

Apocalypse 907

Chapter 907 Decision

As he pieced everything together, doubt crept in. The men standing before him claimed to be from that very base. What if this was all a setup? What if they were being lured into a trap, just so their supplies could be taken from them?

Sparrow, with his sharp eye, noticed the sudden hesitation in the group leader. "Whether you believe me or not is your choice," he began evenly. "But the truth is, if we wanted to, we could easily take your supplies without resorting to schemes. We have no need to plot against you."

He then signaled for the STAU's to enter. Two people stepped inside, removed their night vision goggles, and, before anyone could react, stored them away in their spatial inventory. The items vanished without a trace, leaving everyone staring in shock.

"As you can see," Sparrow continued, "we can store things in a separate space. If we wished, we could take every last supply you have here and disappear without so much as a word. We wouldn't even have to care about your life or death."

"But we are not like those kinds of people. We lack nothing in terms of supplies, so you can rest assured, we won't scheme against you or set a trap just to get our hands on what you have."

Seeing and hearing this, the leader no longer hesitated. Although he didn't know how Sparrow's people had made the item disappear, or if Sparrow was even telling the truth, what he said about the supplies wasn't wrong.

Having so many provisions without the means to protect them would bring more harm than good. A few crowbars and other melee weapons were no match if the other side had firearms. Either way, he could only try his luck.

But it seemed not everyone shared his mindset. A woman stepped out from the group, looking slightly cleaner than the rest. She had delicate features and a faint crease between her brows as she looked up at Sparrow.

“Sir, how can we be sure you’re telling the truth?” she asked.

Those who had been frantically stuffing supplies into bags froze in place, even the leader. Sparrow, however, didn’t bother to respond. At this point, he didn’t have the bandwidth to entertain stupidity; he had already made himself perfectly clear.

His voice had echoed through the warehouse like a built-in megaphone, ensuring everyone heard him. It was impossible she had missed it.

The only reason she had come out now, asking such a redundant question, was because she wanted Sparrow’s attention. After all, if Sparrow held this much influence, it meant his position in the base was far from low.

The people he had brought along clearly listened to him, which suggested he held a high rank. Earning his favor could easily translate into living comfortably under someone else’s roof. And the woman who stepped forward wasn’t unattractive by any means, but who exactly was Sparrow?

He had followed his master, Duke, on countless occasions, seen much of the world, and met many beautiful women along the way. But for him, beauty alone was never enough. He was drawn to capable women, not fragile, ornamental flowers who only knew how to cling to men.

The thought of having a woman like that would only make him worry, especially if she were to lean on other men while he was out risking his life for the betterment of their base.

If he had to name the kind of woman who could truly catch his eye, Rose would be the perfect example. He would have said their Young Madam, but even thinking about her in that way might get him in trouble with his master.

So instead, he settled on the most sensible choice: a woman with both beauty and ability, Rose Brigget.

And just thinking about her made him realize it had been a while since he last saw Rose. Having her in the team always felt like having an entire battalion at his side.

Now, with a clown stepping into his line of sight, he couldn't help but sigh heavily—he had no interest in even looking at the pretentious woman standing before him. But she didn't seem inclined to let go of Sparrow so easily.

“Sir, are you not answering me because you've realized you're guilty?” she pressed.

“I don't know what's wrong with your ears, whether you've got hearing problems or you're just plain stupid, but I'm allergic to stupidity. I might even break out in goosebumps if you keep talking,” Sparrow said flatly.

Vulture, who was even cruder than him, burst out laughing without sparing the woman a shred of dignity. His annoyingly handsome face only made her bristle more. She had expected them to act like everyone else in the warehouse, men who fawned over her, shielded her, and even stepped in to defend her when she was accused of being wasteful.

Here, beauty had always been her trump card. But now, being openly called stupid left her cheeks burning with humiliation. She could only grit her teeth, furious that the tactic which always worked had failed so miserably.

“Alright, everyone, if you agree, pack up quickly so my team can handle the rest. I’ll send the message right away. Follow my instructions, and you’ll get to the base, simple and clear. But if some of you don’t believe me, you can stay here. We’ll leave your share of the supplies, close the door, and you can wait for your rescuer for as long as you want. That’s all I have to say.” Sparrow stood with his arms crossed, feet planted apart like a soldier, waiting for their decision.

Seeing how serious Sparrow was, those who had been hesitating finally picked up a backpack and began packing. Even the pretentious woman, realizing no one was paying her any attention, reluctantly packed her things, only taking what she could carry and ignoring the ten-kilogram requirement.

After all, hadn’t Sparrow said they’d be bringing the supplies back to the base anyway? What was the point of carrying so much?

What she didn’t realize was that even if she was granted contribution points without meeting the ten-kilogram quota, she wouldn’t be given good accommodations. Sparrow had a reason for his rule: asking everyone to bring at least ten kilograms, despite him hauling the supplies back and awarding contribution points, was a way to see who was truly righteous and who would take advantage of the situation.

And depending on their actions, their future in the base would be determined. Since many of them were righteous, they would likely secure a good future, earning better roles that could eventually grow into leadership positions.

However, people like the pretentious woman would not be entrusted with important responsibilities. She might only be given minor tasks, earning a small number of work points day after day until she either learned her lesson, or didn't.

More likely, she would continue to depend on men for survival, but if disaster struck, she would be the first to die, unable to fend for herself without relying on others.

After all, Sparrow wouldn't assign them a simple task just for the sake of it. The base only accepted good and capable people. If the pretentious woman committed some unspeakable act, she would be among the first to be expelled and forced to survive on her own.

This was merely a simple personality test, designed so the City Lord and the receiving staff could more easily sort and evaluate people once they were inside.

Soon, almost everyone had finished packing and stepped aside. Once Sparrow saw this, he signaled for the STAU's to store all the remaining supplies inside their Space.

Among the items in the warehouse were brand-new appliances, gardening tools, household goods, and more. The STAU's were pleased—thanks to how much their Space had expanded over time, it only took one of them to store the entire haul from this supply run.

As the towering stacks of boxes vanished before their eyes, leaving the warehouse completely bare, even the dividers were gone, the onlookers finally began to believe Sparrow's claim that he could take everything without their consent if needed.

They hadn't expected it to happen so effortlessly; there was no need to haul each item away one by one. With just a single wave of a hand, everything disappeared. They couldn't comprehend how it worked, but with so many unbelievable things happening lately, this too wasn't so hard to accept. After a moment of stunned silence, they managed to pull themselves together.

"Alright, move out!" Sparrow ordered, signaling his people to continue forward. Only then did the survivors in the warehouse notice that there were still many more people outside the door.

When they opened it, they were met with the sight of Sparrow's group. If they had chosen to attack the moment they saw Vulture and Sparrow, they would have been completely overpowered; the disciplined posture and sharp gazes of Sparrow's people made it clear they were well-trained in combat.