

## Apocalypse 664

### Chapter 664 Dracon Felix

With our current numbers, even if we tried to establish a new base, our resources and capabilities would be severely limited. And with the zombie horde behaving unpredictably, we have no way of knowing when they'll return or if something even worse is coming. Either way, the situation doesn't look good. That's why sticking with you is our best shot at survival."

"And why do you think that?" Sparrow asked, not out of curiosity, but simply because he truly didn't understand.

"Like I said, instinct," the man replied. "I won't force you to believe us right away. Just let us follow you for a bit. If you don't want us inside your base, we'll stay outside—we'll fend for ourselves and provide for our own needs. But knowing there are other survivors nearby would at least give us some peace of mind. If something happens to us, our people would have somewhere to go."

He paused, then added, "If you're worried that we're only following you to learn the location of your base and report it to someone else, you can always come after us and kill us if a leak happens. I'll offer my head willingly." His voice wavered slightly, but he pressed on. "And if you think everything I'm saying is just a bluff, then... then I don't know what else to do. We're at our wits' end. I just want my people to survive."

Hearing everything the man had said, Sparrow found himself at a loss for words. He had been ready to argue, to push back, but now... there was nothing left to say. The man had already voiced every thought running through his own mind.

Caution was necessary, of course—but at the same time, the number of zombies far outweighed the number of survivors. Finding other living humans was rare, almost miraculous. Survival had become so difficult that humanity itself teetered on the brink of extinction.

After a long pause, Sparrow simply asked, "Your name?"

"Dracon Felix..."

'What an unusual name,' Sparrow thought, pausing for a moment to consider.

Honestly, he didn't sense any malice or hostility from Dracon or his people. There was curiosity, yes, but nothing beyond that. From his observation, the group behind Dracon consisted of skilled fighters, but just as Dracon had said, they were ordinary humans without awakened abilities. No matter how strong they were individually, their survival was ultimately limited.

If there were any awakened ability users among them, Sparrow would have sensed it. Even if they were trying to hide their abilities, the subtle flow of spiritual energy would give them away.

His senses might not be at their sharpest right now, but with his 'Perception' skill, he could still detect the smallest differences between normal humans and awakened individuals. If he focused, he could perceive every detail—muscle movements, breathing patterns, and even the slightest shifts in energy—all in slow motion, if he so willed it.

So, while Sparrow decides to give Dracon and his people the benefit of the doubt, he still can't allow them to follow him to the hidden base. Instead, he said,

"Listen, I understand that you're in a difficult position as an acting leader, but I have to prioritize my own people's safety. However, here's what I can do for you—I can allow you to follow us up to a certain point. Once my master and young madam arrive, I'll arrange for them to meet you. The final decision about whether you can join us will be in their hands. Until then, you'll have to rely on yourselves."

Sparrow made the offer, knowing full well that even if he outright refused to let them follow him, they might not listen. They could agree to his face but still tail him in secret. And if that happened, it would be far riskier—not knowing where they were or what they were up to would be a bigger threat to his people.

So, setting clear conditions was the better option. By allowing them to follow at a safe distance under his watch, he could keep them within his grasp while ensuring they behaved. This way, he maintained control of the situation instead of leaving things to uncertainty.

Dracon nodded in understanding. He recognized Sparrow's concerns and didn't want to push too hard. Instead, he asked, "By the way, may I know your name?"

"Sparrow. That's the name I go by."

Sparrow extended his hand, shaking Dracon's in a firm grip—a silent confirmation of their agreement. They nodded at each other, sealing the unspoken understanding between them.

Behind them, the others remained silent. Many thoughts ran through their minds, questioning why their leader had gone this far for such a vague arrangement. Yet, none dared to voice their doubts.

With that, Sparrow turned and climbed back onto the bus, resuming their journey toward the hidden base. He made occasional stops to refuel the tank, assess their surroundings, and keep an eye on the group following them. Each time he stopped, the others took the opportunity to stretch and rest before continuing onward.

Eventually, they reached the outskirts of City A, near the road leading to their hidden base. Sparrow brought the bus to a halt and stepped out, walking toward the Humvee trailing behind. As Dracon got out, Sparrow wasted no time and got straight to the point.

"Hey, we'll need to part ways here," Sparrow said. "I'll come find you once our master and young madam return and arrange a meeting with you and your people. There's a farm not far from here, isolated from civilization. I'll give you a map to it—you can choose to wait there or stay nearby. The decision is yours. But if I come and don't find you, well... tough luck." He shrugged.

"We'll go to the farm and wait for you there. But how long should we expect to wait?" Dracon asked without hesitation.

"Could be a week, maybe a month—it depends on the situation on our end and the movements of the zombies." Sparrow kept his answer vague. He didn't have a clear picture of what was happening himself, and he certainly wasn't about to disclose his master's and young madam's schedules. There was always the possibility, however slim, that Dracon and his people had ulterior motives. If they did, knowing too much could allow them to set up an ambush.

Still, the mere thought made Sparrow chuckle internally.

'As if anyone could actually harm Master and Young Madam. They'd just be digging their own graves.'

Even though he was confident in his master's strength, Sparrow remained cautious. His instincts told him to stay vigilant.

Seeing Sparrow's guarded stance, Dracon chose not to push any further. Instead, he simply took a step back and nodded. "Alright, we'll wait there."