

Apocalypse 542

Chapter 542 SparV

One of the STAU nodded, but the simple movement made his stomach churn.

He gagged, barely stopping himself from vomiting as the wild ride took its toll.

No one said a word after that, the air thick with shared misery.

Everyone had stopped asking questions—no one felt any better than the others.

Once Vulture finally settled into the passenger seat, he let out a slow breath, the tension easing from his body.

Sparrow didn't ask why he was there; he simply kept his focus on the road, his hands steady on the wheel as he continued to drive down the street.

Vulture let out a small chuckle, his tone light with excitement. "Partner, looks like we're back at it. The SparV is in action again!"

He grinned, reminiscing about the old days.

Back then, he and Sparrow were always paired up for missions.

Sparrow would be behind the wheel, while Vulture sat in the passenger seat, ready to offer support when needed.

But after they reached City B's base, things changed.

Their missions became more independent, and their paths started to diverge.

Most of the time, Sparrow was sent out due to his awakened ability and the compatibility it offered for external missions, while Vulture stayed behind, guarding the base.

Now that he had the chance to get back out, Vulture felt a surge of excitement, like an arrow finally loosed from its bow.

Sparrow could sense how much Vulture had been holding in—the frustration of being left behind as their paths diverged.

Their individual growth had started to pull them further apart.

Vulture's opportunities for progress were limited within the base, while Sparrow's potential had been constantly tested by the unpredictable challenges of the outside world.

Sparrow let out a teasing snort. "I hope you're not planning on slowing me down."

The words sounded harsh, but a smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

Deep down, he was glad to be working alongside his old partner again.

After all, he and Vulture knew each other so well, their partnership a seamless blend of trust and experience.

"Ha! We'll see who holds back who!" Vulture shot back, his eyes scanning the road and the surrounding buildings, always alert for any sign of zombies nearby.

His gaze was sharp, almost gleaming with excitement, as if this was his first taste of freedom in a long time.

Sparrow simply shook his head, a small smile tugging at his lips. Despite the teasing, he was genuinely happy for his partner.

While Sparrow and his team made their way up the north, Kisha, Duke, and the others were busy clearing the area outside the walls.

Fortunately, the walls were stronger than ever, reinforced with earth spikes and ice crystal spikes created by Rose.

Even with the evolving zombies slipping past the gunfire from the soldiers and the barrage of awakened abilities coming from all directions, the undead couldn't get close.

The spikes impaled them before they even had a chance to reach the walls.

Although the zombies had grown faster and more resilient, their defenses had improved, but they hadn't become any smarter.

They charged directly toward the wall, oblivious to the spikes.

In the end, the spikes stopped them, but Kisha and the others knew they couldn't rely on them forever.

The spikes could only hold so much.

Eventually, the zombies caught in the traps would become stepping stones for the others, allowing them to climb over and reach the wall.

One advantage they had was that the wall was 10 meters high, making it difficult for the zombies to scale it.

"Alright, soldiers, prioritize the closest zombies! Superhumans, focus on the ones in the middle—take down as many as you can!" Kisha commanded sharply, pausing just long enough to give her team the chance to adjust to the zombies' patterns and speed.

Within moments, the soldiers and superhumans adapted to the new strategy, shifting tactics in perfect unison to follow her orders.

This strategy allowed the soldiers to conserve ammunition by focusing only on the zombies caught in the earth spikes, while the superhumans handled the incoming threats.

Though the superhumans' aim didn't always result in a sure kill, often only severing limbs like legs or arms, this was enough to slow the zombies down.

Even if they couldn't eliminate them with a single shot, the superhumans took advantage of the pause, using the moment to adjust their aim and strike again—this time ensuring a kill.

"Good! Keep this pace!" Kisha's voice rang out, firm and encouraging. Thanks to both her passive and active abilities, the superhumans were able to push through without feeling the usual exhaustion, their energy sustained as they fought.

On Duke's side, after unleashing his overwhelming power, he took a brief moment to recharge, allowing his spiritual energy to replenish.

Despite the toll it had taken on him, his voice remained sharp and commanding as he barked orders to the soldiers and superhumans.

"Use the machine guns—aim for the head!" Though he had expended more spiritual energy than he let on, his face remained cold and unreadable.

Only he knew how fatigued he was, but his expression gave no hint of the weariness creeping through him.

"Yes, sir!" the soldiers responded in unison, their eyes locked on the street ahead.

Duke remained standing in the center, his gaze fixed forward.

"Superhumans, pair up. Use your awakened abilities to corner one zombie at a time, and work together. This will help you get used to their new speed, so you will not get caught off guard in future for melee combat." His voice was steady as he observed the horde outside.

"Copy, Vice City Lord!" came the chorus of replies.

Duke observed as the soldiers and superhumans followed his instructions, nodding slightly when he saw their initially clumsy efforts improve with time.

He allowed himself a moment to rest, feeling his spiritual energy gradually returning to full strength.

For now, he crossed his arms over his chest, maintaining a calm yet commanding presence as he directed the team.

However, the chaos wasn't limited to the outside. Reports soon came in of survivors within the base turning into zombies.

These were likely the ones who had been exposed to the blood rain but failed to awaken an ability, instead succumbing to the transformation into the undead.

When Bald Eagle discovered this, he learned that some survivors had tried to conceal the infected, unable to accept the horrifying truth that their loved ones had turned into zombies.

These were family members who hadn't been bitten, and the survivors couldn't understand how it had happened.

Grief-stricken, they could only cry in despair.

Despite their denial, they tried to hide the transformation, but it was the neighbors who lived closest to them who reported the situation to Bald Eagle's team.

They knew the threat could escalate, and they acted quickly to prevent the incident from growing and potentially threatening the safety of the entire base.

Most people knew that concealing this was selfish and could jeopardize the entire base, but they couldn't help it.

The transformation had come so suddenly, and the emotional turmoil of losing their loved ones made it hard for them to act rationally.

Some survivors who had been exposed to the blood rain began transforming on the first day of the Geostorm, but their families had hidden it, unwilling to face the truth.

Others had turned on the second or third day, and it was only now that Bald Eagle had become aware of the growing threat.