

Apocalypse 425

Chapter 425 Sparrow The Shameless 2

Upon hearing Sparrow's words, Clyde, Reeve, Rose, and even Evelyn exchanged incredulous glances.

'How can he lie through his teeth without even breaking a sweat?' Rose wondered, struggling to suppress the twitch at the corner of her mouth.

'He must have been a conman even before the apocalypse,' Clyde thought, astonished by how effortlessly Sparrow spun his web of lies without betraying a single expression.

'He really chose the wrong profession,' he added mentally, doing his best to maintain a neutral facade.

Reeve and Evelyn struggled to mask their reactions, their expressions betraying a mix of disbelief and shock.

They couldn't help but find Sparrow utterly shameless, especially as he claimed they couldn't retrieve any supplies from the Eastern warehouse.

It was ironic, considering he had already raided the third warehouse and was planning to keep at it every time they returned for the cargo trailer.

Just last night, he had been urging the five STAU to push themselves in training, insisting they continue well into the early hours to reach Level 1 as quickly as possible.

This would allow them to increase the capacity of their portable space, enabling them to store more cargo trailers and supplies.

However, his question also caused the opposing party to pause and think.

They were the ones who had sealed off the Eastern Warehouse, which had once served as a refuge for thousands of survivors who had fled to the Eastern Port seeking safety.

Back then, supplies were never a concern because they had everything they needed stored there.

The people managing the Eastern Warehouse had welcomed them, allowing them to use it as their shelter while they waited for the government to intervene and send in the military.

The current leader of the Port City Shelter had initially come to the area to oversee his smuggling operations, unaware that the apocalypse was about to unfold.

Seeking refuge in the Eastern Warehouse, he and his entourage initially resorted to intimidation to assert control over the desperate survivors.

However, as they observed the large number of women, children, and elderly individuals in the shelter, the leader softened his approach.

This change in demeanor was also influenced by the fact that, after a week, no help had arrived to assist them.

He believed that they were all in this together, fostering a spirit of kindness among one another.

By doing so, they could create a stronger community, united in their efforts to watch each other's backs against a common enemy.

It was astonishing to think that someone had been bitten yet chose to hide this crucial information out of fear of being killed, just like the others who had perished.

This single act of cowardice ultimately led to the entire Eastern Warehouse falling into the hands of the zombies.

In the chaos, there was a desperate reluctance to abandon the valuable supplies stored within the warehouse.

Concerned that outsiders or rival factions might seize the opportunity to claim those resources, someone made the fateful decision to seal off the warehouse as they fled.

The consequences were devastating.

Those who managed to escape were numbered in the hundreds, but they had lost countless lives due to the rampant spread of infection that had breached their defenses.

The once-thriving shelter became a haunting reminder of their failure, filled with memories of the lives lost and the trust shattered.

The weight of their decisions hung heavily over the survivors.

Now that Sparrow had brought up the state of the Eastern Warehouse again, it stirred a wave of memories among the group.

Although they were the ones who had sealed off the warehouse with plans to return later, those intentions had never materialized.

The moment they opened the gates, they knew a horde of zombies would surge out, and anyone attempting to do so would likely face certain death.

No one was eager to take on that dangerous task.

Instead, they chose to push the supplies from the Eastern Warehouse to the back of their minds, focusing on their remaining options to scavenge the city for what they could find.

This attitude of avoidance led to a chilling reality: many of their own had grown cowardly, unwilling to risk their lives for a supply run.

The current leader, burdened by the responsibility of his people, was the only one genuinely concerned about the situation.

His worry, however, bred discontent among his followers. Many began to perceive him as soft and indecisive, attributing his caution to the apocalypse's toll on his spirit.

They felt that in a world where survival was paramount, their leader's reluctance to make bold moves was a sign of weakness, jeopardizing their chance for survival in an increasingly dangerous landscape.

"If you're genuinely curious about whether I managed to secure any supplies, feel free to check the Eastern Warehouse. You might find something has changed or discover a safer route around," Sparrow challenged, a smirk playing on his lips.

Deep down, he was well aware that every inch of the Eastern Warehouse was swarming with zombies.

They had completely overrun the place, and before anyone could take a single step further, they would find themselves surrounded by the relentless horde trapped within the perimeter.

Moreover, Sparrow was certain they wouldn't notice anything unusual just by inspecting the perimeter.

He had been sneaking in and out of the warehouses through an open window on the third floor, a method so stealthy that no one would suspect how he managed to avoid the zombies lurking below.

He hadn't disturbed any of the undead in the vicinity, leaving no corpses behind to give away his movements.

"If you didn't come for our supplies, then why are you even wandering around Port City? Wasn't it just to scavenge for supplies?" one of the burly men beside the shelter leader interjected, struggling to understand Sparrow's presence there.

"I'd be lying if I said I wasn't considering the supplies in the Eastern warehouse, but no matter how hard I looked, that place seems completely impenetrable. Besides, I came here for the machines in the Western warehouse; I was just testing my luck on the other side," Sparrow said, casually shrugging his shoulders as if it were no big deal.

Clyde stifled a cough, clenching his fist in front of his lips to hide the smirk threatening to escape.

He found it amusing how easily Sparrow spun his lies, and they all knew no one could confirm the truth of his claims.

Ironically, it just so happened that they had indeed taken some forklifts and construction materials from the Western Warehouse, which made Sparrow's assertions feel less like total nonsense.

Clyde couldn't tell if Sparrow was genuinely gathering supplies to bring back to their base or if he had anticipated someone questioning him, using this as a convenient cover for his frequent visits to Port City.

After all, Aston had already warned them about the shelters nearby, making it entirely plausible that others were keeping a watchful eye on Sparrow's team's movements in the area.

Moreover, it was undeniable that they needed these supplies, as there were numerous ongoing construction projects and renovations taking place at the base.

The opposing group still had countless questions and couldn't let Sparrow's team walk away so easily, but the growing horde of zombies left little room for further discussion.

Sparrow tapped the front of the truck with his hand and declared, "We're leaving!" He shot a pointed glare at the other party, a silent challenge that warned,

'Try to stop me and see what happens.'