

Apocalypse 156

Chapter 156 Are you Nuts?

As Sparrow drove down the road, the truck jolted violently, resembling a ride on a rugged mountain path due to the sheer number of zombies littering the way. Sparrow mercilessly rammed through the undead, indifferent to whether they were crushed beneath the truck or sent flying into the air.

Despite the obstacles, he maintained a steady speed, navigating through the southern part of the western district and then moving counterclockwise until they reached all four of the Colton camps, now overrun by zombies.

Since Kisha wasn't assisting Sparrow with navigation, as the scarlet bees were busy gathering crystal cores from the zombies run over by the truck, Sparrow found the journey challenging but manageable.

His experience navigating the streets came in handy, and he used his 'Hawk Eye' ability to scout each street ahead for signs of zombie hordes, allowing him to choose safer routes and keep the truck moving forward.

This method was somewhat straining for Sparrow, but it served as valuable training. They knew they couldn't always rely on Kisha or her scarlet bees and needed to be prepared for missions without their young madam.

From Kisha's perspective, this approach was longer and more uncomfortable. Unlike traveling on foot, which didn't attract nearby zombies and allowed them to navigate and change routes easily based on the situation, using the truck was less efficient and more cumbersome.

Kisha and Duke remained quiet as they traversed the streets. With the truck at their disposal, they reached the outer layer of the southern part of the western district. This area was where Sparrow had encountered those indecent men, an experience that still haunted his dreams like a nightmare.

It wasn't just what he witnessed that bothered him; over the years, the team's assumption that Duke, who showed no interest in women, might be attracted to men had put them on guard, wary of becoming appealing to their master. This mindset, combined with witnessing something similar, had traumatized Sparrow.

Every time he woke from these nightmares, he felt phantom aches on his rear and was drenched in cold sweat.

Even though their misunderstanding about their master's preferences had been resolved, the mental strain they had endured wasn't going to disappear overnight. Being back in the place where Sparrow had witnessed such disturbing deeds made him shiver unconsciously. Noticing this reaction, Vulture looked at him with concern.

"Dude, are you alright, or are you coming down with the flu?" he asked innocently.

"Are you nuts? I've already awakened; do you think I'd get the flu?" Sparrow snapped back defensively, as if Vulture had struck a nerve.

"Dude, you only awakened, not turned immortal. You can still get a fever or other illnesses," Vulture replied, his lips forming a pout as he felt wronged. He had only asked out of genuine concern for his partner, hoping to help if something was wrong, but instead, he found himself on the receiving end of Sparrow's sharp retort. He couldn't understand why Sparrow was so sentimental at this point.

Their playful banter soon made Sparrow forget about the unsettling memories, allowing his body to relax a bit. They continued their lively exchange to stave off boredom, their voices mingling with the truck's hum. The others in the back could barely make out their conversation over the cacophony of zombie roars and the loud thuds as the truck rammed through the undead.

The soldiers accompanying Aston felt their skin crawl from the horrifying sounds the zombies emitted and the stench that permeated the air. The rotting smell was so overwhelming that they felt nauseous the entire way to the southern part. Despite stuffing their noses with anything they could find, the foul odor clung to their skin, making it unbearable.

Kisha and her team were accustomed to the odor, particularly Kisha, who had endured it countless times before. The current smell, though unpleasant, was not as severe as what she had experienced as Earth slowly died, the air thick with gloom and the scent of decay. The stench of rotting flesh permeated everywhere, enough to induce severe headaches due to its overwhelming nature.

The water sources, such as lakes and ponds, had turned murky black, and non-mutated plants had withered away. Consequently, the air on Earth was thinning as trees and plants, vital for processing carbon dioxide into oxygen, dwindled. While a few resilient trees and plants struggled to survive, they were rare treasures in a dying landscape.

However, due to the scarcity of water and the deteriorating land, even they were slowly succumbing. The only solution seemed to lie with Earth and water-type ability users, who could nurture these remaining plants and trees within protected zones they have created.

