

Apocalypse 556

Chapter 556 Searching For The Mutated Animals

When Vulture was presented with a clearer course of action, he nodded without hesitation.

The longer he hesitated, the more time he was wasting, and the thought of Sparrow possibly being in danger made his stomach churn.

The uncertainty gnawed at him, and he felt utterly helpless, unsure of what to do next.

"Alright, let's do that," Vulture said decisively.

With that, the group conducted a final inspection of the animal farm before regrouping and beginning their search for mutated animals in the wild.

As they ventured out, they encountered numerous animal carcasses scattered around the perimeter of the farm.

Some were crushed beneath boulders and collapsed structures, others torn apart and left in grotesque disarray.

One particularly disturbing sight was a carcass hanging upside down from a pole, its lifeless form swaying slightly in the breeze.

The stench of decay was overwhelming. Many of the corpses had already begun to rot, attracting a swarm of buzzing flies.

Maggots writhed within the decomposing flesh, the sound of their activity adding to the grim atmosphere. The group pressed on despite the sickening scene, their expressions grim but resolute as they continued their search.

Compared to the revolting stench of zombies, with their festering pus and other grotesque features, the odor of decomposing animal carcasses was tolerable for the Winters' men.

They scanned their surroundings with calm, indifferent eyes, their expressions unchanging as they began their search.

Expanding their efforts outward from the farm, they shifted into hunting mode, meticulously examining the ground for traces of animal activity.

The presence of only a few hundred dead animal carcasses near the farm indicated that not all had perished.

It was almost certain that the survivors had undergone mutation, making them the team's primary targets.

Since it had rained during the Geostorm, any fleeing animals would have left tracks in the mud—tracks deep enough that subsequent rain and environmental factors wouldn't easily erase them.

Fortunately, their gamble paid off. Not far from the animal farm, near a forest and golden rice fields, they spotted faint hoof prints in the muddy ground.

The tracks were massive, as large as their faces, likely belonging to a mutated cow.

Vulture suddenly froze in his tracks, a wave of doubt washing over him. The only reason they had managed to defeat a mutated cow before was because he and Sparrow had worked together—and it was Sparrow's precise strike with his dagger that had delivered the killing blow.

Without Sparrow's skill and assistance, the chances of successfully taking down a mutated cow seemed slim.

Vulture's hand clenched into a fist as they advanced cautiously, each step deliberate to avoid being caught off guard by the mutated animal they were tracking.

Near the entrance to the forest, they finally spotted their targets: two goats grazing on the grass.

But these were no ordinary goats—they were as large as pigs ready for slaughter, their massive, sharp horns gleaming like polished knives.

The sight sent a shiver down the spines of the Winters' men. One accidental ram from those deadly horns could mean instant death.

Beyond their intimidating size, the goats' hair was longer than usual, its glossy sheen reflecting the faint sunlight, further emphasizing their unnatural transformation.

"Wait, didn't they say goats freeze up when they're startled?" someone whispered, as they are all crouching low behind the bushes and trees.

They moved with utmost caution, every motion deliberate and subtle, careful not to make a sound that might alert the mutated goats to their presence.

"We can only try and see," someone muttered before suddenly leaping from behind the bushes.

With a wild, primal roar, he charged forward. His massive, bulky form made him resemble a hairless bear as he bellowed, "Gahhhh!!!"

His arms tensed as the roar erupted from his chest, and without a moment's hesitation, his feet slammed onto the ground.

The startled mutated goat, which had been grazing peacefully, immediately froze, spooked by the sudden outburst.

Mehh!

The mutated goat let out a startled bleat before its body stiffened, collapsing to the ground in an unnatural stillness. It lay there for several moments, frozen in place.

"Now!" Vulture barked, snapping his team into action. With swift precision, they pulled out more ropes.

Given the size of the mutated goat and its dangerously sharp horns, they made sure to secure it with multiple layers of rope.

As soon as the goat regained its senses, it began thrashing wildly, trying to break free.

Meeehhhh!

Meeehh!

The mutated goat bleated frantically as it struggled against the ropes, its thrashing intensifying.

"I didn't realize they could still get so easily spooked," the big guy, who had startled the mutated goat earlier, chuckled, grinning like a fool.

But his expression quickly shifted as he added, "But if it keeps thrashing like this, the ropes might not hold for long." His words mirrored the growing concern among the others.

"Why don't we try to knock it out?" someone suggested, but the idea quickly fell flat.

They hadn't brought any tranquilizers, and the risk of getting close enough to perform a choke hold was too dangerous.

The mutated goat was still wildly thrashing its head, its sharp horns swinging dangerously, making it all too likely that someone would get impaled if they tried.

The sight of the ground being punctured by the horns as the creature flailed only reinforced their hesitation.

A shiver ran down their spines as they imagined themselves getting too close to those lethal weapons. No one wanted to take that risk.

"How about we move them into our space first, then let them pass out from oxygen deprivation?" One of the STAU members suggested sheepishly, stepping forward.

"Once they're knocked out, we can knock them out again before they regain their senses."

By "knocking out," the STAU meant ensuring the mutated goats wouldn't wake up too soon.

If they did, they could simply repeat the process to keep them unconscious long enough to transport them back to the base.

With no better solution in sight, the team proceeded with the plan. The STAU kept the mutated goats in their space long enough for them to pass out, then brought them back out before the mutated goats die from oxygen deprivation.

As soon as they were out, a few of the Winters' men worked together to subdue the goats.

Vulture coated his arms and hands with earth armor and gripped the mutated goat's horns, preventing it from thrashing while the others are holding it in a chokehold.

The rest of the team worked to pin down its body, ensuring it couldn't escape.

Even with the earth armor around Vulture's hands, the mutated goat's horn still managed to slice through it.

Thankfully, his high defense prevented any damage to his palm.

He remembered Kisha telling him before that his defense was so strong, he was like a walking tank.

To test it out, after they finished with the first mutated goat, Vulture decided to try something daring.

Instead of using earth armor, he gripped the second mutated goat's horn with his bare hands, leaving everyone shocked and worried.

They wanted to stop him, but they were too stunned to act. To their amazement, Vulture held the horn without a drop of blood, his palm completely unharmed.