular humans.

With their current stock of medicine already substantial, they didn't prioritize it for this trip. They decided that after their third or fourth return, they could focus on gathering more medical supplies. For now, they needed to compile a list of additional essentials to ensure they covered all their needs.

After loading the cargo trailer with all their supplies, the six of them exited the warehouse the same way they entered. The five braced themselves once again, clinging to Sparrow, but this time with less fervor.

The chilling cold of Sparrow's warning glare had them fearing he might throw them off if they did piss him off. They didn't want to test his patience and thus clung to him with a newfound restraint, even

pretending to be as still and compliant as possible, they could even pretend to be dead as much as possible if they needed to be just so Sparrow wouldn't feel their presence.

Just like before, Sparrow leaped from one elevated platform to another, Hulk-style, using his whirlwind whenever the distance seemed too far, keeping them safely above the zombie-infested ground. Despite his efforts, the five still hadn't shaken off their fear, squealing like frightened children as they soared up and down, clinging to him with each jump.

Those waiting in the forest could hear the loud screams echoing through the air and couldn't help but laugh, knowing the group was safe and returning. Someone even yelled for their "mommy," mixed with the sound of sobbing, which only added to the humor.

When Sparrow finally landed at the forest's edge, his ears ringing from all the noise, Clyde and Fred were once again there, waiting for them with amused expressions.

Clyde chuckled as he watched Sparrow shaking his head, trying to clear the buzzing in his ears from all the screaming. With a tired sigh, Sparrow peeled off the guys clinging to him like koalas.

Despite their earlier resolve not to latch onto him so tightly, the moment Sparrow leaped into the air, their grips tightened bit by bit. Sparrow could only roll his eyes in exasperation.

As much as he was tempted to toss them off, he refrained—Kisha would surely punish him if her "precious treasures" ended up with even a single scratch.

Now that his mission was complete, Sparrow could finally rest for the remainder of the night. He planned to set off before dawn, ensuring they'd return to the base as quickly as possible.

Clyde and the others noticed the exhaustion etched on Sparrow's face, so they chose not to bother him further. Quietly, they all returned to camp, careful not to start a campfire that might attract attention from other survivors around Port City or nearby.

While cooking, they used a lidded grill and kept the soup tightly covered to avoid any smoke or light escaping as well as the smell of cooked food that might travel through the wind, ensuring they stayed unnoticed.

They weren't too worried about zombies roaming the forest late at night, but their real concern was other survivors sneaking in to investigate. If anyone found their camp, it could lead to unwanted conflict or even a battle.

After ensuring everything was in order, they took turns standing guard, rotating shifts so that everyone could get the rest they desperately needed.