

Apocalypse 548

Chapter 548 How It Ended Up Like This

This explained why the cow was still bleeding until now—it was the poison, making the blood run thinner and darker.

As the thought crossed his mind, Sparrow realized that it could very well explain everything.

With this newfound understanding, he took the 'Shakan Poison Dagger' and approached the mutated cow's stomach area, where he had previously struck.

He located the small wound he had inflicted earlier, and with the tip of the dagger, he carefully made an incision, probing to see what the poison had done to the cow's insides.

Everyone gathered closer to see what Sparrow and Vulture were doing to the mutated cow.

The flame in its horn had long since died down, leaving everyone even more curious.

It took Sparrow quite a while to cut through the stomach of the creature, and when he finally did, a black, watery blood gushed out.

The consistency was so thin and unnatural that it was hard to believe it was blood at all. No wonder the mutated cow had died so easily.

Surprisingly, just as Vulture had mentioned, the mutated cow's meat was incredibly tender, much like wagyu beef.

Its flesh marbled with fat, and despite its massive, muscular frame, the meat wasn't made up of tough ligaments and muscle. The contrast was so striking that Sparrow and everyone else stood there dumbfounded.

Unlike its tough hide, the meat inside was surprisingly easy to cut through, almost like butter under Sparrow's blade.

He briefly wondered if the dagger Kisha had given him was special, its sharpness perhaps making the task easier.

Curious, he glanced back at Vulture, grabbed the dagger at his side, and tried using it to cut through the mutated cow's meat.

To his surprise, the dagger sliced through the flesh without any issue.

"Told you, this mutated cow could still be eaten," Vulture said smugly, his arms crossed as he looked down at Sparrow, eager to rub in that he was right.

Despite Vulture's confidence, Sparrow remained cautious.

While this might prove Vulture's point, he couldn't shake the feeling that there might be hidden issues with the mutated cow's meat that they hadn't discovered yet.

After all, the cow had died from poisoning, and they wouldn't know for sure until they examined the other mutated cows.

After standing up, Sparrow motioned for everyone to head back to the truck.

"Alright, let's get back and find our people. One Space Tye Awakened Ability User, store this mutated cow in your space, and we'll let the City Lord examine it once we're back!"

He clapped his hands together to shake off the dust sticking to his gloves, then wiped Vulture's dagger clean off any residue to the mutated cow's hide.

Holding the blade carefully, he returned it to Vulture, waiting for him to take it before doing the same with the dagger Kisha had given him.

Vulture eyed Sparrow's dagger with interest, a wide, fawning smile spreading across his face.

"Hey, Sparrow, mind if I borrow your dagger for a bit?" he asked eagerly, clearly eager to test out the mysterious, razor-sharp blade.

At the sound of Vulture's wolfish tone, Sparrow instinctively gripped his dagger tighter, not wanting Vulture to get any ideas.

The "borrow for a bit" could easily stretch into something much longer.

After all, once Vulture realized the dagger also enhanced the wielder's strength—something Sparrow had felt firsthand earlier—he'd probably never want to give it back.

Without a word, Sparrow quickly turned and strode back toward the truck, leaving Vulture standing there with his hand outstretched.

"Use your big hammer..." Sparrow said, and it was only then that Vulture remembered he had left his massive hammer behind.

He had forgotten to use it earlier, as it was too large to carry comfortably.

He had leaned it against the seat, deciding it would be too cumbersome to keep in his lap during the journey, especially with the cramped space.

Even with that massive hammer, Vulture doubted it would do much against the mutated cow.

The creature's defenses were so tough, he feared his hammer might end up like Sparrow's dagger—broken after just one strike.

"Hmph! Cheapskate!" he grumbled, chasing after Sparrow.

He slid into the truck's passenger seat, but once inside, they all realized they had forgotten one important detail—the truck had taken quite a beating from the mutated cow.

So, they all climbed out again.

"We need to change the tire and fix a few things—the truck's leaning to one side," Sparrow said, gesturing toward the vehicle.

A few of Winters' men jumped into action, working together with Vulture to lift the truck, since they didn't have a car jack.

While Vulture and the others focused on changing the tire, Sparrow took charge of perimeter security, leading the rest of the team.

