

Apocalypse 561

Chapter 561 Vulture The Cowboy

Fortunately, their retreat went unnoticed. Whether by luck or by the absence of threats, no zombies or mutated animals appeared to challenge their escape.

The eerie stillness of the surroundings lent an almost unnatural silence to their exit, leaving behind only the faint rumble of the trucks fading into the distance.

Vulture remained silently perched on the roof of the truck, issuing only a single order to the drivers: to head back.

The tension in his demeanor was palpable, and though no one spoke of it, everyone felt the weight of his mood.

They understood. Among them, Vulture had been the closest to Sparrow. Despite their constant bickering, their bond was like that of brothers—strong and unwavering.

The group respected his pain, knowing that if they were in his position, they would feel just as devastated.

Recognizing his need for space, they focused on their tasks, performing their duties diligently and without adding to his burden.

They knew Vulture would ask for help if he needed it, and until then, all they could do was quietly support him from afar.

Vulture was acutely aware that everyone was giving him the space he needed, but that didn't mean he had forgotten his duties and responsibilities.

Though the weight of worry pressed heavily on him, he knew there was nothing more he could do for the moment.

He shifted his focus, channeling his anxiety into determination. He had to get back as quickly as possible.

All he could do now was hope and pray that Sparrow could hold on a little longer.

While he couldn't control the situation on his end, Vulture clung to the belief that with Kisha's help and the Scarlet Bees, they might still be able to make a difference.

They often said that working smart was better than working hard, and Vulture knew this all too well.

If he and the Winters' men tried to scour the entire perimeter where Sparrow was last seen, following every potential lead and predicting his next course of action, it could take weeks—if not longer—without any solid clues.

Add in the unpredictable weather, the danger of zombies, and mutated animals, and the search would only grow more arduous, longer, and uncertain.

The forest itself was vast, stretching out with a massive, imposing mountain ahead.

Not only would it be near impossible to find Sparrow in such an expansive area, but the team also had to consider the potential dangers that lay hidden in the mountains: wild mutated creatures, like tigers and bears, could be lurking, posing an even greater threat to the Winters' men.

The stakes were high, and every choice had to be weighed carefully.

After weighing the pros and cons of his options, Vulture, despite not being as sharp as Sparrow, understood that the odds were stacked against him.

Without another skilled scout in their group who possessed abilities similar to Sparrow's, any attempt to track him would likely be in vain.

The situation was grim, and the only hope left was Kisha—she was the only one who could potentially help them now, or so he presumed.

Without wasting any time, the drivers floored the accelerator. After only ten minutes of driving, the group spotted a familiar scene in the distance.

A plume of dust rose into the air, catching Vulture's attention. He straightened up from his position on the roof of the moving truck, his massive hammer lying beside him, a quiet reminder of the urgency of the moment.

After several minutes of crouching atop the moving truck like a spider clinging to a wall, Vulture's eyes narrowed as he finally spotted the source of his growing frustration.

The mutated cows had returned for round two. A full herd of them was charging towards the truck, their heavy hooves thundering as they closed the distance, just like the first time they had been attacked by these beasts.

But this time, Vulture had been anticipating their arrival. The loud rumble of the truck's engine had already given away their position, drawing the mutated cows in.

Though he couldn't find Sparrow, that didn't mean he couldn't exact some revenge on these monstrous cows—after all, they were the very reason he and the others had been separated, forcing Sparrow to take off on his own to scout for their missing people.

Vulture would never forget the chain of events that had brought them to this point, but he also had to acknowledge that Sparrow's growing confidence in his own strength had led him to overlook an essential layer of protection or pushing himself over his limit.

This lapse in judgment had directly contributed to the current situation, where they couldn't even reach him.

Once Vulture dealt with the mutated cows, he was determined to hold Sparrow accountable for his recklessness.

No one, not even Sparrow, would escape the consequences of their actions.

