

## **Apocalypse 547**

### Chapter 547 The Mutated Cow

Though the cow's thick hide was formidable, Sparrow had managed to make a shallow but precise cut.

"Its hide is ridiculously tough!" Sparrow muttered in frustration, repeatedly striking the same spot with his dagger.

Each blow chipped away at the cow's defenses as he focused on wearing it down to deliver a fatal stab to its stomach.

Mooo!

The cow let out a desperate, guttural bellow, the sound tapering off like the cry of a creature on the brink of death.

Vulture, sensing its weakening strength, seized the moment.

With a surge of power, he gripped the fiery horns tighter, his muscles straining as he channeled every ounce of his strength.

Twisting his waist in a smooth sidestep, he hoisted the massive beast into the air and, with a roar of effort, slammed it onto the ground behind him in a bone-shaking crash.

The cow's body bounced slightly upon impact, skidding across the pavement.

Thud!

With a loud thud, the cow collapsed, its body going limp on the ground, unmoving.

Both Vulture and Sparrow exchanged skeptical looks, surprise flickering across their faces.

Sparrow stepped forward cautiously, examining the mutated cow.

Its tongue hung out, slack and lifeless, while foam bubbled from its mouth.

Blood trickled from its eyes, nose, and ears, creating a grotesque sight. The symptoms pointed to one grim conclusion—it had been poisoned.

Vulture and Sparrow exchanged a tense glance, and Vulture spoke first. "It wasn't me."

Sparrow opened his mouth to echo the same, but before he could speak, both of them noticed a drop of black liquid with a faint greenish hue dripping from the dagger still clutched in Sparrow's hand.

Vulture quickly jumped back, his eyes wide as he watched the liquid hit the pavement, sizzling upon contact.

He glanced back at Sparrow, his expression one of confusion and silent questioning.

Neither of them spoke for a moment, both unsure of what they had just witnessed.

From a distance, those watching the scene were left to assume the outcome.

They had seen Vulture slam the cow into the ground with incredible force, and when it stopped moving, they assumed the impact had killed it.

After all, with Vulture's strength, it wasn't far-fetched to think the cow's internal organs had been fatally damaged from the blow.

"W-What is that dagger? Where did you get it?" Vulture asked, his voice tinged with unease as he instinctively took a cautious step back, reluctant to get too close to the mysterious blade.

"I... The Young Madam gave me this dagger before we left," Sparrow replied, his voice tinged with a mix of fear and awe.

He cautiously inspected the dagger, careful not to touch the blade, his leather gloves providing some protection.

As he studied it, he noticed that the black liquid had stopped oozing from the blade.

Instead, the dagger gleamed with an eerie, unnatural sheen, almost as if it were alive.

As if recalling something important, Sparrow added, "The Young Madam called it the Shakan Poison Dagger."

Vulture nodded grimly, his gaze fixed on the lifeless mutated cow.

"Well, the name of the dagger was very self-explanatory. That dagger must be coated with a poison so potent that even a small cut was enough to seep into the cow's body and take it down. No wonder it died so quickly." He placed his hands on his hips, still staring at the dead animal, the implications of the poison settling in.

But then, the seriousness faded from Vulture's face as he suddenly remembered something.

"Damn it! So, I can't even turn this beast into a steak now?!" He shot an incredulous look at Sparrow, almost as if blaming him for poisoning the cow.

Sparrow raised an eyebrow, giving Vulture a skeptical glance.

"You were actually thinking of cooking and eating that thing? Even without the poison, you'd still end up with food poisoning. Are you out of your mind?"

Vulture choked on Sparrow's sharp rebuttal.

"What do you know? Sure, the animals mutated, but unlike zombies, these animals are still alive. The mutated cow's hide might be tough, but we can't say the same for its meat."

"It could still retain its qualities as livestock, and if that's the case, doesn't it make sense that while humans evolve, animals do too?"

"We're still the predators, and they're the prey, right?" Vulture explained.

Although Kisha hadn't specifically mentioned this before, he reasoned that while she'd said mutated animals were stronger and harder to kill, she never said they couldn't be eaten.

That meant it was still possible—and maybe it was something people had done in Kisha's past lives.

It just so happened that hunting mutated animals was difficult, but it made sense to think that some of them could still be eaten, just like before.

In that case, the balance would remain the same as it was before the mutation: some animals would still be safe to eat, while others might be poisonous and off-limits.

Now that Vulture had brought it up, Sparrow began to follow his line of thinking—simple, and somewhat naive, but still with a possibility.

"How about we bring some of this mutated livestock back to the base and ask Young Madam? If it turns out they can be eaten, at least we'll have a sample to raise for the future."

"It could give us some good options. And if it turns out they're not safe to eat, we can always dispose of them later."

"Yeah, right. You make it sound like it's easy to catch this beast," Vulture said sarcastically, rolling his eyes.

He was still holding a grudge that Sparrow had ruined his hunt by poisoning the mutated cow.

It could've been his trophy to bring back home, and the idea of eating its meat had crossed his mind—though, he thought, maybe it wasn't such a bad idea after all.

He could always think of it as the hunter eating his prey.

Besides, Vulture genuinely believed that the mutated cow's meat might be safe to eat.

After all, they were now superhumans, and their evolved constitutions might be able to handle the meat of a mutated animal.

Seeing the thoughtful expression on Vulture's face, Sparrow sighed, knowing that his mind was solely focused on food.

Shaking his head, he crouched down in front of the mutated cow and examined it. Using a different dagger, he carefully stabbed at the cow's hide—but as soon as the blade made contact...

Clank...

A sharp 'clank' echoed through the air as the dagger snapped in two.

Sparrow looked up at Vulture, who had witnessed the mishap in silence.

After a moment, Sparrow smirked. "And you plan to eat this?" he teased, his tone dripping with mockery.

"Good luck with your teeth." He chuckled, savoring Vulture's silent frustration, before returning his attention to the lifeless mutated cow.

Since regular blades were ineffective, Sparrow had no choice but to turn to the dagger Kisha had given him.

This time, however, when he used the dagger, there was no black liquid leaking from the blade.

It seemed that the strange substance before was actually the mutated cow's blood, which had been tainted by the poison coating the blade.

The poison had thinned the blood and turned it black with a greenish hue.