

Apocalypse 662

Chapter 662 Wanted To Join?

"Ugh!" Sparrow grunted as he bounced up and down in his seat, the rough terrain making every bump feel like a personal attack. Even as he gritted his teeth, a numbing sensation spread through his lower half.

'Fuck, my balls are gonna be battered at this rate.' He tightened his grip on the steering wheel, his knuckles turning white, but outwardly, his face remained as unreadable as ever. Inside, however, he was screaming.

'Shit! This might be worse than blue balls...' His inner monologue spiraled off track, but only he knew the suffering he was enduring.

Thanks to his hawk-like eyesight, Sparrow could spot obstacles far ahead, allowing him to plan his moves and choose the best path before reaching them. However, annoyance prickled at him—despite his efforts, the vehicles behind them were keeping up, sticking to his bus like glue.

They were still far from the hidden base, but his patience was wearing thin. His temper was starting to flare, and the urge to confront these persistent pursuers was growing stronger with every passing second.

He wanted to blow them up, but he had no grenades or heavy weapons on hand. 'Damn it! I should've grabbed some weapons too!' Only now did it hit him—he had completely overlooked stocking up on firepower. Ever since he and the others had started relying more on their awakened abilities, traditional weapons had slipped to the back of his mind.

'Wait... awakened abilities!' The realization struck him like a slap. Why hadn't he thought of that sooner? Frustration bubbled up inside him.

'What the hell?! Is the pain in my balls making me stupid?' He internally roasted himself, clenching the steering wheel tighter as he tried to shake off his mounting irritation.

He took a quick glance at the side mirror— the Humvees were still trailing them effortlessly, keeping a certain distance but never losing sight of Sparrow and his people. His men, positioned at the back of the bus, were also keeping watch, their irritation growing at the persistent tail that refused to back off.

"Captain, they're not backing off. What should we do?" one of the Winters' men asked, sitting just behind Sparrow.

Sparrow's eyes darkened as he responded, "Let's find out."

Without hesitation, he yanked the wheel and swerved the bus to the side, bringing it to an abrupt stop. The sudden maneuver caught the Humvees off guard, forcing the driver to veer sharply, scraping against a tree in the process. But Sparrow and his men didn't spare them a second thought.

Sparrow pushed open the bus door and turned to his men. "You two, with me. Be ready for a confrontation—use your awakened abilities if necessary. The rest of you, stay back and protect the civilians."

The Winters' men nodded in unison, quickly falling into formation as they followed Sparrow outside.

Sparrow stepped slowly out of the bus, his expression dark and unreadable. Meanwhile, the Humvee that had collided with the tree was still functional, though dented, and the tree bore visible damage. Inside the vehicle, the passengers were rattled, some gripping their seats in fear as the driver quickly checked on them.

When the driver noticed Sparrow descending from the bus, his intense gaze locked onto them, he gave his people one last glance before stepping out as well. Behind him, the other vehicles screeched to a halt, their occupants watching Sparrow warily. Some of them exited their vehicles, moving into position to provide backup, their postures tense and ready for anything.

Six people emerged from the other vehicles, moving to confront Sparrow. They were well-trained, well-fed, and visibly strong—each one carrying themselves with the confidence of seasoned fighters. Not only that, but they had sent twice the number of men as Sparrow, putting him at a clear disadvantage.

Sparrow's gaze swept over them, noting how their hands rested on their holsters or gripped the hilts of their daggers. He raised an eyebrow. There was an 80% chance these were just regular combatants—perhaps former bodyguards, police officers, military personnel, or mercenaries before the apocalypse. But now, they were nothing more than a roaming group, likely belonging to some faction.

Despite the numbers being against him, Sparrow felt a flicker of confidence. These people didn't seem to have awakened their abilities yet. That alone gave him an edge.

That alone was Sparrow's advantage over them. On his side, they had five awakened individuals. Even though they were weakened, their abilities still far outmatched ordinary weapons.

With that in mind, Sparrow walked leisurely, his sharp gaze sweeping over each member of the opposing group as they approached. His steps were unhurried, exuding confidence, while the others moved with calculated caution. They continued closing the distance until they finally met halfway.

Sparrow didn't rush to speak. Instead, he simply observed the people standing before him, his sharp gaze unwavering. The two men behind him remained equally composed, standing tall with their hands clasped in front of them, exuding quiet confidence.

After all, they weren't just seasoned veterans of the battlefield—they had carved their way through hordes of the undead, fighting tooth and nail for survival more times than they could count. While they acknowledged that the people before them had likely endured their own share of hardships, nothing could shake their trust in their own abilities—or in their captain.

The other side remained silent, taking a closer look at Sparrow and his men. They exuded an intimidating presence—strong, battle-hardened, and radiating an air of menace. Their very stance carried the weight of countless battles, and the bloodlust clinging to them was enough to make most ordinary people retreat in fear.

Yet, the people before them showed no sign of backing down. They, too, emitted a palpable intensity, meeting Sparrow's unspoken challenge with their own. For a moment, the two groups stood at a tense standstill, neither willing to be the first to yield.

Then, Sparrow finally broke the silence.

"Why are you following us?" Sparrow's voice was calm but laced with warning.

The group in front of him remained silent, their eyes scanning him with measured scrutiny. Seconds ticked by—ten, twenty, thirty—before the man Sparrow had seen at the convenience store finally spoke.

"We wanted to find out which base you're from," he said, his tone steady. "And to see if we could join you."

Sparrow raised an eyebrow, surprised by their straightforward answer. He hadn't expected them to be so direct.

"And why would we let you join?" he asked, his tone sharp with suspicion. "For all we know, you could be spies from another base, trying to infiltrate us and steal our resources." His words were blunt, offering no courtesy, because the possibility wasn't far-fetched.

That was precisely why they couldn't allow just anyone into their base. Kisha had made that clear—if he ever rescued people and wanted to bring them in, he had to take them to her first. She would determine whether they were trustworthy or not.

Sparrow wasn't sure how she did it, but he had seen firsthand that she possessed knowledge and abilities beyond what was normal. She had predicted things before they even happened, and time and time again, she had proven to be right. That was enough for him to trust her judgment.