

Apocalypse 546

Chapter 546 Vulture VS The Mutated Cow

"What the hell did you just say?!" Vulture's head whipped around, his glare locking onto Sparrow.

Frustration and anger flared in his chest—not only had his attack failed miserably, but now Sparrow had the nerve to snap at him and call him a pussy.

Sparrow didn't reply, his focus entirely on the wheel. Beads of sweat rolled down his temples as he fought to stabilize the truck, which was tilting dangerously to one side.

"That's it!" Vulture growled, his patience snapping. But instead of firing back with words, he acted. Without warning, he threw open the door and leaped out of the moving truck.

"What the hell are you doing?!" Sparrow yelled, his voice cracking in alarm, while the man in the passenger seat shouted after Vulture in sheer disbelief.

Both watched in stunned horror as Vulture hit the ground and rolled, disappearing from view amid the chaos.

"Get back here, Vulture!" Sparrow shouted from his seat, his knuckles white as he gripped the steering wheel.

The truck jolted violently, but his focus remained split between keeping the vehicle steady and yelling after his reckless teammate.

Meanwhile, Vulture hit the ground hard after his jump, rolling several times before finally coming to a stop on his knees.

His palms slapped the dirt, embedding into the ground as he steadied himself.

Fury burned in his eyes, hot and unrelenting, and his teeth clenched as his chest heaved.

The truck, the insults, the failed attacks—it all boiled over into a seething need to act.

His gaze snapped to the charging cow, its fiery horns blazing, and a grim determination took hold. If he needed an outlet for his rage, this beast would do.

To everyone else watching, it was a suicide mission. They had already seen the mutant cow's raw power, its ability to shrug off attacks that should have at least slowed it down.

From the back of the truck, the rest of the team saw Vulture crouching in the path of destruction and shouted in unison, their voices rising in panic.

"Vulture, get out of there!"

"Vulture! What the hell are you doing?!" someone shouted from the truck, their voice filled with panic.

"Ah, shut up! I'm gonna cook this thing and turn it into a flaming steak!" Vulture bellowed, his voice echoing with raw anger as he glared at the massive mutant cow.

Standing just a few meters away from the beast, his defiance was almost palpable.

The cow's reaction was almost human—its fiery eyes seemed to narrow, its nostrils flared, releasing bursts of steam, and the flames on its horns roared brighter as if fueled by its growing rage.

It pawed at the ground with its massive front hooves, the sound of scraping pavement sharp and menacing.

"Oh, you're mad now?!" Vulture taunted, a cocky sneer spreading across his face.

He straightened, brushing the dirt off his knees with deliberate slowness, his gaze locked on the enraged animal.

The cow let out a guttural bellow, its muscles rippling as it crouched low, ready to charge.

Every movement screamed of its intent to obliterate the man in front of it, and the tension in the air was thick enough to cut.

"Fuck you!" Vulture roared, his voice cutting through the chaos as he charged straight at the mutant cow.

The ground seemed to tremble under the sheer intensity of their collision course.

Neither backed down—both man and beast hurtling toward each other with unrelenting force.

Instead of dodging at the last moment, Vulture met the flaming horns head-on.

With a feral shout, he gripped the burning horns tightly, the searing heat scorching his palms but failing to deter him.

His feet dug into the pavement, anchoring him like an unyielding pillar as he strained to halt the beast's relentless momentum.

His muscles bulged under his shirt, veins pulsing visibly along his arms and neck as he pushed forward with raw determination.

Every ounce of strength in his lower body came into play as his legs trembled with effort.

His heels lifted slightly off the ground, his stance braced, leveraging every fiber of his being to counter the mutant cow's massive strength.

"Ugh!" Vulture groaned through gritted teeth as the searing heat from the cow's flaming horns licked at his palms and face.

Though the flames didn't leave visible burns on his skin, the intense sensation was enough to make him cautious.

Without hesitation, he summoned his earth armor, encasing himself in a protective layer of hardened rock and soil.

Even so, he noticed something unusual—the flames hadn't actually harmed him.

A flicker of realization crossed his mind, but he dismissed it for the moment, focusing instead on the task at hand.

Clad in his earthy shell, Vulture wrestled with the mutant cow, his feet grinding against the pavement as he pushed back against its monstrous strength.

Not far off, Sparrow's truck skidded to a halt as the passengers prepared to assist.

However, the scene before them left everyone frozen in awe.

Vulture, enveloped in his rugged armor, stood his ground against the massive, fiery beast—a sight that made even the seasoned warriors hesitate in stunned silence.

Vulture held his ground with surprising strength, keeping the massive cow from advancing.

Despite the creature towering over him, the scene resembled a modern-day battle between David and Goliath.

Vulture's unyielding stance only seemed to enrage the beast further.

The cow let out a deep, guttural moo of frustration, its hind legs kicking furiously against the pavement as it struggled to overpower its tenacious opponent.

Yet, no matter how hard it pushed, Vulture refused to budge, his resolve as unshakable as the earth itself.

Vulture smirked, his sneer cutting through the tension like a blade.

"What's wrong? Getting angry, you stupid cow?" he taunted, his voice dripping with defiance.

Taking a deliberate step forward, he forced the massive beast to stumble back a step.

The cow, furious at being overpowered, braced itself and attempted to ram him, but Vulture held firm.

His grip on its blazing horns was unrelenting, rendering the creature's attempts futile.

"Mooo!!!" the cow bellowed in frustration, its fiery eyes burning with rage as it struggled against the unyielding force before it.

The cow let out an enraged bellow, its nostrils flaring with thick, heavy steam.

Vulture grimaced and shouted, "Ugh! Your breath stinks!" His voice carried both irritation and mockery.

Behind him, Sparrow and the others watched the tense showdown with a mix of amusement and awe.

A few of them chuckled at Vulture's quip, but beneath the surface, anxiety gnawed at their nerves.

They knew the stakes were high—if Vulture failed to control the rampaging cow, it could ram him with devastating force.

The impact might send him flying which might result in severe fractures or, worse, crush him to death.

Not willing to risk Vulture getting seriously injured, Sparrow sprang into action, moving like a blur.

In the blink of an eye, he appeared behind the cow, his speed so swift that the beast didn't even notice him. Its full attention remained fixed on Vulture.

Moooooo!

The cow let out a sharp, pained cry, its fiery eyes darting sideways while its head stayed locked in place by Vulture's iron grip.

There, on its flank, stood Sparrow, his dagger glinting in the light.