

Apocalypse 217

Chapter 217 Sparrow's Side

Meanwhile, Sparrow, Vulture, and Tristan made their way to the Minister of Defence's side at Villa #9. Their plan was to orchestrate simultaneous attacks on both factions, preventing them from supporting each other in times of need. Duke's role would be crucial in ensuring that communication between the two camps was effectively severed.

Kisha had directed them to accompany Aston and his team to the Minister of Defence's hideout. As soon as they departed the villa, they disguised their movements by heading towards a street known as a red-light district, aiming to shake off any tail.

Upon arriving at the red-light district, the three encountered many women lining the road in skimpy clothing. Despite appearing cleaner than some, they still bore traces of dirt clinging to their oily skin and hair, which resembled tangled bird's nests.

As soon as the three well-fed and healthy-looking men arrived on their street, the women flocked to them. It was clear to everyone that these men were well-provided for, evident from their healthy skin and muscular appearance.

Sparrow and the others found themselves flanked on both sides as the women began fighting over who would serve them.

"Hey handsome, why don't you pick me? I can give you a steamy sex in exchange for a loaf of bread," the woman on Tristan's side coaxed, pulling him towards one of the tents. Meanwhile, another woman on his other side refused to give up easily and tugged him in the opposite direction.

"Hey handsome, I'll even give you a discount if you choose me."

Despite feeling bothered and perplexed by the situation, Sparrow, Vulture, and Tristan maintained their facade and each randomly chose a woman who appeared cleaner and more composed.

Soon, each of the three men was escorted into separate tents one after another. The interiors carried an overwhelming scent, and the sparse furnishings offered little comfort—scant bedding, no blankets, and hardly any food in sight. It was clear these women relied solely on their bodies to survive.

They didn't pry any further and got straight to business. As the women eagerly initiated their services, each man gently stopped them and began their transaction. Despite being in separate tents, all three were noted for their similar thinking and mannerisms.

"Let's make a deal. I'll give you two loaves of bread, but you have to pretend I'm still here when I leave and continue your performance," Sparrow proposed, producing two loaves of bread from his backpack.

The woman looked surprised but suspicious. She wondered why Sparrow was offering two loaves of bread before she had even provided her services, especially when he only needed her to pretend he was there.

She sensed that overly generous offers often concealed ulterior motives, so she began to suspect Sparrow's intentions. "If you plan to use me as a cover, then leave. No matter what you offer, I won't compromise my safety for you."

Sparrow chuckled knowingly, aware that the woman had caught on to something, but he stayed and proposed, "How about two loaves of bread, two packets of instant noodles, a liter of water, and two cans of meatloaf?" He displayed all the food he had in his backpack.

The woman's eyes widened in surprise; the food Sparrow mentioned was already worth a reward for an important mission. As a woman with limited strength, she had few options from the mission board that could earn her a meal, but such jobs were often taken by men. For someone like her, without a man to rely on, choices were scarce.

Reluctantly, despite her aversion to using her body to earn a living and knowing it was something she detested, she went ahead because she held onto hope that life would improve eventually. She reasoned that at least by fighting in her own way, she could retain some control over her fate.

Now that food was being presented to her on a silver platter, she hesitated, sensing there might be more to it that could endanger her life. Her intuition as a woman kicked in, and she narrowed her eyes, studying Sparrow closely.

Sparrow found her perceptiveness unexpectedly useful and saw potential in her as a trustworthy recruit for his Young Madam. He decided to explain himself: "You see, someone has been tailing me whenever I leave, hindering my ability to fulfill the tasks my master assigned.

I'm not sure if they mean harm or not, but my master's orders are crucial." Sparrow sighed wearily, as though genuinely conceding to the situation, though only he knew he had carefully mixed truth with white lies.

But the woman became even more guarded. "Who was your Master?" She asked with dread.

"Is that important?" Sparrow asked with confusion.

"Of course it was!" The woman almost shrieked.

Sparrow noticed her cautious demeanor and spoke up. "If you're worried that my master is Young Master Coltons or associated with him, you're mistaken. In fact, my master and Young Madam despise that man," Sparrow admitted, withholding further details, hopeful that this revelation would prompt her assistance.

As expected, the woman visibly relaxed upon hearing Sparrow's words but remained cautious.

Taking note of her response, Sparrow grew bolder. "If you're not fond of the Coltons, then that's even more reason to assist me, don't you think?"

"Besides, I'm offering a substantial reward for a simple job that doesn't require you to sell your body," Sparrow added.

It took a bit more persuasion without divulging further details before the woman reluctantly agreed to take the job. Similar negotiations played out in the other two tents, with Vulture and Tristan handling them more swiftly. They were now waiting for Sparrow in the back alley.

After Sparrow convinced the woman, she led him to exit through the back of the tent, which was obscured by other tents. Once Sparrow left, the woman began moaning louder and uttering explicit

words, making it seem as though there was a man inside with her. Sparrow could even hear the sounds of skin slapping, making it more believable.

This gave him peace of mind, knowing he now had a solid cover. Soon after, he rendezvoused with Tristan and Vulture, and together they headed to where Aston and his men awaited.

Aston received a small note delivered by Bell, containing simple instructions that Sparrow would elaborate on later.

Sparrow and the others made their way to Aston's tent. Despite the injuries on Aston and his men, they had convinced everyone that they were bedridden and resting inside their tents.

None of Aston's men had ventured outside the tent since their arrival, only receiving meager deliveries of biscuits from sympathetic soldiers. Thanks to Kisha's healing potion, their recovery had been swift, though they maintained the facade of injury until Sparrow and his team arrived.

As Sparrow, Vulture, and Tristan stealthily entered Aston's tent, Aston and his men lay in bed, appearing weak and battered. However, upon seeing Sparrow and the others sneak in, Aston and his comrades immediately sprang to their feet and saluted.

"You've finally arrived," Aston said, gathering his well-dressed men around him, ready to move out.

Sparrow briefed them on Kisha's mission and mentioned she was likely already inside the enemy's hideout. Aston's heart skipped a beat in nervousness.

"Is she alone?" Aston asked, his face paling.

Sparrow shook his head. "Our men are with her, and our Master will support us by hacking into the enemy's system to create a way in," Sparrow explained.

Just then, the radio strapped to his backpack emitted a static sound. "Sparrow, come in."