

Apocalypse 564

Chapter 564 Asking For Help: What Happened?

She believed that sending Vulture with them would mitigate the risks they might encounter.

With Vulture's exceptional defensive skills and Sparrow's powerful offense, their teamwork was unmatched, making them the ideal duo to lead the team.

She felt confident they could successfully complete the mission and return before tomorrow, the final day of her mission, 'Nesting'. Knowing her mission's conclusion likely held unexpected challenges or chain reactions, she resolved to prepare thoroughly for whatever might unfold.

Part of her responsibility was to ensure the safety and well-being of the people in the base, including securing their meals.

This made it impossible to pass up the opportunity for Sparrow and Vulture to venture outside, ostensibly to retrieve livestock from the farm.

However, she was unaware of what had transpired during their mission that compelled Vulture to call for her assistance.

A sinking feeling gripped her heart, an ominous sense that something had gone terribly wrong.

She braced herself, knowing that whatever news Vulture brought would only deepen the unease settling over her.

Kisha took a shaky breath, her voice trembling slightly as she asked, "What happened?"

Vulture wasted no time on unnecessary chatter and dove straight to the point. "Young Madam, we've lost contact with Sparrow and Team 6."

"On our way to the farm, we encountered a herd of mutated cows that launched an attack. During the chaos, our convoy got separated, each truck veering in a different direction."

"After Sparrow and I managed to finish off the mutated cows pursuing us, Sparrow decided to search for the other team while I stayed behind with the rest of our group to tend to the damaged truck."

"At first, I was still able to stay in contact with Sparrow, and we kept a tight communication line. But after some time, the updates stopped coming."

"I got worried—Sparrow had promised to return, and I assumed he was already on his way back to the team. We had agreed to head straight to the farm, thinking it would serve as a rendezvous point since that was our designated destination. It seemed logical that anyone who got separated would make their way there first."

"But when we arrived at the farm, Sparrow was nowhere to be found. Even after regrouping with the other teams, there was still no sign of him—or of team 6."

"That's when we realized they might be in serious danger. The problem was, we didn't know where to start looking."

"Sparrow's movements, traveling from tree to tree, made him hard to track, and none of us have scouting abilities comparable to his. Searching blindly felt like chasing a needle in a haystack.

"So instead, we focused on completing our mission at the farm and returned to request your help. We need the Scarlet Bees to secure a wider area and help us locate our missing brothers." Vulture's voice was heavy with guilt, but his determination to find his comrades was unmistakable.

Understanding the gravity of the situation, both Duke and Kisha remained silent, their expressions dark and filled with worry.

They had known Sparrow for a long time—especially Duke, who was well aware of Sparrow's exceptional abilities.

For Sparrow not to return as promised could only mean one thing: he had encountered something truly dangerous.

Duke's thoughts raced as he considered the possibilities. Knowing Sparrow's skillset, it was hard to believe he would fall easily.

But perhaps he had taken on more than he could handle, confident in his strength, only to face something beyond his expectations.

Or worse... Duke shook his head, unwilling to entertain the most dire scenario.

Sparrow was one of his best men, someone whose progress he had witnessed firsthand. He knew Sparrow could handle even the most evolved zombies on his own.

But if confidence had led to a momentary lapse in vigilance, it might have been enough to put him in jeopardy.

The weight of uncertainty hung heavily in the air, unspoken but palpable between them.

Duke massaged the bridge of his nose, his frown deepening with each passing second. His gaze shifted slowly to Kisha, who appeared just as unsettled.

Like Duke, she had closely monitored Sparrow and Vulture's progress. After all, she made it a point to observe those with great potential, hoping to shape them into core members of her elite squad.

Kisha knew Sparrow was not only highly capable but also quick-witted—someone who understood when to engage and when to retreat.

The thought of him encountering a situation so perilous that it left him unaccounted for was difficult to process. Both leaders shared a mutual understanding: Sparrow's disappearance wasn't due to recklessness alone but something far more sinister.

Without wasting any time, Kisha retrieved a map of City B from her inventory and spread it across the coffee table.

Her movements were precise, her expression focused. "Can you mark the location where you last saw Sparrow and estimate how much time passed while you were still in contact with him after he left?" she asked, her tone steady but laced with urgency.

Vulture nodded, crouching down in front of the coffee table. He carefully examined the map, his mind retracing the sequence of events.

After a moment, he pointed to a location on the map. "This is where we fought the mutated cow. Afterward, Sparrow headed this way, towards the forest." His finger traced the path Sparrow likely took.

"Given his urgency, he likely increased his pace. I would estimate that he's already reached this point." Vulture's finger hovered over a deep stretch of forest, a place so remote that even he and the rest of the team hadn't ventured this far.

"But, knowing Sparrow, he might have altered his route along the way to check where the others went," Vulture added, his brow furrowing.

"So, he may not have reached this deep into the forest. Instead, he could have veered off in a different direction, within a certain radius, to assess the situation." He corrected himself, the uncertainty still lingering in his voice.

Kisha nodded thoughtfully, agreeing with Vulture's assessment. She retrieved a red marker from her bag and marked an 'X' on the locations Vulture had indicated, then circled the area where he believed they lost contact with Sparrow.

The room fell into a heavy silence as Kisha continued to stare intently at the map. Neither Vulture nor Duke interrupted, recognizing the familiar focus in her eyes.

It was a look they had seen before, one that often preceded Kisha speaking with Bell. They both silently assumed that Kisha was now in communication with Bell, strategizing the next steps for the search operation.

"Alright, I'll need to leave the base and accompany the Scarlet Bees so they won't have to return and report before we dispatch our people," Kisha said, surprising Vulture.

This wasn't the approach he had anticipated, but her reasoning was sound. Only by being there in person could they ensure the quickest search for Sparrow.

"Then, I'm coming with you," Duke stated firmly, his expression leaving no room for argument.

Before Kisha could protest, he continued, "If Sparrow truly faced a formidable enemy, and his life and death is unknown, I can't let you go alone. I know you're strong, but there are too many unpredictable factors to consider. I wouldn't feel right letting you go on your own."