

Apocalypse 660

Chapter 660 Meeting Other Survivors Outside

The loud crash of metal echoed through the night, followed by the sharp shatter of headlights, but Sparrow didn't flinch.

He kept his foot on the gas, maneuvering the battered bus until he reached the gas station. Without wasting a second, he pulled up right in front and jumped out, heading straight for the fuel pump.

He grabbed the nozzle, ready to refuel—but the pump refused to dispense. His eyes flicked to the digital screen.

Payment required.

Cursing under his breath, Sparrow patted his pockets, only to remember that cash and credit cards had long lost their value in this broken world, so he didn't bring them with him anymore. Yet, despite that, the gas dispenser remained locked, demanding payment before it released a single drop.

With no other choice, he turned toward the gas station's convenience store. The soft chime of the doorbell rang as he stepped inside.

Dim lighting cast long shadows over the disheveled shelves, a scene all too familiar in these times. Sparrow moved straight to the counter, his gaze locking onto the cashier's register.

Just as he reached out to pry it open—

A hand shot out from the shadow and clamped down on his wrist.

Rawr!!!

Bang!

A decayed, lifeless hand shot out and clamped onto Sparrow's wrist. The zombie, its neck tangled in a telephone cord, was trapped behind the counter, barely able to move. It strained violently, its rotting fingers stretching toward him.

Before Sparrow could react—

Bang!

The deafening blast of a shotgun echoed through the enclosed space. The suddenness of it made Sparrow flinch, not just from the sound but from the spray of brain matter splattering onto his cheek. His gaze snapped toward the source of the shot, his body tense.

Smoke curled from the barrel of a Coag Gun (DBL-Barrel), a sleek, old-school, one-handed shotgun that looked more like a long pistol. The man holding it chewed lazily on a piece of gum, blowing a bubble as he locked eyes with Sparrow.

He had an unmistakable bad-boy aura, his expression unreadable beneath the shadow of a baseball cap pulled low over his face.

Behind him, a girl and several others stood cautiously, clutching their bags, their wary gazes fixed on Sparrow, as if unsure whether to consider him friend or foe.

"I told you not to help! W-What if he's a bad guy and tries to rob us instead?" the girl behind the man whispered anxiously, tugging at his sleeve.

Her fingers clenched the fabric tightly, but the man didn't budge. His gaze remained locked onto Sparrow, as if assessing him, weighing whether he was a threat.

After a tense moment, the man finally broke eye contact and turned to the girl.

"Grab everything we need. We're leaving ASAP." His voice was firm, authoritative—clearly someone used to giving orders.

Sparrow took a quick glance at him. Tall. Well-built. A body trained for survival. This man wasn't just some random survivor. He had experience. Strength.

But that wasn't Sparrow's problem. Whether these people were locals or just passing through, it had nothing to do with him.

With a short nod of acknowledgment, Sparrow turned his attention back to the cash register. Since he had no intention of wasting time searching the corpse of the dead cashier-turned-zombie, he pulled out his dagger and jammed it into the register's lock, prying it open with a sharp twist.

He grabbed a few hundred dollars, leaving the rest for other survivors who might need it. Then, he scanned the store for any gas canisters or containers to store fuel.

Finding none, he stepped outside and went behind the convenience store, searching for empty containers. He wiped off the dust and grime before selecting a few that would do the job.

When he re-entered the store, the man and his group were still busy grabbing as many supplies as possible. Sparrow made his way toward the exit, but before he could take another step, the man spoke.

"Which shelter or base are you from? Are you on a supply run, taking advantage while the zombies are acting abnormally?"

Sparrow didn't answer the question directly and instead said, "We're just passing through. We'll only take what we need and leave the rest for you and your people—no worries."

He knew that in times like these, supplies were as valuable as gold. People would fight, even kill, for something as simple as a piece of bread. It was only natural for survivors to gather as much as they could, even if they were just passing through. A scramble for resources was nothing unusual.

The man's question wasn't just idle curiosity—it was a test. He was trying to gauge whether Sparrow posed a threat or had any intention of taking more than his fair share.

This was one of the rare times Sparrow had encountered other survivors outside their base, especially after everything that had happened.

The recent natural disaster had undoubtedly claimed millions of lives nationwide and hundreds of millions worldwide. Anyone who had managed to survive until now could either be considered highly skilled or incredibly lucky.

Sparrow knew he wasn't in peak condition and had no intention of provoking a fight or drawing unnecessary attention from other factions. So, he willingly gave up any claim on the remaining supplies.

Besides, with the provisions he had already gathered and the stockpile back at their base, they had more than enough to sustain themselves. There was no need to take more when others might desperately need it. Letting the other survivors claim what was left was an easy choice.

Seeing that Sparrow had no intention of fighting over the supplies and was only focused on getting gas, the man eyed him with suspicion. He couldn't quite figure out what Sparrow was thinking.

Though he had a bad-boy aura and an intimidating presence, he wasn't reckless. He knew better than to start an unnecessary fight or waste bullets that could be crucial for their survival later.

The shot he had fired earlier wasn't just to kill the zombie—it was a calculated move, meant to intimidate Sparrow, to make it clear that they weren't easy targets and were armed in case he had any ill intentions.

The man's thoughts were thrown into disarray when Sparrow openly showed his lack of interest in hoarding supplies. For a moment, his mind went blank, caught off guard by Sparrow's straightforwardness.

By the time he regained his composure and thought of asking more questions, Sparrow was already gone. He had moved to the gas dispenser, filling the yellow bus's tank before topping off the containers he had taken from the back.

Once finished, he carefully sealed them, loaded them into the bus, and drove away without another word.

"Hurry up, we're leaving!" the man called out urgently before heading to a secluded spot beside the convenience store. Moments later, he pulled up a Humvee military truck in front of the store, urging the others to climb aboard.

Another truck followed closely behind, pulling up in formation. He pressed the horn once, receiving a confirming honk in return. Without wasting another second, he stepped on the gas, and they sped away from the area.