

Apocalypse 725

Chapter 725 - The Fortunate

But Sparrow couldn't remember ever provoking Vulture before he left City B for his mission or when they met again at the hidden base. So why was Vulture making such a fuss? The thought only made him more livid.

Without hesitation, Sparrow ran toward Vulture and landed a solid kick to his backside. Caught off guard, Vulture stumbled forward, tripping over the mutated snake he had been dragging. Unable to regain his balance in time, he crashed face-first into the ground—only to be buried under the very creature he had been hauling.

Now, looking even more miserable than Sparrow had moments ago, Vulture groaned in frustration while Sparrow burst into laughter.

"Serves you right! Kekekeke!" Sparrow cackled, thoroughly enjoying his payback.

The other members of the Winters' group, watching from the sidelines, shook their heads in resignation. The two children were at it again. They couldn't even look away without thinking of how much Sparrow's laugh reminded them of 'Hanamichi Sakuragi from Slam Dunk.'

The group watched for a moment, entertained by the scene, before returning to their own tasks. They left the two to their playful scuffle, offering no further attention.

Even Duke and Kisha couldn't help but sigh, a few lines of frustration marking their faces as they observed how childish their people seemed. The outsiders must have found it hard to take them seriously.

The silver lining was that these newcomers had witnessed how Sparrow and Vulture handled themselves in more serious situations. Kisha couldn't help but hope that their playful antics wouldn't affect her recruitment. 'Hopefully,' she thought, pushing aside her concerns.

"Yes, these are my men, and this is my wife, who leads us," Duke responded, making sure to introduce Kisha first. He wanted to ensure everyone understood her role within their group and make it clear that she shouldn't be underestimated, regardless of her beauty or how harmless she might appear.

This was also his way of asserting her political strength early on, signaling that everyone should be on their best behavior around her.

Dracon, recognizing the implication in Duke's words, gave Kisha a more thoughtful look and nodded. The girl still clinging to his arm seemed hesitant for a moment but then extended her hand toward Kisha, her smile bright and cheerful. "Miss, thank you so much for saving me earlier. If it weren't for you, my brother would have been mourning over my body by now," she said playfully, her eyes free of wariness and filled with trust.

Before Kisha could respond, her so-called brother swiftly swatted her on the back of the head. "Ah! You're such a brute! How could you hit your little sister?" she exclaimed, pouting with mock indignation.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she turned to Kisha, rushing into her embrace without thinking, forgetting for a moment that she was still covered in partially dried blood. A few streaks of it smeared onto Kisha's clothes as she wrapped her arms around the girl.

"Abby!" Dracon exclaimed, his face turning incredulous as he watched his sister leap into Kisha's arms. Kisha, caught off guard, instinctively opened her arms to catch the girl, but then flinched.

Aside from Duke and her family, no one had ever gotten this close to her physically—she was always careful to keep her distance from others. But the girl had dashed into her embrace without warning, leaving Kisha stiff and unsure of how to react.

Duke, too, noticed the sudden hug and saw Kisha's discomfort. Fortunately, Dracon was quick to read the situation. He stepped forward and grabbed his sister by the collar, yanking her back to his side. "I apologize," he said seriously, his gaze turning to Abby. "Please forgive my sister; she's young and doesn't always know how to behave."

Abby, now standing beside her brother, shrank back slightly, her eyes downcast. "I'm sorry," she mumbled, her voice soft with genuine remorse.

"Beautiful sister, I'm truly sorry," Abby said, her voice growing quieter with each word. "And thank you for saving me. I really appreciate it. More than appreciation, I feel so safe around you. That's why I couldn't help myself—I just wanted to cling to you. Please, don't be offended by my actions." As she spoke, her voice faded even more, and she realized how inappropriate her behavior had been. A flush of shame crept up her cheeks.

Kisha smiled softly, trying to ease the girl's embarrassment. "It's alright, I was just surprised. Don't worry about it too much," she reassured her. After all, the girl was young, probably close to her little brother's age, and it was natural to seek comfort in times like these.

Abby's expression softened as she looked down at the blood that had smeared onto Kisha's clothes. "Y-Your clothes... I have some spare clothes in our vehicle. Let me give you something to change into..." Her voice trailed off when she glanced over at the military Humvees.

Her face instantly darkened as she saw the damage—smoking, battered, and barely recognizable. It seemed impossible they could still be driven, and she couldn't bear to think about what might have happened to the supplies inside.

The realization hit her hard, and her throat tightened. She wanted to cry, but no tears came—only the redness in her eyes gave away the anguish she felt.

"Don't worry about the clothes," Kisha said with a reassuring smile. "I have plenty and can share them with you if you'd like."

Abby immediately shook her head, flustered. "Ah! No, no, you don't need to do that!" she said quickly. "Clean clothes and supplies... they don't come easily." She sighed, the weight of their situation settling in.

Even clothes from the malls had been tainted by human or zombie blood, and their stock of clean clothing was running dangerously low. Space in their vehicles was limited, and on supply runs, they couldn't afford to bring detergent or waste water on washing clothes.

The city's water system had long since stopped working, and finding clean water for drinking was hard enough.

Laundry had become a low priority in the face of daily battles for survival—there was simply no time for it. Clean clothes were a luxury, just like food, and they couldn't afford to be careless.

Keith, who had just come closer, overheard what the girl said and was baffled by her comment about clothes being a luxury. He couldn't quite grasp the gravity of it.

What he didn't realize was that in their base, where they had an abundance of supplies, such concerns seemed insignificant. To them, the focus was on securing more canned goods during supply runs.

They even brought detergent and softener, as their hidden base had a deep water reserve connected to the natural underground water system. Though they didn't drink from it, to avoid any risk of contamination from the virus, it was more than sufficient for cleaning, washing, showering, and even growing plants.

The water was filtered and boiled in the boiler room before being sent through the pipes to each room.

Compared to this girl, Keith's life had been far more secure and carefree. While he had a stable home, she was living in constant uncertainty, wondering every day when their new shelter would be overrun by the zombie horde.

Every day was a battle for her—fighting not just for survival, but for the basic necessities: food, warmth, and safety from the elements. Unlike Keith, who had the luxury of stability, she faced the grim reality of knowing that survival often depended on how much fighting she could endure.