

Apocalypse 671

Chapter 671 Reporting Back

Seeing this, Sparrow felt reassured that they had made the right choice in allowing the civilians to follow them here. His brief moment of softness hadn't been in vain.

However, no matter how touched they were by the civilians' gratitude, strict protocols still had to be followed.

They needed to keep the newcomers under surveillance to ensure none of them harbored ill intentions.

More importantly, Kisha had yet to personally assess them, and until she did, Sparrow couldn't fully trust that bringing them in had been the right call.

After Eagle dismissed everyone so they could take a brief rest before heading to the cafeteria for dinner, he turned his attention to Sparrow and the others. They had just arrived, looking completely exhausted and utterly out of character—like their very life force had been drained by a succubus.

"Let's go and talk," Eagle said, leading everyone toward the conference room.

Now that a large group had returned with him after venturing to the outer parts of the territory, the people inside the base eyed the newcomers with curiosity. Among the onlookers were the Aldens' grandparents, their expressions filled with both interest and concern.

Standing at the side, Keith hesitated for a moment before stepping forward. He reached for Eagle's sleeve, tugging it like a lost puppy, his wide eyes filled with hopeful anticipation. "Brother Eagle," he said, his voice carrying a hint of urgency.

"I heard they came from City B—where my sister is. Can we come in and listen to what Brother Sparrow has to say? My grandparents and I want to know how my sister is doing. The last time I spoke with her, she seemed worried about something. Is everything alright in City B? We just want to know if she's safe."

Eagle studied Keith closely, immediately recognizing his pitiful act for what it was—a ploy to soften him up and gain entry. However, he chose not to call the young man out on it. Instead, he shifted his gaze to the worried elderly couple, weighing his decision carefully.

Before he could respond, Sparrow spoke up. "Alright, you can sit in the corner and listen. There's no problem."

His tone was noticeably warm, carrying a rare amiability toward the Aldens. Eagle immediately picked up on it.

It was subtle, but there was a certain deference in Sparrow's demeanor, a level of respect that was different from how he treated others—almost as if he regarded them in the same light as their master.

Amused by the unusual dynamic, Eagle couldn't help but find it both curious and oddly endearing.

"Oh, right—before we start, can we try reaching out to City B using the satellite phone? I need to report back to Master. It's urgent," Sparrow said, suddenly recalling the importance of contacting Duke and Kisha.

He needed to inform them that he and the others had made it to City A's hidden base safely so they wouldn't worry. At the same time, he had to update them on the unusual movement of the zombie horde. Although a day or two had already passed since they first noticed the strange activity, it was still crucial to relay the information as soon as possible.

Seeing Sparrow's serious expression and urgent tone, Eagle wasted no time leading him and the rest of Group 6 to the communication room. He allowed Keith and the Aldens' elders to tag along, understanding their concern.

Meanwhile, Melody, who had been quietly listening from the side while trying to remain unnoticed, took the opportunity to follow.

The moment she heard Duke's name, curiosity got the better of her—she wanted to hear any news about him. However, she had barely taken two steps before Eagle abruptly turned back and fixed her with a firm gaze.

"Miss Evans, please return to your duties," he said, leaving no room for argument.

Melody didn't want to leave without getting the information she was after, but Eagle stood his ground, unwilling to budge. The two remained in a silent standoff for a moment.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Evans, who had also been observing from the sidelines, grew curious about the newcomers. When she realized Sparrow and the others had news about Kisha, she, too, felt the urge to follow.

However, she knew better—this was an important discussion, and no one had yet discovered that Kisha was actually their missing daughter. She understood she had no right to intrude.

Seeing Eagle blocking Melody's path, Mrs. Evans tried to intervene, gently attempting to drag her daughter back to their duties. But Melody was stubborn, refusing to leave so easily. It wasn't until her brother, Ethan, who had earlier stepped outside with Eagle to assess the situation, shot her a sharp, warning look that she finally relented.

Since Melody was afraid of her brother Ethan, she had no choice but to swallow her frustration and reluctantly follow her mother. With Melody and the others gone, Eagle, Sparrow, Hawk, Ethan, and the rest—along with the Aldens—headed straight to the communication room.

As soon as they powered on the communicator, Hawk handed the satellite phone to Sparrow, who wasted no time dialing Duke's number. However, the call wouldn't connect, causing Sparrow to furrow his brows in frustration. He looked up at Eagle and Hawk.

"It's not connecting. Are you sure there's no issue with the device?" he asked.

In response, Eagle handed him a different satellite phone. If the first attempt had been made using Hawk's device, now Sparrow was trying with Eagle's. Yet, the result remained the same—the call wouldn't go through.

This was unusual. As long as their satellite phones were properly connected to the Winters' satellite and operating on the correct frequencies, communication should have been seamless. Unless something had disrupted the satellite's function in orbit, there was no reason for the connection to fail.

City B wasn't some highly secluded underground facility that would make it difficult to reach Duke's satellite phone. There was no logical reason for the call not to go through.

Sparrow's brows furrowed deeper, and now, even Eagle and Hawk wore the same troubled expressions. A sense of unease settled over them—they couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong.

Determined to get through, Sparrow tried a different satellite phone—not just to call Duke, but also to reach Tristan and other Winters' men still in City B. However, every attempt failed.

It felt as if an invisible barrier had sealed off City B, cutting it off from the outside world and rendering all communication attempts useless.

"It's alright, we can try again tomorrow. Maybe today just isn't a good time," Hawk said, glancing at Sparrow's dark expression. "Why don't you get some rest? You all look like shit." He attempted to lighten the mood, but his words held truth—Sparrow and the others were utterly exhausted.

If the communication line to Duke and the rest of City B wasn't connecting no matter what they tried, there had to be a reason. Instead of wasting energy, they needed to investigate the issue from their end. In the meantime, letting Sparrow and his team get some much-needed rest was the best course of action.

Seeing that they wouldn't be able to hold a full discussion in the conference room, Sparrow gave everyone a brief rundown of what had happened during his mission outside. He explained the unusual movements of the zombie horde—key details that needed to be reported.

This way, while he rested and the others continued their attempts to reach Duke and the rest, they would have all the necessary information ready to relay when the connection was finally established.