

## Apocalypse 661

### Chapter 661 Car Chase

After gathering the necessary supplies, Sparrow drove straight to the town hall. His people were already waiting cautiously near the entrance, their eyes scanning the surroundings for any threats. One of Winter's men was perched atop the wall like a statue, vigilantly observing the area. From time to time, he would descend to relay information before returning to his post.

Meanwhile, the rest of the group, along with the civilians, remained hidden behind the wall, keeping their backs pressed firmly against it. This formation ensured they stayed out of sight and were prepared for any sudden threats—whether from lingering zombies or opportunistic survivors. After all, they couldn't ignore the possibility that someone else in town might try to use the zombie migration as a chance to escape.

The lookout suddenly spotted a cloud of dust rising in the distance, accompanied by the sound of crashing metal and shattering headlights. His eyes widened as he quickly assessed the scene.

"Captain is back! Everyone, get ready!" he called out excitedly before leaping down from his perch. Positioning himself at the side of the entrance, he cautiously peeked out from behind the wall, his body tense with anticipation.

Although he had announced Sparrow's return, he knew better than to let his guard down just yet. He still needed to confirm it was truly their Captain—after all, he wasn't Sparrow, whose hawk-like vision could pierce through the distance with ease.

Not long after, the yellow bus came to a screeching halt in front of the entrance. The sight of Sparrow behind the wheel made the Winter's men collectively exhale in relief.

"Get in!" Sparrow barked, swinging the bus door open.

The front of the vehicle was a wreck—its battered frame bore the scars of its rough journey. The front bumper dangled precariously on one side, scraping against the pavement with a harsh metallic grind, sending up sparks as it dragged along the ground.

The headlights were completely battered and useless now, but no one paid them any mind. The Winter's men stood off to the side, signaling for the civilians to board the bus as quickly as possible while maintaining order and keeping a sharp eye on their surroundings.

Then, one of the men spotted several Humvees and trucks trailing not far behind. The nearest guard at the door glanced at Sparrow, who remained seated in the driver's seat, before leaning in to inform him.

"Captain, there are people on our tail!" The man's deep voice carried a hint of tension, laced with unspoken caution.

Sparrow didn't flinch. He remained calm, merely nodding in acknowledgment. "I know," he replied, his gaze flicking to the side mirror. The reflection revealed several Humvees trailing behind, and behind the wheel of one, he spotted the man from the gas station.

Sparrow didn't know what the man wanted, but he was certain of one thing—this wasn't just an ordinary survivor. He had yet to decide how to handle the situation.

If this had been before, Sparrow wouldn't have hesitated. He would have confronted them immediately, forced them to explain their intentions, and ensured they posed no threat before letting them go.

A thorough interrogation would have been a necessary precaution.

But now... he wasn't sure if that was the best approach.

But now, he had more than just himself and his men to consider—there were civilians with them, and their safety took priority. On top of that, he and his team weren't in the best condition for an intense confrontation. Engaging with these people now could be a reckless move.

Still, the fact that they were escorting civilians only made it more crucial to figure out what these pursuers wanted—especially since they were heading to a hidden base. He couldn't afford to lead potential threats straight to their doorstep.

Yet, he had no way of knowing the full extent of these people's abilities, and time wasn't on his side. He was stuck in a difficult position. In the end, he made a quick decision—to lose them for now and reassess later.

Maybe he was overthinking things. But in a world like this, caution was survival.

Once everyone had boarded the bus, the last of Winter's men took a final glance at their surroundings, scanning for any potential threats. Satisfied, he pounded the side of the bus in a heavy, rhythmic thud.

"Captain, we're ready to go!" he called out.

With that, the bus doors hissed shut, sealing them inside.

"Alright, everyone, hold on tight!" Sparrow called out.

Gripping the gear shift with steady hands, he smoothly changed gears before slamming his foot onto the gas pedal. The sudden acceleration jolted everyone, prompting them to grab onto the railings in front of them, which were placed behind the seats, and brace themselves.

The bus roared down the street, scraping past abandoned cars and forcing them aside without sustaining significant damage.

The Humvees behind jolted in surprise.

"Quick! Follow the bus—they're getting away! No, they're running away!" the man from the convenience store shouted, urgency lacing his voice. Without hesitation, he slammed his foot on the gas pedal, speeding after Sparrow's bus.

The vehicles behind him gave chase, making Sparrow's brows knit in frustration. He pressed down on the gas, pushing the bus to go even faster. But the problem was, he was the one clearing the path—his bus swerved around wrecked cars, ramming through obstacles, which slowed them down. If he pushed the speed any further, the people inside would be tossed around violently, increasing the risk of an accident.

Sparrow was the best driver in their group, the only one capable of handling a situation like this, but even he was restrained by the circumstances. His grip tightened on the steering wheel, his jaw clenching as he calculated his next move.

"Men, be ready for battle at any moment!" Sparrow commanded, his voice firm. Though he had chosen to wait and assess the situation, he couldn't afford to let his guard down. He had no idea what the other party wanted, so staying vigilant was the only option.

His men exchanged glances, their eyes sharp with the familiar murderous intent they carried on their missions. Meanwhile, the civilians inside the bus clung to their seats, fear evident in their expressions. They didn't fully understand what was happening, but all they could do was hold on tightly and shield the children.

The town was relatively large and had once been prosperous, benefiting from its proximity to City A. Its growth had been fueled by countless opportunities, making it a bustling hub before everything fell apart. Because of its size, Sparrow still had a long way to go before reaching the highway—where he would finally have a better chance of outmaneuvering their pursuers.

The car chase had reached a stalemate even after an hour, and Sparrow had only just managed to escape the town. However, the pile of abandoned cars outside was just as dense as inside, making it nearly impossible to clear a path. The congested traffic left him with no choice.

Gritting his teeth, Sparrow swerved sharply, slamming into the metal guardrail before veering off onto the grassy roadside. The bus jolted violently as it tore over uneven terrain, making for an incredibly bumpy ride.