

Apocalypse 449

Chapter 449 Saving People

The five STAU, along with Evelyn and another team member, approached the seven individuals lying on the ground, each one gasping as if every breath might be their last.

Even with their eyes closed, the determination to survive was evident—they refused to give up.

Sparrow recognized them immediately; they were the same group that had intercepted his entourage the day before.

The older man, who looked the worst, was their leader—the one who had issued threats against him.

Sparrow's face darkened as he observed them.

He couldn't shake the feeling that their appearance in the Eastern Port was no accident.

They had come there deliberately, yet he sensed no malice from them.

Driven more by strategy than compassion, Sparrow decided to save them, knowing it was a chance to uncover what had led them there.

His instincts told him that, while they had arrived with purpose, it wasn't a threat to him or his team.

Their injuries didn't look like the work of zombies but rather inflicted by other humans, leading Sparrow to suspect they might have had a violent fallout with their own group and were fleeing, seeing Sparrow and his team as their only chance of survival.

But something about that didn't sit right with him.

If they had simply wanted help with an internal conflict, risking their lives to find him would have seemed unnecessary; their safety should still have been a priority.

The fact that they came this way despite their severe injuries suggested there was more at stake.

Or perhaps they truly had nowhere else safe to run, and Sparrow's camp in the Eastern forest was their only refuge.

Either way, speculation wouldn't solve anything.

Deciding it was better to ask them directly, Sparrow chose to save them first, then get to the truth of their intentions out from their mouth once they woke up.

After Sparrow's team uncorked the blue vials, they carefully opened the mouths of the injured men, administering the elixir without spilling a drop.

None of them felt it was a waste to use the precious blue liquid to save someone in need.

Unlike Kisha, who had endured countless betrayals, Sparrow's team still held onto a measure of hope in humanity, and compassion came naturally to them—especially to Evelyn, who had recently found a new purpose in life after adopting the baby Kisha had rescued.

When they spotted the seven people crawling out of the forest's edge during their patrol, leaving a long trail of blood behind them, Sparrow's team couldn't help but feel a pang of compassion.

They had no idea how far these people had crawled to reach them, but their desperate struggle was evident.

Despite the threats from the day before, Sparrow's team set aside any resentment, recognizing that these strangers were only trying to survive.

After all, while they themselves were secure within a well-equipped base, these people had clearly endured unimaginable hardship, making it all the more natural to extend a helping hand.

Since it felt only right to help those in need, Sparrow's team brought the injured strangers back, hoping to save them.

It was pure chance that Sparrow and the others returned at that moment.

Initially, they intended to rely solely on the medical kit, knowing the rarity and immense value of the blue vials of liquid, which were under Sparrow's care.

None dared suggest using them. But when Sparrow immediately chose to use the vials, it raised their respect for him even more.

After all, they had no idea how many of these life-saving concoctions they had, and they weren't something anyone could easily replace.

This strengthened their trust in Sparrow, deepening their sense of loyalty and respect for him.

Cough! Cough...

Cough...

The quietness of the open space was broken only by a chorus of coughing, each rasping breath echoing in the dim, flickering light of the lone lamp.

Everyone watched with a mix of worry and hope as the seven men lying on the ground gasped and coughed, struggling to pull in air as though their lungs were reawakening after brushing against death itself.

They all watched in awe as the elixir worked its miraculous magic, pulling the seven men back from the brink of death in mere seconds.

The gaping wounds that once gushed blood began to close before their eyes, leaving only trails of crimson stains on their bodies and soaked clothes.

Soon, the seven men's breathing steadied, and one by one, they slipped into a deep sleep.

Sparrow and his team observed them, noting how the tension in their faces eased as the pain subsided.

Perhaps they were unaware that they had survived; they might have believed that their newfound relief meant they had crossed over to the other side.

Some even shed tears, a stark contrast to their rugged exteriors—bulky and stone-like—now softened by vulnerability.

But Sparrow brushed aside his thoughts. "Alright, everyone, return to your tasks."

"Clyde, you and your team, step up the patrols and stay alert. I don't want us caught off guard while we're vulnerable," he commanded.

Clyde nodded seriously and signaled for his team to follow him as they headed out to patrol the forest.

"Evelyn, we need to finish cooking as soon as possible. We don't want to attract the attention of whoever was after these men, and that could end badly. But we can't neglect our people's needs either. So let's make sure to hurry with the cooking so everyone can eat and regain their energy."

After receiving her instructions, Evelyn rallied the others to pick up the pace.

They worked quickly, keeping the lids tight on their pots to prevent the enticing aroma of the boiling food from wafting too far.

"Fred, assign some people to keep watch over these men and call me as soon as they wake up. We need to interrogate them."

Fred nodded and, along with a few of his men, settled beside the injured men.

They kept their daggers at the ready, prepared for any potential threats that might arise.

After giving his instructions, Sparrow leaned against a tree and closed his eyes.

He needed to recalibrate his emotions, having been affected by the intensity of the situation and sudden turn of events.

Thoughts of Kisha's words echoed in his mind: not everyone was worth saving. This left him feeling hesitant about his next move.

On Duke's side, after reaching the northern area, the group was about to settle in the tallest building, and just like the night before, opting for the two floors below the rooftop.

Their day had gone smoothly, and the warriors, feeling a bit complacent, believed they were invulnerable as awakened superhumans.

However, their overconfidence quickly shattered when they found themselves face-to-face with two evolved zombies.

Rose had just returned from her solo mission, only to be met with the harrowing sight of Duke flanked by the two menacing evolved zombies.

Their entire team was on the brink of annihilation, gasping for air as some warriors clutched gaping wounds on their throats while others lay with their stomachs brutally opened and some of their intestines almost spilling from their stomachs, while some even had their limbs already dangling, almost falling off.

No matter where Rose looked, chaos surrounded her; the entire area was in disarray, and many were on the verge of death.