

Apocalypse 567

Chapter 567 Search And Rescue Mission 3

Kisha didn't respond verbally, only nodding in acknowledgment. Seeing her gesture, the gatekeeper sighed, his expression resigned.

"City Lord, safe travels," he said, his voice soft, recognizing that whatever concerns he had would be pointless now.

He had already noticed the discrepancy in the number of trucks that had returned compared to those that had left that morning, and he hadn't seen Captain Sparrow among the returning crew.

It was clear to him that this was a search and rescue operation for someone missing, likely Sparrow, and that the situation was serious enough for the City Lord to venture out personally.

After stamping the permit, he signaled for the soldiers stationed above to be on high alert and ordered the gates to be opened, allowing the armored vehicle to pass through.

Seeing their City Lord leaving the base for the first time in a long while, a sense of tension spread throughout the soldiers above the wall.

They turned their attention to the incoming zombies, fortifying their positions and preparing for what was to come. As the gate remained shut, Kisha kept her window open, her elbow casually resting on the edge while her right hand lightly gripped the steering wheel.

Duke, in his usual quiet manner, didn't speak but focused intently on the map. He traced the possible routes that Sparrow could have taken while out on his mission.

Yet, despite his focus on the task at hand, his gaze would occasionally drift to his wife. He couldn't help but admire her calm demeanor, her side profile framed by the soft glow of the setting sun.

Each time his thoughts wandered back to the map, he found his mind clearer, almost as though her presence helped him think more sharply.

Kisha could feel Duke's intense gaze on her, though she chose to ignore it, her attention fixed on the gate ahead.

She noticed the soldiers on either side of the gate preparing to move, signaling that the moment was near. Without hesitation, she pressed the gas pedal, the engine revving to life.

As the gate began to open, Kisha swiftly shifted gears, propelling the armored car forward with a burst of speed.

The vehicle shot out of the gate, its sides narrowly missing the edges as it squeezed through, leaving only an inch to spare.

The soldiers and gatekeepers were used to seeing Sparrow pull off this daring maneuver—he always made sure to deny the zombies any chance to slip inside.

But Kisha's approach was even more dangerously precise. If there had been a delay, even by a fraction of a second, the car might have collided with the gate instead of clearing it.

The sharpness of her move caught even the seasoned gatekeepers off guard.

The soldiers opening the gate were visibly sweating, their nerves frayed by the near-miss, but Kisha had no time to dwell on it.

Her mind was already laser-focused, shifting gears mentally as she planned her next move. Every second counted. She evaluated the advancing horde of zombies, calculating the best route to avoid being overwhelmed or boxed in.

Her thoughts raced as she mapped out the quickest, least risky path to the outskirts, all while steering the armored car with unwavering precision. The danger was mounting, but Kisha's instincts and experience were sharp—she was ready for whatever came next.

"Ah! Ah! Zeus, move your stinky ass!" Vulture roared from the back as the armored car made a sharp turn. Duke glanced sideways, purposely ignoring Vulture's distress.

Truth be told, neither Duke nor Kisha wanted to be sitting in the back. They both knew how easily they could be thrown around back there, and they were concerned Zeus might get playful and join them, leaving them the ones suffering instead of Vulture.

Realizing they couldn't dissuade Zeus from coming along, Kisha had suggested driving, and they both tacitly understood why.

Kisha's knowledge of City B's terrain allowed them to exit the city more swiftly, but now, seeing Vulture struggle to breathe in the back, both Kisha and Duke couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt.

"Hang in there, we'll be out of the city soon," Duke said, trying to reassure Vulture while carefully avoiding his gaze.

Despite his words, he could hear Vulture struggling, pushing Zeus away from his face as the massive dog shifted positions.

Just as Vulture managed to move Zeus, the armored car took another sharp turn, sending Zeus's weight off balance and causing Vulture to end up in an even more awkward situation.

The sudden sharp turn threw Zeus off balance, and Vulture's nose ended up directly pressed against Zeus' butt hole, causing Vulture to gag in shock.

He looked utterly pitiful in the backseat, his face twisted in disgust. Meanwhile, Zeus, oblivious to the situation, was still enjoying the ride, his tail wagging happily as if Vulture's discomfort was just part of a playful game.

The dog wiggled his behind as if trying to engage Vulture in a game, unaware of the discomfort he was causing.

It was hard for Duke to suppress a chuckle, but he knew better than to acknowledge the chaos happening in the back. Instead, he focused on looking outside the window the car through the streets, keeping his mind sharp for the road ahead.

Duke couldn't bear to look at Vulture, but in his heart, he silently prayed, "RIP, my brother." Kisha, too, pursed her lips.

She felt a hint of guilt, but she knew there was no other choice. The road was getting dark now, with no streetlights, and they could only rely on the headlights of the armored car.

Every sharp turn made it harder to anticipate the zombies that might jump into their path. Fortunately, Kisha had 008's assistance, which provided a radar-like map, showing the red dots surrounding them.

Despite that, their speed demanded lightning-fast reflexes, and Kisha knew that staying sharp was crucial to avoiding disaster.

Every now and then, a zombie would leap out of nowhere toward their windshield, forcing Kisha to swerve to avoid a collision.

If the windshield shattered, it would be a huge problem for them. Amidst all the chaos, Kisha's sudden jerks of the steering wheel rattled the entire armored car. Duke, having put away the map, was gripping the overhead handle tightly, his lips pressed into a thin line.

Initially, he thought he had gotten used to Kisha's wild driving, but now that he was in the passenger seat again, it felt more like a roller coaster—unpredictable and dizzying.

At least he was in the front, and didn't have to worry about Zeus taking a tumble in the back.

Kisha also wanted to send Zeus back into the territory space to spare Vulture some discomfort, but Zeus wasn't having it.

He was so caught up in the excitement of the ride, thinking it was all one big game, that he refused to go back.

Meanwhile, Vulture could only bite his lip, wanting to cry, but no tears came. He couldn't even bring himself to be angry at Zeus; the dog was just being playful. So, he swallowed his grievances, feeling like he was unfairly bearing the brunt of the situation.

Kisha expertly navigated the best routes, weaving through the streets to avoid the zombie hordes. With her sharp focus, they quickly reached the outskirts, maintaining a blistering speed of 80 to 100 km/h.