

## Apocalypse 659

### Chapter 659 Finding A Vehicle

Everyone nodded at Sparrow's plan, acknowledging the necessity of his search.

"Don't worry, Captain. We've got things handled here, so you don't have to stress about it," one of the men assured him. However, his words carried a hint of uncertainty, as if he were merely saying them to boost morale.

The truth was, none of them fully understood what was happening to their bodies or how long this weakened state would last. All they could do was stick together and push forward.

As for Sparrow, he wasn't just any normal member of the Winters' men—he was one of the core members. Even before awakening his abilities, he had already been stronger than them.

Now, despite suffering from the same status abnormality, they still saw him as the most capable and reliable among them. Keeping him here felt like caging a bird that was meant to fly. In the end, they could only let him do what he did best.

After confirming that everyone understood his plan, Sparrow took one last appreciative glance at his team before turning away. Without hesitation, he sprinted down the hall and leaped over the balcony railing.

Normally, a fall from the second floor wouldn't be an issue for him, but as he landed, a sharp jolt of pain shot up his legs, as if a hammer had struck a nail straight through his feet. His knees buckled slightly, and he clenched his teeth to stifle a groan.

"Ugh... this really—" He didn't even finish his sentence before forcing himself to move, staggering forward despite the lingering numbness in his legs.

Shaking off the pain, Sparrow made his way out of the town hall's perimeter, keeping a vigilant eye on his surroundings. The front gate was in ruins, lying twisted and broken on the ground.

Scattered across the entrance were abandoned backpacks, plastic bags, and other belongings—evidence of the town people's desperate scramble for safety. He could only deduce that when the apocalypse struck, people had grabbed whatever they could in a hurry and rushed to the town hall, believing the presence of stationed soldiers would make it the safest refuge.

It seemed the town hall had shut its doors on the civilians, leaving them with no choice but to force their way in. With sheer numbers and desperate strength, they must have pushed down the gate, overwhelming the entrance. In the end, the town hall had been overrun.

Sparrow shook his head. He couldn't say for certain what had happened. Perhaps the building was already packed with civilians, and the officials had no way to accommodate more, urging the rest to seek shelter elsewhere while waiting for military backup.

Or maybe the mayor had simply refused to let anyone else in. Either way, the result was the same—chaos. And judging by the massive horde of migrating zombies he had seen from inside the town hall earlier, it was clear that a huge crowd had gathered here when everything fell apart.

Creak...

Creak...

Swoosh...

Crash!

Before Sparrow could get far from the town hall, the chopper perched on the roof suddenly gave way, crashing down on the other side. He spared it a single glance before moving on—his people were on the opposite side, so he knew they were safe. There was no reason to linger.

He sprinted down the empty street, just as he had predicted—no zombies in sight. The town was eerily deserted. If any remained, they were likely those too damaged to walk, crawling helplessly on the ground, or those trapped inside the buildings.

That knowledge brought him a slight sense of relief, but he remained on guard. Abandoned vehicles littered the road, their doors left ajar in people's panicked escape. Newspapers and plastic bags tumbled across the cracked pavement, carried by the howling wind. Shattered glass crunched beneath his boots, the sound unnervingly loud in the silence.

Though the streets were empty now, Sparrow knew better than to let his guard down. Evolved zombies or mutated creatures might have fled in the opposite direction, avoiding the migrating horde. He had to stay sharp—this town still held dangers lurking in the shadows.

As Sparrow scanned the road, he also kept an eye on the nearby shops, searching for any useful supplies. Even though their hidden base wasn't far from their current location, there was no telling what might happen along the way. Unplanned emergencies were always a possibility—just like their unexpected crash earlier.

With that in mind, he needed to gather whatever he could. If they ended up stranded, having extra supplies could mean the difference between survival and disaster.

Sparrow spotted a shopping mart ahead and didn't hesitate to head inside. The shelves were in complete disarray—whether due to the earthquake following the first blood rain or the chaos of panicked people shoving their way through, he wasn't sure. Either way, he didn't dwell on it.

He moved swiftly, scanning the aisles and grabbing a camping bag, which he quickly stuffed with canned goods and bottled drinks. Then, he gathered as many bags as he could find and filled them with essential supplies—medicine, bandages, spare clothes, and anything else that seemed useful. Since carrying everything at once wasn't an option, he hauled the extra bags to the front of the store, setting them outside one by one so he could pick them up later.

Once satisfied with his haul—now a dozen bags packed with necessities—he took a moment to assess his next move.

Sparrow continued down the road until he spotted a yellow school bus. Some of its windows were shattered, and the door was wide open, sparing him the trouble of prying it open. He stepped inside cautiously, scanning the interior. Blood was splattered across the seats, the floor, and even smeared on the glass and walls. The blood has already darkened, dried, and cracked due to how long it has been there, making him wrinkle his nose in distaste.

Pushing aside the unsettling thoughts of what might have happened, he focused on inspecting the bus. After ensuring there were no zombies lurking inside, he moved to the driver's seat and checked the fuel gauge—half a tank remaining. A stroke of luck. Even better, the key was still in the ignition.

Noticing the lack of blood on the driver's seat, Sparrow could only assume that whoever had been behind the wheel managed to escape before the chaos unfolded. Perhaps the driver fled in a panic, leaving the door wide open—an unfortunate mistake that likely led to the grim scene inside.

'Shit! I said I don't want to think about it!' Sparrow thought angrily as he kicked the seat in frustration. Taking a deep breath, he forced himself to focus and slid into the driver's seat.

Turning the key, he held his breath for a moment—then the engine rumbled to life. A small victory. Without wasting time, he maneuvered the bus back to the front of the shopping mart, hopped out, and quickly loaded all the bags he had left outside. One by one, he tossed them inside until everything was secured.

Once done, he climbed back in and gripped the wheel.

'Hmmm... if I remember correctly, I passed a gas station around that corner.' His mind ran through the route as he drove forward, ramming through the abandoned cars littering the road, forcing his own path through the wreckage.