

Apocalypse 358

Chapter 358 Supply Run 2

However, when they saw Sparrow gliding effortlessly through the air like a wind god, their relief was palpable. At the same time, they couldn't help but feel a pang of envy.

Both Fred and Clyde had yet to awaken their own abilities and were unsure if they even had one. Witnessing Sparrow's mastery of his power only intensified their longing and jealousy.

"Captain Sparrow." Fred and Clyde greeted him as he landed.

"Is everything okay with the group?" Sparrow asked immediately, concern evident in his voice.

"No, sir," Clyde replied quickly, eager to reassure him. "We're just checking in to see if you're alright. We've also been monitoring the perimeter."

Sparrow nodded in acknowledgment, and Fred guided him back to where the rest of the group was gathered. Upon arrival, he found everyone bustling about, preparing their meal. Evelyn was at the forefront, organizing the volunteers who had stepped up to cook.

They were delighted to discover a camping burner and butane among the supplies Kisha had provided to the five STAU. The haul included a variety of plump vegetables, meat, and seafood, offering them a feast of choices. As they prepared and enjoyed their meal in the forest, it felt more like a pleasant outing than a mission, a rare respite from the harsh realities they faced.

With Bell and the Scarlet Bees maintaining a steady patrol, the group was able to relax and prepare their meal in relative peace. Although the distant growls of zombies from the Port were still audible, they had grown accustomed to the sounds, which no longer disrupted their sense of calm.

Reeve helped Evelyn chop vegetables as they prepared a hearty meal: roasted chicken, seafood soup loaded with vegetables and mushrooms, white rice, and sweet and sour pork. Evelyn took charge with the ease of a seasoned cook, accustomed to feeding large groups during family gatherings, making the task seem effortless.

They decided to indulge in the feast, knowing how fortunate they were to have such supplies, courtesy of Kisha. If they had to buy seafood from the Supply Center using their points, it would still be expensive, even with their 20% warrior discount.

Given the current state of the world, seafood was becoming a rare luxury—no one would be venturing out to sea to fish anymore, making this meal feel even more special.

While everyone was occupied with cutting and cleaning the ingredients, Evelyn focused on preparing the marinade for the roasted chickens. Once the sauce was ready, she placed 20 large, rooster-sized chickens into a big basin and carefully poured the marinade from a large pitcher, ensuring each piece was well-coated and ready for roasting.

As Evelyn ensured each chicken was thoroughly soaked in the marinade, the others finished their tasks and started cleaning the cooking utensils, preparing for the next steps. By the time the cooking was done, night had fully settled in, and hunger had crept over the group.

Their stomachs grumbled in unison, especially as the delicious aroma of roasted chicken and simmering seafood soup filled the air, teasing them with the promise of a feast.

The longer they waited, the more their mouths watered, even Sparrow, usually so cool and composed, couldn't help but feel the hunger gnawing at him. Once the roasting was finished, Evelyn and the others carefully carried the chickens back, slicing them evenly to ensure that all hundred or so warriors with them would be properly fed.

After portioning the food, they began distributing it. Despite the careful division, each person still received a generous serving—large bowls of rice topped with roasted chicken and sweet-and-sour pork, along with a separate bowl brimming with seafood soup.

With such an abundance of food, none of them would go hungry through the night. They devoured their meals with a hunger that far outpaced the time it took to cook them. Evelyn chuckled softly at how quickly the group ate, their energy renewed. Soon, the plates were empty, and those assigned to cleanup took over, busy with washing up as the rest settled down.

Sparrow called the five STAU over to a quiet corner, his expression thoughtful. Once they arrived, looking full and satisfied from their meal, he nodded at them before asking, "Are any of you afraid of heights?"

The five exchanged confused glances but shook their heads in response—except for one, who nervously nodded. Seeing this, Sparrow's lips curved into a smirk. "Too bad," he remarked, his cryptic comment only deepening their confusion as they grew more curious about the reason behind his odd question.

Sparrow, however, remained tight-lipped, offering no further explanation as he walked over to Clyde and began speaking in hushed tones, leaving the five STAU standing with puzzled expressions.

The one who had nodded earlier felt a wave of unease rise in his chest, his stomach churning with a growing sense of dread—whatever Sparrow had in mind, it didn't feel like good news for him.

After Sparrow finished speaking with Clyde, Clyde gave a nod and a salute before Sparrow returned to the five STAU. "Let's go," he said, handing each of them a pair of night vision goggles.

The five accepted the goggles with reluctant nods, adjusting them around their necks for easy access. This way, they could quickly pull them up when needed without worrying about them falling off while on the move.

They followed Sparrow out of the forest to the edge of the port, where the fence loomed into view. The five STAU members exchanged puzzled glances, noticing that only the six of them were present. "Captain Sparrow, are we going out for a scouting mission? What about the others?" one of them asked, his anxiety palpable after Sparrow's earlier question.

"What do you mean, 'others'? It's just going to be us," Sparrow replied with a mischievous grin.

The five took a deep breath of the chilly night air, their faces paling as they glanced at the fence, teeming with zombies clawing desperately at the barrier. Before they could react further, they heard Sparrow stretching his limbs with audible cracks, his neck twisting with a series of pops. "Come up!" he said, his voice steady as he gestured toward the fence.

'Come up where?' The five exchanged uncertain glances, their faces reflecting a shared confusion. None of them dared to ask Sparrow for clarification, each feeling a sense of foreboding about the answer they might receive.

Sparrow repeated, "Grab onto me. I'll take you inside." He stood upright and steady, like a pole, while the five stared at him with a mix of fear and confusion, unsure of what he was planning or what it meant for them.

Reluctantly, they all clung to him—grabbing his arms, his back, even his legs. Sparrow's teasing tone cut through their anxiety: "Hold on tightly, or you might fall. And I don't need to remind you where you'd end up if you're holding on like you're afraid." His words, though light-hearted, prompted the five to tighten their grips, each clutching him as if their lives depended on it.

Once Sparrow felt they were securely fastened, he leaped into the air with a powerful thrust, propelling them upward. The sudden motion elicited startled cries from the five:

"FUCCCCCKKKK!!!!"

"Mommy!!!"

"Graahhhh!"

One of them couldn't even utter a word as the rush of air forced its way into his mouth.