

Apocalypse 565

Chapter 565 Search And Rescue Mission

Hearing Duke's argument, Kisha paused, considering his words carefully. She knew he was right.

While she was stronger than him, Duke's awakened abilities, especially his elemental abilities, couldn't be underestimated.

It could prove invaluable in unforeseen situations. After a brief moment of thought, she nodded in agreement.

She and Duke had always worked well together, their coordination seamless, so having him by her side wouldn't be a hindrance—it would make the mission that much more efficient.

"I want to go too, Young Madam, Master," Vulture said, his voice filled with conviction.

Kisha instinctively opened her mouth to turn him down, thinking about the need for more manpower to guard the base while she and Duke were away.

But as she met his gaze, the pleading look in Vulture's eyes stopped her. It was a look she knew all too well, one she had seen in her own eyes when she was begging others to join her in fighting for her family or saving lives.

At that moment, Kisha understood. She knew how deep the bond was between Vulture and Sparrow, and how much this mission meant to him.

She let out a soft sigh and, with a small nod, conceded. "Alright, you can come."

Afterward, Kisha reached out to Aston, Tristan, and Duke's parents to inform them that she, Duke, and Vulture would need to leave the base for a while on a critical mission.

Once the calls were made, she turned her attention to the mission board. With efficient precision, she posted the mission notice, registering their names under a search and rescue operation.

As she did, she couldn't shake the weight of the task ahead, but she knew this was necessary to bring their missing team member back.

Why did she have to go through these steps? The reason was simple: she had no choice.

If she left the base without proper protocol, it could jeopardize her S-Class mission, "Taking Nest for 30 Days," which required her to remain in the base for the specified duration.

The mission was scheduled to conclude the day after tomorrow, and leaving at the last minute would certainly affect its completion status.

To avoid any complications, she made sure her outing was officially recognized as a mission sanctioned by the base itself, taking all the necessary precautions.

After sending the mission request to the Central Hall with her signature and the list of participants, the person responsible for maintaining mission records was puzzled.

Why would the City Lord need to formalize a mission instead of handling it directly, given her position?

Additionally, the reward—a mere five crystal cores—seemed more like a formality than an actual incentive.

Despite the confusion, the clerk complied, recording the request and issuing the mission permit for Kisha and her team to leave the gate.

Once the Winters' man sent by Kisha received the permit, he flashed a smile and returned to the villa.

When he arrived, Aston, Tristan, Mr. and Mrs. Winters, and even the Patriarch were already gathered in the living room, sitting around Kisha and Duke on the sofa, ready to discuss their next steps.

The man approached Kisha with a respectful demeanor, presenting the permit to her with both hands before retreating and quietly closing the door behind him, allowing the group to speak freely.

Moments later, Bald Eagle arrived, joining the gathering. All the key leaders—those privy to many of Kisha's secrets—had now arrived, including the Wyatts, marking the beginning of an important discussion.

"We've called this meeting because Duke, Vulture, and I need to venture outside to search for our missing team members, including Sparrow," Kisha began, her voice firm and commanding, the tone of a leader addressing her team.

"While we're away, I trust that everyone will ensure the base remains secure and operational. I'll leave some of the Scarlet Bees in charge of monitoring the walls, ready to respond if anything unexpected arises. They'll also be responsible for keeping us informed of any developments while we're out."

Her words carried the weight of responsibility, and the room fell into a focused silence, understanding that this was no longer a casual discussion but a matter of utmost importance.

No one took offense; it was clear that Kisha was speaking as the leader of their operation, not just a family member or friend.

Despite Kisha's authoritative tone, there was still a sense of unease among some of the gathered, particularly Mrs. Winters and the Patriarch.

Both had seen the horrors of the outside world firsthand and were still haunted by the memories. Hearing that only Kisha, Duke, and Vulture would be venturing out left them even more unsettled.

They knew how strong Kisha and Duke were, but they were still human—vulnerable to fatigue and the toll of the dangers outside.

The thought of just the three of them battling their way through the zombie-filled wasteland felt like an insurmountable challenge.

There was a deep, unspoken fear that they could easily be overwhelmed by the frenzied hordes, and the risk of being outnumbered and trapped was a real possibility.

Sensing the unease in the room, Duke quickly spoke up, hoping to ease the tension.

"Keeping our numbers small will allow us to move faster," he explained confidently.

"With our combined strength, I don't think the zombies will pose much of a threat. Our real challenge might come from the evolved zombies, but with Kisha and I working together, we'll be able to handle it." He flashed a smile, which, to those listening, felt more like a display of his strong bond with his wife—like a picture-perfect couple who could take on anything.

The Patriarch, unimpressed by the public display of affection, rolled his eyes and snorted at his grandson's words.

Despite that, he couldn't deny the logic in Duke's argument. Everyone in the room knew that Kisha and Duke were the strongest fighters in the base.

Having them lead the mission with a small group, rather than a larger group, made sense.

The rest of the team would only slow them down, and traveling with a small, agile group would allow them to reach their destination without attracting unnecessary attention or complications.

With that, the matter was settled, and no one could find any reason to object.

Seeing that no one had any further objections, Kisha took the opportunity to continue.

"While we're away, I need everyone's help to stay on top of the ongoing projects inside the base. We've already secured a location to raise the livestock, which should help with any suspicion regarding where the meat is coming from."

"Additionally, we still have the resources that were brought back, and they need to be properly organized and distributed to the workshop and solo stall owners. I have full confidence that Aston and Tristan will handle that efficiently."

Her voice was steady and authoritative, but also trusting—she knew the team could manage without her for a while.

Vulture suddenly interjected, as if recalling something important. "Also, Young Madam, we brought back some mutated animals. We were wondering if it would be possible to use them as a source of food or for other purposes?"

His tone was thoughtful, recognizing the potential value of these creatures, and he looked to Kisha for her direction.