

Apocalypse 559

Chapter 559 Searching For The Mutated Animals 4

"Captain, we've got eggs here!" one of his men called out, crouched low and peering into the grass. The not-so-tall blades obscured the view, prompting Vulture to move closer. As he approached, the man carefully parted the grass, revealing a cluster of five to seven large eggs.

The eggs had a distinct bluish hue and were only slightly smaller than ostrich eggs. Vulture didn't need to think twice to realize these were the eggs of the mutated ducks they had just encountered.

"Isn't this close to where I caught the two mutated ducks?" Vulture murmured, his eyes scanning the area. The man who had called him nodded in confirmation.

"Yes, Captain, you're right," the man explained. "I was about to sit down when I heard a sharp cracking sound, like the breaking of a shell. I was surprised, and when I looked closer, I found these eggs hidden by the grass." Vulture crouched down for a better look, and sure enough, one of the eggs was cracked, with a small leak running down its side.

"Let's take these eggs too and see if Mike can hatch them," Vulture suggested. "It's more convenient to carry an egg than a whole animal."

The man nodded in agreement and quickly set off to gather dry grass and twigs to create a makeshift nest for the egg.

A few of the other men followed, not wanting anyone to work alone. If anything happened, at least they would be able to work together—whether to fight, run, or call for backup.

Seeing his responsible teammates, Vulture nodded in satisfaction before scanning the area. The mutated ducks had long since disappeared from the riverside.

As soon as they noticed Vulture, they took off like speeding boats, gliding across the water with astonishing speed—so fast it seemed as if they could walk on the surface.

The sight left not only Vulture but everyone else in awe. These mutated creatures could undoubtedly make for fascinating subjects for research, especially if they could find a scientist willing to study their evolution and determine how consuming them might affect the human body.

After the team managed to make a makeshift nest for the mutated duck's eggs, they noticed the mutated goat and mutated chicken had woken up. However, Vulture swiftly choked them once again, and the creatures quickly passed out before they continued their journey.

"Alright, we don't need to collect every mutated livestock we come across," Vulture said decisively. "After a few more, we'll head back while also keeping an eye out for Sparrow."

Everyone nodded in agreement, though their brows were furrowed. They hadn't forgotten about Sparrow or Group 6, who had yet to make an appearance. Their only hope was to cross paths with them while continuing their search for mutated animals in the forest.

As they reached the heart of the forest, the team spotted the mutated pigs with their pinkish skin. One of them stood out, muscular like a bull, with a single horn protruding from the center of its skull, resembling a unicorn.

Vulture and the others couldn't fathom why a pig would evolve in such a ridiculous way. It seemed pointless, even a bit comical—like a "unicorn pig" hybrid. Despite its strange appearance, its size remained the same, though its muscle mass had clearly increased.

It might have been because it was a male pig, but the others were smaller, with well-proportioned muscle and meat.

However, the real shock came when the female pigs turned around. Not only did they share the male's horn in the center of their skull, but they also had another horn at the top of their nose bridge. They looked more like rhinoceroses than pigs, their imposing appearance a little intimidating.

And just when they thought the situation might be harmless, the pigs noticed them. Instead of running away, they charged, squealing in a wild rampage like angry boars.

"Oh shit, oh shit! We need to run!"

"Fuck! They're fast!"

"Why the hell did you even laugh? You caught their attention!" Everyone cursed each other loudly as they scrambled to escape in different directions.

Some immediately climbed the trees, while the STAU quickly stored the mutated animals they had collected inside their spaces before leaping onto the nearest Winters' men.

The slower climbers were in danger of being skewered by those long horns if they didn't act fast.

To think that the once weak STAU were now so fast, clinging tightly to the Winters' men like human monkeys, but no one had the energy to laugh.

The pigs looked downright murderous, charging as a horde. Even Vulture was forced to retreat and find a sturdier tree to climb.

The pigs rammed their horns into the tree trunks with brutal force. However, their horns were just long enough that some got stuck on the thicker trunks, unable to free themselves no matter how hard they struggled.

The most aggressive of them all was the female pig, its rage unrelenting.

The mutated pigs that managed to free themselves from the tree trunks shook their heads, steadying their dizzy minds.

Once they regained their bearings, they charged again, ramming into the tree trunks where the Winters' men had climbed. Fortunately, the Winters' men were scattered across different trees, and the number of mutated pigs didn't exceed a dozen.

This caused confusion among the pigs, as they struggled to decide which tree to target. It gave Vulture and the others a precious window of time to regroup and prepare to fight back.

"Ey! Bring me my hammer!" Vulture shouted to the STAU, who was just one tree away. Without hesitation, the STAU didn't ask any questions.

He immediately pulled the large hammer from his space and, with the help of one of the Winters' men, tossed it toward Vulture.

They were on a tight deadline—if they didn't act quickly, the mutated animals they had painstakingly captured would perish inside their spaces.

Vulture understood the urgency, so he didn't waste another moment. As soon as he gripped his massive hammer, he leaped from his position, aiming straight for the nearest murderous mutated pig.

If he couldn't bring all of them back alive, at least he could bring back a few, dead mutated pig. With that thought, Vulture didn't hesitate.

He raised the hammer high above his head and, with the force of gravity on his side, he slammed it down onto the mutated pig's neck.

He deliberately avoided striking its head, wary of the sharp, long horn. Unsure which would be sturdier—his hammer or the mutated pig's horn—Vulture played it safe, targeting the neck instead.

The mutated pig didn't even have a chance to make a sound as Vulture's attack struck. With a sickening crack, its neck twisted at an unnatural angle, and the pig was instantly silenced, its life snuffed out.

The horn remained lodged in the tree trunk, unmoving. Without pausing, Vulture quickly turned, swinging his hammer sideways in a fluid motion, as if he were playing tennis.

The strong blow full with force connected with the incoming mutated pig's jaw, sending it reeling. The pig staggered, its head rattling from the impact, before it collapsed to the ground with a loud, resounding thud.

"Two!"

"Five!"