

## **Apocalypse 541**

### Chapter 541 Going With Them

Fortunately, the sniper's bullets, with their higher velocity and power, still proved effective.

One well-placed shot from the snipers was enough to take down a zombie, providing crucial support from the watch towers above.

Their precision shots helped to thin the horde, giving the ground forces a much-needed advantage in the ongoing battle.

Vulture's radio crackled during this chaos, he almost couldn't hear it because of the loud gunfire around him and the sound of the zombie's roaring from all around the outside wall.

He grabbed the radio, the crackle of static breaking the silence before Kisha's voice came through.  
"Vulture, do you copy?"

"Young Madam, I'm here. Copy." His response was steady, the urgency of the situation clear in his tone.

"Great, I need you to head out with Sparrow," Kisha said without wasting any time.

"With the evolving zombies becoming more unpredictable and powerful, Sparrow will need you on this mission to provide defensive support for the team."

Vulture paused for a moment, scanning the area as the zombies continued to advance.

Thankfully, their numbers seemed to be dwindling.

His gaze shifted to Sparrow's truck, which was steadily making its way toward the gate.

The others were already preparing to open it, and Vulture knew there wasn't much time left to act.

"I'll go, Young Madam," Vulture replied. As soon as Sparrow's truck reached the gate and the front of the vehicle passed the wall, Vulture swiftly leaped from the top of the wall, landing with a loud creak and thud on the truck's roof.

Despite the noise, Sparrow remained focused and didn't flinch, continuing to drive without hesitation.

As soon as Vulture landed on the roof of Sparrow's truck, he quickly stashed his radio away.

He didn't need to carry anything—food and supplies would be provided when necessary. Crouching low, he positioned himself on the roof like a spider, steady and alert.

As the truck barreled through the zombies in its path, Vulture focused, his hands moving swiftly.

He conjured a protective earth wall in front of the truck, shaping it into a triangular barrier.

The wall cleared the way, allowing the truck to bulldoze forward with ease, pushing through the relentless undead without slowing.

The soldiers and warriors who had been standing on top of the wall were momentarily stunned by what Vulture had done just now.

It took them a moment to process what they had just seen, but soon, they regained their composure and refocused on their task.

Working together, they continued to eliminate the incoming zombies, clearing the path for Sparrow's team.

It wasn't any easier for Sparrow and his crew.

The road ahead was clogged with evolving zombies, and their trucks shook violently with each undead body they ran over.

Despite the constant jolting of the truck, they didn't slow down. They pushed forward relentlessly, determined to make it through the dense swarm.

As soon as Sparrow reached the farthest point where the snipers from the watchtower could no longer see them, he slammed his foot on the gas, causing Vulture to jerk backward from the roof.

Fortunately, Vulture's quick reflexes saved him, but not without a few curse words for Sparrow.

'Damn this jerk! He's doing that on purpose!' Vulture thought, gritting his teeth as he leaned down closer to the truck, trying to avoid being swept away by the rushing wind.

Then, without warning, Sparrow made a sharp left turn, nearly sending Vulture flying off the truck's roof.

Vulture cursed nonstop, his frustration building as he clung to the roof.

Sparrow wasn't unaware—he could faintly hear Vulture's curses growing louder with every sharp turn he made to avoid the oncoming zombie horde.

Vulture didn't even get a chance to drop down from the roof and climb inside the truck; Sparrow's erratic driving felt like a wild rodeo ride.

"Fuck you, Sparrow!" Vulture yelled at the top of his lungs, desperately gripping the roof of the truck.

He held on to anything he could to avoid being thrown off, but Sparrow didn't slow down. It wasn't that he didn't want to; he couldn't.

Zombies swarmed the streets in endless waves, and if they stopped for even a second, they'd be swarmed.

The trucks behind them followed in tight formation, almost like a centipede, ensuring there was no gap that zombies could use to cut them off.

Driving this way was a challenge—Sparrow's every small movement had to be mirrored with perfect precision, a near impossible task as they fought to stay ahead of the relentless horde.

The drivers of each truck were turning the steering wheels as sharply and quickly as possible, matching every slight movement Sparrow made up front.

Each driver gritted their teeth, their palms sweaty with nerves. But more than anything, they were laser-focused on their task.

The passengers in the front seats didn't dare make a sound, afraid even the smallest noise would distract the drivers.

They gripped the overhead handles with all their might, their bodies slamming left and right with each turn, sometimes even jerking backward.

Those in the back were in an even worse position.

The truck swayed violently, and on the first sharp left turn, those sitting in the back were slammed hard against the side.

Some were thrown forward into the lap of the person in front of them, only to be tossed in the opposite direction moments later.

They clung desperately to whatever they could grab, trying to stay upright in the chaos.

They weren't faring any better than Vulture in this situation, but no one dared to complain.

The growls of the zombies were deafening, echoing from all around as they drew closer to the truck.

They could hear the frantic pounding of claws and feet as the zombies raced toward them, leaping onto the vehicles. A single moment of hesitation or a brief stop, and the trucks would be overwhelmed.

The zombies would swarm them, tipping the trucks over or sending them careening off course into a disastrous accident.

Because of the constant jerking of the truck, they couldn't even use their awakened abilities to fight back against the zombies.

It took more than thirty minutes of relentless driving to finally shake the undead, leaving the sprinting zombies in the dust behind them.

Only when Sparrow was certain they had outrun them did he ease up on the aggressive driving.

However, they didn't completely stop moving.

This brief respite gave Vulture the chance to slip into the passenger seat, awkwardly squeezing through the window to join the person already seated there.

Meanwhile, those in the back finally got a moment to catch their breath, adjusting their positions as the truck's chaotic pace slowed.

"Are you guys still alive?" One of Winters' men asked teasingly, eyeing the five STAU members who looked like they were on the verge of collapse, their faces pale and contorted in discomfort after being tossed around in the back of the truck.

They couldn't muster a response. All they could do was weakly look up and force a smile—though it was more of a grimace, a poor attempt at hiding their misery.

No one could blame them, though. After the brutal, stomach-churning drive, everyone felt dizzy, struggling to regain their bearings after the violent turns and sudden maneuvers.

