

## **Apocalypse 437**

### Chapter 437 The Scarlet Bee's Mission

Fortunately, the survivors was remarkably compliant; no one attempted to stir up trouble or rally factions against her and her people.

This reassurance was the only thing that kept Kisha grounded, allowing her to continue her efforts.

She had built a thick wall around her heart, developing trust issues along the way.

Because of this, she often found herself overthinking every situation, instinctively focusing on the negative side before she could accept that what was happening might actually have a positive side.

Without Duke by her side, the negativity that had long been buried in her heart began to resurface.

She was reminded of the profound changes he had brought to her life in this 100th rebirth; he was her salvation, the one who helped her become her best self.

This brief separation allowed Kisha to reflect on many things, revealing insights about herself and her feelings, as well as her overall perspective when Duke was with her.

She realized that she preferred this version of herself—one that had emerged from the shadows of her past—over the unhinged person she used to be, whose only solution to conflict was bloodshed.

A small smile crept onto Kisha's lips as she contemplated her thoughts.

She closed the system interface and leaned back in her chair, her eyes closing briefly.

Her expression quickly returned to its usual cold and indifferent demeanor, making it impossible for anyone to guess what was on her mind.

"Bell, how many Scarlet Bees do we have now?" Kisha asked through their mind link, her thoughts returning to the report she had received from Duke.

"Master, we now have over a thousand adult Scarlet Bees ready to be sent on menial tasks outside or to fight," Bell replied calmly, as if she'd already hardened her heart to the idea of sending her children into battle.

And in a way, she had. As a beast from the Murim world, fighting had always been part of their daily lives—whether it was against cultivators trying to tame them or other beasts seeking their precious Scarlet Honey.

Either way, many of her Scarlet Bees would inevitably perish. As queen, Bell had faced this reality countless times.

She couldn't afford to mourn every loss when she had an entire colony to govern and protect.

For the Scarlet Bees, sacrificing their lives to safeguard their queen and secure the future of the colony was only natural.

It was part of their purpose—to ensure new generations of bees could be born. In a way, it wasn't much different from how governments send soldiers to protect their lands, even at the cost of those soldiers' lives.

With Kisha as her contract master, Bell realized that the deaths of her children had significantly decreased compared to what her ancestors endured in the harsh Murim world.

It was one of the reasons her species had nearly gone extinct, leaving her as the last of her kind.

Kisha provided a safe haven, mourning and even getting angry on Bell's behalf whenever her bees perished—like when Tristan had accidentally killed the scout bees during their search.

And for Bell, this was enough. Her mind was at ease, knowing all she needed to do was follow Kisha until the end.

So, when Kisha decided to send the Scarlet Bees to support Duke's mission, Bell didn't feel sadness.

Instead, she felt a spark of excitement. While she didn't want her children to die, she also knew they couldn't be sheltered from the realities of battle.

Bell understood the importance of keeping their survival instincts sharp and their wild nature intact.

By letting them face grueling fights, she ensured that her bloodline wouldn't weaken, and the next generation of bees would be strong enough to survive even the harshest environments.

When Bell responded to Kisha, there was a subtle hint of excitement in her voice that didn't go unnoticed.

Kisha, with her eyes still closed, raised an eyebrow at the change in tone. Naturally, Kisha's thoughts aligned with Bell's.

She had often treated Bell and the Scarlet Bees as scouts or bodyguards, sometimes forgetting that they were also fierce fighters.

It was easy to overlook their true potential, but hearing Bell's excitement reminded her that the Scarlet Bees weren't just protectors—they were warriors, too.

"Send 800 Scarlet Bees to support Duke," Kisha ordered. "Then split the remaining bees into two groups. One group will assist in guarding the walls, just as they've been doing, and only intervene if the soldiers struggle during a sudden zombie raid. The rest should continue producing Scarlet Honey inside the territory space."

Kisha spoke lazily, her mind drifting to Duke's mission while waiting for Rose.

If her calculations were right, with Sparrow's driving skills and leadership, the team should have arrived two hours ago.

The delay indicated they had been held up, but Kisha wasn't concerned about Sparrow's safety.

Before closing her system interface earlier, she had checked the 'Team Tab' and confirmed that everyone—Duke, Sparrow, and Vulture—were all safe, with no immediate danger to their lives.

Kisha frequently checked the 'Team Tab' whenever she sent someone outside the walls, ensuring her people were still alive and well during missions.

Now, all she needed to do was wait for Aston to bring back Rose. While waiting, she longed for a moment of solitude to clear her mind.

Ever since her main mission began, she had been constantly on edge, thinking through countless details and wrestling with conflicting decisions.

For now, she just wanted to take a brief break, breathe, and let the tension ease away.

Following Kisha's instructions, Aston made his way to the Eastern wall and patiently waited for Sparrow's convoy.

After leaving Kisha's villa, he ended up waiting for another hour and a half before the snipers spotted the trucks approaching in the distance.

"Sir, we have visuals on captain Sparrow's team! Prepare to open the gate in five minutes!" the sniper radioed to the gatekeeper.

Aston perked up, standing atop the wall alongside other soldiers on standby, ready to provide support as the four trucks approached the gate.

The truck, grimy and smeared with zombie blood, appeared more dirtied than usual, yet everything seemed intact.

The sniper noticed some limbs dangling from the windshield of the truck in front, but such sights had become commonplace.

They had come to terms with their new reality in this apocalyptic era, where a severed hand hanging from a vehicle was a lesser horror compared to the gruesome scenes of zombies reduced to a bloody paste on the streets.

This was especially evident after Kisha had used a truck to clear the streets, leaving behind nothing but a gruesome mess of flesh.

'Dang! They must have bulldozed through the wall of zombies with how the truck looked like.' One soldier, aiming his assault rifle in front thought to himself as he peered through the scope.

As Sparrow's truck rounded the corner, the gatekeeper signaled to the two soldiers stationed beside the gate to open it.

They strained against the weight of the heavy gate, pulling it open with all their strength.

Once there was enough space, Sparrow's truck surged through the opening, coming to a sudden stop a short distance inside to allow the other trucks to enter as well.

The sharp crack of gunfire echoed from atop the wall, immediately drawing the attention of the nearby zombies.