

## **Apocalypse 463**

### Chapter 463 Rakan

"Ugh! My gut hurts!" One of the burly men saved by Sparrow's group groaned in pain as he gradually roused from his sleep.

His sudden movement drew the attention of Sparrow and the others, who turned to look at him.

As he fully regained consciousness, the man froze, wide-eyed, as if he had been caught in the headlights of an oncoming car.

His gaze darted around, his mind racing to process what had happened.

One by one, the remaining six began to stir, with the leader being the last to wake.

As soon as their grogginess faded, they immediately slipped into defensive mode, sensing the weight of several sharp gazes fixed on them.

Panic surged through them as they feared they'd been caught and dragged back to the shelter.

The accusatory stares of Sparrow and his group made them feel as though they had inadvertently wandered from one dangerous den to another, having barely escaped the wolf's den the night before.

"Who are you, and why are you here?" Sparrow's voice cut through the tense silence, his tone unwavering and serious.

As he spoke, he slowly ran a whetstone over the blade of his dagger, the sound of metal scraping against stone sharpening the atmosphere.

The seven men couldn't tell if Sparrow was deliberately using the act to intimidate them, or if it was simply a coincidence, but no one in his group made any move to stop him.

Instead, they stood in a tight circle, their eyes trained on the seven men who had crawled into their camp the night before, waiting for answers.

"We... Um..." The first man who woke up struggled to find the right words.

Unsure of what to say, he quickly glanced up at his boss, knowing he wasn't good with words and usually left the talking to him.

One by one, the other five men followed suit, looking at the middle-aged man who sat at the center.

He appeared intimidating, yet there was an unmistakable weariness about him, his battered appearance a stark contrast to his usual commanding presence.

"We didn't come here looking for trouble." Rakan sighed in defeat, twisting his stiff neck to stretch a little.

He wasn't intimidated by Sparrow's actions; in fact, he felt safer with them around. After taking a moment to assess their surroundings, he began to relax.

"My name is Rakan," he continued. "I'm the leader of the Grim Reaper Mafia. We were in this area when the zombie apocalypse hit, and we took shelter in an eastern warehouse. That's where I became the leader of our group."

He paused, taking a deep breath as memories of the past events weighed on him. "But, unfortunately, just last night, my position was taken from me. We were thrown out of the shelter."

Rakan gave a weak smile and lifted his head to meet Sparrow's unbothered gaze, his expression a mixture of weariness and resignation.

"But you still haven't explained why you ended up in such a sorry state and made your way here, knowing full well that my people and I rest in this area," Sparrow said, his tone sharp.

"Or are you planning to run to my side and shamelessly beg to join my base?" He didn't spare Rakan's feelings, showing no concern for whether he was embarrassed or if his pride had been trampled.

"You arrogant bastard! Don't think you're above us! We didn't come here to join you; we can handle ourselves!" one of Rakan's men snarled.

Sparrow didn't even look up as he replied, "Oh, really? You call that taking care of yourselves?"

"Ha! We came out of goodwill to warn you," another of Rakan's men muttered, his voice low but carrying in the silence. "Victor's planning an ambush to kill your people and seize your supplies. Hell, they're even talking about following you back to your base to strip it clean."

Rakan propped himself up and glared at the man who had spoken out of turn, then sighed weakly.

"What my men said is true. Everyone in the shelter was furious when they found out I let you and your people go without a fight—or any supplies. Victor, my second-in-command, challenged my leadership and took over."

"I wasn't about to go down without a fight, so I and a few loyal men slipped back inside after being kicked out, determined to end the traitors ourselves. That's when we overheard what they were planning against you."

"Unfortunately, we got caught, and a full-on skirmish broke out. Most of my men were killed... only seven of us managed to make it here, to warn you."

Sparrow looked at Rakan with a scoff. "You expect me to believe you risked your life to help us out of the goodness of your heart?" He let out a cold laugh.

"After your little stunt, do you really think I'd help you—or even let you near my base?" His voice dropped, laced with a chilling edge.

"I'm not that forgiving. In fact, I'm vengeful. And I take everything personally."

Among them, Sparrow was the one who looked more like a seasoned member of a mafia syndicate than Rakan and his men.

Rakan—the feared leader of the country's most notorious syndicate, with influence that stretched internationally—now found himself intimidated by a young man.

He made him and his elite men look like street ruffians by comparison.

He'd never been in a position like this before. Blinking a few times as he looked at him, Rakan suddenly broke into loud laughter, eyes brimming with tears.

"Oh, God! I've never felt this alive! I like you, lass. Why don't you become my godson?"

Sparrow, along with Rakan's men, all stared at Rakan in bewilderment, glancing at him as if he'd lost his mind.

"Sir... him? Really?" grumbled one of the bulkier men. "The last thing we need is another smartass on our team."

"Well, yeah, because you're the original smartass here," chimed in another of Rakan's men, not so much defending anyone as stating a fact.

The comment was oddly comical, given that they'd just escaped death.

Despite the tension—and Sparrow's clear disdain—the group seemed remarkably unfazed by the situation.

"Anyway," Rakan continued, "whether or not we join your base, I just wanted to warn you about this. Victor and his men are determined to follow you, convinced that people as well-equipped as yours must have a stockpile somewhere."

"They're not just after your supplies—they're aiming to take over your base entirely. So, thinking of joining you would be a risky move for me and my men when that happens." He fixed Sparrow with a scrutinizing gaze, watching closely for any reaction.

But Sparrow remained unmoved, unfazed. Even Sparrow's men looked at Rakan and his people as if they were joking, clearly not treating Victor's forces as a serious threat.

After all, who could possibly take over their base with their formidable City Lord and Vice City Lord, Kisha and Duke, guarding it?

Victor wouldn't stand a chance—he'd be blasted into oblivion if he dared to make a move.

The thought made Sparrow and his men scoff smugly, which left Rakan and his subordinates baffled.

They assumed Sparrow's group was overconfident simply because they were better positioned than Victor—a dangerous arrogance that, in Rakan's view, would get them killed.

What Rakan didn't realize, however, was that it was Victor who was overestimating himself.

Sparrow and his men were still holding back, refraining from openly mocking the fools planning this reckless stunt.