

Apocalypse 770

Chapter 770 - Sparrow's In Trouble Again

At first, she thought it was another zombie horde approaching, her heart sinking in alarm—until she caught a clear glimpse. Relief and excitement surged through her as she saw Kisha leading the main team, cutting through the waves of zombies chasing after them with fierce determination.

Not long after, Kisha and the rest of the team arrived. Taking in the scene before her, Kisha noticed the scorch marks scattered across the street and the towering piles of zombie corpses.

Fortunately, some team members had been assigned to clear the bodies from the main paths to prevent accidents—one wrong step could mean death. The corpses had been dragged to a nearby courtyard, keeping the street as clear as possible.

When Kisha was led to a pile of gathered supplies, her eyebrows lifted in amusement. It seemed her team was getting to know her well—they clearly remembered her love for stockpiling resources.

Grinning, she happily stored all the supplies into her inventory.

She then gestured for everyone to move out, but paused when she noticed most of the main team gasping for air, still trying to catch their breath. After all, they had sprinted back at full speed, struggling to keep pace with Kisha, who, as always, moved with tireless energy, showing no sign of exhaustion, as if she had endless stamina.

But what could Kisha and Duke do? Their stats were far beyond the others, granting them far superior stamina and strength. While the rest of the team was drained, the long sprint only left Kisha and Duke slightly fatigued.

If it hadn't been for Kisha's healing dome, some of the others might not have made it back. With the main group back in position, the rest of the Winters' men quickly took charge of escorting the civilians out of the post office, forming a protective flank to ensure no one strayed into danger as they retreated to where Kisha and the others were.

Once the main group caught their breath, they began making their way back toward the trucks. Eagle, ever diligent, didn't forget the wire traps they had set earlier to keep the zombies at bay, cutting them down to ensure they wouldn't pose any problems to the exiting trucks.

He sprinted back to where the team was. Thankfully, the potential zombie king that had been calling for reinforcements was no longer a threat, so they were no longer being overwhelmed by a horde.

However, a few zombies had still managed to trail behind Kisha and the others, leaving no time for them to waste. The civilians, though panicked, kept their composure. They ran towards the trucks, mindful not to let fear turn them into a disorganized mob. The Winters' men formed a protective barrier around them as they made their way forward.

Once they reached the trucks, they didn't dawdle and waste time. The civilians climbed aboard first, ensuring their safety while the Winters' men remained vigilant, keeping the zombies at bay.

When the civilians were all safely up, the team followed, and the drivers immediately started the engines. Without missing a beat, the trucks plowed through the remaining zombies, ramming them out of the way as they made their escape.

Like moths to a flame, the zombies relentlessly charged toward the trucks. Most of them were crushed beneath the wheels, and the trucks rattled violently as the sickening crack of bones and skulls echoed through the air.

It was a relentless series of pops, each one more grotesque than the last. Inside the trucks, many tried to block out the horrific sound, desperately distracting themselves to avoid picturing the gruesome images that accompanied it.

Sparrow, leading from the front, saw the zombies charging toward their incoming trucks, some getting run over as they went under the wheels. To clear the path, he conjured his 'Whirlwind Skill,' summoning a powerful gust of wind to push the zombies off the road and create a clear route.

While their vehicles were heavily built to ram through almost anything with ease, the risk of an accident still loomed. A truck could easily flip or get stuck, especially on the narrow road. That was a situation they couldn't afford, as it would waste valuable time and leave them vulnerable.

Thanks to Sparrow's whirlwind, the zombies were pushed aside, and instead of going under the trucks, they were crushed against the walls, turning into nothing more than mangled mincemeat as the vehicles roared past.

However, the aftermath was gruesome—limbs became wedged in the truck's wheels, and splattered brain matter and flesh clung to the truck's body. The force of the wind only intensified the mess, causing the blood and remnants to stick even more, slowly hardening into a grotesque, sticky coating.

But this was the least of their concerns, so Sparrow didn't dwell on it. However, his whirlwind had unintended consequences—some of the zombie's brain matter and flesh were blown away, while a good portion splattered directly onto Duke's windshield.

Duke's face darkened, the expression settling like storm clouds as he stared at the mess. Kisha couldn't help but laugh aloud at the sight of Duke pursing his lips, clearly struggling to keep his anger in check.

Seeing Kisha's amusement only made Duke more exasperated, but he couldn't bring himself to say anything. With a sigh, he switched on the wipers, which slowly cleared the glass—just in time for another burst of blood, brain matter, and zombie flesh to splatter onto his side of the windshield.

Kisha's laughter rang out even louder. Duke, now thoroughly frustrated, realized that not only could he barely see the road, but the grotesque splatter in front of his face was enough to make anyone's stomach turn.

Without saying a word, Duke conjured a series of ice spears in front of the windshield, followed by a fireball to melt the ice. The heat from the fireball created a makeshift rain that washed the mess away, allowing the wipers to clear the rest.

But as long as Sparrow kept using his whirlwind to carve a path, the mess seemed endless. Flesh, blood, and bits of zombie's brain matter continued to splatter against the windshield, one after another, with no sign of stopping.

Frustration mounting, Duke kept summoning more ice spears and maintaining the fireball to melt them, all while the wipers worked tirelessly to clear the mess and give him some semblance of visibility.

Duke wouldn't forget about this; he was already planning to subject Sparrow to a grueling training session when they got back to the hidden base. Meanwhile, Sparrow could feel a shiver run down his spine, the hairs on the back of his neck standing on end. He couldn't shake the eerie feeling that his bad luck was on the rise again.

The tension lingered until they finally exited the narrow road and onto a much wider path. Only then did Sparrow release the control over his Whirlwind, letting it dissipate on its own.

With the immediate danger behind them, he resumed his usual task of plowing through any zombies in their way. The worry of getting stuck in the narrow road, buried beneath a pile of corpses, was gone. Now, even when zombies were run over, it hardly mattered—some of them flew away like ragdolls from the force of impact.