

Apocalypse 908

Chapter 908 Dogs Barking

At the middle of the line were elderly individuals and even some young men, which reassured the survivors. It showed that the group didn't discriminate against age. However, seeing these people out in such a dangerous place also made it clear: the Base only accepted capable, working individuals—there was no room for idlers.

Those who were quick-witted could tell from the diverse age range of the people with Sparrow that his group didn't discriminate; all they cared about was whether someone could work.

Since he wasn't turning anyone away or dismissing them as useless, it meant there were likely many jobs available that matched different skill sets and experiences.

Meanwhile, those who failed to notice these subtle details, or lacked the insight to understand them, only grew nervous and intimidated by Sparrow's people.

As Sparrow issued his orders, his team prepared to fall back. He switched his radio to a different frequency, connected to the base, and was immediately answered by the gatekeeper.

After receiving Sparrow's instructions, the gatekeeper personally went to see Tristan, the secretary to both the City Lord and Vice City Lord, who oversaw most of the base's affairs. Believing this matter to fall under Tristan's jurisdiction, the gatekeeper relayed everything.

Upon hearing the report, Tristan promptly contacted Kisha through the system's chat interface. Kisha agreed right away, leaving the arrangements to him. With her approval, Tristan implemented Sparrow's suggestion while adding his own ideas.

After all, the incoming survivors were not only bringing valuable supplies, but more importantly, they were bringing valuable manpower.

He needed to personally oversee the acceptance of these people, assessing firsthand who had potential. To do so, he reviewed possible positions within the base where they could be assigned, allowing him to monitor their performance closely before arranging a more suitable role for each.

Once everything was set, he waited for their arrival, instructing the patrol team outside the walls to keep an eye out for them and be ready to provide assistance if necessary.

Meanwhile, as Tristan was busy on his end, Sparrow led his group out of the supermarket. Unfortunately, luck didn't seem to be on his side today as well. Just as they stepped outside with their team and the other survivors, they ran into a group that radiated trouble.

These newcomers had just parked their cars in the lot, some gripping spiked bats still stained with the black blood of zombies, others clutching low-caliber pistols and shotguns, and a few wielding large, menacing knives.

Just their appearance alone was intimidating, and they'd brought quite a few people with them. It was clear they'd come prepared to ransack the supermarket, intending to gather as many supplies as possible.

Judging by their numbers and readiness, they must have planned this for a while—traveling from their shelter with the knowledge that this place still held provisions.

“I-I think I recognize one of them,” the leader whispered, standing close behind Sparrow. “That man... he was here before, came to get supplies, and ended up fighting with other survivors. Their argument escalated until... they killed for supplies. I thought he’d died out there—it’s been weeks since I last saw him...”

He kept his voice low, almost afraid the group might overhear and target them. It wasn’t fear of confrontation so much as a desire to avoid unnecessary trouble. After all, witnessing and hearing so many shocking things today was already more than his little heart could handle.

“Oh? They look like they’re here to cause trouble...” Sparrow said with a smirk. He’d seen all kinds of people before and could read their aura the moment he laid eyes on them.

Vulture tapped Sparrow on the shoulder and teased, “Seems like your bad luck follows us everywhere.” He didn’t take his eyes off the incoming group as they slowly stepped out of their cars.

Sparrow’s team couldn’t simply leave with hostile strangers around; they might lead them straight to HOPE Base. They had to deal with this first, ensuring these survivors wouldn’t be targeted and killed on their way to the base.

And so, Sparrow and his people stood their ground, motionless, their eyes fixed ahead. The newcomers advanced at a steady pace, some glancing around at the scattered corpses of zombies.

It was obvious that Sparrow's group had just cleared the area; a few of the newcomers even gave low whistles of appreciation at the sight, clearly impressed by their capabilities.

However, their expressions shifted as they took in the scene more carefully. Unlike the newcomers, Sparrow's group carried no obvious firearms, aside from Fred, who held an assault rifle.

