

Apocalypse 751

Chapter 751 - Sparrow's Findings

Tristan didn't flinch. "Life's always been about hardship," he said calmly. "We were orphans once—fighting for scraps just to survive, starving for food, for love, for purpose. Then we met Master, and for a while, we had all that."

"But the struggle never really ended. So I figure, life will always test us. It'll keep making us fight for what we want—peace, love, a future. So why waste time worrying about how the fight will go?" He looked out into the distance, a serious, almost somber expression on his face. "We just have to fight."

"Oh!" Sparrow responded absentmindedly, caught off guard by Tristan's mindset. He had always assumed Tristan was the most serious among them, constantly burdened by responsibilities and worries.

But only now did he realize—Tristan was actually the most laid-back. That calm, grounded nature might be exactly why he excelled at his role and became their master's right-hand man.

Tristan didn't waste energy fretting over what-ifs or outcomes; he simply focused on the present, did what needed to be done, and kept moving forward. It allowed him to stay sharp, efficient, and unshaken.

Realizing this, Sparrow felt as if his entire worldview had been turned upside down.

Well, hearing Tristan out didn't completely change Sparrow's nature, but it did give him a fresh perspective. Now that he thought about it, the factory really did look like a nest of traps—especially if it

was crawling with evolved zombies. The upcoming battle could get intense, so he and Tristan needed to be ready before Kisha and the others arrived.

With that in mind, Sparrow and Tristan began scouting the area, relocating several times to get a better view of the factory from different angles. They couldn't afford to get too close—one wrong move could either trigger a trap or alert the enemy even more than they are now.

"Tristan, I'll cover the left, you take the right. Let's monitor the area from about 400 to 500 meters out—no closer," Sparrow instructed, eyes scanning the perimeter.

"And exactly what are we monitoring?" Tristan asked, casually flicking imaginary dust off his shoulder like a gentleman with nowhere better to be.

"We're looking for an opening—and trying to gauge what's going on inside," Sparrow explained with a shrug. "If the Young Madam is right and some of these evolved zombies have developed intelligence, then it's possible their main force is hidden somewhere else—maybe beneath the factory, in the sewers, or tucked away in one of the buildings inside."

"There are a lot of variables we need to consider. They could even be smart enough to make it look like they left us an opening, only for that to be the trap itself. We won't know for sure until we observe more. Scouting from this distance might give us a better read on the situation, something we can report back to Master and the Young Madam. They'll decide how to handle things from there."

"But aren't we advised not to stray too far from each other?" Tristan replied with a raised eyebrow, giving Sparrow the kind of look one reserves for a rebellious teenager who just couldn't follow instructions.

"Well..." Sparrow hesitated, scratching the back of his head and stammering slightly. "That's true, and I have learned my lesson... but I've also got you. You can teleport in a whiz, so if things go south, I'll just count on you to swoop in and save me." He shot Tristan a mischievous grin, his eyes crinkling with amusement.

Tristan sighed and shook his head, resigned. Sparrow wasn't wrong—he could teleport to his side as long as Sparrow stayed within range, and he could get them both out of trouble quickly enough to regroup and reassess. It wasn't the worst plan... but it definitely wasn't without its risks either.

But it was worth a try—better than just standing around in the same spot, craning their necks and wasting time. They wouldn't accomplish anything that way. So, although reluctantly, Tristan gave a nod of agreement. With that, the two split up, leaping from rooftop to rooftop in opposite directions.

Each of them clutched their walkie-talkies tightly, knowing that a single click was all it would take to alert the other. At a moment's notice, Tristan could teleport straight to Sparrow's side—as long as they stayed within a 250-meter range each from their original position, so that was a total of 500 meters, which was the limit of Tristan's teleportation radius.

Their plan was simple but efficient: scout the area within range, regroup, report their findings, then teleport to the next location and repeat the process. This way, they could cover more ground quickly and safely.

Thankfully, as always, both carried vials of blue and black liquid with them—emergency boosts for their spiritual energy and physical healing—so they didn't have to worry too much about draining themselves or getting injured during the mission.

"Uweh!!!" Sparrow gagged as Tristan yanked his collar and teleported them in an instant. It felt like being yanked into the air, spun around in all directions, and dumped somewhere completely new—his sense of time and place warped so badly it made him nauseous.

It was like his brain had shrunk and expanded all at once. "That was a hell of a ride. Uweh..." he groaned—and this time, he couldn't hold it in. He doubled over and threw up his lunch.

They had already scouted one location before Tristan came to pick him up and teleport them to the next checkpoint. It was risky, sure—they could get exposed to danger mid-jump—but it was way faster.

So far, Sparrow had been relying on his 'Hawk Eyesight' to scan the area. He had spotted what looked like a level 1 evolved zombie, standing guard in the midst of a horde. These evolved ones were blending into the crowd of regular zombies, as if trying to stay hidden from long-range detection.

Unfortunately for them, Sparrow's eyesight wasn't normal.

At first, he thought it was a fluke. But when he moved about 250 meters away from Tristan, he saw it again: level 1 evolved zombies tucked among the regulars, acting like guards.

Although Tristan didn't notice anything unusual on his end—likely because he was using standard binoculars—Sparrow's 'Hawk Eyesight' easily outclassed that.

As a trained scout, Sparrow had honed his vision to spot irregularities, and it was clear to him: the level 1 evolved zombie stood just a little too perfectly behind the regular ones. Even though it tried to blend in, it still stood out.

There was a mismatch—and Sparrow caught it immediately.

To confirm his suspicions, he asked Tristan to teleport him to the locations Tristan had checked earlier. Sure enough, at two more spots, there were more level 1 evolved zombies embedded in the crowd.

They moved like the regular ones, acted like them, mimicked their aimless wandering—but there were subtle, telling differences. Most people, even someone like Tristan, might overlook them. But Sparrow didn't.

To him, it looked like those evolved zombies were guarding something.

"Sure enough, these motherfuckers are lying in wait—just waiting for us to step into the zone before they spring a full-force ambush and hit us in a coordinated attack," Sparrow muttered, scanning the next checkpoint with his 'Hawk Eyesight'.