

Apocalypse 909

Chapter 909 Dealing With Pest

This time, the woman had truly struck a nerve, exposing his business to outsiders, but Sparrow had expected nothing less from someone like her. It didn't surprise him in the slightest.

He merely cast her a cold, predatory glance, the kind that made her skin crawl. She immediately shrank back into the man's arms. Tilting his head, Sparrow's lips curled into a dangerous smirk.

"Do you seriously think you can take what's in my hands?" he asked, his tone dripping with menace.

"Sure..." the man replied, signaling his men. In an instant, their guns were trained on Sparrow's group.

The survivors from the warehouse froze, fear rippling through them. Many stepped back, and a few, too terrified to resist, threw their hands into the air.

"I'll give my supplies! I'll give it all, just don't kill me!" cried two or three of the survivors, supermarket staff and shoppers alike. Their desperate surrender made their leader grit his teeth in frustration.

"Such cowards, ungrateful wretches!" the leader roared, his face flushed with fury. Sparrow couldn't help but note that this man was indeed a solid choice; once he made a decision, he didn't go back on his word. Right now, he seemed determined to stick with Sparrow's team through thick and thin.

Sparrow, however, held back from acting. He wanted to see how the rest would respond to this situation, these presumptuous fools who thought they could take on a tiger armed with nothing more than a toothpick.

Sparrow decided to watch how these people would react; this would serve as his first screening. Initially, he had planned to simply send them to the base and let Tristan handle the evaluation, weeding out those unfit to stay.

But now, the opportunity had presented itself on its own. Why not take advantage of it and cut out the tumors here and now, sparing Tristan the extra work once they arrived at the base?

Sparrow's gaze lingered on those who were switching sides, but in his mind, he was already counting how many he would have to deal with. None of them could be allowed to live. He had already mentioned the existence of their base, and that knowledge could be used as leverage.

Though the base was now open to outsiders for trade, he knew these types of people, who are predictably treacherous, the sort who would scheme under their very noses. Such people could never be allowed past the gates.

And so, Sparrow stood back and watched as the people spun their own little drama. A few of the warehouse survivors had already switched sides, now lined up behind the newcomers.

The pretentious woman, putting on her best impression of a fragile damsel, clung to the arm of a man who, while far from matching Sparrow or Vulture in looks, was still, in her eyes, the better choice.

With him, she could wield her charm freely, bending him to cherish and obey her, unlike Sparrow and Vulture, who, in her mind, were utterly hopeless when it came to women. Disdaining them for not knowing how to treat her “properly,” she wasted no time defecting.

To sweeten her welcome, she even spilled Sparrow’s group’s secrets, hoping to earn merit. After all, if her betrayal led to hauling in such a wealth of supplies, she expected to be treated like a queen.

But despite all her thoughts, Sparrow never showed a hint of panic. When he saw the weapons from the other side drawn and pointed at them, he glanced over his shoulder at the survivors from the warehouse still standing behind him. “Anyone here still thinking of switching sides? Better decide now,” he said.

None of them moved. Fear was etched on their faces, and they knew they were outnumbered, yet they still gripped their crowbars and other makeshift weapons tightly, as if ready to jump into the fire alongside Sparrow’s team.

Seeing this, Sparrow raised an eyebrow. “Very well...”

He turned back to face the enemy, no longer bothering to hide the sinister smile that spread across his lips as he gazed at those standing before him.

“Brothers, it seems these people want us dead and robbed us in broad daylight. How should we respond?” Sparrow asked, his gaze fixed on Vulture and the rest. The moment his words dropped, his bloodthirsty aura spread, making his teammates snicker as their smiles widened.

They understood exactly what their captain intended. Many of them, hardened by countless brushes with death, could summon their own killing intent, though none as potent as Sparrow's or Vulture's.

Even so, it was enough to make the opposing group tremble, their courage faltering at the sight of those sinister grins carved onto Sparrow's men's faces.

