

Apocalypse 562

Chapter 562 Going Back

After ensuring that all the remaining mutated cows chasing the truck had been dealt with, Vulture took a moment to rest his aching arms.

Gripping the massive hammer in one hand and the rope in the other, he dangled from the side of the moving truck, catching his breath.

Only after regaining some strength did he begin the slow and arduous climb back onto the roof, his exhaustion evident in every strained movement.

The truck continued hauling the unconscious mutated cows behind it, their massive bodies dragging over rocks, sticks, and other debris scattered along the dirt road.

Despite the frequent impacts, Vulture and the others knew these collisions were far from enough to kill the beasts; the mutated cows' incredible defensive resilience was well-known to the group.

Meanwhile, the driver skillfully managed the vehicle, keeping it steady despite the additional burden.

Only after they were certain they had put enough distance between themselves and any remaining mutated cows did Vulture instruct the drivers to stop.

"Pull over nearby," he called out firmly. "Let's load these mutated cows into the remaining space in the trucks—after making sure they're fully incapacitated and securely tied."

As soon as Vulture's order was received, the trucks gradually rolled to a stop, and the Winters' men began working together to lift the massive mutated cows.

"Damn! No matter how hungry I get, I don't think I could ever eat one of these things. It's like lifting a small car!" one of them grumbled as a dozen men strained to carry the massive beasts.

The final two mutated cows were loaded onto the last truck, but as soon as they were secured, the truck's rear dipped dramatically, nearly flipping the vehicle as its front tires lifted precariously off the ground.

With no other option, they quickly rearranged the isolated pods inside the last truck to better distribute the weight.

The mutated cows were carefully placed on opposite sides of the truck, ensuring balance. Meanwhile, the STAU personnel assigned to that truck were tasked with keeping a vigilant eye on both creatures throughout the journey.

"STAU, keep a close watch on these mutated animals at all times," Vulture instructed firmly.

"If they wake up, you know what to do—don't hesitate. If we lose control, they could wreak havoc, throwing the entire truck into chaos and endangering everyone onboard."

Each truck was assigned one STAU responsible for providing tools, supplies, and assistance with handling the animals. Their vigilance was now more crucial than ever.

To ensure the mutated animals were properly managed, the team distributed them among the trucks, assigning a STAU to each vehicle.

They were tasked with monitoring the creatures closely and using the same method as before to render them unconscious if necessary.

The STAU members all nodded in understanding, and soon everyone climbed back into their respective trucks to resume the journey.

This time, Vulture returned to the lead vehicle, taking a seat in the passenger spot of the front truck as they headed back toward the city.

As the convoy made its way back to the base, everyone kept a watchful eye on the road, hoping to spot Sparrow and the missing truck.

However, each stretch of empty road only deepened their disappointment and concern.

The drivers, sensing that waiting might not be the best course of action, pressed harder on the accelerator, convinced that returning quickly to seek assistance would be more effective.

Their urgency paid off, and they reached the city's outskirts in record time—much faster than their initial journey to the farm.

Before fully entering the city, Vulture and the team made a point to refuel the trucks completely, ensuring they wouldn't encounter any mishaps.

They also conducted quick checks on the engines to guarantee everything was in working order. Once satisfied that all preparations were complete, they proceeded into the city.

Vulture and his team barreled toward the city like an arrow loosed from a bow. The moment their trucks hit the pavement, zombies began emerging from the shadows, launching an ambush as if they had been lying in wait for their return.

Despite the military trucks being weighed down by the number of animals they carried, their momentum remained formidable.

Though their speed wasn't as great as when they left the city, the impact was still devastating—zombies were sent flying on collision, while those unfortunate enough to fall beneath the trucks were crushed under the sheer weight of the reinforced vehicles.

The bumpy ride didn't deter the Winters' men; they leaned out of the door and roof hatches, taking aim and firing at the zombies that closed in.

Every impact made by their awakened ability echoed through the streets, a testament to their determination to fight their way back to the base, no matter the odds.

The Winters' men channeled all their disappointment and worry into fierce determination, unleashing their frustration through relentless combat.

Their attacks became brutal, each strike fueled by the desire to survive and protect their convoy along with their frustrations and fear for their missing brothers.

However, the zombies were in the midst of an evolutionary phase, growing more savage and resilient.

Their defenses had significantly improved compared to before, forcing the Winters' men to exert greater effort and precision just to take down a single zombie.

The battle was no longer just about survival; it was a test of endurance against an increasingly formidable enemy.

"Motherfucker, take this!" someone shouted from the doorway, hurling a fireball at the zombie clinging to the truck's entrance.

The fiery projectile hit its mark, engulfing the creature's face in flames.

Yet, despite its burning visage, the zombie refused to let go, its charred fingers still clawing as it attempted to haul itself over the edge.

"Ugh! The stench of burning rotting flesh is unbearable!" someone grimaced, disgust evident in his voice.

He then delivered a powerful kick to the zombie's face, sending it sprawling off the truck.

The creature attempted to rise, but before it could even gather itself, the truck behind rolled over it, crushing it beneath the weight of its tires.

"Nice support!" the man who had kicked the zombie off said with a cheeky grin, giving the driver of the truck behind a thumbs-up.

The driver rolled his eyes but didn't take his focus off the road, expertly navigating through the chaos.

Meanwhile, the crew in the back remained relentless, fending off the zombies attempting to board their truck, each attack more brutal than the last.

There were times when the Winters' men opted for more practical solutions, using simple weapons like poles to push zombies off the edge of the truck's entrance.