

Apocalypse 665

Chapter 665 Village Stop

Sparrow didn't waste any more time. They had already spent an entire day traveling, and with nightfall approaching, he needed to reach the hidden base as soon as possible to report back.

He glanced around for a piece of paper when Dracon handed him a notebook and pen. Without hesitation, Sparrow began sketching the farm's location, ensuring the details were as precise as possible. Since he sensed that Dracon and his people had military experience, he also included the coordinates for added accuracy.

By the time he finished, 20 minutes had already passed. Sparrow wasted no time sending Dracon and his people on their way.

Climbing onto the top of the bus, he watched as Dracon's convoy drove off, his sharp eyes following them until the last traces of dust from their vehicles faded into the distance. Only then did he jump down and step inside the bus.

One of his men immediately approached, concern etched across his face.

"Captain, are you sure we can trust them? What if they're planning something?"

Sparrow took a deep breath before responding with a serious tone.

"We just need to buy time until Master and Young Madam arrive, or at least until this status abnormality disappears from our system. Once that happens, even if they come after us with reinforcements, I refuse to believe we wouldn't be able to wipe them out—even without Master and Young Madam's help."

His lips curled into a chilling smirk. "So, in a way, we're doing them a favor. If they prove to be trustworthy, good for them. But if they turn out to be nothing more than snakes trying to steal from us..." His voice dropped, laced with a dangerous edge. "Then I'll make sure to serve up some snake stew."

The eerie smile that followed sent an involuntary shiver down the spine of the man who had questioned him.

As night fell, Sparrow and his team had no choice but to find a place to rest. Traveling any further was too risky—not because of zombies, which were nowhere in sight, but because they couldn't be certain whether mutated creatures were still lurking nearby. If they encountered one in the dead of night, they'd be in serious trouble.

Sparrow steered the bus toward a secluded village several miles from their hidden base. As expected, the place was completely deserted. When they searched the houses, they found signs of an abrupt departure—utensils still left on tables, remnants of meals long since rotted or dried out. Vegetables stored away had turned to mush, some shriveled beyond recognition.

"Alright, we'll set up camp here for the night. Start preparing something to eat—I brought some canned goods and packed them in the bags. Help yourselves and use whatever you need to cook," Sparrow instructed before stepping away for a brief rest.

Exhaustion weighed heavily on him. His body felt light, as if floating, while his head throbbed with fatigue. Sensing his weariness, no one disturbed him. They all knew that Sparrow bore the heaviest burden, working tirelessly and shouldering the most stress.

With his decision made, the civilians hurried back inside the bus, finally allowing themselves to rummage through the backpacks. Earlier, they had refrained from checking, fearing that Sparrow and his team might think they were trying to take advantage or covet their supplies. But now that they had permission, they did their best to put together a decent meal with the ingredients available.

The leader of the civilians was the first to open the bag, carrying it down to the largest house in the village. When he stepped inside, some of the civilians had already spread out, searching the area. They found and lit a few gas lamps—common in small villages where power outages were frequent. The warm glow quickly illuminated the space, making it easier to navigate.

With the house now well-lit, the leader unpacked the canned goods from the bag while the others rummaged through the cupboards and storage areas, searching for unused utensils and useful supplies.

"I found rice!" one man shouted excitedly. He stood beside a large earthen jar, still halfway filled with grains.

Just then, another voice called out from outside.

"I found a well! Do you think the water is still safe to use?"

The Winters' men, who had been scouting the village alongside them, brought over a gas lamp and tried to shine it down the well. However, the darkness made it impossible to see the water clearly, leaving them uncertain about its drinkability.

"We shouldn't drink the water from this well," one of the Winters' men stated firmly. "We can't be sure if there's already a dead body in there, and we have no way to check. Plus, the water has been stagnant since the first blood rain started. I'm certain it's already contaminated with the virus, and drinking it would be a disaster for all of you."

He was simply stating the facts, but the civilians couldn't fully grasp what he meant. They had no idea what the blood rain was or how the Winters' men could be so sure about the contamination.

However, they knew better than to question orders at this moment. Instead, they chose to remain silent and follow instructions.

They all nodded in agreement. Fortunately, Sparrow had packed some drinking water along with the supplies he brought, so the civilians only used it for cooking. Additionally, they discovered a well-covered earthen container inside the house that held stored water.

With the Winters' men's approval, they used it to wash utensils and other items before cooking. Some dishwashing liquid was also available, allowing them to clean the pots and utensils thoroughly. While some worked on cleaning, others went from house to house, gathering bowls, spoons, additional utensils, chairs, and tables to prepare for the night.

With the supplies Sparrow gathered, the civilians managed to whip up a meal of fried rice with Spam, pork and beans, pickles, and corned beef. Initially, they planned to use only a minimal amount of canned goods alongside the rice, intending to store the rest and bring it back.

However, with the Winters' men encouraging them not to be too frugal with the ingredients, they used what they could to ensure everyone had a hearty dinner. The civilians were especially thrilled, as it had been a long time since they'd had a full meal.

Just the sight and smell of the food made them gulp in anticipation. And when they finally took a bite, it felt like the most delicious meal they had ever eaten—so good that they nearly swallowed their tongues in delight.

Seeing the civilians so happy, the Winters' men—who had been accustomed to good meals at the base—sheepishly rubbed their noses. They realized just how fortunate they were to serve under their young madam, who provided them with an unlimited supply of food. They felt even more justified in encouraging the civilians not to be frugal with the ingredients.

Meanwhile, one of the Winters' men took Sparrow's portion and headed inside the bus. Gently nudging him awake, he said, "Captain, wake up for a bit and eat your dinner before going back to sleep."

Sparrow stirred, his eyes red and blurry—it was obvious he had just been asleep. Still half-dazed, he absentmindedly nodded and accepted the large bowl filled with fried rice, corned beef, pork and beans, with pickles on the side.