

Apocalypse 557

Chapter 557 Searching For The Mutated Animals 2

After everyone got over their initial shock, they quickly resumed their work, coordinating to subdue the second mutated goat.

With teamwork and precision, they managed to knock it out, and soon enough, both mutated goats were unconscious, their mission successfully completed.

"Hey, looks like we got lucky!" someone exclaimed, the one who had been holding the massive body of the mutated goat.

He was the first to notice. "These mutated goats are male and female!"

Once he pointed it out, the others took a closer look, and sure enough, the goats were indeed of different genders.

This discovery meant they now had everything they needed to start increasing the mutated goat population in the future.

There was no need to search for more—this pair would be enough.

To transport the two massive mutated goats without alerting nearby mutated animals or drawing attention, they decided against using their trucks.

The loud engine noise could potentially scare the animals off or attract the mutated cows again.

Instead, they came up with a plan to create a device that would help them pull and drag the goats quietly, ensuring they could move the creatures without attracting unwanted attention.

In a rush to move the mutated goats, the group quickly gathered their resources.

They worked together to chop down the nearest tree, cutting it into planks.

There was no need for precision or polish—they simply focused on creating a sturdy platform to place the animals on, ensuring they could transport them efficiently without wasting any time.

Once the platform was ready, the group moved forward.

The team members transporting the mutated goats were positioned in the center of the group, allowing them to focus on pulling the planks.

Ropes were tied to the front and back of the platform, with the strongest members from the group at the front and rear to handle the weight.

The rest of the team formed a protective perimeter around the central group, ensuring the safety of the STAU members and those transporting the animals.

The front and back teams kept vigilant, while those in the center rotated shifts, allowing the team to move efficiently without slowing down.

Once everything was set, they departed. Vulture led the team, staying a little ahead of the main group to scout for mutated animals.

His position allowed him to spot threats quickly, taking down any creatures he encountered or signaling the main group to stop and hide if necessary.

This strategy ensured their movements were coordinated, minimizing the risk of startling the mutated animals.

If an attack occurred, Vulture and the advance party could rush back swiftly to assist the others, maintaining a balance between offense and defense.

The entire group was ready to act in unison if the situation called for it.

Not long after, the main group's messenger noticed the hand signal from the advance party, led by Vulture.

As soon as he saw Vulture motion for them to stop, he immediately raised his own hands to signal the main group to halt.

They followed his cue, pausing in place.

Then, he signaled for them to move forward slowly and quietly, indicating they had either located another mutated animal or a potential threat.

Everyone became tense, moving with extreme caution to avoid making a sound.

Even those carrying the mutated animals took extra care, stepping lightly and brushing away dry leaves or twigs from the ground to minimize noise as they advanced.

They moved cautiously, slipping behind trees to conceal themselves.

Vulture scanned the area, spotting several mutated chickens the size of turkeys.

They were pecking at the ground, scratching and hunting for food like normal chickens, but their size and behavior set them apart.

There were at least a dozen of these massive birds, some males among them, and their talons were sharp and formidable.

Even the hens had talons resembling those of eagles, a clear indication of their deadly potential.

Vulture noticed the sharpness of their beaks as well, knowing that these mutated chickens weren't just ordinary animals—they were capable of inflicting serious harm.

"Captain, how do we capture them?" someone beside Vulture whispered, his voice laced with concern. "We can't surprise them—if they see us, they'll either scatter in all directions or attack."

Vulture nodded, agreeing with the assessment. They had no idea how these mutated chickens would react to humans.

It was possible they still retained some of the behavior of normal chickens, like the mutated goats, but there was also the chance they had become aggressive.

Given their large size and powerful wings, Vulture knew a single flap could cause serious injury.

The sharp talons and beaks would make them deadly opponents if provoked. They needed a plan—one that wouldn't set off a chain reaction of chaos.

If only they knew how complicated things were about to get, they might have wished they'd brought Mike along.

With his awakened ability, Gift, and Talent, he could have easily calmed the mutated chickens, making them docile enough to follow him without the need for a brutal fight.

"Do you think catching them with a net would work?" someone asked, but his suggestion was quickly met with silence.

It was an impractical idea. With their sharp talons and beaks, the mutated chickens would tear through the net like it was paper.

"Then, what if we use wind blades to cut their legs and beaks?" another person proposed, but the suggestion only brought skepticism.

"Then they won't survive, and how exactly do you plan on cutting through their legs and beaks? What if they're too agile for that?" came a sharp retort.

As they whispered among themselves behind the bush, it seemed the mutated chickens had sensed their presence.

One by one, they lifted their heads, their eyes scanning the area.

The male mutated chickens' feathers along the back of their necks began to stand on end, a clear sign of agitation. It was as if they were preparing for a confrontation.

"Shit! Did it notice us?" someone whispered, their voice tight with anxiety.

Vulture narrowed his eyes, scanning the group of mutated chickens.

He locked onto one male and one female. Making a swift decision, he leaped from his hiding spot, his hands shooting out to grab the nearest chickens by the necks.

As soon as he moved, the entire flock panicked, scattering in all directions. The two mutated chickens in his grasp flapped their wings violently in retaliation, struggling to break free.

As Vulture calmly brought back the two mutated chickens, one in each hand, those who had been brainstorming complicated solutions earlier couldn't help but pursed their lips in frustration.

They had been overthinking the problem, coming up with elaborate plans, when Vulture had simply gone in and grabbed the chickens with his bare hands, effortlessly.

With his overwhelming defense, the sharp talons and beaks hadn't even fazed him.

Now, they couldn't help but feel a little foolish, as if they'd been playing a game of strategy while Vulture had already won with sheer practicality.

The mutated chickens struggled fiercely, using their sharp talons in a desperate attempt to cut through Vulture's grip, trying to free themselves.

Unable to reach him with their beaks, since he was holding them by their necks close to their heads, they resorted to flapping their wings wildly.