

Apocalypse 656

Chapter 656 Emergency Landing

This was exactly what Sparrow had feared. He quickly pulled back, trying to find another route, but no matter which direction he took, obstacles blocked their way.

The city was unreachable. Worse, as they flew over the forests, small villages, and towns, they noticed unusual restlessness—something was stirring below, making the land just as dangerous as the sky.

With no other choice, Sparrow retreated and set course for City A's hidden base. There, he could use the satellite phone to contact his master and young madam, informing them of the troubling signs they had witnessed. The zombies were migrating toward City B, and the mutated animals were becoming increasingly aggressive. At this rate, returning by either air or land was impossible for him and the others.

He set course for City A in haste, but just as they neared the city's threshold, disaster struck. The chopper, already weakened from the earlier attack, could no longer hold out. The relentless wind and air pressure worsened the small crack caused by the flying crates, gradually expanding it as they flew. To make matters worse, they were running dangerously low on fuel.

Sparrow gritted his teeth, realizing they wouldn't be able to stay in the air much longer. Their only option now was to find a safe place to land—fast.

"Prepare for an emergency landing, everyone!" Sparrow shouted, his grip tightening on the controls as he fought to keep the chopper steady. The blaring alarms and flashing red lights on the monitors made it clear—they were going down. Sweat dripped down his forehead as he yanked hard on the stick, doing everything in his power to prevent a catastrophic crash that could lead to an explosion.

He scanned the area for a safe landing spot, but luck was not on their side. They were too close to City A, hovering over a small town on the way to the hidden base. Unfortunately, this was the worst possible place for the chopper to give out. Below them, a massive horde of zombies was actively migrating, swarming through the streets. If they crashed here, they'd be surrounded in moments, torn apart before they could even attempt to defend themselves. Time was running out, and the odds were stacked against them.

Just thinking about it made Sparrow's temples throb violently. His co-pilots, also aware of the dire situation outside, knew exactly what fate awaited them if they landed near the town. But there was no avoiding it—the chopper was already spiraling out of control, plummeting fast.

In the back, passengers clung to whatever they could, bracing themselves so they wouldn't be thrown around like before. The children, terrified but eerily silent, gripped their seats with their eyes squeezed shut.

Even the pilots, trained for high-stress situations, felt the weight of fear pressing down on them. The air inside was thick with tension, and every second felt like an eternity as they raced toward the inevitable crash.

"Hey, help me steer the stick to the right! If I put any more force into the one I'm holding, I might break it!" Sparrow shouted to his co-pilot, his muscles straining as he fought against the controls.

He was running on pure adrenaline, his body still reeling from disorientation and status abnormalities. But his survival instincts kept him sharp, pushing him to cling to what little control he had left.

The moment Sparrow gave the order, the co-pilot gripped the control stick in front of him and yanked it to the right. The chopper was spiraling left, and they had to stabilize their course to avoid crashing into the buildings below.

If they hit at the wrong angle, the impact could tear the aircraft apart, leaving no chance of survival. They had to make this emergency landing as controlled as possible—or risk being nothing but scattered debris.

"There! There! Captain, I think we can land on that rooftop!" the third man behind Sparrow shouted, pointing toward the wide, flat roof of the Town Hall. It looked just sturdy enough to support the chopper's weight.

Sparrow's eyes locked onto the target, his gaze sharpening with determination. Gritting his teeth, he fought against the controls, forcing the chopper toward the Town Hall. Seeing his captain's intent, the co-pilot quickly adjusted, working in tandem with him.

With their combined effort, they managed to bring the chopper down—barely. The aircraft skidded across the rooftop, coming dangerously close to the edge. The landing skids tilted, the entire chopper threatening to tip over and plunge into the seething zombie horde below.

Sparrow's heart pounded wildly in his chest as the chopper lurched forward, teetering on the edge of the rooftop. Cement debris from the shattered guardrails rained down to the streets below, disappearing into the restless sea of migrating zombies.

His breath hitched in his throat as he stared ahead, the cracked windshield distorting his view.

'Go on... just keep moving... don't notice us,' he pleaded silently, hoping the horde below would remain oblivious and continue their migration. But the chopper creaked like an unsteady seesaw, tilting back and forth in a precarious dance between safety and disaster.

"Is everyone okay back there?!" Sparrow shouted, his grip tightening on the controls. He didn't dare take his eyes off the windshield, his mind racing for a way to stabilize the aircraft before it tipped over completely.

"Sir, everyone's okay back here!" one of the Winters' men called out from the rear.

Luckily, after their earlier experience of being tossed around when the chopper first jolted, everyone had learned their lesson and held on tightly. This time, when they landed, no new injuries occurred. Though dizziness and disorientation lingered from the intense spiraling descent, it was a far better outcome than a full-blown crash.

Sparrow nodded when he heard that everyone was safe. "Alright, prepare to evacuate. We can't stay here for long—this chopper might fall at any moment," he ordered.

A tense silence settled over the group before the Winters' men sprang into action. They quickly unbuckled the children and guided them toward the far end of the aircraft, strategically shifting the weight to stabilize the chopper. Meanwhile, Sparrow and the two co-pilots unfastened their seatbelts and moved toward the hatch.

However, their escape route presented a new challenge: The crate that had been hurled at them earlier had damaged the hatch, bending the metal exterior and making it difficult to pry open.

"Sir, I think we'll have to force this hatch open," one of the Winters' men said, straightening up. He and the others had tried multiple times to pry it loose, but the damage made it nearly impossible since it was from the outside.

Sparrow glanced back at the cockpit, where the wind howled through the cracked windshield. The powerful gusts outside were only getting stronger, threatening to push the chopper over the edge at any moment. With no time to waste, he made a quick decision. "Step back!" he ordered.

Summoning twin 'Windblades' in each hand, Sparrow hurled them at the hatch. The sharp, cutting force of the blades sliced into the metal, and he repeated the attack several times until a large, gaping hole was torn open in the side of the chopper. Without hesitation, he gestured for everyone to start climbing down. Then, taking the lead, he jumped out first to secure the perimeter, ensuring there were no immediate threats waiting for them outside.