

## **Apocalypse 464**

### Chapter 464 Rakan's Silent Surrender

Then, as if something suddenly occurred to him, Sparrow glanced at Rakan again, this time with a contemplative look.

Since they hadn't seen any movement from this Victor character, it was likely he had set up an ambush on Sparrow's return route, planning to capture one of his team members alive to lead them back to the base.

If they were really planning to use explosives against Sparrow and his team, this could be their way of ensuring they hit their target.

Since Rakan and his men acted as informants, Sparrow found their story too dubious to accept without prior investigation, carefully considering all factors.

However, one thing was certain: based on Rakan's and his subordinate's behavior and their simplistic account of Victor and their shelter, it was clear none of them were yet aware of superhuman abilities or awakened powers.

This oversight would work to Sparrow's advantage as their trump card.

Confident in their plan, he realized they wouldn't even need to involve Kisha in this fight, especially since she and Duke were preoccupied with the sewer issue back at the base.

Adding this problem to their workload would only strain their resources further.

Using Rakan and his people as a resource seemed reasonable—after all, this was something Sparrow could handle himself. If he couldn't manage a minor issue without guidance, it would be shameful, especially since he is one of Duke's direct subordinates.

With a decisive nod, Sparrow made up his mind. "Alright, let's set this aside for now."

Turning to his men, he commanded, "Get the others ready. We'll be heading back, so make sure we're well-prepared, well-rested, and fully stocked. Everyone needs to stay on high alert."

Despite the clear instructions and the sense of an impending clash, Sparrow's calm, almost casual tone left Rakan puzzled—it was hard to understand how he could sound so relaxed.

Feeling he'd achieved his purpose, Rakan stood and signaled his men to leave, only to be blocked by Sparrow's crew.

They didn't look particularly strong or intimidating, yet their expressions made it clear they'd gladly take Rakan down if he took another step.

Each held only a dagger, which added to Rakan's confusion—and even more so for his steel-jawed subordinates, who were clearly thrown off by this bold, unassuming group.

Rakan couldn't understand where Sparrow and his crew got their strength, but he and his men felt as if they were completely outmatched.

They slowly raised their hands in surrender, clustering together.

Glancing around, Rakan realized Sparrow had no intention of letting him leave, likely suspecting he'd come to gather intel on Sparrow's numbers or capabilities.

But if that were the case, how could he explain his own brush with death just moments ago?

Reflecting on it, Rakan vividly recalled being stabbed deeply, bleeding heavily, and feeling his life slipping away—so much so that he'd planned to do one final good deed before he left this wretched world.

Yet, as he stood there now, he noticed something strange: he felt no pain whatsoever.

In fact, he felt better than he had in years, even his persistent back pain was gone.

Forgetting the men around him, Rakan began inspecting his torso and touching various parts of his body where his wounds should have been, only to find... nothing.

Rakan was certain that last night hadn't been a dream.

He could still feel the memory of gut-wrenching pain, and he remembered watching some of his people die.

In fact, their absence now was undeniable proof of what had happened.

Yet, as he looked at his six remaining subordinates, he recalled that each of them had been on the verge of death, just as he was.

Now, though, they were moving around as if nothing had happened, appearing as healthy as ever.

Their clothes still bore the bloodstains and even the torn holes where they'd been injured—but the wounds themselves had vanished without a trace.

Rakan stood there, utterly stupefied.

When Sparrow's men noticed his unblinking stare—like he was seeing something otherworldly—they started to lose their patience.

Growing frustrated, they were ready to forcibly snap him back to reality.

Rakan had never believed in witchcraft or anything supernatural.

He'd always thought the zombie apocalypse was a product of science gone wrong—a man-made virus, much like in 'Resident Evil', that had shut down higher brain functions and left only the basic instincts to feed.

In some ways, that theory wasn't far from the truth.

The only difference was that the virus wasn't modern—it was ancient, originating from a faraway place or even another planet.

And it had the power to trigger evolutionary changes in any living organism—good or bad.

Rakan had never once considered the possibility that his survival was due to some kind of elixir.

Even now, he was still baffled, unable to piece together what had actually happened.

How had he and his subordinates survived? Where had their injuries gone? How could their wounds vanish without a trace?

One thing was clear: it had something to do with Sparrow and his people.

And now, with nowhere else to turn and Sparrow seemingly the one responsible for saving their lives, Rakan decided to follow him.

After some internal resolve, he snapped back to reality just as Sparrow's men were growing impatient.

Raising his hands in surrender once again, this time, he was genuinely willing to comply.

Though he didn't understand any of it, he knew that following Sparrow was the only way to find answers.

His subordinates, however, were still too preoccupied to start processing what had happened to their bodies.

They seemed more focused on how to escape Sparrow or seek revenge on Victor.

Rakan could only shake his head, knowing they were missing the bigger picture.

'This group wouldn't survive out there without me.' While the thought crossed his mind, his expression softened, more indulgent than critical—as if he were thinking of his own children rather than his subordinates.

Sparrow's men swiftly bound Rakan and his subordinates with thick ropes, securing them individually before connecting them with another rope tied around their torsos, much like prisoners chained together.

Rakan's subordinates gritted their teeth, their faces reddening with fury at the humiliation they were enduring after their efforts to warn Sparrow and his team.

It felt like their goodwill had been trampled underfoot.

Rakan, however, remained composed, his silence only further fueling the simmering anger of his subordinates.

They glared and snarled at Sparrow's men, their frustration palpable, but in the end, they turned their faces away in defiance.

Once Rakan and his men were all securely tied up, breakfast was ready as well.

The mouthwatering aroma of freshly baked bread and creamy clam chowder filled the air, drifting tantalizingly toward them.

Evelyn and the others in charge of the meal began serving up bowls of clam chowder, club sandwiches, Caesar salads, and glasses of pineapple juice, passing the trays around to everyone.

Rakan and his subordinates couldn't help but watch, eyes wide and mouths watering, as the tempting smells made their stomachs rumble loudly in protest.

They hadn't had such a decent meal in so long that they could feel their muscles growing weak and their energy dwindling.

It was getting harder to perform labor-intensive tasks, which was partly why Rakan and his people had lost so badly to Victor—they'd been sacrificing portions of their own meals to help other survivors, ensuring everyone had just enough to stay alive and stave off starvation.