

Apocalypse 465

Chapter 465 Preparing For Confrontation

Rakan and his subordinates felt like stray dogs waiting to be fed. Even though their pride was taking a hit, they would endure this treatment if it meant they could finally have a proper meal.

Their eyes widened as they spotted a bear-like creature being served an entire cow's leg, only intensifying their hunger.

Watching others eat so freely, without the pangs of starvation Rakan's team had endured, underscored just how much Sparrow and his people seemed to have.

At this moment, they were certain Sparrow's team had all the supplies they could ever need to survive the apocalypse, with enough resources to prepare such a variety of big, hearty meals.

Perched atop a tree, Sparrow quietly observed Rakan and his people.

They were visibly starving, eyes fixed on the food with a fierce hunger, though none of them begged.

Their pride held firm, but their longing gazes told Sparrow everything he needed to know.

"They don't look that bad," Clyde remarked from below, glancing at Rakan and his subordinates, who were pitifully eyeing the pot of clam chowder and Zeus, who was tearing into a whole cow's leg.

Clyde could practically read their thoughts as they watched Zeus devour his meal—the bear-like creature was living far better than they were, and the envy on their faces was unmistakable.

Once Sparrow and his crew had finished eating, he signaled Evelyn to serve Rakan and his group a modest portion—just enough to sustain them for the day.

He made it clear, however, that this wasn't charity; they'd need to earn their keep if they wanted more in the future.

Soon after Evelyn finished her meal, she, along with five STAU members and a few other warriors, approached Rakan and his group, each carrying a piece of plain, freshly baked bread and a bowl of clam chowder.

Although the bread didn't have any fillings like the others had enjoyed, it was still far better than cup noodles or stale biscuits.

No one felt they were mistreating Rakan and his men, especially given the uncertainty around their intentions.

Surprisingly, Rakan and his subordinates didn't complain and eagerly accepted the food, devouring it like starved wolves.

A few of them even came close to accidentally biting Evelyn's hand in their haste.

Evelyn wasn't concerned about getting hurt—she was more worried that they might chip a tooth on her now tougher skin, thanks to her "gift."

Burp.

"That was delicious—thank you!"

Rakan and his subordinates finished their meals in a mere two minutes, practically inhaling the clam chowder.

If it were possible, they might've gulped down the bowl too, savoring the comforting warmth that filled their stomachs.

After such a satisfying meal, some even thought that being Sparrow's prisoner, if it meant eating this well, might not be so bad.

With renewed spirits and smiles, Rakan's subordinates became surprisingly friendly, chatting warmly with Evelyn and the others.

Clyde couldn't hold back his laughter at the sudden shift in attitude, but it was cut short by a reprimanding smack on the back of his head from Sparrow.

"You're lucky my Young Madam saved you and brought you back with us," Sparrow scolded, narrowing his eyes at Clyde's young face.

"Do you think, if it weren't for her, you'd be any different from them?"

The words sank in, and Clyde swallowed his response.

Sparrow was right—his family's life, and his own, had transformed entirely because of Kisha's generosity and leadership.

Everything he enjoyed now was thanks to her.

Had the Coltons still controlled the base, many of them might have died during their awakenings or starved, as Clyde was certain the Coltons would have hoarded all the food and resources for themselves.

Reflecting on this, Clyde felt a wave of embarrassment for looking down on Rakan and his people, who, like everyone else, just wanted to survive and have hope for a better tomorrow.

Clyde took a deep breath and looked at Rakan thoughtfully.

"I apologize, Captain Sparrow, for my immaturity," he admitted sincerely, bowing his head.

Sparrow patted his shoulder in response, not wanting to be too hard on the young man.

After all, Clyde was barely an adult, yet he was already fighting on the front lines just like him.

"Don't worry too much; it's not as if they'll be staying with us for long. Go with Evelyn and keep an eye on them. If they try to run off or pull anything, handle it however you need to."

Though Sparrow knew Clyde was still young to shoulder so much responsibility, he could see Clyde's natural talent for leadership.

He understood why Kisha had sent Clyde out here—to sharpen his decision-making skills and prepare him for moments when quick thinking could make or break a mission.

Sparrow didn't know how many more assignments like this lay ahead, and he couldn't take them all on alone.

It was clear Kisha was already preparing others to take on roles like his and the team's.

Understanding Kisha's intentions, Sparrow was determined to give Clyde as many opportunities as possible to grow.

Clyde nodded enthusiastically before making his way to Evelyn's side, casting occasional glances at Rakan and his group.

He moved like a young wolf, always on alert, still feeling somewhat awkward around Rakan and his subordinates.

Sparrow couldn't help but watch with amusement as Clyde adjusted to the new dynamic, observing both him and Rakan's group from a distance.

Before long, the others finished their preparations, as there wasn't much to handle on their end.

They departed from the Eastern Forest as scheduled.

But before boarding the truck, Sparrow and his warriors conducted a meticulous inspection to ensure there were no explosives planted.

They checked the brakes, fuel tanks, and every other critical component to make sure nothing had been compromised.

After all, thorough preparedness was their greatest asset now, and they needed to be certain everything was in working order before setting off.

It was crucial they stayed one step ahead in this fight.

They placed Rakan and the others in the center of the convoy, flanked by the five STAU, with Zeus, Evelyn, Clyde, and Reeve keeping a close watch over them.

Only after confirming that Evelyn and Zeus were with them did Sparrow feel a sense of relief.

With these two in place, he knew Clyde and Reeve would be well protected, even if Rakan was planning something against them.

The convoy continued on its usual route, seemingly unaware of any potential danger.

However, Sparrow wasn't taking any chances.

The moment they left the forest, he activated his "Hawk Eyesight," scanning every corner of the streets ahead and the surrounding perimeter. He remained vigilant, determined not to overlook anything.

He maintained a steady pace while driving—not too fast, but not too slow either.

As soon as they reached the entrance of Port City, Sparrow's senses sharpened.

He detected subtle movements in the distance—nothing overt, but enough to catch his attention.

He suspected it was Victor, the individual Rakan's subordinates had mentioned.

Given Victor's background in a mafia syndicate specializing in ambushes, it wasn't surprising.

Without Sparrow's "Hawk Eyesight," he might have driven straight into a trap, unaware of the spikes hidden on the road and the armed ambushers waiting nearby.