

Apocalypse 555

Chapter 555 What Happened To Sparrow 5

Vulture shrugged nonchalantly before replying, "It was Sparrow's decision. Besides, we've already checked the quality of their meat, and it seems feasible to use them as a new food source."

He paused, letting his words sink in. "It would only be believable to others if we bring back both types of animals—the mutated ones and the normal ones. With mutated animals already beginning to emerge, it would look suspicious if we only brought back the normal ones."

His explanation carried a tone of practicality, but it did little to ease the unease rippling through the group.

The Winters' men understood Vulture's point. It was true that the survivors within their base might not question much; their lives had significantly improved, and the Supply Center was well-stocked, so, their minds would be mostly at peace and would only be thinking about how to keep this peace for as long as possible.

After all, those who had endured hell would cling tightly to the peace they had found, unwilling to return to a nightmare.

They would cherish every moment of quiet and stability in their lives.

Since Kisha had been so accommodating to the survivors, offering them a sanctuary of peace and the hope of a better future, few would willingly risk shattering it with their own actions.

However, the situation would change once they opened their gates to survivors from other shelters and bases for trade.

Outsiders were bound to scrutinize everything, and any hint of suspicion could trigger complications.

Once trading began, it wouldn't take long for distrust to fester. In such an environment, suspicion could escalate into action, and the looming threat of territorial conflicts and power struggles between leaders and bases would inevitably come to the forefront.

The team knew that preparing for such eventualities was crucial.

After all, it was human nature to fall into such a mindset. Even with the looming threat of extinction and the constant danger posed by the zombies, many would still succumb to greed, prioritizing power and control over survival.

They wouldn't hesitate to exploit any situation as long as it served their own interests.

And their Young Madam, with her enigmatic nature and boundless potential, along with her many secrets was like a gold mine waiting to be claimed—a temptation too great for some to resist.

As this realization sank in, the complaints gradually died down, and everyone began to reluctantly accept the mission.

However, the daunting task of capturing mutated cows still loomed over them, and they couldn't shake the feeling that it was nearly impossible.

"What about other mutated animals, like chickens, ducks, goats, or something smaller?" someone suggested, their voice laced with a glimmer of hope.

"We'll get to them when we find them. Let's see what's out there," Vulture said casually.

So far, they had only encountered the mutated cows, the mutated bees spotted by the other group, and the enormous river fish.

It seemed possible that not all animals had undergone mutation, much like humans.

However, given the growing number of mutated creatures they'd already encountered, it was safe to assume that more than half of the animal population had likely begun their evolution by now.

After wrapping up their discussion, a heavy silence settled over the group.

Finally, someone voiced the question that had been weighing on everyone's minds. "Captain Vulture, should we search for Captain Sparrow first?"

Though their primary mission was at the forefront of their thoughts, Sparrow's unexplained absence loomed over them like a dark cloud.

They couldn't shake the unease creeping into their hearts. The longer Sparrow remained missing, the more their nerves stretched thin, and the uncertainty gnawed at their resolve.

"But where would we even start?" someone interjected, breaking the group's collective thoughts.

The question hit hard, as it highlighted the daunting reality of their situation. Without any leads, searching for Sparrow would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Worse still, what if Sparrow returned to the animal farm only to find them gone?

That could trigger even more confusion. He might worry something had happened to the group and set out to search for them in turn.

It would only lead to both sides missing each other repeatedly, wasting precious time and increasing the risks for everyone.

"Then what do you suggest we do?" Vulture asked, his voice rough, betraying the tension beneath his calm exterior.

His face remained stoic, his expression unreadable, but the weight of his concern was palpable.

Despite his worry, he focused on the mission, making it clear that his priorities were in line with what Sparrow had entrusted him to do.

For Vulture, completing this mission was what Sparrow would have wanted—he couldn't let anything distract him from that responsibility.

"Let's focus on our mission first," Vulture suggested, his voice steady despite the underlying worry.

"If we still have time afterward, we can search for Sparrow before heading back. If we can't find him, he should be able to make his way back to the base on his own. If he can't get through due to the zombie horde, he'll fire the flare gun to signal for backup or to indicate danger."

"Honestly, this is the best hope we have right now," Vulture admitted, knowing how uncertain their search for Sparrow could be.

"We don't know where he went, and our search could take days."

"But knowing Sparrow, he might just do what he always does—handle it himself and return to the base. After all, that's why Young Madam trusts him with solo missions in the first place—he knows exactly what to do when things go sideways."

Vulture could only hope that his instincts were correct.

"Aside from Captain Sparrow, we're also still missing truck number 6," someone added, their voice tense.

Their expression flickered with a mix of worry and uncertainty, as the weight of their growing concerns seemed to grow and add up.

"We should proceed with the mission and keep an eye out for them along the way. If we can't find them, perhaps we should head back and report to Young Madam."

"She could send the Scarlet Bees to search for the missing. That seems like a better option than continuing on our own."

"Instead of wasting time, we should focus on finishing the mission and return as quickly as possible to initiate a proper search and rescue," one of the men suggested thoughtfully.

He had remained silent up until now, observing Vulture's emotional turmoil while maintaining a calm, detached demeanor.

His ability to stay removed from the situation allowed him to see things more clearly—after all, as they say, bystanders often have a better perspective than those too deeply involved.