

## Apocalypse 663

### Chapter 663 Let Us Follow You

Right now, he was bringing the civilians to their hidden base without consulting Kisha first, but he knew there was a difference. Even if some of the civilians harbored ill intentions later, they would be far easier to handle than the people standing before him. If any of the civilians attempted something underhanded, his team could swiftly eliminate the threat.

But these men?

They weren't superhumans, but they were trained, experienced, and far more dangerous. Dealing with them wouldn't be as simple.

So, he couldn't just let them follow him—let alone allow them to join their ranks so easily. City A's hidden base only had a handful of the Winters' men, and it was far from City B's HOPE Base. If something went wrong, Kisha and Duke wouldn't be able to reach them in time to provide backup.

He had to be cautious. He couldn't afford to give anyone the opportunity to become a threat.

"We did come from a different base, but due to the flash floods, we were forced to evacuate and ended up separated from our main group. Now, we're just wandering on our own. When we first saw you, I assumed you were like us—survivors looking for a place to settle."

"But when you left the supplies behind without a second thought, it made me wonder. A group struggling to survive wouldn't pass up resources so easily. That's when I started thinking—you might not be wanderers at all, but part of a shelter or a larger base, sent out to gather intel on the zombie horde and assess the damage caused by the disaster."

The man from the convenience store explained, his expression impassive as he observed Sparrow's every move. Sure enough, deep down, Sparrow was rattled. He hadn't expected such a small action to be noticed, let alone linked to the idea that his group had an abundance of resources.

But thinking it through, he realized the man wasn't wrong. If their base didn't have sustainable resources, no matter how many survivors they had, they wouldn't have left those supplies behind. In times like these, supplies were as valuable as gold.

Any struggling survivor or base would hoard whatever they could find, knowing there was no guarantee of future stockpiles—especially with natural disasters and an ever-growing zombie threat making scavenging increasingly dangerous.

His decision not to fight for more supplies only signaled one thing—his base had an abundance of resources. He didn't even spare a second glance at the meager stash from the convenience store.

But for wanderers or bases struggling with limited supplies, even a small amount like that could mean survival, keeping them fed for a few more days and potentially saving their lives.

Sparrow clenched his jaw in frustration at his own carelessness but remained silent, maintaining an expressionless face—one similar to Duke's usual demeanor. After a brief pause, he finally spoke.

"I already gathered supplies from the shopping mart before passing by the convenience store. I took enough, but not too much. If we overloaded the bus, it would slow us down. What's the point of stockpiling supplies if we can't even escape when a horde appears? If we get trapped because of the extra weight, all those supplies would be useless—we'd be dead before we could even use them."

What he said was true—he had gathered supplies from the shopping mart, and his explanation was logical. If they overloaded the vehicle, it would struggle to maintain full speed, especially when forced to go off-road or navigate muddy terrain.

There was even a risk of getting stuck. And if fate had it that a zombie horde appeared at that moment, they'd be sitting ducks—easy prey with no means of escape. In the end, what was the point of hoarding supplies if they wouldn't live long enough to use them?

Hearing Sparrow's rebuttal, the man across from him was momentarily taken aback. In truth, their group operated the same way—they only gathered enough supplies to sustain themselves while prioritizing fuel storage.

The ability to escape during critical moments was far more valuable than being weighed down by excess provisions. Realizing this, he chose not to argue further.

"Even if you don't belong to a base, wouldn't it be better to stick together? It would increase our chances of survival when scavenging for supplies—there's strength in numbers. From what I've observed, your group has only a handful of combatants, while the majority are civilians. In contrast, my group has more fighters and only a few non-combatants. If we join forces, your firepower would increase significantly."

The man's tone was firm as he laid out his reasoning. It was true—his team had enough firepower to survive on their own, whether they joined Sparrow or not. But deep down, an instinct gnawed at him, urging him not to let Sparrow leave without securing a place in his group.

Ever since he first laid eyes on Sparrow, an unshakable feeling had taken root—one that told him following Sparrow was the key to survival. That feeling only grew stronger when Sparrow walked away, compelling him to do the same.

"And if you're worried that we're only here to steal your supplies, then we can leave everything in your care," the man offered. "You can take the better truck, and we'll use the bus to transport our civilians."

He wanted to prove that they were trustworthy, willing to hand over their best resources if it meant earning Sparrow's trust. His words caused a stir among his men—some exchanged uncertain glances, while others looked at their leader with mixed emotions. They couldn't understand why he was making such concessions or why he seemed so intent on gaining Sparrow's approval.

They weren't a large group, but in terms of firepower, they were no weaker than a well-trained military unit. They had fought through impossible situations before and could hold their own. Yet, here their leader was, taking a step back, offering up their supplies and transport, all in an effort to convince Sparrow that they weren't a threat.

Sparrow studied the man carefully. He noticed the subtle reactions from the people behind him—the slight shifts in posture, the unspoken tension in their eyes.

It was clear they had something to say about his offer, but they chose to hold their tongues, allowing him to speak without interruption.

That alone told Sparrow that this man wasn't just any member of their group—he was their acting leader, the one they deferred to in moments like this.

Sparrow raised an eyebrow, his gaze sharp with suspicion. "And why are you so intent on coming with us?"

The man didn't hesitate, his response swift and direct. "Instinct."

Sparrow's expression shifted slightly, his brow twitching as he processed the answer. "Instinct... what?"

"My instinct tells me that following you is a better option than wandering aimlessly without a clear destination or place to go. Since we got separated from our main group and have no idea where they went, we have no choice but to either join another base or build our own—but that's easier said than done. We don't know the exact locations of most bases, and many military outposts and government shelters have already fallen."