

Apocalypse 420

Chapter 420 Sparrow In Another Predicament

Duke's leadership over the warriors ensured the mission ran smoothly.

With the support of the drones, they were able to map out safer routes, allowing them to move forward with minimal interference from zombie attacks.

Under Duke's guidance, the warriors also learned how to move more stealthily, picking up techniques to conceal their presence.

They began to mimic Duke's skill in staying undetected, so much so that even when he walked right behind a zombie, it failed to notice him.

This newfound ability significantly reduced their exposure to danger, enhancing their chances of survival in every encounter.

Although mimicking Duke's technique was challenging, the warriors put in their best effort to figure it out.

They were fortunate, however, as Duke provided them with small hints to help them develop their own methods for reducing their presence.

He understood that everyone was built differently, and what worked for him might not work for others.

Duke's approach allowed each warrior to find their own unique way of staying undetected, rather than forcing them to follow his exact steps.

This flexibility made all the difference in their progress.

After dozens of trials and errors, some of the warriors with higher potential managed to partially conceal their presence, significantly easing their journey.

As their stealth improved, they encountered fewer threats, allowing them to navigate the city with minimal combat.

This newfound ability made their reconnaissance mission far more efficient, as they could move through the streets almost unnoticed, focusing on gathering crucial information rather than constant fighting.

While everything was running smoothly for Duke, the same couldn't be said for Sparrow.

In fact, calling his situation "fine" would be an understatement—he and his entire team were in deep trouble.

The sight in front of him made his stomach twist, and in frustration, he scratched the back of his head, trying to steady his breathing.

The pressure was mounting, and it was clear they had a serious challenge ahead.

"What?! You think we wouldn't retaliate after you killed my people and left the others on the brink of death?!" the leader of the opposing group shouted, his voice thick with rage.

He tapped a spiked bat against his shoulder, each movement calculated for intimidation.

The nails embedded in the bat glinted menacingly, as if echoing his fury, while his stance and every action screamed of a desire for confrontation.

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Sparrow and his team had successfully gathered everything they needed from Port City.

Like their first visit, they secured ten cargo trailers from the western side of the port and decided to rest on the eastern side to gather more supplies before heading back to the base the next day.

However, unlike last time, they no longer had the protection of the Scarlet Bees.

This left Sparrow as the only scout responsible for monitoring their perimeter, while he assigned guards to maintain constant patrols.

Though the process was more tedious than their previous trip, everyone understood Sparrow's caution.

His meticulousness was necessary to ensure they weren't being followed or would be ambushed.

What Sparrow didn't realize was that during their first visit to Port City, when the Scarlet Bees were still protecting them, there had been an unseen threat.

On the night he left with the five STAU, a group of assailants had attempted a sneak attack on his team.

Unbeknownst to him, the Scarlet Bees had swiftly eliminated the attackers before they could strike, silently keeping his team safe from harm while he was away.

And who were these attackers?

None other than the same group Sparrow and his team had encountered earlier on the western side of the city.

This was the group that had tried to use Sparrow's people as a distraction, tossing the zombies on their tail towards them, hoping to escape in the chaos.

However, Sparrow had quickly turned the tables, leaving them to fend for themselves once more, already exhausted from their own desperate attempts to survive.

In the end, the opposing group had no choice but to sacrifice some of their own members to ensure the majority could escape.

But, of course, no one in their right mind would willingly volunteer to be the one sacrificed.

Faced with the impossible decision, tension, and fear tore through their ranks as they desperately tried to save themselves, knowing that survival would come at a heavy cost.

But when no one volunteered to act as bait and be devoured by the zombies while the rest fled, the same person who had originally devised the plan to use Sparrow and his team as a meat shield took matters into her own hands.

Without hesitation, she coldly resorted to sacrificing their own members.

She shot five of her teammates in the legs with her shotgun, rendering them unable to run, leaving them as helpless distractions for the approaching horde while the rest made their escape.

The others were left stunned by this shocking act, but in their desperation to save their own lives, they convinced themselves it was the only way to ensure the majority's survival.

Morality had long since been cast aside; if they had retained any sense of ethics, they would never have considered using Sparrow and his team as bait to the zombies chasing them.

Survival trumped all else, and the harsh reality of their situation forced them to embrace a cold pragmatism that they never thought they would resort to.

As the remaining members of the group managed to escape from the horde, the desperate cries of their sacrificed teammates echoed behind them.

The pitiful, hoarse pleas for help fell on deaf ears as the unfortunate five crawled away, only to be caught and torn apart by the zombies that seized them.

Their sacrifices had been enough to distract the horde, causing the zombies to turn on each other in a frenzy, fighting for the feast laid out before them.

Meanwhile, the main group, now free from immediate danger, pressed on, burdened by the weight of their choices.

Once the main group managed to catch their breath in the forest near the western edge, they lingered for a while, ensuring no zombies remained in the vicinity.

They were running low on ammunition, and the weight of their recent actions hung heavily in the air, unspoken but palpable.

Grudges simmered against Sparrow; they believed that if their plan had succeeded, there would have been no need to sacrifice their own.

With this resentment festering, they decided to follow Sparrow and his team.

However, when they finally found them, they discovered that Sparrow had trucks and another group waiting further down the road.

At that moment, they felt a flicker of relief that they hadn't acted impulsively, for had they attacked, they would have faced certain death.

Instead of confronting Sparrow, they decided to trail his team to the eastern side of Port City.

Initially, panic set in as they feared that Sparrow and his group might leave the City for good, leaving them without a chance for revenge.

But when they saw Sparrow and his team head toward the eastern side, a wave of relief washed over them.

They exchanged glances, their spirits lifting as they realized their opportunity was still intact.

Waiting patiently for darkness to envelop the city, they plotted their next move, eager to exact their revenge under the cover of night.

