

## **Apocalypse 422**

### Chapter 422 Sparrow Was Blamed

Just when it seemed like her fate was sealed, she was fortuitously discovered and rescued by her own team.

They had been anxiously searching for her after she and her group failed to return from their patrol outside the safety of their territory.

Her luck had turned, and in a twist of fate, she found herself back in the company of her allies, ready to regroup and seek vengeance for the chaos that had unfolded.

When the woman regained consciousness, fueled by sheer will, she mustered her remaining strength to fabricate a lie.

This was her way of assuaging her hatred and ensuring that Sparrow would face consequences.

In her mind, if Sparrow hadn't provoked her, she wouldn't have ambushed him and his team, leading to the horrific encounter with the deadly bees that claimed her entire crew.

Redirecting all blame to Sparrow and his team, she provided their descriptions to the shelter leader, a righteous and protective figure who, without question, accepted her account despite its many inconsistencies.

And that's how they found themselves in this predicament.

The opposing leader, a former underworld boss accustomed to brawls and skirmishes, had barred Sparrow and his team from leaving Port City.

With many people now looking to him for protection, he considered them his own.

Any harm inflicted upon his people was viewed as a direct challenge to his authority, one he would not take lightly.

So now, back to the present...

After observing Sparrow's trucks traveling along the routes specified by the woman they had recently rescued from the brink of death, the shelter leader of Port City quickly took action.

With unwavering resolve, he and his formidable team of gangs and former mafia members positioned themselves to block Sparrow's path as they exited the Eastern Part, determined to prevent their passage.

The leader and his men were acutely aware of the dangers lurking on the Eastern side of Port City.

That area had once been their refuge until a stormy night unleashed a relentless wave of infected, overwhelming their defenses and turning their sanctuary into a nightmarish battleground.

The memories of that chaotic night still haunted them, as the zombies had surged forward like a ravenous pack of wolves, leaving destruction in their wake.

Knowing the dangers that lurked on the Eastern side, the shelter leader understood that Sparrow's return to that part of their territory meant one of two things: either Sparrow was trying to devise a way to navigate past the zombies trapped within the Eastern Warehouse, or they had successfully acquired the supplies stored there.

If it was the latter, the leader felt justified in his instincts to reclaim what rightfully belonged to his people.

After all, those supplies were not merely goods; they represented hope and survival for his community.

When they halted Sparrow and his team from leaving, their eyes sparkled with eager anticipation.

They fixated on Sparrow's truck, eager to uncover the extent of the supplies he and his group had managed to gather.

The prospect of valuable resources ignited their curiosity and excitement, fueling their determination to inspect the contents without delay.

After all, the woman, the sole survivor of her team, had claimed that she and her group were drawn to the forest by the tantalizing aroma of cooked meat wafting through the air before they were mercilessly slaughtered by the gigantic bees.

She cleverly concealed her actions, framing them as an innocent mistake for venturing into that part of the city, while allowing her team to meet such a tragic fate.

By twisting the narrative, she cast herself as the victim and portrayed Sparrow and his companions as the true villains.

This was also why the leader of the Port City shelter refrained from approaching the Eastern part directly and allowed Sparrow and his team to enter.

Instead of outright stopping them before they reached the city or as they were leaving the Western Warehouse, he wanted to ascertain whether Sparrow and his team would be attacked by the gigantic bees or if the threat had dissipated. In a way, he was using Sparrow and his team as bait and guinea pigs to test the waters.

In all of this, the leader saw countless opportunities in this encounter with Sparrow.

However, he underestimated Sparrow's capabilities, failing to realize that Sparrow was not someone to be trifled with.

This mission had been entrusted to him by his Young Madam, and the people with him were also valued by her.

Thus, seeing someone gaze at them as if they were a piece of meat after a long hunger grated on Sparrow's nerves.

His eyes twitched as he fought the urge to punch someone on the spot.

He knew he couldn't just indiscriminately attack or kill everyone he encountered.

As Kisha pointed out, the number of humans who survived the initial zombie transformation was already alarmingly low.

With the impending blood rains and zombie raids, that number would dwindle even further.

Given that territorial disputes and supply shortages were becoming increasingly inevitable, he realized that continuous fighting and killing could ultimately lead to a situation where they might become the last remaining human survivors if things continued on this path.

Sparrow took a deep breath, forcing himself to remain composed as he listened to the other party's leader.

The leader's voice was filled with outrage as he shouted, "What?! Do you really think we wouldn't retaliate after you killed my people and left the others on the brink of death?!"

Confusion was etched on Sparrow's face as he stepped out of the truck, with Evelyn and Rose flanking him like vigilant guards.

Behind them, Clyde and Reeve held radios, ready to communicate with the rest of the warriors if the situation turned hostile.

Fred and his team remained on standby, awaiting Sparrow's signal while scanning the surroundings for any signs of an ambush.

They were acutely aware that the opposing party could attempt a pincer attack, so not everyone exited the vehicle.

Fred, a former S.W.A.T. personnel, understood the importance of maintaining a secure rear, which is why Sparrow had left them to guard the convoy's flank.

As Rose and Evelyn stepped out alongside Sparrow, the men surrounding the Port City leader let out appreciative whistles, their eyes gleaming with mischief.

They scanned the two women hungrily, nearly drooling at the sight of clean figures, free from dirt or zombie blood, a stark contrast to the grim looks of the women from their own shelter.

"I call dibs on that fierce and beautiful woman!" one of the men exclaimed, pointing eagerly at Rose while licking his lips, unabashedly revealing his lust for her.

"Then, leader, I want the other woman! Her big breasts really turn me on! Ha ha ha!" One of the muscular men standing behind the leader chimed in.

Their crude remarks only fueled Sparrow's team's anger, making them feel more like livestock being auctioned off than human beings.

Sparrow gritted his teeth in frustration, his anger boiling beneath the surface; their blatant disrespect was a clear insult not just to his companions but to him as their leader.

Before Sparrow could respond, the leader of the opposing party barked, "SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTH!"