With these thoughts in mind, Vulture grabbed a rope and secured it tightly around his waist, ensuring that it was fastened securely to a hitch protruding from the side of the armored truck.

He double-checked the other end, tying it off firmly to guarantee he was anchored properly.

Safety was paramount—if he was going to criticize Sparrow for his overconfidence, Vulture knew he couldn't afford to be reckless himself.

Accidents could strike at any moment, and only through preparedness would they be able to accomplish their mission and stay alive.

Once Vulture was fully prepared, the herd of mutated cows were still several meters away.

He stood tall on top of the moving truck, the wind whipping around him. The drivers in the truck behind glanced up at him, raising an eyebrow in confusion, but quickly shook their heads and went back to their focus.

Undeterred, Vulture continued securing ropes to the roof of the armored truck, one after another.

When he was finished, he tightened the loose ends around his waist, tying them like a seasoned cowboy.

The men watching couldn't quite grasp what he was planning, but a thought began to form in their minds—he hadn't told anyone to slow down.

What was he about to do?

In response to Vulture's actions, each driver instinctively increased their speed.

As the mutated cows neared, the other trucks had already surged ahead, leaving truck number 1 at the tail end of the convoy.

The mutated cows, enraged and wild, were closing in fast, their horns poised and ready to ram, charging at Vulture's truck with relentless fury.

"Ahhhh!"

"I'll make sure to turn you into beef curry, you motherfucker!" Vulture roared, his voice full of fury.

Without waiting for the mutated cows to close the gap, Vulture took action.

As soon as the words left his mouth, he launched himself from the roof of the truck, his massive hammer gripped tightly in both hands.

With a forceful leap, his body arced backward, channeling every ounce of raw power into the weapon. Then—

Bang!

Vulture's hammer struck the first mutated cow in the herd, the nearest to the truck, its skull taking the full brunt of the blow.

He had timed it perfectly, ensuring his strike avoided the sharp horns, targeting only the skull and neck, just like he had done with the mutated pigs earlier.

Before the mutated cow even had the chance to collapse from the head trauma, Vulture was already moving with practiced precision.

He swiftly grabbed one of the ropes still tied to the hitch on top of the armored truck.

With the grace of a seasoned cowboy, he hurled the loop of the rope over the cow's head and secured it tightly.

His movements were lightning-fast, taking only a couple of seconds. By the time the mutated cow hit the ground, it was already tethered, and the truck had started dragging it along.

Not pausing for a second, Vulture leapt in a different direction, repeating the process.

One by one, he looped the ropes around the heads of nearly half a dozen mutated cows, securing each with quick, efficient knots.

He made sure to inspect each one carefully—scrutinizing their size, strength, and gender before attacking—knowing that these beasts were far from ordinary.

Despite his destructive strikes, Vulture's blows only sent the mutated cows into unconsciousness, their extraordinary defenses ensuring they survived, albeit knocked out cold.

Vulture didn't feel a shred of regret or pity as the mutated cows were dragged by the truck, leaving them to tumble and roll in the wake of his hammer strikes.

Without any more ropes to tie the remaining cows, he let them stumble and crash to the ground and be left behind in the dust, a testament to the force of his attacks.

Using the last rope tethered to his body, he pulled himself back toward the truck's edge, swinging from it like an agile spider.

With one hand gripping the rope, the other holding his massive hammer, Vulture used the side of the truck as a springboard, launching himself into the air to take down more of the mutated cows.

His attacks were swift and brutal, but his movements were calculated and precise.

The Winters' men, watching from the backs of the other trucks, couldn't help but be mesmerized by the spectacle.

Their phones, once nothing more than relics of a peaceful time, had now become tools to capture the unimaginable.

They'd used them for nostalgic glimpses of happier days, scrolling through pictures of loved ones long gone.

But now, with Vulture's relentless fight unfolding before them, they realized the value of their phones had changed.

These scenes weren't meant for words; they needed to be shown. And so, they began recording, knowing that these moments were too unbelievable to convey in any other way.