

Apocalypse 62

Chapter 62 Going on a Mission

Kisha's entire body stiffened, and she instinctively glanced at Duke, silently assessing whether they were on the same page.

"Given that your group isn't the strongest here, we're inclined to decline," Duke stated with an air of indifference.

While the old man felt a pang of disappointment for missing out on what seemed like a valuable opportunity, he harbored no illusions about his own capabilities. He understood all too well that he stood no chance against Duke's formidable presence; he might even find himself metaphorically pinned beneath Duke's heel if he dared to push further.

"I understand. Should you ever require assistance in the future, do not hesitate to seek me out. I'll be more than willing to lend a hand," the old man offered politely before swiftly taking his leave as if pursued by rabid dogs.

"Master, young madam, if the Coltons are here, why would they try to hide? Were they also being chased like the patriarch and the others?" Vulture inquired, tilting his head to the side as he sought to grasp the intricacies of the situation.

"It's either that or they simply don't want small fry flocking to their door seeking employment or protection. After all, they still need to maintain their appearance of power and prestige. If word got out that the Coltons, one of the top 8 families of City A, couldn't even hire people because they lacked supplies, it would be detrimental to their family's reputation in the long run.

They might not have fully grasped the implications of the apocalypse yet," Sparrow elucidated to Vulture.

Kisha furrowed her brow and remarked, "Or they could be covering their tracks to conceal something significant."

Duke cast a sidelong glance at her, as though attempting to discern her thoughts. He sensed that Kisha was withholding information, perhaps because she wasn't entirely certain and didn't want to provide false hope or misinformation.

"Given that we're clueless about their whereabouts, let's focus on our mission for now since we can't find them," Duke asserted as he strode towards the exit leading to the central area.

The four of them strode purposefully towards the outer layer of the shelter, heading for gate 2 on the western side. Compared to what they observed at gate 1 yesterday, the survivor population in this area was notably larger, with more soldiers stationed here as well.

Despite the increased presence of people and military personnel in this direction, the atmosphere felt considerably tenser and heavier compared to what they had experienced yesterday on the opposite side.

Gate 1 linked to the southern part of the shelter, while each cardinal direction had a corresponding gate: one leading to the northern part, one to the eastern part,, and the two mentioned earlier.

Given their shelter's central location within City B, they strategized for multiple entrance and exit points. This contingency plan ensured that even if one entrance was overrun, they could safely evacuate from

any direction. However, this also meant doubling their efforts to fortify and defend each entrance against potential zombie attacks.

It would still be manageable now since the zombies only have their sheer number right now but when they start evolving, this is going to be problematic in so many ways.

As Kisha and her group approached Gate 2, they were halted by the gatekeeper. His stern expression conveyed authority, undeterred by their intimidating appearances. "Halt! Where do you think you're going? Have you obtained permission to leave?"

As a seasoned soldier accustomed to the battlefield, the gatekeeper had encountered countless scars and no longer paid them much heed. However, even he couldn't ignore the recognizable aura of Duke and Kisha, tinged with a hint of bloodlust.

He could discern that the four individuals before him were battle-hardened veterans, their experience surpassing even his own. Though they attempted to rein in their bloodlust, it occasionally leaked through, leaving no doubt in his mind. He had no qualms when Kisha mentioned their affiliation with the government as special agents.

Kisha and her team were also provided with a permit and badges, signifying that they had registered as a group and were authorized to roam outside freely, returning at their discretion as long as they adhered to the safety protocols upon reentry.

Upon seeing the badge and permit, the gatekeeper suddenly had an epiphany and understood. He even felt a sense of relief and satisfaction at the sight of more experienced, battle-hardened individuals coming to their shelter. It added an extra layer of security for all the residents therein.

His stern countenance, unaccustomed to smiling, now bore a happy grin as he returned the badge and permit to Kisha. With a gesture, he signaled to the lookout in the tower, ensuring they could assess the number of zombies in the perimeter. This precaution would facilitate the safe departure of Kisha's team.

Understanding the gatekeeper's cue, the lookouts diligently scanned the area beyond the gate, their gaze extending as far as possible to ensure a safe passage for those venturing out.

Once the scan was complete, the lookout relayed their findings to the gatekeeper, sharing the information they had gathered and recommending the most secure route for departure.

After obtaining an estimate of the number of zombies outside, the gatekeeper signaled for the other soldiers to take their positions on top of the wall to assist Kisha and her group as they ventured out.

However, Duke intervened. "No need," he asserted, "We must conserve as much ammo as possible. My team and I can clear our own path, especially since we've been given an estimate of the zombie count outside the gate."

The gatekeeper found himself opening and closing his mouth, unable to utter a response. This was the first time his offer of assistance had been turned down. Typically, groups venturing out would request assistance in clearing a path before departing. Unlike those with vehicles for their exit, Kisha and her team were on foot. He felt it was only right to offer them some aid.

But Duke is turning down his good intentions.

Instead of growing angry, the gatekeeper felt a surge of curiosity about their combat prowess. He sensed the confidence emanating from Duke and his team as they stood there, poised and ready, waiting for the gate to open.

Following Duke's decision, the gatekeeper instructed his soldiers not to intervene and slowly opened the gate. As soon as it was open enough, Sparrow and Vulture darted out from the crevice and swiftly hacked the nearest zombie with precise blows to the head.

The sudden action caught everyone off guard, leaving them stunned, except for Duke's team. Sparrow moved with the grace of a dancer, killing the nearby zombies with precise, coordinated strikes. Meanwhile, Vulture's explosive attacks sent several zombies flying several feet away, adding to the chaos.

Kisha and Duke exited the gate with an air of calmness, assessing the situation before taking any action. With only a dozen zombies in the perimeter, Sparrow and Vulture seemed more than capable of handling the situation.

The gatekeeper and the soldier on the wall watched in astonishment as Duke's team displayed their fighting prowess. Their combat style resembled military close combat techniques, but it was executed with a level of precision and lethality that surpassed anything they had seen before.

Impressed, the gatekeeper couldn't help but let out a whistle. "No wonder they're so confident!"

After clearing their path, Kisha and the team ventured deeper into the city, leaving the gate slowly closing behind them as the other soldiers watched with interest.

"Sparrow, Vulture, keep an eye out for crystal cores. I have a feeling we'll find some soon," Kisha instructed as they sprinted through the zombie-free streets.

"Roger that!" they replied in unison, taking the lead as they scanned their surroundings.