

Apocalypse 423

Chapter 423 Sparrow Refuting Their Accusation

Sparrow remained unfazed by the chaos erupting among the opposing party; his expression was grim and cold.

He was already weighing the possibility of eliminating those in front of him.

However, before making that decision, he needed to clarify their claims about his supposed involvement in their people's deaths—after all, he had only killed zombies, not humans when he got to Port City.

"Hey, fuckers! Are you really accusing me of killing your people? Is it because I took out the zombies in your territory?" Sparrow questioned, his voice chillingly devoid of emotion.

However, the members of the opposing group dismissed his demeanor, convinced they had already gathered all the information they needed.

But their leader continued, "No! You killed the survivors from my shelter. Here's the deal: either you surrender all your supplies and leave some of your people as compensation for our losses, or you all die, and we'll still take everything from your trucks, including the vehicles."

"Leader! How can you even consider letting them live? They killed our people!" one of the men shouted, his anger boiling over. He couldn't believe their leader would contemplate sparing Sparrow's team.

The rest of the group shared his disbelief, expecting their leader to avenge their fallen comrades by taking down the intruders and claiming both their supplies and women.

"Why would we kill them? It's not as if they commanded those gigantic bees," the leader whispered back to his subordinates.

"But she mentioned encountering this group in the Western part of the city and using our people as bait! Isn't that already cruel enough?" one of the men protested, frustration evident in his voice.

"That's right! Why are you even considering letting them go? Do you really think that's a wise decision? Don't forget, there are those coveting your position, just waiting for you to make a wrong move before they strike!"

"That's a different issue altogether! Listen, if we engage in a fight with these people, we'll be the only ones to suffer. I have a strong feeling that they could wipe us out completely..."

The leader said through gritted teeth, his gaze fixed on Sparrow as he felt a chill run down his spine under Sparrow's piercing stare, which seemed to regard them as little more than prey.

"Moreover, we can't be certain that they were the ones who killed our people..." the leader added.

"Are you implying that one of our own is lying and blaming the innocent? We've faced life-and-death situations together and know each other's character by now. From what I've seen, she doesn't strike me as the kind of person who would do that!"

One of the muscular men protested, defending the woman who was still bedridden at their shelter after enduring so much and witnessing the annihilation of her entire team.

Sparrow, who had remained silent until now, finally spoke up. "If you're referring to a group led by a woman with a bob haircut and tanned skin, I didn't lay a finger on her or her team."

"They attempted to use me and my team as bait, trying to lead the zombies straight to us. All I did was redirect the zombies back to them and ensured my people were hidden in a safe spot. Their fate was in their own hands, not mine."

"If anything, I should be the one asking for compensation for the danger they put me and my team in, along with the psychological trauma it caused us."

Evelyn and Rose exchanged incredulous glances, their expressions reflecting a mix of skepticism and a swirl of other emotions, as if Sparrow had just sprouted a second head.

'Who endangered who?' Rose mused, raising an eyebrow as she scrutinized Sparrow's back.

'Captain's just spinning a web of lies without even batting an eye, huh?' Evelyn thought, doing her best to keep her skepticism from showing on her face.

However, Clyde and Reeve wore expressions of bewilderment.

Despite standing close to Sparrow, they had to shout to be heard by the opposing party.

They couldn't help but wonder how Sparrow had known what they were discussing.

Was it sheer instinct, or did he piece it together from the fact that they only encountered so little population of survivors in Port City? These people included.

The opposing party shared Clyde and Reeve's curiosity, pondering how Sparrow seemed to know their thoughts.

The answer was both: not only was Sparrow naturally pieced everything together, but he also possessed his "Hawk Eyesight" gift.

Despite the distance, he could clearly see their expressions and the movement of their lips, allowing him to read their conversations even as they whispered among themselves.

After all, their leader had not once looked away as he spoke in hushed tones to his subordinates.

It was as if he was inviting Sparrow to read his lips and understand their conversation.

While the other party was still grappling with his unexpected response, Sparrow continued, his tone firm but measured.

"I can't say what happened to your people after we parted ways, but let me make this clear: I won't hesitate to defend myself and my team against anyone who threatens us."

"That said, if there are those among you who understand the importance of coexistence and choose not to provoke us, we can certainly go about our business without conflict."

"We don't seek to harm anyone, but we will protect ourselves if necessary. It's simple: respect our boundaries, and we'll respect yours."

He glanced at his team, ensuring they were ready for whatever might come next.

Sparrow's eyes scanned the faces of the opposing group, searching for signs of understanding or hostility.

He knew that in a world like theirs, cooperation was often a rare commodity, but he was willing to offer it—if they were willing to accept it.

"I don't care whether you choose to believe my claims," Sparrow continued, his voice dripping with mock indifference.

"I didn't think to strap on a body camera to document my daily activities, so I have no evidence to prove my innocence."

"But let's not forget that your people are also quick to cast judgment and put me in a difficult position without any real proof. It's a double-edged sword."

His demeanor shifted, adopting the cold and unyielding tone he had learned from Duke and Kisha.

He had seen how effectively they navigated tense situations, often wielding their aloofness like a weapon.

It was a strategy he now emulated, understanding that sometimes detachment was the best way to handle confrontation.

Sparrow's gaze sharpened as he scanned the opposing group. "You may want retribution for perceived slights, but that path leads to further chaos. If you truly wish to protect your people, consider the consequences of your actions."

"Escalating hostilities will only leave us both worse off. So, I suggest we keep things civil and focus on surviving in this unforgiving world, instead of seeking revenge based on misunderstandings."

His words hung in the air, a challenge wrapped in an offer of peace. He hoped they would recognize the wisdom in his approach, even if they might not fully understand his position.

The leader of the opposing group found himself at a loss for words, unable to refute Sparrow's claims of innocence.