

## **Apocalypse 380**

### Chapter 380 Something Happened to Rose

Marcus remained puzzled but nodded in understanding, jotting down notes about this particular crop.

He resolved to examine the other crops later, hoping to find similar varieties to group together as Kisha had instructed.

Kisha and Duke decided to give Marcus some space, stepping away to avoid disturbing him. However, once they were a bit farther away, Duke's curiosity got the better of him.

He began to ask Kisha for more information, and she willingly shared the insights that 008 had just explained to her.

After hearing her explanation, Duke was visibly shaken and equally excited, though he managed to maintain a composed exterior.

However, Kisha could see the excitement bubbling in his eyes, which made her beam even brighter.

Her happiness stemmed not just from the prospect of gaining strength, but from the realization that this crop could significantly benefit Duke.

She hoped it would prevent a recurrence of the depletion of his energy core, ensuring his well-being in the future.

If 008's explanation held true, it would purify their energy, enabling them to wield their awakened abilities with greater potency while also reducing the amount of spiritual energy needed to do so.

Furthermore, it wouldn't stop there; it would also double the capacity of their spiritual energy pool, providing even more potential for growth and power.

If before, Duke could summon a fire meteor the size of a fist, after consuming a significant amount of spiritual crops, not only would the meteor grow larger, but its fire essence would also become purer.

This purer essence wouldn't just char a zombie—it would reduce it to nothing but ashes.

Just the thought of it made Kisha's heart race, her excitement obvious. Even Duke, usually composed, couldn't help but be swept up by her enthusiasm.

Like any man with ambition, he wouldn't turn down the opportunity to grow stronger, especially with such a promising prospect ahead.

Duke glanced back at the spot where he and Kisha had been standing moments ago, in front of the tomato tree.

His eyes crinkled with delight, like a boy anticipating a gift, a wide grin spreading across his face.

When he turned back to Kisha, they shared a knowing smile, the excitement between them unspoken but deeply felt.

After calming their excitement and slipping back into their poker faces, Duke and Kisha exited her territory space.

They reappeared in the alley where they had last stood, and to their relief, no one had noticed their absence, despite having been gone for over an hour.

Kisha and Duke stepped out of the alley and noticed that the people at the base were still bustling about, busy with their tasks.

Without drawing attention, the two of them made their way back to their station to check on the current situation.

Before dawn, Sparrow and his team were already on the road. The night before, many of them made sure to use the Scarlet Honey, determined not to waste a single day of training.

After finishing their routines, they finally rested, taking turns guarding the perimeter to ensure the group's safety through the night.

Even Zeus refused to leave the five 'STAU,' choosing to rest right beside them while staying constantly alert.

As their primary guardian, Zeus took its role seriously, performing so well that Bell didn't need to supervise.

This allowed Bell to focus on managing the Scarlet Bees, sending them out for scouting and patrols far beyond the reach of the other guards.

The Scarlet Bees didn't need to constantly fly around. Instead, they stationed themselves on nearly every tree in the vicinity, ready to act as alarms the moment they sensed anything unusual.

This strategy ensured that Bell's bees wouldn't exhaust themselves through continuous movement. With their numbers, they could cover the entire forest efficiently, and as long as they remained within Bell's control range, there wouldn't be any issues.

Before dawn broke, Sparrow's team was fully prepared and ready to head back. They promptly made their way to the location of their truck and set off on their journey without any delays.

After hours of travel, during which they had to pause occasionally to clear obstacles and replenish their energy, Sparrow's team began to feel more at ease.

They fought with growing confidence, no longer fretting over minor setbacks, and could sense a noticeable difference in their physical strength and resilience.

They're way more confident now, working together like a well-oiled machine. Their coordination is so smooth that they're cutting down the time it takes to deal with zombies.

Sparrow barely has to step in anymore, and even Bell and the Scarlet Bees get to kick back a little and watch as their little ducklings grow up and handle things on their own.

It's like watching them level up in real-time!

But in the afternoon, as they drove back into City B, they were confronted by the grim aftermath of Kisha and Duke's battle during their rescue of the other survivors.

Their hearts clenched in their throats as they took in the macabre scene. However, after scanning the area and noticing only a few lifeless bodies that did not belong to their group, a wave of relief washed over them.

It wasn't that they were heartless; rather, they had come to understand the necessity of prioritizing their own safety during these trying times.

They now regarded everyone living in the base as family, and the thought of losing any of them weighed heavily on their hearts. If their people were to die, they would undoubtedly grieve and mourn deeply.

"Captain Sparrow! Captain Rose! Something happened to Captain Rose! You need to see this!" a frantic voice crackled through the radio, the urgency in his tone overriding any semblance of protocol as he rushed through his words before abruptly cutting off the connection.

Sparrow barely had time to ask what was wrong before his mind leaped to the worst-case scenario. His expression darkened instantly as he brought the truck to a halt, ensuring the coast was clear before stopping.

He quickly made his way to the back of the last military truck in their convoy, where Rose was stationed.

Evelyn had been attending to her, and it was evident that Rose was putting up a fierce fight against the virus, a strain unlike any they had encountered before.

Even Evelyn paused, momentarily taken aback by the sight of Rose's.

In her panic, she and the others at the back of the truck urgently pounded on the small window connecting to the driver's side.

Stammering, she exclaimed, "Something's wrong with Captain Rose!"

She stepped aside to allow them a glimpse through the small window. As soon as they caught sight of Rose, both the driver and the passenger exchanged perplexed looks before immediately dialing Sparrow.

When Sparrow reached the back of the military truck and climbed up, he was momentarily stunned, rooted in place. "What's going on?" he asked, his voice trembling with concern.

The others quickly disembarked from the trucks, positioning themselves to guard their vehicles while Sparrow assessed the situation.

Uncertainty loomed over them; they weren't sure if they could bring Rose back into the base or if they would have to make the heartbreaking decision to end her life on the spot.

Rose's subordinates, devastated by the sight before them, felt tears prick at their eyes as grief washed over them.