

## Apocalypse 672

### Chapter 672 Back To The Present

Hearing that there wouldn't be any discussion about Kisha and the others in City B for now, Keith and the rest, including Ethan, resumed their duties, patrolling the perimeter. Keith also escorted his grandparents inside for safety. Meanwhile, Sparrow and the others made their way back to their rooms to get some rest while waiting.

However, just as Keith stepped outside, he froze at the sight before him. Emerging from a portal was his sister, accompanied by others. But she was different from the last time he saw her—sharper, more refined, like an unsheathed blade poised to strike at any moment.

Then there was Duke, clinging to Kisha like a koala. Keith's face darkened momentarily, but his excitement at seeing his sister after more than a month quickly overpowered any other concerns. He was about to rush over to her when Ethan beat him to it.

"H-Hello again, little sister," Ethan said, his voice slightly hesitant.

Only then did Keith snap out of his daze, realizing he had been momentarily lost in thought.

"Sister! You're back! This little brother of yours missed you so much!" Keith cooed as he excitedly circled around Kisha before glancing back at the still-open portal.

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Back to the present.

"And that's everything that happened, and we all ended up meeting at the hidden base," Sparrow said, spreading his arms in a shrug. "I never expected to find you all here, already solving the communication problem we were struggling with."

He let out a short chuckle before shaking his head. "But seriously, I can't believe you all thought I was dead just because of a single dried-up corpse and my dog tag. That tag was probably the shiny thing I saw falling when the mutated tree's vines lifted me while I was still disoriented," Sparrow explained.

"Oh..." was the only thing the dumbfounded Vulture could manage to say. He looked completely lost as memories of all the crying he'd done and the things he'd said while mourning Sparrow's "death" came rushing back.

His face instantly turned red. There was no way he could let Sparrow find out—if he did, Sparrow would die laughing and never let him live it down. After all, they'd been treating each other like brothers for years, and their love-hate dynamic meant neither of them ever missed a chance to tease the other. If Sparrow got wind of this, he'd milk it for all it was worth, tormenting Vulture with endless jokes until he finally snapped.

After Sparrow finished recounting their experiences outside, Kisha fell into deep contemplation. She finally understood why she hadn't been able to see Sparrow and the others' status windows when she checked the "Team Tab."

Normally, she would have been able to determine if they were still alive by looking at their HP bars, but all she saw was a question mark.

It all made sense now—008 had been right. Their mental signatures had been severed and blocked, which was why she couldn't gather any information on them.

This was a status abnormality commonly used by mental-type superhumans and certain creatures to isolate their victims, cutting off their life force and mental signatures from detection and dulling their senses.

It effectively rendered them no different from walking corpses. However, since Sparrow and the others were now superhumans themselves—at least Level 1—the status abnormality's effects on them had been slightly weakened.

She had purchased this plugin "Team Tab" specifically to monitor her team members' health bars—whether they were dropping rapidly, in danger, or suffering from any status abnormalities—so she could provide immediate assistance if necessary.

But who would have thought that she wouldn't even be able to see what kind of status abnormality they were under?

Instead, she had assumed they were dead.

Kisha shook her head, realizing the mistake was on her part. If Sparrow and the others had truly died, the "Team Tab" would have displayed a clear indication—either the word "Dead" in bold red letters or a large red "X" mark.

Kisha let out a heavy sigh. "Indeed, it was our mistake, but I'm just glad you're alive and that you even managed to reach the hidden base with the rest of the missing team." She smiled at Sparrow, her expression filled with genuine relief.

Beside her, Duke hummed in agreement, nodding at Sparrow while absentmindedly twirling Kisha's hair, acting as if that was all he cared about. However, the Winters' men knew better.

Despite his indifferent facade, Duke was undoubtedly pleased to see Sparrow alive and well—he just refused to show it.

What truly unsettled them, though, wasn't Duke's usual cold demeanor, but rather the fact that he, the notoriously aloof and ruthless Duke Winters, was allowing a woman to sit in his lap, casually playing with her hair, while letting her preside over the meeting.

Those witnessing this for the first time were visibly taken aback, struggling to adjust to this unfamiliar side of him.

Meanwhile, they also couldn't help but exchange knowing glances, their eyes flickering between Vulture, Sparrow, Tristan, and Bald Eagle, filled with curiosity and a barely restrained urge to gossip.

They were dying to know what had happened during the month Duke and the others had been away.

After Sparrow finished recounting what had happened to him and the others while they were outside, Kisha took her turn, detailing the events that unfolded during the relentless siege of hundreds of thousands of zombies.

Now, they finally understood the terrifying reason behind the unending waves—whenever they killed the zombies too quickly, even more would flood in from the surrounding cities and towns, ensuring that Kisha and her team never had a moment to rest.

The realization sent a cold chill down the spines of Vulture and the others who had fought on the front lines. Just thinking about how close they had come to being overwhelmed made them shudder in fear.

Worse yet, being completely cut off from outside communication during that time now seemed more than just a coincidence. As the pieces fell into place, a disturbing thought took root in their minds—had someone orchestrated all of this? Had they been deliberately targeted?

The mere idea was absurd... yet, deep down, none of them could shake the feeling that it might be true.

Kisha had considered this possibility as well, knowing that it was tied to the mission given to her.

However, she never expected that even external communication would be completely severed, effectively isolating them and preventing any chance of calling for reinforcements from other bases or shelters.

This realization only solidified her belief that the Constellations were deliberately targeting her—continuously raising the stakes and making each mission increasingly difficult to complete.

It was a cruel game, one that dangled immense rewards before her like a carrot on a stick, all while pushing her into near-impossible situations. The more she thought about it, the clearer it became: this wasn't just about survival. It was a test, a challenge designed to push her limits—and she had no choice but to rise to it.

Or perhaps, this was a calculated attempt to end her for good. This was her final chance—if she died again, her existence would be completely erased. There would be no reincarnation, no second chances. Her soul would shatter into nothingness, vanishing into the void.

The mere thought sent a chill down Kisha's spine. She had already died 99 times, each death more brutal than the last.