

Apocalypse 655

Chapter 655 Heading Back To City B

But Sparrow's maneuver worked. The mutated tiger's claws sliced through empty air as it missed its target, plummeting back down with a furious roar. Now high above the ground, the chopper had escaped its reach. No matter how strong or relentless the beast was, there was nothing it could do now.

At that moment, the bunker doors suddenly flew open, and a swarm of zombies burst out. The man sitting beside Sparrow, who had been keeping an eye on the mutated tiger, immediately noticed the thick bunker doors being flung open.

Among the horde of regular zombies, a massive, tank-like mutated zombie emerged. It had to crouch just to squeeze through the bunker entrance, and once it stood upright outside, its sheer size dwarfed the doorway.

It showed no regard for the zombies in its path, crushing them underfoot as it forced its way through the bunker door. The horde behind it continued to pour out, relentless and unceasing now that they were freed.

The evolved zombie was a terrifying sight—its sheer size and bulk made it look like a monstrous version of the Hulk. Its muscles bulged unnaturally, its skin stretched tight over grotesque, hardened flesh. Every step it took sent tremors through the ground, exuding an overwhelming sense of power and menace.

Even the mutated tiger, which had been relentlessly attacking moments ago, visibly tensed at the sight of the evolved zombie. The regular zombies surged toward the tiger, overwhelming it with sheer numbers.

Realizing it was at a disadvantage—not just against the swarm but also with a powerful opponent looming—the mutated tiger took a cautious step back before turning and bolting in the direction it had come from.

The pursuing zombies slammed into the electrified fence, their bodies convulsing as the current fried them. Some became stuck, their burnt flesh melding with the metal. However, the massive mutated zombie was different. It didn't rush blindly like the others. Instead, it advanced at a slow, deliberate pace. Then, without warning, it stopped, lifted its head, and locked its gaze onto the chopper hovering above.

A chilling moment passed before it suddenly grabbed a stack of crates nearby. With an almost effortless motion, it hurled them directly at the flying chopper.

The man watching the chaos unfold felt his heart nearly leap out of his chest. "Sir! Incoming attack!" he shouted, his voice laced with urgency.

Sparrow, who had limited visibility to the side, barely managed to maneuver the chopper in time. The massive crate hurtled past them, grazing the aircraft with a forceful scrape. Had it struck their propeller, they would have been sent spiraling toward the ground—a disastrous fate at nearly fifty meters in the air.

Reacting swiftly, Sparrow pulled the chopper higher, but the danger wasn't over. More crates came hurtling toward them, each one a deadly projectile. The man keeping watch felt his throat tighten in fear as he witnessed the monstrous evolved zombie relentlessly launching its makeshift weapons.

"Sir, another incoming!" he called out, his voice strained.

Sparrow gritted his teeth, his grip on the controls tightening. He couldn't see the incoming attacks, which left him with only one option— increase their altitude and hope that the next barrage wouldn't reach them.

Then, a deep rumble echoed through the air...

"Fuck, we're hit!" Sparrow cursed as the chopper lurched violently, sending a wave of panic through the passengers.

The sudden jolt made the children clutch onto whatever they could, their small bodies trembling. They didn't scream or wail like normal children would when terrified—instead, their silent tears and wide, fearful eyes spoke volumes.

That quiet resilience was even more heartbreaking than loud cries, a painful reminder that they had been forced to grow up too soon. Even in their terror, they tried not to burden the adults, suppressing their fear in a way no child ever should have to.

"Everyone, hold tight!" Sparrow shouted.

Fortunately, none of the propellers had been hit, but the side of the chopper had taken a graze. That alone was enough to throw off their stability, making the already turbulent ride even rougher. The wind pressure and velocity worked against them, and controlling the chopper—already a challenge due to its model—became even harder.

Despite the difficulty, Sparrow fought to keep them steady, his grip tightening on the controls. Thankfully, two of his team members were assisting him, keeping a sharp eye on both the monitors and his blind spots, ensuring they had every possible advantage to stay in the air.

After escaping the attack radius of the evolved zombie, the man keeping watch by the window spotted some of the zombies managing to break free from the fence and scatter into the wild. Then, the massive creature slammed into the barrier, tearing it open and allowing the rest of the horde to spill out. He craned his neck, raising his binoculars to track the unfolding chaos as they flew farther and farther away—until their altitude and speed rendered the scene impossible to see.

"Phew!" He exhaled heavily, slumping into his seat. Everything had happened so fast. If he hadn't been keeping watch, they might never have realized they were being targeted in time. The flying crates could have spelled disaster.

"Good job," Sparrow said, nodding in acknowledgment. His voice carried both relief and respect for his men's vigilance and quick thinking.

"Thank you, sir..." the man replied, briefly closing his eyes, though sleep was impossible. He took a deep breath before grimacing. "It sure stinks in here," he muttered, prompting quiet chuckles from the three men in the cockpit.

Meanwhile, the passengers in the back worked together to regain some semblance of order. Though the chopper still jostled in the air, it was no longer as violent as before—at least now, they weren't in danger of being thrown to the other side. Some clung to the poles for stability while others focused on tending to the injured.

The Winters' men took the lead in administering first aid, their experience making them the most capable in the situation. The civilians, shaken but trusting, instinctively turned to them for help, relying on their steady hands and calm expertise.

While the passengers in the back focused on calming the crying children and tending to the injured, Sparrow and the rest of the cockpit crew kept their attention on flying.

"Report. What's the status of the engine? Any damage? What's the extent of the chopper's condition?" Sparrow asked, his hands steady on the controls, eyes locked on the sky ahead. He remained vigilant, wary of any sudden obstacles—be it a rogue bird or, worse, a mutated one that could cause a midair disaster.

"Sir, all monitors are green," one of the Winters' men sitting beside him reported, scanning the indicators and flashing lights. "The engine is intact—no damage. We just took a minor scratch on the side. The jostling is from the wind and velocity seeping through a small crack, but it's nothing critical. The chopper will hold until we make it back to base."

"Alright, we're heading back to City B's HOPE Base," Sparrow announced. The sky was already bright, but just as they neared the outskirts of City B, a flock of mutated birds attacked.