

## Apocalypse 724

### Chapter 724 - Providing Help 2

Now, after experiencing the battle firsthand, they were struck by how much more challenging it was than they had ever anticipated. Standing in the wake of the fight, they couldn't help but feel small in comparison to the Winters' men of the HOPE Base. The disparity in their strength and abilities was undeniable.

"Great job, everyone!" Duke shouted, applauding himself as a gesture of praise for his men. Despite their exhaustion, they had held strong and emerged without any casualties. Their teamwork had been impressive, and though tired, they had learned valuable lessons—exactly what Duke had hoped for when bringing them out into the field.

Sparrow and Vulture also approached Eagle and Hawk, clapping them on the shoulders. "You two did great!" Sparrow said with a grin of approval.

Vulture couldn't help but add, "Guys, for a first-time effort, you really outdid yourselves with the coordination and teamwork. When Sparrow and I fought a mutated cow for the first time, we were already at Level 2, but you all are still at the peak of Level 0. There's a huge difference between those levels when it comes to physical strength, endurance, and overall limitations. You should be proud of what you accomplished today and stop comparing yourselves to us. Once you hit Level 1—which is not too far off—you'll really start to see the difference for yourselves, and you'll know that you really did well today."

As Vulture looked around and saw his brothers from the hidden base starting to relax, a smile tugged at his lips. He knew they didn't mean any harm by comparing; it was just that they were too hard on themselves. After all, as the saying goes, 'We are our own harshest critics.' He couldn't really blame them for that.

Kisha stepped forward, brushing the dust from her hands as her daggers hovered around her in mid-air, each one poised and aimed with precision. She looked nothing short of God-like, a vision of power and grace.

Those witnessing her awakened ability for the first time were left awestruck, captivated by the deadly elegance of her floating daggers, each one capable of ensuring a 100% kill rate.

Far from envy, the onlookers felt a deep sense of respect for her. They could see how perfectly she complemented Duke, realizing that with Kisha by his side, she would never feel inferior to him.

She wouldn't depend on his strength for protection; instead, she was a force in her own right, capable of defending herself. In a way, she embodied the true meaning of the saying: a woman behind a man's success—strong, independent, and never a weakness, but an undeniable strength beside him.

As the group's mindset shifted, their mood lightened, and smiles began to spread across their faces. Duke, seeing their change in attitude, gave them a task: to extract the mutated snake's crystal cores from the carcasses scattered across the field.

The whole farm was in disarray. The barn had been reduced to rubble, and the farm equipment was battered beyond use. There was nothing they could take back except the crystal cores.

"Host, you could also collect the mutated animals' bodies," 008 suggested. "Perhaps we can sell them through my sales channel or offer them to apothecaries and alchemists for potion-making. After all, these are snakes with evolved bodily functions, so their medicinal properties might have also increased. People from other worlds might find them useful."

"If not for them, perhaps in your world, we can still find a use for these creatures. Much like how mutated cow meat can serve as an alternative to regular beef," 008 suggested. "We shouldn't waste valuable resources, don't you think?"

Kisha nodded thoughtfully, agreeing with the idea. She had always been one to hoard all kinds of things, and while mutated snakes might appear unappetizing and overly large, she saw potential in them.

Though they might not seem useful for everyday purposes, they could prove valuable in making medicinal wine or concoctions for evolved humans like her, whose bodies no longer responded to regular medicine.

The mutated animals and plants might hold the key to a breakthrough. All she needed to do was find a scientist or an awakened ability user who could unlock their potential.

Kisha raised an eyebrow as she turned and caught sight of Sparrow leading the Winters in harvesting the crystal cores. He expertly drove his dagger into the mutated snake's skull, just above the metal-spiked head.

With precise movements, he twisted the blade, sinking it two inches deep before applying pressure.

Then, he carefully moved the skull aside, revealing the crystal core embedded within the snake's brain. With a skilled twist, he freed the crystal core, avoiding the need to dig his hand into the hole.

Kisha then spoke, her tone casual yet firm. "Sparrow, help me gather these carcasses. Try not to damage them too much—we might still be able to use them for medicinal wine or something."

Sparrow looked up, momentarily puzzled, then looked down on the big ass snakes with questioning eyes directed towards the snakes itself as if to say, 'How the hell are we supposed to make medicinal wine out of these giant snakes?'

But he didn't question her verbally. Instead, he nodded and got to work; he made the Witeners' men organize the mutated snake carcasses into two groups—those that were severely damaged and those that were mostly intact, like his and Vulture's kills.

This way, Kisha wouldn't have to sort through them later, making it easier to determine which could be repurposed for medicine and which were better suited for their meat.

Noticing Sparrow's initiative, Kisha smiled, a rare warmth flickering across her face. Before she could say anything, Duke had already walked over to her.

"Are you okay?" he asked, his voice laced with concern.

Kisha nodded sweetly, and Duke immediately noticed the shift in her demeanor. She was softer now, her usual cold indifference melting away—at least around him. Even toward others, she seemed less prickly, her edges slightly smoothed. He raised an eyebrow in amusement, watching the subtle transformation as she smiled.

Before they could savor the quiet moment, Dracon approached with a serious expression, his combatants following close behind, their presence exuding quiet intimidation.

Behind them, the civilians on Dracon's side hesitated, hovering at a safe distance. Wariness lingered in their eyes, but so did a glimmer of hope as they observed Kisha's group.

"Are you the master that guy over there was talking about?" Dracon asked, pointing toward Sparrow, who was busy barking orders at nearly everyone.

As if on cue, Vulture landed a swift kick to Sparrow's rear.

"Stop yelling orders and start moving yourself! Just because you can boss us around doesn't mean you get to slack off. Ha! Dream on!" Vulture smirked as he dragged a mutated snake by its tail toward the designated spot.

Caught off guard, Sparrow stumbled forward and crashed face-first into the ground. For a moment, he lay there, stunned, before realization dawned—Vulture was definitely doing this on purpose.

With a scowl, Sparrow jumped to his feet, fists clenched, ready for a fight. Ever since they met at the hidden base, it felt like Vulture had a personal grudge against him.