

Apocalypse 49

Chapter 49 To City B

After securing the perimeter, Sparrow and Vulture returned to Kisha and Duke's side like loyal guardians, evoking the image of faithful dogs protecting their owners. The civilians who had chosen to follow them experienced mixed emotions. Many felt reassured, knowing that Kisha's group offered stronger protection than Fred's.

However, some couldn't shake their unease, observing Kisha's demeanor and sensing her callousness, which left them even more frightened.

She wouldn't even flinch when her people killed zombies, leading some to speculate that she viewed them as mere meat shields against the man-eating monsters.

For Nancy, however, this presented a chance to learn and grow. She hoped to attain even half the proficiency of Kisha's people. With her determination ignited and hope rekindled, she shadowed Kisha and her group closely, almost fearing they might leave her behind if she didn't keep pace.

As planned, Fred joined forces with Kisha's group to search for a larger vehicle for his group of civilians. Vulture, Sparrow, and Fred took the vanguard, proceeding with caution, while Kisha and Duke remained at the rear to watch over and safeguard the civilians.

However, the man who had clashed with Kisha earlier held a different opinion. He believed that Kisha's boldness and apparent arrogance stemmed solely from the protection of her two loyal dogs, rather than any genuine combat prowess of her own.

As he kept an eye on Kisha, he briefly glanced away to survey the group. When he looked back, Kisha had vanished. "Hey! Where did that woman go? Did she get scared and run off to hide?" he sneered mockingly, loud enough for those around him to hear his contemptuous remarks aimed at Kisha.

Upon hearing this, Duke felt an intense urge to snap the old man's neck. The old man was fortunate that he hadn't resorted to calling Kisha names or using derogatory language. Otherwise, he would have found his own head separated from his body before he died in regret.

Duke managed to rein in his emotions, but in that fleeting moment when his restraint slipped, those around him felt an icy chill crawl down their spines. With his intimidating appearance — the missing eye and scarred face — coupled with his menacing aura, Duke exuded an aura of dread that silenced the old man instantly.

He wasn't certain about Kisha's relationship with this man, but one thing was clear to him: the man was more dangerous than the zombies lurking nearby.

Those trailing behind sensed that their lives were more at risk not from the zombies, but from Duke, who walked at a distance behind them. Shortly after they noticed Kisha's absence, Vulture located a nearby bus and hurriedly ushered them aboard. Once they were settled, a black armored car pulled up to the front of the bus, and Kisha emerged from the driver's seat before relinquishing it to Sparrow.

Fred took the wheel of the bus, and Kisha decided she wouldn't concern herself with the others any longer. If they could keep up, then fine; if not, it was their own responsibility.

Judging by Duke's sour mood, she surmised someone had said something bad about her, likely while she remained at the rear, waiting for the opportunity to acquire a suitable vehicle so she then could retrieve the armored car from her inventory.

However, she pushed aside this concern for the time being, choosing to focus on the task at hand. "Sparrow, let the bees guide us to a better route that's easier to maneuver. Just follow their signals along the road," she instructed.

Sparrow found himself perplexed by Kisha's instructions. The notion of bees aiding them seemed absurd, leaving him with a barrage of questions swirling in his mind. However, he knew he had to concentrate on the road ahead. Despite the bees being too small to easily notice, Sparrow counted himself fortunate to possess sharper eyesight than the average human.

Kisha signaled to Fred to follow closely with a gesture, then instructed Sparrow to advance before the zombies reached their location.

As Sparrow accelerated, he noticed tiny bees forming an arrow sign atop the cars a few meters ahead, visible only to him due to his enhanced eyesight.

Tilting his head, Sparrow stole a glance at Kisha in the rearview mirror, pondering her role in their seamless navigation. Though he couldn't quite fathom her methods, he was confident they stemmed from her. With her guidance, they traversed the highway without delay.

Occasionally, they encountered small groups of two to three zombies, swiftly dealt with as Sparrow plowed through them without hesitation.

After hours of relentless driving, they finally exited the highway and transitioned onto a countryside road, where obstacles were fewer, allowing them to relax momentarily. Vulture took the helm of driving as Sparrow took a well-deserved rest.

They made it a habit to stop at any convenience store or gas station they encountered along the road, stocking up on supplies and replenishing their gas reserves for the journey ahead. Kisha and her group followed suit, ensuring they blended in and avoided suspicion while also seizing every opportunity to acquire additional provisions.

She demonstrated to everyone around that she had also stocked up supplies in their backpacks, deftly concealing the excess in her inventory without attracting any notice. As they prepared to leave, she ensured that the shelves were cleared of any remaining supplies with a quick flick of her hand, taking care of the cleanup once everyone had departed.

After years and years of having troubles with food supplies in the apocalypse in her repeated death and rebirth, she has already formed a habit of hoarding supplies, no matter how little or insignificant it looks, she will keep it in her inventory. Not minding extra trash because she had no inventory limit and every time she died, her supplies would also disappear.

They made a point to steer clear of entering any sub-cities, towns, or densely populated areas. Instead, they occasionally sought refuge in small villages they passed, taking the time to clear the perimeter of any zombies to ensure a peaceful night's rest.

This cycle was repeated until their fourth day on the road.

"We're nearly at our destination. Let's proceed on foot, blending in with the refugees entering the evacuation center," Kisha suggested as they drove along the road, just a mile away from their destination.

"We'll follow your lead," Duke murmured, his eyes slowly opening as he leaned back in his seat. He had consciously avoided dwelling on his family's whereabouts, as there seemed to be no way of obtaining

useful information about them. His surviving people had also yet to hear from their own families and were preoccupied with various tasks concerning their forces and settlements.

Thus far, they had successfully secured their most crucial industries, including water and food production, along with essential machinery.

Although scattered across the country, they made a concerted effort to gradually rebuild their communication centers. However, the task proved more challenging than anticipated, as the relentless zombie hordes posed a significant threat.

Kisha warned that the zombies would only grow stronger and evolve over time, prompting them to prioritize fortifying their defenses alongside the construction of communication centers.

They weren't just contending with zombies; they also faced threats from other factions eyeing their resources and bases. In response, Duke devised a plan to establish a mega city where they could consolidate their essential equipment and resources, as well as their people. While unsure of the logistics, Duke's intuition told him it was feasible, instilling a sense of determination to see it through.

For now, he focused on clearing his mind of any concerns or stress. Their journey concluded with a final stop at a gasoline station, where Kisha briefed Fred on their next plan. Having witnessed the competence of Kisha and her group throughout their four-day journey, he concluded that following their lead was the wisest course of action, as it minimized danger and reduced casualties.

He couldn't help but lament that if they had encountered Kisha while his comrades were still alive, perhaps they would have survived to this day. However, such bitter thoughts could only remain as regrets in this life.

"Fred, from here on, we'll travel on foot," Kisha stated calmly, devoid of emotion. "Using a car to get through the evacuation center could attract unnecessary attention, not just from other survivors, but also from nearby zombies. They might trail us through the center, putting others in danger."

Kisha understood how to communicate with Fred, knowing he was fair-minded, deeply concerned about human life, and dedicated to his duties. She trusted that after she highlighted the crucial points and appealed to his sense of justice, he would opt to follow their lead.

As anticipated, Fred immediately agreed with Kisha's suggestion, wasting no time in conveying it to his group. Having developed a deep trust in Kisha and her companions, they adhered to her guidance as if it were a sacred creed, that will lead to their safety.

With newfound optimism, their once somber expressions began to brighten, gradually glimpsing a silver lining amidst the darkness of the dreadful apocalypse.