

Apocalypse 898

Chapter 898 Taking A Mission 2

"Why don't you two take a seat first?" Kisha offered as she placed the spare ribs stew on the table. She then scooped two bowls of rice, ladled some of the rich soup into another bowl, and topped each rice serving with a freshly fried spiritual egg.

"Eat first, we can talk after," she said warmly.

Kisha had already stored the rest of the dishes in her inventory to keep them warm while she checked their status windows. So far, the additional effects were impressive, one dish boosted critical damage and offensive stats, another improved defense and block rate, and one even increased penetration through enemy defenses.

These were just the bonus effects, too. The main benefit of the meals was the substantial increase in spiritual energy, which yielded excellent results overall. Kisha was thoroughly satisfied.

She had also sent Tristan to the workshop, instructing the artisans to build several essential tools: an industrial oil press, a grinder, ceramic jars for fermentation, wooden barrels, and other processing machines.

While she couldn't use the industrial ones for spiritual crops just yet, she planned to have Marcus use them for regular produce. As for the spiritual crops, byproducts, and animals, Kisha would handle them herself. The ceramic jars, wooden barrels, and other manual tools would be her main instruments for now.

While Kisha was deep in thought, planning how to create more of these heavenly spiritual dishes, Vulture and Sparrow were already devouring the food placed in front of them.

The aroma alone had stirred something primal in them, and the moment the first bite touched their tongues, they nearly moaned in delight and almost swallowing their own tongues, it was that good.

The meat melted in their mouths, rich yet not greasy, while the vegetables provided a subtly sweet balance that kept the flavors from becoming overwhelming.

Vulture, with his famously voracious appetite, quickly cleared his bowl. His eyes then drifted toward Sparrow, who was eating more slowly, savoring every bite. Sparrow balanced each spoonful of stew with the spiritual rice, clearly saving the best pieces of meat for last.

Unable to resist, Vulture sneakily speared a chunk of meat from Sparrow's bowl when he wasn't looking and popped it into his mouth with satisfaction.

He was just about to go in for another bite when he froze—Sparrow was staring straight at him, eyes narrowed in a cold glare.

Vulture gave an awkward smile, but still shamelessly popped the stolen piece of meat into his mouth before darting to the side, fully expecting Sparrow's retaliation. And he wasn't wrong.

The moment Sparrow saw him chew with such gall despite the warning glare, he immediately lunged forward to teach him a lesson. But Vulture was quicker, he slipped behind Kisha and grinned smugly, using her as a human shield.

Sparrow's brow twitched in frustration, but he held himself back. Instead of wasting energy chasing Vulture, he focused on finishing his meal quickly, knowing that if he lingered, Vulture might sneak another bite. Given Vulture's larger frame and bottomless appetite, Sparrow knew he had to stay vigilant.

With his eyes locked on his bowl, Sparrow picked up his pace. Once he was done, he leaned back with a satisfied sigh and let out a quiet burp, ready now to move on to the serious matters they needed to discuss with their Young Madam.

After a brief moment of rest, Sparrow spoke up. "Young Madam, we actually came to show you this."

He pulled out a folded mission notice they had taken from the Central Hall. It contained all the newly posted missions from Jason and Adam's team. Carefully, Sparrow laid the sheet in front of Kisha and unfolded it so she could get a better look.

Kisha leaned in, scanning the details. Each mission focused on mutated zombies, complete with descriptions of their characteristics and known abilities. The information was thorough and gave a strategic advantage by helping them understand their enemies better. As she read through the reports, Kisha immediately grasped what Sparrow and Vulture had come to discuss and gave a nod of approval.

"You're right. Now that we're extending our influence to other shelters and recruiting allied forces, supporting them is the next logical step. Besides, it's not like we're doing it out of charity." She crossed her arms and leaned back slightly. "Eliminating mutated zombies not only helps their shelters expand, it also deepens their reliance on us. And more importantly, we're getting paid for it. So it's a win-win."

With a resolute nod, she turned to Sparrow. "I'm entrusting this to you. Handle it well."

"Yes, Young Madam," Sparrow replied with a serious nod before adding thoughtfully, "I also wanted to ask your permission to bring a few people with me on this mission, to give them firsthand experience of what it's like outside."

"That way, they can better understand how the world has changed and broaden their perspective. There are still many unknowns out there, and I want to help dispel their naïve views, let them gradually shed their softness and idealism."

Though his words were measured, his intent was clear. Sparrow was subtly asking to bring along her younger brother, Keith, as well as others like Clyde and Reeve. While Clyde and Reeve had already begun to mature after their time outside and previous experiences, they were still young, still impressionable.

They needed proper guidance to avoid being misled by smooth-talking manipulators. More importantly, Keith, Kisha's younger brother and one of her greatest vulnerabilities, had been sheltered his whole life. Sparrow feared that, if left untempered, Keith could one day fall into a trap and be used against her.

That was what Sparrow wanted to prevent. He aimed to toughen the boy up while there was still time.

And as if sensing Sparrow's true intention, Kisha fell into deep thought. She knew he was right, it was a necessary step. But even so, she couldn't help the worry that stirred in her chest.

Keith had only ever known the relatively secure walls of the hidden base and the HOPE Base. While he had gone on supply runs in City A before, he hadn't yet witnessed the darker, more brutal side of the

apocalypse, the desperation, the madness, the way morals could crumble over something as small as a packet of noodles.

Still, Kisha understood she couldn't shield him forever. If Keith was to grow stronger, he needed to step out from under her protection and face the world for what it truly was.

Letting out a heavy sigh, she finally nodded. "Alright. Bring whoever you think is ready to come with you. You still have a few of those life-saving Talismans I gave you before, don't you? I'll add a few more, make sure everyone in your team has one. I don't want anyone dying a sudden, senseless death."

She opened her inventory and carefully pulled out several more Talismans, the kind designed to intercept fatal blows, the same kind that had once saved Sparrow's life.