

## **Apocalypse 438**

### Chapter 438 Low Ammunition

Sparrow effortlessly jumped down from the driver's seat and gave a firm, loud tap on the side of the truck, signaling everyone inside to disembark.

As soon as Sparrow tapped on the truck, Zeus leaped out from the back with boundless energy, bouncing up and down as its paws hit the ground, as though it were relishing the feel of solid earth after the long ride.

"Master, master! Zeus is back!" came the excited voice through Kisha's mindlink. Zeus was practically shouting with joy.

Kisha didn't need to wait for Aston's report to know Sparrow had arrived. She simply chuckled to herself, savoring her quiet time in the study as she waited for them to come.

The other trucks had also made it through the gate, and the gatekeeper, along with the two stationed at either side, began pushing the massive doors shut.

However, a few zombies managed to slip through the cracks as the soldiers atop the wall struggled with empty weapons, their ammunition depleted.

Face-to-face with the undead, the gatekeeper and the two soldiers took deep, shaky breaths, their panic barely held in check.

Despite their fear, they remembered their duty as soldiers.

Drawing their daggers, they fought to defend themselves, but for every zombie they cut down, two more surged through, overwhelming their efforts.

The soldiers halted from closing the door because the zombie just surged in, Sparrow, instantly noticing what was happening, immediately jumped in to help, to avoid hurting his people, he didn't use his wind blade as his wind blade doesn't have eyes, so it would easily cleave through anything in its path, including the soldiers.

With this in mind, Sparrow swiftly drew his dagger and rushed to assist the gatekeeper and the two soldiers, who were visibly struggling to defend themselves.

The soldiers stationed atop the wall, realizing the urgency, abandoned their assault rifles and joined in to help contain the situation, hoping to close the gate before things spiraled further out of control.

Meanwhile, Kisha learned of the situation through Bell, who had been stationed along the wall.

However, she remained calm, confident that Sparrow could handle the threat without needing her intervention.

The rest of Sparrow's team quickly joined the fray, with Clyde being the most eager to help.

Without hesitation, he cleaved through the head of the nearest zombie, showing no fear.

With their combined efforts, the two soldiers managed to finally close the gate, sealing off the flood of zombies.

Sparrow, moving with practiced ease, stabbed his dagger into the skull of the remaining zombie that had slipped inside.

With a swift kick, he sent the lifeless body tumbling away, clearing the area.

Bang!

Bang!

Scratch-

The zombies locked outside the gate continued to bang and scratch at the metal, their long nails creating a grating sound that made everyone cringe.

The noise was unnerving, but Sparrow wasn't having any of it.

An accident had nearly occurred, and to think the soldiers had run out of ammunition at such a critical moment was unacceptable.

"Did none of you conduct an inventory check? How could the soldiers run out of ammo at a time like this? Don't you care about keeping backup magazines on hand?" Sparrow flared, frustration evident in his voice.

The gatekeeper stepped in quickly, eager to take responsibility and avoid deflecting blame onto anyone else.

The gatekeeper lowered his head in thought, allowing Sparrow to finish his tirade. It was understandable for Sparrow to be irritated after a long journey and a situation like this.

Fortunately, after venting, Sparrow began to calm down. He was relieved it had been him and his team facing this issue, rather than someone else; otherwise, there could have been a serious breach in their base.

He shuddered at the thought of how many lives might have been lost due to such a minor oversight.

"Tell me, why weren't you prepared?" Sparrow asked, his voice calmer and more measured this time, yet still laced with authority.

"Captain Sparrow, I apologize for this situation. We are currently conducting an inventory check on the base's ammunition and will report back to the City Lord once we're finished."

"We allocated all available ammunition from the warehouse to the four gates, and we believed this last batch would suffice to support you and your team as you entered," the gatekeeper explained, not attempting to conceal anything.

Sparrow fell into deep contemplation, realizing they should have seen this coming.

The soldiers often needed to fend off zombies while ensuring the safety of their people, and using firearms was the safest approach.

With the zombies still weak enough to be handled from a distance, they had assumed there was plenty of ammunition in the warehouse.

However, in their focus on the bigger picture, they overlooked this crucial detail.

Kisha had also heard about the situation from Bell. With a heavy sigh, she accepted that this oversight was partly her responsibility.

While it fell under Aston's jurisdiction, he had taken on the role of the base's butler, juggling multiple tasks, making it easy for him to overlook such details.

Everyone had been so focused on keeping the supply center stocked that they had forgotten the necessity of ammunition for the regular soldiers who hadn't awakened yet.

Most of the fighters had developed their abilities and no longer relied on firearms, causing this critical need to slip their minds.

Now, more than ever, the unawakened soldiers and survivors would feel insecure and less useful, highlighting the urgent need to equip them with weapons like guns for self-defense.

With a sigh, Kisha reached for the walkie-talkie clipped to her belt and radioed the Eastern Wall.

The gatekeeper's radio buzzed to life, causing him to hesitate for a moment, torn between answering it in front of Sparrow—while he was still being reprimanded—or waiting until they were safely inside the base. However, the urgency of Kisha's voice left him no choice.

"East Wall, do you copy? Over." Static crackled through the radio.

The gatekeeper glanced around, his expression incredulous. He couldn't shake the feeling that he was in trouble this time.

Sparrow, aware that Kisha was monitoring the situation, urged the gatekeeper to grab the radio and respond.

"Yes, City Lord, I hear you. Over."

"Good. Communicate with the other three gatekeepers and send some of your men to my villa in two hours to collect ammunition and spare firearms from my warehouse. I believe your supplies are running low for holding the front line, and I have some quality rifles available. After all, you soldiers are the backbone of this base, and it's only right that you're properly equipped. Keep up the great work."

Kisha's voice was cold and indifferent, yet her words resonated deeply with the soldiers.

Although they might not have awakened their abilities—or perhaps never would—they were still soldiers at heart.

Even though they were at a disadvantage compared to the warriors with awakened abilities, they refused to abandon their duties to protect the base.

This commitment is why they remained steadfast as the guards of the wall. Watching others grow stronger without relying on firearms often left them feeling insecure and inadequate.

Yet, no one voiced these concerns, aware that doing so could complicate matters and create a rift between the superhumans and the ordinary soldiers.