

Apocalypse 669

Chapter 669 Sparrow Meets His Brothers

Sparrow and his team remained perfectly still, their eyes fixed on the unfolding situation. The men approaching them kept their guns trained on Sparrow and his group, closing the distance with measured steps. Then, a voice rang out—sharp and demanding.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?!"

Sparrow couldn't pinpoint the speaker amidst the tension, nor could he determine their exact location. But one thing was certain—the voice was from a young man.

"We're here looking for Eagle and Hawk. Do you know them? Can you take us to them?" Sparrow stated plainly, offering no further explanation.

But his straightforward words were immediately met with suspicion. The person in charge assumed Sparrow was trying to bait him—fishing for information about Eagle and Hawk, hoping to trick him into revealing something he shouldn't.

To him, this was a classic scam—an outsider pretending to know someone in order to gain entry and infiltrate their base, like a wolf invited into the den.

Eagle and Hawk's identities weren't widely known, which only deepened the skepticism. These strangers could be rivals of Duke's forces from before the apocalypse or former allies with insider knowledge.

The young man leading the operation remained hidden within the dense forest, carefully observing. For now, he let his men—who had completely surrounded the bus—handle the confrontation, waiting to see how the situation would unfold.

And who was this person?

None other than Keith. Using his awakened mental ability, illusion, he conjured a hyper-realistic army of armed men, making it seem as though Sparrow and his team were completely surrounded.

In reality, Keith himself was hidden behind a nearby tree, watching the scene unfold. His goal wasn't to engage but to buy as much time as possible until the rest of their people arrived at the site.

Why did he come here alone?

The answer was simple. When they heard the landmine go off, he and the others assumed that another zombie had wandered into the minefield and triggered it.

They believed it was just a routine cleanup—disposing of any remains and, if necessary, setting up new mines to maintain the security of their perimeter.

This wasn't the first time a landmine had gone off. Occasionally, some zombies managed to make their way deep into the forest, reaching the outer perimeter of their territory.

To ensure their safety, they had set up various traps, including landmines, around the area. Since this was typically just a routine cleanup, Keith volunteered to handle it alone, as he had done many times before.

But who would have thought that instead of a few zombies triggering the landmine, it would be a group of people? Since Keith had taken his time reaching the perimeter, he had only just managed to call for backup after Sparrow spotted him.

It had only been ten minutes since then, so to keep Sparrow and his group in check, he used his illusion ability to conjure the appearance of numerous armed men, ensuring they wouldn't try anything reckless under his watch.

He was careful not to reveal any details about the base or its inhabitants and had immediately reported the situation to Eagle via walkie-talkie. By now, reinforcements were likely on their way—all Keith had to do was hold out until they arrived and keep himself safe.

With this in mind, Keith remained hidden, maintaining the tension in the air. However, as he observed Sparrow standing firm and composed despite being surrounded, a sense of unease crept over him, now, he was the one getting nervous.

He had never encountered survivors before, and his sister had repeatedly warned him about the dangers they posed. The fact that the first survivor he encountered looked so intimidating and menacing made Keith swallow nervously.

His grip tightened around the walkie-talkie strapped to his belt, his fingers unconsciously clenching as he braced himself for whatever might come next.

Sparrow finally broke the silence. "My name is Sparrow. I came here looking for my people. Are they still here, or have they left for somewhere else? I just want to know."

He knew there was a high chance his question would be met with more silence, but he had to ask. The situation was puzzling, and he was starting to suspect that these people might be new recruits who didn't recognize their higher-ups.

That meant dropping his name was necessary—at the very least, it might get a reaction.

"And I need to urgently deliver a message to my master, Duke Winters, and Young Madam Kisha Aldens. To do that, I must see Eagle and Hawk, who were left in charge of this place."

Sparrow knew he was dropping important names, but it was a calculated risk. If these people were newcomers to the base, they would at least recognize who truly owned this territory.

He was certain that Hawk and Eagle would have made sure everyone under their command was aware of Duke and Kisha.

But if, by some chance, these people were enemies who had managed to take over the base and were just biding their time before leading him into an ambush—then so be it. He would fight his way out if he had to.

