

Apocalypse 667

Chapter 667 Landmines

Hearing this, the mood among the group lifted. The women, especially the one who had been on the verge of tears from frustration, brightened with renewed determination. With a sense of purpose, they quickly got to work, preparing the meal together.

The other men searched house to house once more, checking if they had overlooked any remaining supplies—especially rice stored in earthen jars. Fortunately, they found some, though not much, and added it to the porridge. Given the amount of rice stored in the largest house in the village, it seemed more evident now that the largest house had once belonged to the wealthiest family in the village.

After a few minutes, the women finished cooking the porridge just as the elderly and children were waking up. However, many of them had developed a fever—likely a result of exhaustion finally catching up to their weakened bodies, their immune systems struggling under the strain.

Upon hearing that many people had fallen ill, Sparrow and the Winters' men immediately took notice and went to check on them. Unfortunately, it wasn't the onset of an awakening—they were simply suffering from mild fevers caused by exhaustion and malnutrition.

Having witnessed and experienced the awakenings themselves before, the team knew the clear differences between them and a common fever. With their experience, they could easily distinguish the symptoms.

The women quickly fed the children their porridge and handed out portions to the elderly. The elderly, in particular, looked meek as they accepted their food, displaying sheepish yet grateful expressions.

Perhaps they felt embarrassed for being unable to contribute much while still using up precious resources. Sensing this, the leader reassured them, urging them to eat and take their medicine—just as he did with the children.

Fortunately, Sparrow had the foresight to grab medicine from the shopping mart.

After their awakenings, ordinary medicine was useless to him and the Winters' men, but it was still invaluable to the civilians. After all, their bodies had undergone significant changes, making them more resilient to common illnesses like colds and fevers.

However, this same transformation rendered normal medicine ineffective for them, further highlighting the importance of keeping supplies for those who still needed them.

After breakfast, once the children and elderly had taken their cold medicine, they all boarded the bus, waiting quietly for Sparrow and his team to join them and resume their journey to the base.

They remained as silent as mice, not wanting to disturb or annoy their protectors. Sparrow noticed their subdued behavior but chose not to comment on it.

Before departing, he and his team conducted a final sweep of the area, ensuring there were no zombies or mutated animals lurking nearby.

They couldn't afford to be caught off guard like before—an ambush would be disastrous, especially with so many non-combatants among them.

"The coast is clear, let's go!" Sparrow called out, rapping his hand against the side of the bus to signal everyone to board. No one wasted time—those standing guard outside quickly ran inside, eager to depart.

Excitement buzzed through the Winters' men as they anticipated reuniting with their comrades at the hidden base. It felt like ages since they had last seen their brothers, and, more importantly, they had plenty of gossip to share.

With everyone onboard, Sparrow and his team resumed their journey toward the hidden base, completely unaware of the fierce battle that raged at City B's HOPE Base—where Kisha and the others had been fighting for their lives the entire day yesterday until midnight.

As they traveled, Sparrow and his team gathered supplies from the places they passed and took the time to eat lunch. The civilians were surprised by how nonchalantly Sparrow and his men maintained their routine of eating a full breakfast, lunch, and dinner, as if they had no concerns about their supplies.

However, no one questioned it or considered them wasteful—after all, Sparrow and his team had gathered the food supplies. Besides, sharing meals with them only benefited the civilians, as their bodies were gradually regaining strength. With that in mind, there was no room for complaints.

By noon, Sparrow reached the forest leading to their hidden base and came to a stop. Before proceeding, he carefully scanned the surroundings to ensure they weren't being followed. That was when he noticed something unusual—zombies were slowly making their way back from where they had originally come.

How could he tell? From his vantage point atop a tree, he saw a massive horde moving in unison, resembling ants marching in formation. The zombies appeared as if they had just woken from a daze and were now instinctively returning to their original locations.

Unlike before, they weren't rampaging or attacking everything in sight. Instead, it was as if a reset button had been pressed—everything was returning to its previous state, only to await the moment when the start button would be pushed again before they break free from their trance state.

Sparrow found this highly unusual, but aside from the migrating zombies, he saw no signs of anyone following them. His thoughts briefly drifted to Dracon and his people.

'I hope they don't get overrun by the returning horde...' he mused. However, the thought was fleeting—there were more pressing matters at hand.

Shaking off the distraction, he descended from the tree, climbed back into the bus, and started the engine. Without hesitation, he steered the vehicle into the dense forest, disappearing into the shadows of the towering trees.

They drove for a while, making steady progress—until suddenly...

Boom!

Boom!

A series of explosions erupted around them. Sparrow instinctively yanked the wheel to the side, but the left front tire was blown apart, sending the bus skidding violently. He spat out a string of curses.

"Fuck! The road is mined!" he roared, gripping the wheel tightly as he fought to control the vehicle.

The bus jolted to a stop, its frame trembling from the blast. Shattered glass rained down inside, and a gaping hole had torn through the left side where the door used to be. Smoke and dust clouded their vision, but—miraculously—no one was injured.

Sparrow slammed on the brakes just in time, stopping them from rolling deeper into the minefield. If they had gone any farther, escape wouldn't have been an option.

Even with Sparrow's sharp eyesight, he hadn't noticed anything amiss—the landmines had been expertly placed along the dirt road. Judging by the lack of visible traces, they had likely been buried for a long time, with rain washing away any signs of disturbance and the sun hardening the surface over time.

Sparrow and his team didn't rush outside. They remained inside the bus, cautious and alert. They were still only halfway to the hidden base, and this minefield was almost certainly set up by their own people—designed as an early warning system to detect approaching forces and give their comrades time to prepare an ambush.

The Winters' men quickly checked on the civilians to ensure they were unharmed. The children had screamed in fear earlier, but the adults had instinctively shielded them with their bodies, ducking behind the seats for cover. Though everyone was still trembling from shock, their quick reactions had prevented any serious injuries.

Aside from being covered in dust and shards of shattered glass, no one was badly hurt. A few had minor cuts from the broken glass, but they were only superficial. Seeing this, everyone let out a sigh of relief.