

Apocalypse 897

Chapter 897 Taking A Mission

It just so happened that Sparrow and Vulture were finally free after being cooped up for days, training with the men from the hidden base in City A. So, they decided to head out to HOPE Base in City B to stroll through the lively streets and see what had changed while they were gone.

But the moment they arrived and caught wind of all the drama that unfolded in their absence, both Vulture and Sparrow were stunned. They'd only been gone for a little over a week, and already, they had missed out on so much juicy gossip.

After all, these stories were the only real entertainment in their lives, aside from killing foul-smelling zombies and sparring with the sweat-drenched men at the base.

"Damn! I thought we'd be marinated in there forever with those stinky men," Vulture muttered.

"Idiot, you're one of those stinky men you're talking about," Sparrow snorted with a chuckle as the two strolled around the base. They had just spoken with Tristan and were caught up on what had happened during their absence, including the incident involving the Commander General from the Capital and Rose leaving to provide covert support.

Bald Eagle was still at the hidden base, continuing intense training with the rest of their brothers. As for Sparrow and the others from HOPE Base, they often trained inside Kisha's territory, so much so that it felt like they'd been grinding away for a quarter of the year. Understandably, they were bored out of their minds.

Returning to HOPE Base was a welcome change; it was livelier, full of people, and far more entertaining. The base had changed during their absence, especially the marketplace. Each stall now boasted new and unique goods, and the energy of the crowd made it feel like a festival was brewing.

As they wandered past the Central Hall, Vulture paused and blinked. "Whoa... when did the Central Hall get a makeover?"

"Why don't we check out the Central Hall for a bit?" Vulture suggested, curiosity flashing in his eyes. He had a feeling a lot had changed inside, and maybe—just maybe—he'd find something to finally kill his boredom. Earlier, he'd wanted to smack Sparrow for calling him stupid, but the moment the building caught his attention, he was too distracted to bother.

Without waiting for a reply, he was already heading toward the Central Hall, and as he passed by, he unknowingly walked right by Jason and Adam's team.

Jason, seeing the bulky man walk past, instinctively stopped in his tracks. There was something about Vulture's presence, an intense, commanding aura that made him glance twice. Right behind him came Sparrow. Though not as physically imposing, he carried an even sharper aura, lean and agile like a blade honed to perfection.

Jason's eyes lit up in awe. 'I want to look like that,' he thought, inspired.

Without hesitation, he turned around and led his team toward the Eastern Wall to start their assigned mission with newfound determination. Meanwhile, Adam and his group continued south to assist in clearing and rearranging the roads, making new paths for incoming survivors with vehicles and reinforcing the perimeter for better zombie defense.

As Vulture glanced around the hall, his eyes landed on the mission board. It looked different now, crowded with new postings, but what really drew his attention were the missions that didn't seem to be directly related to the HOPE Base itself. Curious, he stepped closer to take a better look.

It just so happened that the mission requests posted by Jason and Adam's teams were among them. They were centered around mutated zombies, and to his surprise, the information on those creatures had already been compiled and included in the mission details. That meant anyone taking the mission could prepare well in advance, without wasting time on recon.

What really made him pause, though, was Adam's mission. It offered a hefty reward—an impressive amount of crystal cores. Vulture scratched his chin thoughtfully. It wasn't like he was in need of crystal cores; with the help of Scarlet Honey, he and the other Winters men had everything they needed for their current training and to level up.

But that was only for the lower levels. What they lacked were high-level crystal cores from mutated zombies, resources that could significantly boost their progress moving forward. And now, with a clear path to obtain them right here in HOPE Base, it felt like a wasted opportunity not to act.

He cast a meaningful glance at Sparrow, who caught his drift instantly without needing a word.

"You thinking of taking this mission?" Sparrow asked, eyes scanning the postings alongside Vulture. Although the missions were set in a different area, it wasn't too far from City B. At most, it would take them half a day of joyriding, close enough that they wouldn't have to split directions.

With a silent, familiar understanding between them, Sparrow and Vulture pulled down all the mission notices posted by Jason and Adam. They planned to bring them to Kisha first, intending to organize a team to go with them, not just for backup, but also to give others a chance to gain firsthand experience.

People like Keith and his grandparents could benefit from seeing the real world outside the safety of the base.

After all, aside from witnessing what had become of City A, Keith and the others hadn't ventured far beyond the walls. Sparrow, on the other hand, had been dispatched to far more distant places and knew what threats and opportunities lay beyond.

This would be a chance not only to train others and gather valuable resources but also to support Jason and Adam's shelters. They were their allies now, their first allied shelters, and they couldn't be left to fend for themselves. If they waited too long, things might spiral out of control, and the consequences could be severe. It was better to act now—decisively—than let danger fester.

And so, Sparrow and Vulture made their way through the forest behind Villa #1, heading straight for the hidden portal. As soon as they stepped through, they began looking for Kisha, who was currently busy in the kitchen, experimenting with various Spiritual Cuisine recipes.

At that moment, she had just finished her twentieth dish, a rich and aromatic spare ribs stew, each dish crafted to test different effects and enhancements.

"You're here," Kisha greeted them with a warm smile as she turned toward the two. She immediately noticed the shift in their aura, more refined and intense than before. It was clear they were both on the verge of breaking through to the next level, and the sight made her smile with quiet satisfaction.

Sparrow and Vulture returned her smile, though they couldn't help but be distracted by the mouthwatering aroma filling the air. The heavenly scent of the stew made their stomachs churn with hunger, and just then, Vulture's stomach gave a loud growl, betraying him. His cheeks flushed red, and even the tips of his ears turned pink from embarrassment, while Sparrow let out a quiet chuckle beside him.

