

Apocalypse 554

Chapter 554 What Happened To Sparrow 4

His eyes snapped to attention, and without thinking, he began slapping his own face, as though trying to shake off the fog clouding his mind.

Slap!

Slap!

"C-Captain Vulture, what are you doing?!" one of the newcomers asked, his voice laced with concern.

He didn't understand what had caused Vulture's sudden outburst, but no one moved to stop him.

The rest of Vulture's team stood frozen, wearing expressions of guilt, their eyes avoiding the captain's intense behavior.

After a few forceful slaps, Vulture's face turned red and swollen, the sharp impact leaving his skin stinging since he didn't held back.

But the harsh reality of his actions jolted him awake, pulling him out of the dark spiral of guilt and self-reproach.

The weight of what had happened to Sparrow suddenly crashed down on him, and he knew he had to focus—there was no time for regrets now.

With a hoarse voice, Vulture finally spoke. "Sparrow encountered a threat while scouting earlier, trying to locate the rest of the team, but we haven't heard from him since..." His voice cracked slightly, the worry and guilt clear as day.

It was obvious that he feared something terrible had happened to Sparrow, and that fear had caused him to lose control for a moment.

But as Vulture stood there, the weight of responsibility hit him. He was now the leader of this group, and showing any more signs of weakness could fracture their unity.

If the core of their leadership faltered, it would only lead to chaos and disarray among them.

Since Sparrow had entrusted the others to his care, Vulture knew he couldn't afford to let them down now.

With a heavy heart, he took a deep breath, inhaling the weight of his responsibility.

As he exhaled, he released the tension and his worry, clearing his mind and steeling himself for what lay ahead.

"Sparrow will come back," Vulture muttered, though his words sounded more like a plea to himself than a declaration of certainty, to make himself believe that Sparrow will really come back.

The quiet conviction in his voice only made the others' eyes redden, but no one spoke. They simply followed in silence.

Vulture tightened his grip on the radio resting at his side, as if the weight of it could anchor his thoughts.

He took a steadying breath and began making his way toward the wreckage of the animal farm.

They were standing at the entrance now, where once there had been an arc—a photo spot for tourists.

Beyond it had been a registration building, where visitors would pay their entrance fee.

Now, all that remained was ruin. The piles of debris were so scattered that it was impossible to discern what had once stood there.

The animal farm stretched across a vast expanse, with piles of debris littering the area and the foundations of what used to be buildings barely recognizable.

Vulture and the rest of the team moved cautiously through the wreckage, surveying the extent of the devastation left by the Geostorm.

The once-flat terrain was now a chaotic mess, the result of countless tornadoes tearing through the area.

Debris was scattered far and wide, with some building fragments even reaching half a kilometer from the farm—a detail that had been confirmed by Group 4.

"Don't move!" The sudden command cut through the air, halting Vulture's team in their tracks.

But instead of freezing, they merely shifted their focus toward the source of the voice, their eyes narrowing as they assessed the newcomer who had emerged from behind the rubble.

"Oh, great. People from truck number 5, huh?" one of Vulture's team muttered casually, his tone more relaxed now.

After the earlier misstep of reacting too quickly, they had learned to hold back, making sure they knew who they were dealing with before jumping to conclusions.

When they realized the newcomers were from their own team, the tension melted away, replaced by a sense of relief. As the group moved on, they continued to encounter other teams that had gone missing.

No team had emerged unscathed. Group 5, for example, looked worse for wear, their members battered and bruised.

It turned out, that in order to escape the mutated cow's pursuit, they had leaped off a cliff, praying the mutated cows wouldn't follow them.

Thankfully, while the cliff looked dauntingly high and dangerous from the top, it turned out to be more of a steep slope than a sheer drop.

Still, it had been treacherous, littered with jagged rocks. Group 5 had tumbled down the slope, each roll a painful jolt until they finally came to a halt at the bottom.

Group 3 had taken a desperate gamble, jumping into the rushing river to escape the mutated cows.

The current was brutal, nearly sweeping them away, and the mutated fish that now inhabited the river were enormous, some nearly as large as dolphins.

These creatures hunted them, circling and snapping at them as they swam for their lives.

It became a brutal struggle for survival, with the relentless current threatening to pull them under at every turn.

Thankfully, some members of Group 3 had awakened abilities tied to water, which gave them a fighting chance.

Their powers helped them fight against the current, pushing them toward safety.

Just as they thought they had escaped the mutated cows, they found themselves trapped in the lair of the mutated river fish.

What was supposed to be their salvation turned into yet another deadly obstacle, as the ferocious fish came close to finishing them off.

Lastly, Group 2 was the luckiest. They had managed to climb up into the trees near a vast flower field, successfully evading the mutated cows.

The overpowering scent of the flowers masked their own, confusing the cows' enhanced sense of smell.

The mutated cows wandered the area for a while, sniffing the air in frustration, but the flowers kept them at bay.

Only after a long stretch of time did the cows give up and move on.

When it was safe, Group 2 carefully descended from the trees, but not before rubbing some more flowers on their bodies to further mask their scent.

Just as they thought they had escaped, they found themselves nearly becoming targets of a swarm of enormous bees that had made their home near the field.

It was a tense moment, but thanks to being used to Bell and her scarlet bees, they didn't panic.

Using their knowledge and familiarity with the bees' characteristics, They were able to calmly make their way out, leading the group out of danger and away from the area without triggering an attack from the swarm.

It was only then that the rest of the group learned that Sparrow's team had actually managed to take down a mutated cow, that beast was larger than a horse.

The revelation shocked everyone, but it was when Vulture mentioned plans to bring some of these mutated animals back to the base that the group erupted in disbelief.

"Captain Vulture, that's impossible!" One of the voices called out, filled with skepticism. "Our attacks could barely scratch those mutated cows. How are we supposed to bring one back?"

A murmur of agreement spread through the group, everyone exchanging uncertain glances. The idea seemed almost absurd considering how little they had been able to do against these creatures.