The rest bore only daggers, which to the newcomers seemed no match for their own bullets. Smugness settled over their faces as they concluded they had the upper hand, underestimating the unarmed yet formidable-looking group before them.

"Well, look what we have here..." one of the newcomers drawled, eyeing Sparrow from head to toe. Spotting him at the forefront, he quickly assumed Sparrow was the leader.

"Yow! You've got some skills, clearing out the zombies like this. But here's the thing, every one of my brothers is armed. So, you'd better hand this place over to us while we're still feeling generous. Otherwise..." He let the threat hang in the air, stopping just two feet from Sparrow and locking eyes with him, radiating the confidence of a man who believed he was in control.

To him, Sparrow's calm stillness looked like weakness, and he was like a peacock showing off with nothing to back it up. Inside, however, Sparrow was already suppressing laughter.

How had men like this survived this long, still judging strength by appearances? Just because they saw no firearms in his group, they assumed he and his people were easy prey, ripe for bullying and robbing.

Little did they know, even if Sparrow were feeling generous enough to let them enter the supermarket, they wouldn't find anything worth taking, only spoiled meat and seafood, moldy bread, and other rotten

scraps. Everything else had long since been packed away into the STAUs' Space, leaving the warehouse as empty as their chances.

Even with the taunts, Sparrow didn't react. His silence started to grate on the others, making them feel slighted. One man snorted, spitting to the side like some street thug, but Sparrow merely tilted his head, expression unreadable.

"You think you're tough, huh?" the man sneered, biting his lip in irritation as he rubbed his hands over his face. His patience snapped, and he reached out, trying to get handsy with Sparrow—

—but in a blur, Sparrow caught his wrist. A sharp, sickening crack echoed.

"Argh! Fuck! Let go! Let go!" the man shrieked, his voice breaking as pain contorted his face. He writhed helplessly, following the twist of Sparrow's grip.

Sparrow finally let go. "If we're fighting, then just go at it," he said at last, his voice calm but laced with danger. The bloodthirsty aura radiating from him made the man flinch, as if he were being stared down by a predator. Fear crept in despite himself.

Glancing over his shoulder, the man barked, "Get inside, grab all the supplies, and we'll head back!"

"But boss, these people are looking down on us, let's teach them a lesson!" one of his subordinates protested.

“Then go ahead, if you can.” The so-called boss shot back, still locked in his standoff with Sparrow.

Those who had felt Sparrow’s killing intent instantly thought better of it, stepping back in haste before breaking into a run toward the supermarket to start hoarding supplies, while Sparrow and his group held their ground.

The survivors behind Sparrow stayed silent, the tense atmosphere hanging heavy until the men who had entered sprinted back.

“Boss! Boss! Negative! There are no supplies inside!” they shouted breathlessly.

The man who claimed to be their leader froze. They had sent scouts ahead, which was why there were so few zombies here. They had come prepared to take everything, but clearly, someone had beaten them to it.

His gaze locked onto Sparrow and the survivors behind him — then flicked to their backpacks.

“You took all the supplies? Hand them over, and I’ll let you go,” he demanded, trying to intimidate.

But Sparrow remained unfazed.

Suddenly, the pretentious woman, seizing her moment, stepped forward. “Sir, all the supplies are with these two!” she declared, pointing at the two STAUs. “They’re hiding them somewhere. Take them, and you’ll get everything.”

Heads whipped toward her in unison, eyes wide with disbelief as if she’d just uttered nonsense. Many glared daggers, their expressions hungry enough to sink their teeth into her neck and drink her blood in anger.

Feeling their hostile stares pierce her skin, the woman’s bravado crumbled. Fear overtook her, and she bolted toward the other side, desperately seeking safety among the others.

The boss grabbed her by the waist, his eyes locking onto hers like a hungry wolf sizing up its prey. Instead of fear, the pretentious woman felt a thrill stir within her. She liked the way he looked at her—intense, possessive. In that moment, she convinced herself this was how she deserved to be treated: with fierce hunger and dominance, so she could reign over them all like a queen.