"D-Don't move, or we'll open fire!" the opposing leader stammered, his voice cracking as a cold dread crawled up his spine. His feet felt like lead, rooted by fear.

But then, perhaps one of his men was so rattled by Sparrow and his team's presence that his trembling finger jerked the trigger, sending a shot straight at Vulture.

Bang!

Then, all eyes turned to the man who had fired the shot, the muzzle of his pistol still smoking. Their gazes followed the bullet's line of fire to Vulture's Earth armor, where a small, smoking hole had appeared.

Before anyone could react, the hole began to mend itself, forcing the bullet out before sealing completely. Beneath the armor, Vulture's skin remained unscathed.

Vulture gave a smug smile. "Should I scream 'ouch'?" he taunted.

The sight unsettled everyone. A sense of unease spread through the other side's people as they felt that something was wrong with Sparrow and his people, and panic took over; they opened fire in a frenzy.

In an instant, Vulture conjured towering earthen walls on three sides, front, left, and right, not only shielding his group from the bullets but also ensuring the survivors weren't gunned down in the crossfire.

Then Sparrow leapt from the safety of the towering 'Earth Wall', using his wind ability to propel himself higher before riding his 'Wind Whirlwind'. The people below gawked in shock at the sight of him soaring through the air, but before they could react, Sparrow had already conjured 'Wind Blades' in both hands and hurled them with deadly precision.

Two heads rolled cleanly from their owners' shoulders, alerting the rest of the group.

"Duck behind the vehicles! Those people have powers, we can't engage in melee combat!" Their boss shouted over the deafening roar of gunfire.

The scene snapped everyone out of their daze, and they scrambled to take cover behind the nearest vehicles, desperate to get out of Sparrow's line of sight. His attack had been so swift and precise that the two men hadn't even realized they were dead.

They turned toward their teammates, only for their heads to slide cleanly from their necks, leaving behind a nightmarish spectacle.

“Ahhh!” the pretentious woman screamed at the top of her lungs, her voice sharp with fear. She had no idea what exactly was happening, but with an earth wall rising before her and Sparrow soaring through the air, she would have to be utterly brainless not to realize something terrifying was unfolding.

How Sparrow’s team had gained superpowers was a question she refused to dwell on right now—this was no time for answers.

While they huddled behind the cars, a loud, drawn-out creak shattered the tense air. Glancing over their shoulders, they saw the very car shielding them shuddering and groaning, its metal frame warping under some unseen force.

Then, with a sudden, violent collapse, it began to crumple at alarming speed. Staying put meant being flattened along with it. Heart pounding, they bolted toward the next row of vehicles, desperately seeking cover before the invisible hand reached them too.

Then, without giving them a moment to breathe, one of the vehicles suddenly exploded, as if struck by an RPG. The two people taking cover behind it were torn apart, their remains scattering as blood rained onto the ground.

The deafening blast drew the attention of nearby zombies, who immediately began shambling toward the source of the noise.

Then, without giving them a moment to breathe again, several of the men’s heads suddenly burst apart like balloons, spraying blood and brain matter all over the others.

Panic ripped through the rest; some screamed, others sobbed in terror. They had no idea what was happening anymore, only that they might have stumbled into a hornet's nest without realizing it.

On Sparrow's side, the survivors still with him watched Clyde make a quick hand gesture. A loud creaking came from beyond the earth wall, and the gunfire abruptly ceased. Then Fred came sprinting around, clutching his assault rifle.

He fired a single shot, only instead of the crack of gunfire, a deafening explosion tore through the air, as if he'd launched a grenade straight from his rifle's barrel.

Then there was Reeve. He opened his mouth as if shouting, yet no sound reached them. From the other side, however, came the unmistakable cacophony, screams and sobs, as though they'd been thrown into a war-torn battlefield. The survivors on Sparrow's side had no idea what was happening anymore.