

Apocalypse 718

Chapter 718 Brothers

Meanwhile, in the first truck, Sparrow sat in the driver's seat with Vulture beside him. Their role was to lead the convoy, clearing the path as they traveled from the hidden base to the designated meeting place with Dracon Felix before setting out to search for the drums.

Tristan rode in the second truck alongside the Winters, with Bald Eagle seated nearby. Eagle and Hawk occupied the first truck as well, while the rest of the Winters' men were evenly distributed among the remaining vehicles. Altogether, four fully loaded trucks set out, leaving the base nearly deserted.

"We're rolling out!" Sparrow's voice crackled through the radio as the trucks roared to life. He slowly started his vehicle, leading the convoy forward. Since the main road into their base was riddled with landmines, they had to take the longer, hidden route through the forest.

Ethan took the lead as they navigated through their territory. Having been one of the key people who set up the traps around the base, he was the best choice to guide them safely.

Sparrow, having been away for a long time, wouldn't be able to recognize all the danger zones, so rather than trying to explain everything over the radio, it was more practical for Ethan to lead the way. No one objected to the decision.

As he drove, Ethan glanced at the side mirror, his eyes drifting toward Kisha's truck, hoping to catch a glimpse of his baby sister.

"Focus on the road, soldier." Sparrow's voice crackled through the radio in Eric's hand, making Ethan choke in surprise. His grip tightened on the wheel as he instinctively glanced at the rearview mirror, scanning his surroundings.

'Did that bastard plant a hidden camera in here?' Ethan wondered, his brows furrowing. 'How the hell did he even know I wasn't looking at the road?'

A little irritated, Ethan pressed down on the gas, increasing his speed. Sparrow's truck behind him followed suit, and soon after, Duke did the same. Before long, they emerged from the forest onto the dirt road leading to the highway.

As they reached the asphalt road, Ethan eased off the accelerator while Sparrow sped up. He shifted to the right, allowing Sparrow's truck to overtake him smoothly. Sparrow passed without so much as a glance in his direction, but when Duke's truck approached, Ethan stole a quick look at the passenger seat where Kisha sat.

She was focused on the road ahead, seemingly unaware of his gaze. Ethan and Eric exchanged a silent exhale, content just to catch a glimpse of their baby sister before they reached the tail of the second truck. With practiced precision, Ethan adjusted their position and merged behind it, securing their place in formation.

The reason for maintaining this formation was strategic—when they encountered tightly packed roads where a single truck couldn't clear obstacles efficiently, the trucks behind Sparrow's would provide support. By pushing Sparrow's truck forward at the right angle, they could maximize its momentum, allowing it to plow through the line of abandoned vehicles blocking their path.

With this in mind, the four trucks moved at an intermittent but mostly steady pace. Since the zombies had migrated back from where they came, they were now scattered all over the roads.

Sparrow took the lead in clearing the way, ramming into the undead and letting them get crushed under his truck.

Any zombies that managed to chase after the convoy either got caught beneath the other trucks or were sent flying on impact. Naturally, Sparrow's truck bore the brunt of the blood and gore, its exterior drenched in zombie remains.

But rather than being disturbed, Vulture sat in the passenger seat, cackling gleefully as he watched the zombies get tossed into the air like ragdolls.

"Shut up, Vulture!" Sparrow growled through gritted teeth. He could barely focus on his driving with Vulture's incessant laughter ringing in his ears.

"Why so grumpy? Are you going through menopause or something?" Vulture shot him a teasing side glance, unfazed by Sparrow's irritation.

In truth, he was just thrilled to be out in the field again. Staying cooped up in one place for too long made his body feel stiff—he needed action, a good fight to shake off the rust.

But more than that, he still hadn't gotten over the fact that he had actually shed tears for Sparrow, only to find the man alive and well. The least he could do now was annoy this slippery bastard. Only by irritating Sparrow to no end would he feel like his moment of weakness had been justified.

Sparrow, completely unaware of Vulture's true intentions, was fuming as the man continued to find new ways to irritate him throughout the journey.

"Are you seriously this fucking bored?" Sparrow spat, his grip tightening on the wheel. If he wasn't driving, he would have already lunged at Vulture and torn that smug face apart.

"You noticed? Wow, you're so smart!" Vulture shot back with dripping sarcasm, his voice filled with amusement. Watching Sparrow seethe but unable to do anything about it lifted his mood immensely.

"Are you fucking with me?" Sparrow growled, his words coming through clenched teeth.

"Which of your eyes sees that, huh? I need proof, man. Are you sure you're not just pent up? Maybe you haven't had the chance to masturbate lately, and now the heat's gotten to your head. Relax a little..." Vulture smirked, his tone as infuriating as ever.

Sparrow nearly lost it. "Don't lump me in with you! I don't do that shit!" he barked.

"Oh? So do I..."

"The fuck?! Then why are you saying this crap to me, you filthy-headed gorilla?!" Sparrow snapped, his frustration pouring out as he ran over another unfortunate zombie, crushing it under the truck's tires as if punishing it for Vulture's existence.

"Go-Gorilla?! Who the hell are you calling that?"

Sparrow let out a mocking laugh. "Huhu haha! King Kong!"

"That's it! You're too much, you—you...!" Vulture stammered, trying to come up with an insult but failing.

Seeing Vulture speechless for once, Sparrow grinned victoriously. "Ha! Gotcha, dumbass."

Vulture pursed his lips, refusing to let it go. He racked his brain for a comeback, determined to get the last word.

Several minutes passed, the truck rumbling along the road, before he finally muttered under his breath, "At least I'm a little more handsome than you..."

Unfortunately for him, Sparrow still heard it. The sheer audacity of the comment made him grind his teeth so hard he accidentally bit his tongue. His frustration spiked, and just as he was about to fire back with another insult—

The radio crackled to life.

"Hey, your line was open. We heard everything happening over there."

Silence.

Vulture and Sparrow froze, eyes widening in horror.

Laughter barely contained, the voices from the other trucks buzzed with amusement. It turned out their entire bickering session had been broadcasted to everyone holding a radio across all four trucks. Their back-and-forth insults, their ridiculous argument—every single word had been overheard.

Most of the group had struggled to keep their laughter in during the journey, finding their banter a welcome distraction. Even Duke and Kisha were thoroughly entertained, enjoying the lively energy between the two. It was a relief to see Vulture acting like his usual self around Sparrow rather than drowning in gloom like before.