

## **Apocalypse 563**

### Chapter 563 Ask For Help

They'd also strike with precision, aiming for the zombies' limbs until their knuckles were crushed, forcing the creatures to release their grip.

This approach allowed them to conserve their spiritual energy, avoiding unnecessary overuse while still effectively neutralizing the threat.

Seeing the effectiveness of this strategy, the others who had been resting quickly followed suit.

They grabbed whatever they could find—makeshift weapons or tools—to ensure the zombies couldn't breach the truck.

Those zombies that came at them from the sides only managed to scrape along the armored truck, and whenever they tried to latch onto anything, the vehicle simply passed over them, leaving them to stumble and fall or get caught under the truck's massive tires.

Each passenger secured themselves to the truck, tying their waist to any available hook, bracing themselves for the jolting movements and sudden bumps.

Despite the instability, the precautions ensured that no one would accidentally be thrown off the truck during the chaos.

All of this was inspired by what they saw Vulture do, and the others quickly realized the importance of securing themselves inside the truck.

They were now sitting close to the edge, and every sudden shake—from collisions or when a zombie was run over—could easily send them flying off.

If someone fell, they would be surrounded by zombies before anyone could react, leading to a disastrous outcome.

Even with the best intentions, no one could reach a fallen person fast enough to save them from being devoured alive.

To prevent any accidents, everyone secured themselves by tying a rope around their waist and fastening the other end inside the truck.

This allowed them to confidently fight at the edge without the fear of falling off. With their minds at ease, they could focus on the battle without restraint.

"Man, I'm almost out of spiritual energy. Let's switch!" One of the men at the edge called out to the rest.

The two inside, hearing the request, immediately stood up, took their positions at the edge, and unleashed wind blades that sliced through zombies, severing their heads with surgical precision.

"Oh! I can feel my ability becoming easier to use and stronger—looks like I'm about to level up!" the man said with excitement, launching more attacks with renewed energy. The battle raged on, stretching longer as they neared the wall.

When Vulture's truck was spotted by the sniper atop the watchtower, the alert was immediately sent to the gatekeeper.

Soldiers swiftly took their positions, and once the truck entered firing range, they began providing cover.

Meanwhile, the warriors held their ground, waiting for the zombies to come within range of their awakened abilities.

Once the time was right, they conjured their powers and unleashed devastating attacks into the air, targeting the advancing horde.

Everyone was so absorbed in the battle that they didn't realize one of Vulture's trucks was missing.

However, with the soldiers' assistance, Vulture successfully entered the gate without incident.

As the massive door closed behind them, the soldiers and superhumans continued to battle the remaining zombies outside, drawn to the base by the convoy's arrival.

While the warriors and soldiers focused on eliminating the threat, the Scarlet Bees quickly went to work, collecting crystal cores from the fallen zombies that was too far from the gate.

This allowed the warriors to remain within the safety around the gates while their other comrades keep watch over them, avoiding the need to venture too far beyond the walls to secure the valuable cores after the fight.

The moment Vulture's truck passed through the gates, he leaped out without waiting for it to come to a full stop.

His eyes quickly scanned the area, searching for Kisha. When he didn't spot her nearby and noticed the sun beginning to set, anxiety gripped him.

He hurriedly began asking around, his voice tinged with urgency, hoping someone knew where Kisha was.

"Do you know where Young Madam is?" Vulture asked urgently, his tone sharp.

The gatekeeper, taken aback by the intensity in Vulture's voice, could only shake his head frantically.

He was so rattled by the sudden urgency in Vulture's demeanor that words escaped him entirely.

Without hesitation, Vulture sprinted toward the villa, urgency propelling his every step. None of his team attempted to stop him—in fact, they all silently hoped he would find Young Madam as quickly as possible.

As he ran, Vulture asked anyone he passed if they had seen Kisha, but each response left him more anxious.

With no answer to ease his mind, he pushed forward, praying that either she was already at the villa, or at the very least, someone there would have information about her whereabouts.

"Young Madam! Young Madam!" Vulture's voice rang out before he even reached the door.

Kisha jumped, startled by the sudden shout. Duke, lounging beside her on the living room couch, frowned and glanced toward the door.

They had been relaxing together, unwinding after their duties around the base. It was rare for them to have time alone, and they were both eager to spend it in peace, away from the weight of their responsibilities.

Duke had even started to make his move, hoping to enjoy a quiet moment with his wife, but Vulture's urgent voice shattered the calm.

His annoyance flickered, though curiosity quickly took over. 'What had Vulture so panicked and nervous?'

Sensing something was off, Duke immediately stopped what he was about to do and pulled Kisha into his chest, wrapping his arms around her waist.

Kisha didn't protest, understanding the situation. It would have been embarrassing if Vulture walked in to find them tangled on the couch.

Fortunately, nothing had escalated yet—they were simply sharing a quiet moment, playfully teasing each other after a long day of work.

They had planned to return to their duties after an hour of rest and a quick early dinner, but now, with the tension in the air, their attention shifted.

When Kisha heard Vulture's urgent calls, she looked up at Duke, uncertainty clouding her eyes.

She had just received a report from Bell informing her that Vulture was looking for her and heading toward the villa, but she hadn't realized he was already so close.

"Master, it wasn't that I reported too late, but Vulture was running like a madman," Bell quickly clarified, eager to clear her name.

She didn't want to be seen as slacking off, especially since she had refrained from interrupting Kisha's time with Duke.

Bell hadn't planned to inform Kisha about Vulture's arrival just yet, wanting her to enjoy her private moment without the weight of base duties, but the urgency in Vulture's voice made it impossible to ignore.

"What's wrong, Vulture?" Kisha asked, her voice filled with concern as she saw him rush in, disheveled and visibly nervous.

"Young Madam, we need your help to find Sparrow and the others..." Vulture's words were heavy with guilt, and he dropped to his knees, bracing himself for the reprimands he knew were coming.

"I'm sorry, Young Madam, I wasn't able to help them..." His voice cracked, and the sight of the usually tough man on the verge of tears stirred a mix of emotions in Kisha.

She already knew sending them out now was far too dangerous, but seeing Vulture like this made it all the more difficult.