

Apocalypse 73

Chapter 73 Report

It took Sparrow whole one hour to get back to where he and the others separated ways, he knew that they had left the place long ago but knowing his master, he must have left him a clue where to look for them, so he searched the whole street and found a small marking on the wall, it was not that conspicuous but his master must have put into consideration his Hawk Eyesight gift when he placed the markings.

So discreetly marked that it resembled a mere doodle, ensuring that only those with a keen eye, like Sparrow, would discern its significance.

He traced the markings to an apartment building boasting modern amenities. Following the indicators, he ascended to the third floor, where the newcomers occupied a unit apartment. Meanwhile, Kisha and Duke occupied another apartment, each boasting three bedrooms along with a generously sized living and dining area.

In their arrangement, Kisha and Duke had their own separate space, while Vulture maintained a vigilant post in the living room, positioned to keep watch over the door.

Sparrow rapped on the door with a distinctive rhythm, a code signaling his friendly intent to those within. Responding to the signal, Vulture promptly swung the door open, revealing Sparrow's fatigued figure on the threshold. Sparrow stood there, burdened by two military backpacks and carrying two AWMs slung across his back.

Sparrow's appearance resembled that of a weary warrior returning from a prolonged conflict.

"You're back!" Vulture exclaimed eagerly, darting back into the apartment to summon Duke and Kisha, momentarily forgetting to assist Sparrow with entering or unburdening himself with the luggage he carries. Left standing outside once more, Sparrow remained speechless, taken aback by the oversight.

After successfully summoning Duke and Kisha, Vulture suddenly realizes his oversight in leaving Sparrow outside. Swiftly returning to the door, he found Sparrow still standing there, his expression clouded with aggravement and resentment. Feeling guilty, Vulture scratched the back of his head before guiding Sparrow inside.

Vulture relieved Sparrow of the luggage he was carrying before leading him to the sofa. Kisha and Duke were already seated in the living room, casually sipping tea as if they were on vacation rather than in the midst of an apocalypse.

"Welcome back," Duke greeted, setting down his teacup with an elegant touch. He leaned back in his chair while gesturing for Sparrow to take a seat opposite him. Kisha observed Sparrow's movements silently, her gaze attentive.

She could tell that Sparrow had a long, eventful day, and she even took a quick peek at his status window. Seeing his spiritual energy level nearly depleted, she surmised that he had likely rushed over, exerting his wind ability to hasten his return.

So, she could only surmise that he had successfully found the enemy lair and had obtained a good harvest, given the two backpacks and AWMs he brought with him. She nodded in satisfaction and waited for Sparrow to gather his thoughts before he started reporting. Duke gave him the time he needed, understanding that Sparrow was weary.

Kisha poured Sparrow a cup of tea and offered him a light snack before heading to the kitchen to prepare a meal for him. Duke's gaze followed Kisha's every move until she disappeared into the kitchen, his eyes never leaving her figure.

After Kisha disappeared from his sight, Duke's gaze remained fixed on the kitchen door as if longing for her return. Not long after, Kisha emerged with a big bowl of chicken noodle soup in hand, which she promptly gave to Sparrow to enjoy. They didn't press him to report immediately, allowing him to eat first.

Understanding his master's intentions, Sparrow eagerly began eating in front of everyone, relishing the savory chicken broth before savoring the noodles and the succulent chicken, which had been boiled and then seared outside. The dish also featured a soft-boiled egg, bok choy, and a generous amount of scallions on the side.

As Sparrow indulged in his meal with evident enjoyment, Vulture began to feel hungry again, as if he were watching a live mukbang show. He averted his gaze from Sparrow, while Duke seemed unfazed, his attention fixed on Kisha. Meanwhile, Kisha watched Sparrow with a contented expression as he relished the food she had prepared.

After a few minutes of savoring his meal, Sparrow felt satisfied and replenished. He began, "Master, I've located their base in the southeast part of the western district." With that said, Sparrow stood up and swiftly approached the bag he had been carrying, opening it without hesitation.

Duke and Kisha remained silent, observing intently as Sparrow retrieved a map from his bag. Duke's expression remained unchanged, a testament to his confidence in his team's capabilities; such presentations were routine for them.

Sparrow carefully laid out the map on the coffee table, while Kisha swiftly cleared away the tea set with a wave of her hand, making space for the map. As the intricate markings on the map came into view, a subtle smile graced Kisha's eyes, reflecting her satisfaction.

"I stumbled upon this map while scouting the southeast," Sparrow explained, his tone laced with mock amusement. "The enemy's arrogance is astounding—they've meticulously charted out their entire operation.

It's almost laughable how they failed to anticipate it falling into the hands of their enemies." Reflecting on the circumstances that led to obtaining the map, Sparrow suppressed a grimace, preferring not to dwell on the memory.

"You're telling me this wasn't charted by your hand, but rather by the enemy themselves?" Kisha clarified, her expression a mix of disbelief and incredulity as if she had just heard the most ludicrous joke imaginable.

Sparrow nodded solemnly. "Indeed, young madam. I was navigating the area with utmost caution, hoping to evade detection by the enemies lurking in the dark. Yet, fate saw fit to lead me to their watch post, where I made an unexpected discovery." His voice carried a touch of revulsion, his gaze darkening with foreboding.

Kisha interpreted Sparrow's words differently, assuming he had engaged in a fierce struggle with the enemy to obtain the map. Choosing not to dwell on it, she and Duke refrained from probing Sparrow further and instead moved on swiftly to the next topic.

"Has the authenticity of this map been confirmed?" Duke asked with an air of indifference.

"Yes, master," Sparrow affirmed. "I retrieved the map from this point," he paused, indicating the spot on the map where he obtained it. "Then I proceeded to the next marked location in a clockwise direction, confirming the accuracy of each marking." He then pointed to the center of the circle on the map. "Here is the location of their hideout, which I also visually verified.

However, I refrained from infiltrating the area to ascertain the enemy's numbers, fearing it may alert them to my presence." Sparrow's explanation was delivered with precision and clarity.

"It's alright, we don't necessarily need to ascertain their headcount," Kisha reassured, nodding in satisfaction at Sparrow's report.

"I thought as much, young madam. After all, you stressed the importance of verifying the exact location," Sparrow said proudly, resembling a child who had successfully grasped his parent's instructions.