Meanwhile, he tried reaching out to their other group via radio.

"Over, over, can anyone hear me?" Sparrow spoke into the radio, standing atop the truck and scanning the horizon.

All Sparrow could hear was the static crackling through the radio, no response coming through.

"Sparrow, any news?!" Vulture's voice shouted from below.

His muscles were straining, veins bulging in his neck, arms, and forehead as he lifted the side of the truck while the others worked on changing the tires.

Vulture, stronger than the rest, was carrying more weight, but the truck's bulk was still too much for him.

Despite his struggle, he didn't stop asking about their other team members. They had all been separated, and it would surely hurt Duke if he were to hear that more of his people had been lost in the mission.

"No, no one's answering!" Sparrow replied, his voice heavy with concern.

He descended slowly to the ground, his wind ability carrying him gently down.

"You keep an eye on everyone while you're changing the tires and stabilizing the truck. I'll scout the area for a bit—hopefully, I can find some trace of them." Sparrow didn't wait for Vulture's response.

Instead, he leaped into the air with the agility of a frog, soaring a few meters high before grabbing onto a nearby pine tree.

With swift movements, he climbed higher, then leaped again, using the trees to propel himself through the forest as he searched for any signs of their missing team.

As Sparrow leaped from tree to tree, he kept his gaze trained on the ground, using his 'Hawk Eyesight' to scan for any trace of his missing team—whether a trail or tire tracks in the dirt.

But all he could find were hoof marks and other animal prints.

A tightness gripped his throat as worry began to gnaw at him.

These people were under his command; their safety was his responsibility. If anything had happened to them, the weight of it would fall squarely on his shoulders.

He never expected things to go south so quickly once they reached the outskirts of the north.

As he drove along the dirt road toward the farm, still a few kilometers away, everything had seemed to be going smoothly.

They'd successfully outmaneuvered the evolving zombies that had relentlessly pursued them, fending off multiple attacks and even managing to shake their tail as they neared the edge of the city.

As they made their way halfway through the northern stretch toward the farm, a loud banging sound echoed in the distance, coming from the thick trees ahead.

The birds scattered from the branches, their sudden flight signaling the presence of a large, dangerous predator drawing near.

It was clear to him and the others that something formidable was approaching from that direction.

They couldn't afford to slow down or abandon the truck to travel on foot.

The rumble of their engine had likely already drawn the predator's attention, and it was probably closing in on their position.

Without hesitation, Sparrow slammed his foot on the gas, accelerating down the dirt road.

The other trucks, following his lead, revved their engines in unison.

The vehicles bounced violently as they hit rocks and potholes, the tremors shaking them to their core.

But no one complained. Everyone gripped the overhead handles tightly, bracing themselves to ensure they wouldn't be thrown off during the chaotic ride.

Despite the roar of the truck's engine, Sparrow's ears caught a distant, thunderous marching sound—something like the pounding of hooves or the charge of a bull.

He couldn't be sure, as the noises blended together in the chaos.

But before he could process it, the truck was suddenly slammed from the side with incredible force, nearly sending it into a violent roll.

Sparrow reacted instinctively, jerking the wheel just in time to prevent the truck from overturning.

The maneuver minimized the impact, but it wasn't enough to stop the massive dent left in the armored vehicle's side. The sheer strength of the attack was undeniable.

Just as Sparrow thought the danger had passed, a fresh wave of thunderous marching sounds echoed from the same direction.

Emerging from the forest, a herd of mutated cows with flaming horns charged toward the convoy.

Instead of huddling together and risking being overwhelmed, each driver veered off in a different direction, accelerating without hesitation.

The mutated cows scattered in response, but most of them relentlessly pursued Sparrow's truck.

With quick thinking, Sparrow swerved and rammed the body of his truck into one of the massive cows, jolting everyone inside.

The force of the impact caused the truck to lean sideways, but it was a necessary move to shake off the pursuing herd.

After Sparrow slammed into the leading mutated cow, it collapsed to the ground, only to be struck by the other charging cows behind it.

The impact sent them all tumbling, creating just enough chaos for Sparrow to floor the accelerator and drive away.