In her previous life, Kisha and Duke spearheaded this ambitious project, a laborious and challenging endeavor. Despite their efforts, they still faced losses as some trees and plants struggled to adapt to the drastic environmental changes, gradually withering away. However, a collaborative effort involving scientists and arborist experts was underway to address this issue.

Together, they sought to develop and breed more resilient plant species capable of thriving in the altered conditions, striving to ensure the success and longevity of their project.

However, despite their efforts, Kisha and Duke passed away before witnessing the fruition of their project. Yet, Kisha finds solace in her territory pack, enabling her to protect numerous trees and plants. Meanwhile, scientists and arborists could research, striving to cultivate more resilient species capable of surviving the harsh conditions of the apocalyptic era.

This is what Kisha was aiming for, so even without her territory pack, the trees and plants they cultivated could survive and they could plant it outside of the territory and in order to achieve that, she plans to find her scientist friend who discovered the origin of the zombie virus, because he was trustable and competent, once they are done with City B, she'd go and find him and an Arborist who could work with him with this project.

While Kisha pondered her future plans, the truck came to a halt at the entrance of the camp in the southern part, the same place where Sparrow had launched his initial attack. The two men Sparrow had thrown from the rooftop while hanging on the wire were still there, their bodies now beginning to take on a purplish hue due to rigor mortis setting in.

And to those observing Sparrow's victims, it might appear that they had met their demise willingly, accepting their fate in the face of imminent doom, realizing there was no escape from the encroaching horde surrounding them.

As the truck came to a halt, the lurking zombies surged towards them, prompting both the soldiers and Kisha's team to assume combat positions. However, Kisha's expression soured when she noticed that Aston's group aimed their outdated firearms at the undead horde, their aged models emitting loud reports sounds.

With a surge of frustration, Kisha moved swiftly, pushing down the firearms of Aston and his men to the ground. Her actions spoke volumes, silently conveying the message that using such outdated weapons amidst their precarious situation was folly.

Kisha's frustration simmered beneath her words as she clarified the situation to Aston and his team. "Using those loud firearms will only attract more zombies from miles away. It's a surefire way to get us overrun in no time." Her tone carried a hint of annoyance, a sentiment born from having to repeatedly explain this crucial point to nearly everyone she encountered.

It felt exasperating to contend with this additional concern, particularly in their current predicament.

Recognizing Kisha's implication, Aston and his team swiftly stowed their firearms in the truck, opting instead for their close combat weapons. As the zombies approached, Kisha's team moved forward, engaging the undead while strategically managing their numbers, ensuring Aston's team could handle the threat without casualties.

Aston, keenly observant in combat, noted the calculated approach of Kisha and her group, acknowledging their vigilant protection of everyone present.

As a result, Aston came to realize that Kisha and her team were far more capable than he initially assumed, especially after witnessing their combat prowess firsthand. Duke's formidable strength sent zombies hurtling through the air, a display reminiscent of scenes from action movies or anime.

However, Duke executed these feats effortlessly, wielding his long spear with precision to ensure each zombie was swiftly decapitated, preventing any chance of standing back up.

Kisha's performance was nothing short of mesmerizing as she gracefully maneuvered around the zombies, her long and short swords flashing in both hands. Her dual-wielding style was not just eye-catching but also deadly, as she swiftly and skillfully sliced through the undead, cleanly severing their necks.

Everywhere she and Duke moved, it was a scene of devastation, leaving a trail of motionless zombie carcasses in their wake.

It was a gruesome sight, yet undeniably awe-inspiring, particularly for people like Aston and his team. Witnessing Kisha and her companions in action stirred a deep inspiration within them, compelling them to emulate their courage and determination. However, despite their fervent efforts, they could not surpass the feats already achieved.

Sparrow and Vulture, in particular, exhibited a prowess akin to that of monsters. Sparrow moved with the agility of an acrobat, swiftly killing zombies with his dagger before leaping onto the next target. Meanwhile, Vulture wielded a larger axe, harnessing his considerable strength to devastating effect.