

Apocalypse 424

Chapter 424 Sparrow The Shameless

The palpable bloodlust radiating from Sparrow made it clear that he was more than capable of taking them all on if it came to that.

The leader sensed the underlying tension in the air, feeling the weight of Sparrow's unspoken challenge.

It was evident that Sparrow was willing to kill if necessary, yet he was also extending an olive branch, framing the situation as a misunderstanding.

The leader grappled with conflicting thoughts.

Part of him recognized the opportunity Sparrow was offering—a chance for both sides to avoid unnecessary bloodshed.

However, a nagging doubt crept into his mind.

Was this merely a ploy, a form of reverse psychology designed to allow Sparrow and his team to escape accountability for their actions?

After all, it was he who had initially issued the threat, and Sparrow's cold response could just as easily be interpreted as a counter-threat.

Caught in this mental tug-of-war, the leader weighed the risks.

Could he afford to trust someone with such a fierce personality?

Or would backing down now only embolden Sparrow and his team to take advantage of the situation?

The uncertainty churned within him as he considered the potential consequences of either choice.

The leader of the opposing group wasn't indecisive; rather, he found himself torn between protecting his people and grappling with the inconsistencies in the woman's account of her team's annihilation.

If Sparrow's words were true, and the woman had claimed they first encountered him and his team at the Western warehouse while her group was obliterated by the gigantic bees in the Eastern forest, it suggested that her desire for revenge stemmed from Sparrow's actions in the Western warehouse.

Unfortunately, that quest for vengeance had led them to a far worse fate against the terrifying bees, creatures capable of shredding them like butter on a hot knife.

As he began to think critically about the situation, his face drained of color in horror.

He realized he had been inadvertently offending unknown individuals with mysterious backgrounds, all while lacking the full story.

It dawned on him that Sparrow's demeanor—his confidence in walking away unscathed and his apparent ease in threatening their lives—made it seem all too likely that he was indeed speaking the truth.

However, he couldn't simply back down; he had too many plans in motion. His primary concern was the growing hunger among the people in his shelter, who were surviving day by day while risking their lives on supply runs around Port City.

Each foray was fraught with danger, and casualties were increasing as more people fell prey to zombies.

Some residents were too terrified to venture outside, resorting to eating tree bark to stave off starvation, while others clung to the hope that the government would eventually devise a better strategy to eradicate the zombie threat and come to their rescue.

The leader found himself at a loss. He considered blackmailing Sparrow to secure some much-needed supplies, but the fear of Sparrow annihilating his entire group loomed large in his mind.

While he had no desire to confront Sparrow's team, the weight of his responsibilities as a leader—where the lives of his people rested on his shoulders—was overwhelming.

He wasn't a saint; he had already taken countless lives during the more peaceful days when society was still governed by law.

However, given the current circumstances, he was increasingly aware that the zombie population had swelled alarmingly compared to the number of human survivors.

If he allowed more people to die or turn into zombies, it would significantly decrease his own chances of survival.

Right now, there was a glimmer of hope in their numbers; they could work together to fend off the relentless hordes that came knocking at their doors.

But if he were left alone, the weight of the situation might overwhelm him—both mentally and physically.

It was only now that he began to truly appreciate the value of human life, and he was starting to atone for the atrocities he had committed in the past.

This newfound awareness fueled his protectiveness toward his people and drove him to manage the shelter with utmost dedication—so different from the way he had once operated his cartel and various other businesses under his name.

However, in his eagerness to trust his people completely, he failed to recognize that she had deceived him, leading him to offend someone who appeared to be a war veteran.

While he was lost in thoughts about all he had endured with his most loyal men, Sparrow's voice pulled him back to reality.

"Move!" His voice was calm yet laced with malice, delivering an ultimatum: if they didn't clear his path, Sparrow would no longer be polite and would ensure that anyone who obstructed him would pay the price.

The Leader of Port City instinctively stepped aside, leaving his own people stunned.

The commotion had begun to attract the attention of nearby zombies, and they had no choice but to hasten their actions. With urgency, the Leader barked out orders to his team.

"We're heading back to the shelter!" His command stunned his entire team.

They had ventured out with the hope of securing valuable supplies from this skirmish, but now it seemed they would return empty-handed.

Many members were unwilling to accept this disappointing outcome.

"Boss! What about the supplies they took from the Eastern Warehouse? Those belong to Port City, and we're the only ones entitled to them!" one man exclaimed through gritted teeth, a wicked glint flashing in his eyes.

He had been loyal to his leader for years, steadfast even when some members defected and began eyeing his boss's position.

His loyalty stemmed from his unwavering belief in his leader's remarkable talent for guiding them to victory, especially in territorial disputes and gang wars.

But now, his leader was acting like a coward in front of an outsider who resembled a pretty boy. He loathed it; he despised seeing his boss appear so weak.

This vulnerability could easily be exploited by their rivals within the shelter.

The man glanced at his boss, who was already in his late forties, and felt a surge of frustration.

'Maybe he's getting senile with age, or perhaps he has simply passed his prime and lost the confidence he once had. It's as if he's easily intimidated now, which could explain why he's ignoring the threats looming over the shelter.'

Standing at the back of the open truck, the man glanced at his boss once more, a resolute decision forming in his mind.

He no longer believed that following his former boss was the best choice, especially with the world having devolved into chaos.

His boss's newfound softness felt akin to a tiger losing its teeth and claws in old age.

In this time when danger lurked around every corner, they needed a stronger, fiercer leader more than ever.

He silently signaled for some of his men to move in and subdue Sparrow. The priority was to seize the supplies from him before addressing the latter part of his plan; now wasn't the right time to confront that decision.

But before he and his crew could act, Sparrow spoke up again. "If you're after supplies, you should head to the Eastern Warehouse. It's true that my team and I intended to retrieve some supplies from there, but the entire place is sealed off, swarming with thousands of zombies. How could my team and I possibly get inside and extract any supplies without being noticed?" Sparrow posed the question, challenging their intentions.