

## **Apocalypse 421**

### Chapter 421 What Really Happened

As locals of Port City, they were intimately familiar with every nook and cranny of the area, which fueled their confidence in surviving the night.

Once darkness descended, they stealthily made their way toward the forest, their hearts racing with anticipation.

Spotting Sparrow's truck camouflaged among the trees, a smirk spread across their faces.

They exchanged knowing glances, convinced that once they eliminated Sparrow and his team, they would claim those trucks as their own.

The thought of driving home in the very vehicles that had once provided refuge for their enemies filled them with a sense of triumph.

As they lay in wait, the tantalizing aroma of food wafting from Sparrow's camp wafted through the trees, causing their stomachs to rumble with hunger.

The smell of sizzling meat only intensified their hatred for Sparrow, fueling their determination to confront him and his team.

It was clear that Sparrow and his group had an abundance of supplies, enjoying a feast while they struggled to survive.

Eager to seize what they believed was rightfully theirs, the assailants scoured Sparrow's truck for any leftover supplies but found it as barren as a desert.

Frustrated but undeterred, they exchanged furtive glances, their resolve hardening.

While Sparrow's team busied themselves with cooking and preparation, the assailants began to creep silently through the forest, ready to strike when the moment was right.

Coincidentally, Sparrow was away with the STAU, having left only a small amount of supplies to be cooked.

Seizing the opportunity, the assailants quietly advanced toward Sparrow's camp, believing they had the upper hand.

With the element of surprise on their side, they thought they could launch a sneak attack and eliminate Sparrow and his team before they even knew what hit them.

Their confidence surged as they imagined the imminent victory, eager to take revenge for their fallen comrades (who they killed).

However, they never anticipated that something lurked in the shadows, ready to strike.

Before they could react, they found themselves completely surrounded.

At the forefront of the ambush, Bell buzzed its wings with authority, rallying its army to unleash chaos upon the intruders.

The air crackled with tension as the loyal defenders surged forward, ready to defend their territory against the encroaching threat.

"How dare you attempt to ambush my master's subordinate in my presence? Stupid humans!" Bell buzzed furiously, its wings vibrating with anger.

The intruders, however, could only comprehend the deafening hum of the bee's wings, their faces draining of color as the realization dawned upon them: they had unwittingly stepped into a nightmare.

The woman leading the group couldn't fathom why these colossal bees had chosen to target her and her crew instead of attacking Sparrow's team first, especially when they were only separated by a few trees and bushes.

Panic surged through her as the ominous buzzing grew louder, a harbinger of the chaos that was about to ensue.

However, she had little time to think as the swift Scarlet Bees launched their assault. Before the ambushers could even react, two of their members lay dead, grotesquely punctured in the head.

Panic erupted, and the remaining assailants scattered like headless chickens, frantically trying to escape.

But Bell was unfazed; with their overwhelming numbers, the Scarlet Bees had taken position in every tree, ready to strike.

Their incredible speed left no room for doubt—there would be no survivors left to recount the story of this ill-fated ambush.

Bell had held back the Scarlet Bees from attacking immediately upon spotting the intruders.

She wanted to ensure there were no hidden threats lurking in the shadows, ready to ambush her forces in return.

Her strategy was to eliminate everyone in one swift strike, catching them off guard before they could react.

Only when she was confident that no reinforcements were on the way did she finally give her army the signal to attack.

However, the woman leading the ambush was shrewd and ruthless.

Realizing that their situation was dire, she seized the hand of one of her crew members and sprinted toward the nearest exit of the forest, refusing to look back.

Meanwhile, the rest of their group scattered, seeking refuge behind trees or preparing to fight back.

Bell and her Scarlet Bees, overconfident in their superiority, allowed the others to flee, giving them a false sense of hope.

They intended to strike when the ambushers believed they had escaped, savoring the moment when hope peaked before delivering the fatal blow.

With Kisha absent, the true nature of Bell and her army began to surface.

Bell harbored a deep disdain for ordinary humans—those who couldn't cultivate or awaken their abilities—viewing them as inferior beings, this was because this was already ingrained in her bloodline, so it wasn't so easy to change, much like a predator sizing up its prey.

This arrogance led them to allow the two women to escape a bit further, perceiving them as the easiest targets among the group.

The woman being led away felt a surge of gratitude toward her leader, who had not abandoned her like the others.

As fellow woman, she sensed a bond of understanding and compassion from her leader, who had always treated her like a little sister.

Overwhelmed by emotion, tears streamed down her face. However, as they neared the edge of the forest, the gruesome reality of what awaited them became apparent.

The fate of their comrades was horrifying; some had been brutally dismembered, their blood and body parts scattered throughout the underbrush, painting a macabre scene that left her trembling with fear.

As Bell and the Scarlet Bees focused on the two women, the bees formed a tight, menacing formation, surging toward them with alarming speed.

The woman being led by the hand felt her entire body tremble at the sight; her face drained of color, pure terror flooding her senses.

Just an inch away, the bees closed in with deadly precision, their formation designed to strike both women in one swift attack.

Suddenly, the woman at the back experienced a forceful shove from her leader, sending her stumbling toward the oncoming swarm of massive bees.

In a shocking moment, she saw her leader leap away, abandoning her to the swarm.

The last image burned into her mind was of betrayal—her leader sacrificing her as a shield to ensure her own escape.

Within seconds, her body was torn apart, reduced to a gruesome mess, her head flying through the air as the final testament to the horror of her end.

The spot where their leader had jumped was a steep slope, and as she tumbled down, she collided with boulders and branches that jutted out along the way.

Desperately, she covered her head with her arms, bracing for impact as she rolled uncontrollably down the hillside.

The Scarlet Bees, observing her perilous descent, chose not to pursue her; they recognized that her chances of survival were slim to none.

The steep terrain posed its own dangers, and the uncertainty of lurking zombies at the bottom further diminished any hope she had.

With each jarring hit, it became increasingly clear that she was alone in this fight for survival, her fate hanging by a thread.

But who would have thought that this despicable woman would defy the odds?

Against all expectations, she survived the harrowing fall, her tenacity shining through the chaos.