

Apocalypse 566

Chapter 566 Search And Rescue Mission 2

Kisha raised an eyebrow before responding, her tone pragmatic. "Of course, they can be eaten. How else will humanity sustain itself in the future without a reliable source of protein?"

"You did well bringing these mutated animals back. We can leave them in Mike's care. He'll know how to subdue them and, with time, perhaps even train them to be as docile as they once were as livestock."

She paused, letting her words sink in before continuing. The group discussed a few more key reminders, focusing on what needed attention while she and Duke were away, including contingency plans for any unexpected issues.

Once the final instructions were given, Kisha and Duke exchanged glances and stood, ready to embark on their mission.

"Be careful out there," Mrs. Winters said softly, gently taking Kisha's hands in hers. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears, her worry evident.

Over time, Mrs. Winters had grown increasingly fond of Kisha, appreciating her as a daughter-in-law. Kisha's grace, kindness, and unwavering strength had won her over.

She admired how Kisha balanced compassion with a fierce determination to protect her people and family—a perfect match for her son, Duke.

Not only did Kisha exude a calm, collected demeanor, but beneath her seemingly cold exterior lay a warm and compassionate heart.

Mrs. Winters now regarded her not merely as a daughter-in-law but as a daughter in every sense of the word, her protective instincts intensifying with each passing moment.

Seeing the concern etched on Mrs. Winters' face, Kisha felt a wave of warmth in her own heart.

A gentle smile spread across her lips as she reached out, patting Mrs. Winters' hand with genuine care. "Mom, don't worry. Duke and I will look out for each other out there," she said reassuringly.

The word "Mom" flowed so naturally from Kisha's lips that it struck an emotional chord in Mrs. Winters. Overcome with emotion, Mrs. Winters felt tears welling up.

She had never imagined being so deeply moved by the simple act of being called "Mom" by her daughter-in-law.

Without hesitation, she pulled Kisha into a heartfelt embrace, patting her back as if to shield her from the dangers ahead. "Stay safe, both of you," she whispered, her voice thick with love and worry.

After embracing Kisha, Mrs. Winters turned her attention to her only son, her expression firm yet filled with motherly concern. "Son, protect your wife at all costs," she reminded him, her voice steady but laced with emotion.

Duke met her gaze and nodded solemnly, understanding the weight of her words. His father, Mr. Winters, remained silent but stepped forward, placing a reassuring hand on Duke's shoulder—a quiet gesture of support and trust.

Moments later, the familiar rumble of the armored vehicle echoed through the area as Vulture arrived, driving the armored car they had previously used to reach City B.

The vehicle's reinforced frame gleamed faintly under the light, a testament to its reliability in the dangerous terrain outside. As Kisha, Duke, and Vulture prepared to board, an unexpected figure bolted toward the car.

Zeus, their loyal canine companion, bounded into the vehicle with uncontainable enthusiasm. The large dog squeezed itself into the passenger seat, wagging its tail furiously, its tongue lolling out as though it were simply heading out for a joyful outing.

Its bright, excited demeanor contrasted starkly with the seriousness of the moment, but it brought a small, much-needed smile to everyone's faces.

"Master! Zeus is coming! Zeus is coming!" the excited voice of Zeus echoed through their mindlink, brimming with enthusiasm.

Kisha could only sigh, knowing there was no convincing the determined canine otherwise.

Besides, she reasoned, Zeus might look like a goofy, overexcited dog, but his combat skills were nothing to scoff at.

In fact, his presence could prove invaluable—not only in providing support during potential fights but also in aiding the search for Sparrow and the rest of Team 6.

With that thought in mind, Kisha allowed herself a small smile, resigned yet grateful for the unwavering loyalty of her four-legged companion.

Even though night was quickly approaching and the risks grew significantly after dark, Kisha, Duke, and Vulture couldn't bring themselves to wait until morning to search for the missing team.

The urgency of the situation outweighed the added danger, and their resolve was unwavering. As Kisha and Duke approached the armored truck, Kisha halted and turned to Vulture.

"Vulture, I'll drive. You and Zeus can sit in the back," she instructed firmly.

Vulture nodded, recognizing the authority in her voice, and moved to the back with Zeus, who happily followed.

Kisha climbed into the driver's seat while Duke took the passenger seat beside her. As he settled in, a memory surfaced, bringing a wide smile to his face—the first time he had ridden in her car before.

That moment, filled with admiration and a hint of nervous excitement, now felt like a lifetime ago, but the warmth of it lingered.

This time, Duke made sure to fasten his seatbelt securely. With Zeus now lounging in the back, there was plenty of space for its large frame to stretch out beside Vulture.

Even Vulture buckled his seatbelt, understanding the importance of safety in a vehicle that Kisha was about to drive.

There wasn't much preparation needed for their journey—Kisha had already stored everything they might require in her inventory. Before leaving, she had also taken precautions to ensure the base's operations could continue seamlessly.

She left the territory's portal open in the woods behind their villa, maintaining Marcus' connection to the territory even in her absence.

This way, the team could proceed with their activities without disruption, and Kisha could focus on the mission ahead.

The Winters men ensured the mutated animals were delivered safely into the territory, where Mike could begin their training and taming. This task brought Mike a sense of satisfaction, as he found these creatures more intelligent than regular animals, though they also exhibited a stronger temper.

However, Mike remained mindful of one critical rule: he must avoid forming emotional bonds with these animals. He knew that growing too attached would make it far more difficult to see them slaughtered in the future if they were ultimately designated as livestock.

This practical mindset allowed him to focus on his work while preparing the animals for their intended purpose.

The STAU assigned to manage the resources gathered within the territory efficiently moved the materials to the designated storage area.

This space had been allocated specifically for organizing the supplies before distributing them to the workshops and new stall owners.

While everyone within the base remained occupied with their respective tasks, Kisha's armored car rumbled toward the northern gate, catching the soldiers stationed there—and even the gatekeeper—off guard with its unexpected approach.

"C-City Lord, where are you headed?" The gatekeeper leaned forward, peering into Kisha's armored car.

However, given the vehicle's height, only his head could reach the window, and Kisha had to glance down slightly to meet his gaze. She calmly retrieved the mission permit and handed it to him.

As the gatekeeper read the words "Search and Rescue Operation," his eyes widened in surprise.

"City Lord, must you go personally?" he asked, his voice tinged with concern. His gaze shifted to the sky, which was gradually darkening, adding an unspoken weight to the urgency of her mission.