

Apocalypse 476

Chapter 476 A Gift From Sparrow

"But don't worry—you've still got a few hours to catch a quick nap before we head to Port City."

Sparrow shook his head, his tone resolute.

"No, Young Madam. It's best for my team and me to leave immediately. We need to get back as soon as possible so Vulture's team can stay on schedule with the wall's construction—and we'll be there to help guard the area in the meantime once we are back."

He paused, his gaze steady. "I've calculated the timing carefully. I'm confident we'll make it back faster this time."

Kisha didn't try to argue with Sparrow further; she simply nodded in agreement.

But Sparrow wasn't finished yet.

He looked at her with a proud, mischievous smile and added, "Oh, and Young Madam, I actually got you a gift. I wanted you to check it out right away, but we were so busy last night."

His tone was both mysterious and playful, sparking Kisha's curiosity.

Soon, the group of eight emerged from the villa.

The five STAU members quickly called in their team to prepare for an early departure, while Sparrow and Vulture walked on either side of Kisha, ready to unveil the gift Sparrow had mentioned.

Before long, they were standing in the former Colton's hidden base, where they are currently being imprisoned.

Sparrow led Kisha down into the underground dungeon, but this time, the atmosphere was quiet—no torture, only watchful silence.

As they passed, the guards bowed deeply to Kisha, respect and awe evident in their eyes, especially in the gaze of the young man with white hair whom she had saved before.

Kisha paused and looked at the young man.

"How are you feeling? Have you fully recovered? Don't push yourself too hard," she said gently.

Seeing him reminded her of Keith—they were the same age, yet this young man had already faced death's door and witnessed the darkest sides of human nature.

The thought softened her heart, filling her with a quiet compassion for everything he'd endured.

The young man was visibly surprised—and deeply elated—that Kisha remembered him.

He nodded eagerly, his eyes bright with gratitude.

He'd never imagined she would recall him, but the joy of being acknowledged was mixed with a hint of embarrassment.

She had seen him at his lowest, in one of his most shameful moments, which tempered his enthusiasm slightly.

"I'm happy that you still remember me, and I haven't even thanked you properly for saving my life back then," he said, his voice filled with sincerity.

"I'm doing much better now, and I'm stronger than before. I only hope I can awaken an ability someday—to be of real help to you."

Kisha shook her head with a gentle, almost doting smile as she patted his shoulder.

"Don't put too much pressure on yourself," she reminded him warmly.

"With or without an awakened ability, you have great potential. Just stay focused on your goals and don't rush things."

The young man straightened, nodding earnestly, reassured by her words. Kisha gave him one last encouraging smile before she and the others continued down into the dungeon.

The stench in the dungeon was even worse than before—a suffocating mix of feces, blood, and urine, each smell overpowering the other.

Even Sparrow and Vulture, hardened by their time handling the decaying stench of zombies, struggled to keep their composure, nearly retching several times.

Kisha's brow twitched in reaction, though she managed to hold steady. They pressed forward until Sparrow finally stopped in front of one of the cells.

Inside the cell were the seven men Sparrow had captured from Port City—Rakan and his people.

They looked far worse for wear, pitifully mistreated and exhausted. The night spent in the dungeon had taken its toll, and the overpowering stench had left them too nauseated to eat anything.

Kisha scanned the dungeon, her eyes lingering on the once-mighty Coltons.

It had been some time since she'd last been here. Her gaze met Alex's—the Young Master of the Coltons.

Unlike the last time she'd seen him, he had visibly shrunk. His face was gaunt, dark circles beneath his eyes, and lashed wounds marred his skin.

His eyes seemed to bulge, hollow and vacant, as though they might pop out of their sockets at any moment.

He was nothing but skin and bones, and though the Coltons' downfall had occurred only recently, he appeared to have aged decades.

His once-arrogant gaze had been replaced by a vacant stare, his lips mumbling incoherently.

The others around him fared no better.

Even the once-fat former Minister of Defense had lost so much weight that Kisha barely recognized him, had it not been for her 'Eye of Truth,' which displayed his name.

Kisha averted her gaze, a cold resolve settling in her chest.

She didn't feel pity for them; after all, they had destroyed too many lives to deserve any compassion.

Her eyes then shifted to the seven men in the solitary cell, settling on the middle-aged man who seemed to be their leader.

"Is this the gift you mentioned?" Kisha asked Sparrow, her gaze never wavering from the elderly man.

Rakan slowly lifted his head, his eyes locking on hers.

Upon seeing the young, beautiful woman who seemed so out of place in the grim surroundings, he was momentarily struck.

But as he met her piercing, cold gaze, a shiver ran down his spine—he quickly realized she was no ordinary woman.

"Didn't Young Madam say you'd be the one to judge anyone we wanted to recruit?" Sparrow asked with a proud smile, as though he were presenting a prized possession to Kisha, eagerly awaiting her verdict.

Kisha, in turn, gave a small, approving smile, clearly intrigued by his gift offering.

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[Rakan]

Level 0

Morality: Neutral

Strength: 20

Stamina: 27

Defense: 21

Agility: 19

Mental Capacity: 20

Charm: 20

Leadership: 20

Title: None

Skills: None

Talent: King Of The Jungle

Gift: The Animal Kingdom Codex

Ability: None

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Rakan's stats were impressive, particularly his well-balanced attributes. What piqued Kisha's curiosity, however, were his "Gift" and "Talent"—abilities she had never encountered before. They sounded both intimidating and potentially useful, though their exact functions remained a mystery. More importantly, Rakan wasn't inherently good or bad, which suggested that with the right approach, they could find common ground and work together effectively.

"How did you find these people?" Kisha asked Sparrow, her tone curious.

"They tried to steal from me," Sparrow replied with a grin.

"I gave them a little lesson, and when we met again they crawled back to me, barely clinging to life. Following in my master's footsteps, I figured I should show some magnanimity, just like you, and bring back a little talent." He finished with a pleased smile, rubbing his palms together.

Vulture, who had been watching quietly, shot Sparrow a sidelong glance, his brow twitching. "Since when did you become such a sycophant and learn how to kiss ass?" he whispered to Sparrow.

Before Vulture could react, Sparrow elbowed him sharply in the stomach, catching him off guard.

The blow was unrestrained, and Vulture, surprised, accidentally bit his tongue, wincing as the pain shot through him.

Sparrow didn't even spare Vulture another glance, instead shooting him a look that clearly said, 'Serves you right!' He then turned back to Kisha, focusing on her as he began to recount the events that had caused their delay the previous night.