The most important thing right now was uncovering the truth.

If the base had been compromised, he had to find another way to warn Duke and Kisha before it was too late. Either way, he couldn't afford to waste time.

"Ah! My sister?!"

Sparrow heard the startled exclamation, and in an instant, with a snap, the armed men surrounding him vanished without a trace. The illusion shattered, leaving only the eerie silence of the forest.

Then, from behind a tree at the edge of the landmine-filled area, a man cautiously stepped out, though he made no further move.

"You said my sister's name? Are you one of the Winters' men?" Keith asked warily. His voice carried both curiosity and suspicion.

This wasn't the first time men from the Winters faction had arrived at this hidden base—over time, more groups had traveled from various locations to seek refuge here, causing their numbers to steadily grow.

But despite that, Keith remained on high alert. He had learned the hard way never to trust too easily.

Seeing the sudden change, Sparrow's head snapped toward the forest, his sharp gaze locking onto a young man standing cautiously behind a tree.

Keith, on the other hand, was carefully weighing his options. Even if Sparrow was an impostor, merely name-dropping to lower his guard, it wouldn't matter. Without Keith's guidance, Sparrow and his group were trapped within the landmine-filled zone.

One wrong move, and they would be blasted to pieces. And even if they somehow survived, it wouldn't take long for Eagle and Hawk to arrive and confirm their identities. If they turned out to be enemies or frauds, dealing with them would still be easy.

After all, many of the Winters' men had awakened their abilities—thanks to Kisha's early warning before the apocalypse, which had given them a higher chance of survival and awakening.

For a brief moment, surprise flickered inside Sparrow, though his expression remained unreadable. Quickly regaining his composure, he cleared his throat and steadied his thoughts.

"Are you Young Madam's little brother, Keith?" he asked, his tone firm but measured.

At the mention of his sister, Keith visibly relaxed, lowering his guard slightly.

"You really know my sister? Did you come from City B?" Keith questioned, his voice still carrying a note of caution but now laced with curiosity.

"Yes, we came from City B on a mission, but when we were about to return, we found that all routes back were blocked—either by massive zombie hordes or dangerous mutated creatures. Traveling back

now would be too risky, so we need to inform Master Duke and Young Madam Kisha about our findings," Sparrow explained, his tone firm and urgent.

Just as he finished speaking, the distant roar of engines broke the tense silence. Three vehicles screeched to a halt on the other side of the landmine-filled area, kicking up a thick cloud of dust along the dirt road. As the dust settled, several figures emerged from the vehicles, clad in sleek black combat gear, their presence exuding an air of authority and readiness.

Eagle, Hawk, and Ethan had arrived—along with a squad of reinforcements.

"Sparrow?!" Eagle exclaimed as he stepped out of the vehicle, his sharp gaze immediately locking onto the familiar figure standing atop the yellow bus. Though Sparrow looked a little worn down from the journey, his strong and steady posture remained unchanged.

Sparrow, on the other hand, had noticed the approaching vehicles long before they stopped. He had been waiting for this moment, watching carefully as they arrived.

From a distance, he had already caught a glimpse of the driver's face, which was why he had felt confident enough to mention Kisha and Duke. However, his main concern had been confirming whether the young man before him was truly Kisha's younger brother.

Sparrow shot Eagle and Hawk a toothy grin as he nodded in acknowledgment.

He hadn't recognized Keith at first glance—after all, the boy had changed drastically since their escape from City A.

Back then, Keith had been lean and frail, someone who didn't seem suited for combat. But now, though he still had a slender frame, there was a noticeable difference in the way he carried himself.

The way he walked, breathed, and moved all spoke of his growth.

His posture exuded confidence, his physique had filled out with muscle, and Sparrow could even tell from subtle shifts in his stance that Keith had learned close combat—something he clearly lacked before.

"It's been a while, brothers," Sparrow said, his voice filled with warmth and relief as he looked at the familiar faces before him. A genuine smile spread across his face, the tension in his shoulders easing now that he was reunited with his comrades.