

## **Apocalypse 569**

### Chapter 569 Search And Rescue Mission 5

Kisha released thousands of Scarlet Bees into the night, watching as they dispersed in every direction, their tiny wings creating a soft hum in the air.

She ensured they remained within a 500-meter radius, maintaining a direct connection with Bell, allowing for swift and precise communication. Bell, now perched atop Zeus's head, emerged from the territory space, her presence calm but alert.

"Master, all the Scarlet Bees have been dispatched. I'll keep you informed of any findings," Bell assured Kisha, her voice steady and focused.

"Hmm," Kisha responded thoughtfully, scanning the dense forest around them. Based on her knowledge of Sparrow, she knew he could move through the trees effortlessly, leaving little trace for any predators or enemies to follow.

However, that also meant it would be hard for his people to track him. Kisha quickly relayed instructions to the Scarlet Bees, ensuring they focused on the tree branches.

She instructed them to look for any signs, such as footprints, mud, or broken branches, that might indicate Sparrow's path.

She recalled that the ground had been muddy earlier that morning, especially after Sparrow and Vulture had dealt with the mutated cow.

They had both left traces of mud on their shoes, and Kisha suspected that Sparrow might have unknowingly left some of it behind as he moved through the trees.

That small detail—the mud on the branches—could be their only lead in finding him.

"Alright, Master, the orders have been sent," Bell confirmed after establishing a wide mind-link with all the Scarlet Bees scattered in various directions.

The transmission took only a second to send and receive, showcasing the remarkable efficiency of their coordination.

Meanwhile, Zeus wasn't idle. As soon as they entered the forest, he took the lead, sniffing the air and ground intently, searching for traces of Sparrow's scent amidst the natural musk of the surroundings.

With the Scarlet Bees combing the area and Zeus tracking diligently, Kisha, Duke, and Vulture moved forward, their senses sharp and their focus unwavering, determined to locate Sparrow as quickly as possible.

The trio moved swiftly through the forest, alternating between running, walking, and pausing to scan their surroundings.

Suddenly, Zeus began hopping excitedly and calling out through their mind-link, "Master! Master! Smell! Sparrow's smell!"

Zeus reared up on his hind legs, leaning against a large tree as he continued to signal his discovery.

Kisha and Duke, just a step behind, quickly caught up, noticing Zeus's animated behavior. They exchanged a brief glance, knowing he must have found something significant.

Kisha, Duke, and Vulture all directed their attention toward the tree. Without hesitation, Kisha used her telekinesis to lift herself effortlessly into the air.

As she hovered among the branches, she scanned carefully, her senses on high alert. At first, everything seemed ordinary, but Kisha refused to give up.

Her persistence paid off when she noticed a small broken branch. Upon closer inspection, she found a tiny piece of torn black cloth snagged on it.

It was almost imperceptible in the dense darkness of the forest, but Kisha's telekinetic sweep had allowed her to feel the subtle irregularity in the tree's texture.

Kisha plucked the fragment of cloth delicately, her expression sharpening with determination as she descended back to the ground.

"We've got a lead," she said, holding up the piece for the others to see.

Using the tree as their starting point, Kisha, the Scarlet Bees, and Zeus spread out to search for Sparrow's next move.

They carefully examined the surrounding trees, looking for any hint of his direction—whether it be lingering traces of his scent, broken branches, or other subtle tracks he might have left behind.

However, the task proved challenging. The forest seemed to have swallowed any evidence, with nearly no scent remaining, and even the Scarlet Bees struggled to find traces based on Kisha's mental instructions. Despite this, none of them gave up.

Kisha, determined as ever, heightened her focus, guiding the Scarlet Bees to meticulously scan the area.

Zeus continued sniffing around with his sharp senses, his movements calculated as he attempted to pick up even the faintest hint of Sparrow's trail.

Meanwhile, Duke and Vulture were also actively engaged in the search.

Understanding Sparrow's role as a scout, both men began looking for signs that Sparrow might have deliberately left behind—marks or symbols unique to their team's training.

It was common practice for scouts to leave subtle traces or hidden messages that only their comrades could decipher.

These would serve as breadcrumbs in case they couldn't return or their situation turned dire, ensuring their team could follow their path or understand the danger they faced.

The group worked tirelessly, combining their skills and instincts, knowing that any small detail could be the key to finding Sparrow and ensuring his safety.

Typically, leaving behind such traces or messages was a practice reserved for death warriors or those who were certain they wouldn't make it out alive.

While they believed Sparrow had no intention of dying at the time—he had likely been focused solely on scouting—they also knew it was possible he hadn't left any deliberate clues or messages.

Despite this, Duke and Vulture refused to overlook the possibility. They diligently scoured the area, examining every detail with care and determination.

Even the faintest hint could provide insight, and they weren't willing to take any chances when it came to finding Sparrow.

For two relentless hours, Kisha, Duke, Vulture, Zeus, and the Scarlet Bees combed through the forest, following every lead and speculating about where Sparrow might have lost contact.

The group tirelessly searched, moving in calculated patterns to ensure no area was overlooked.

Despite their efforts, exhaustion began to creep in. Their breaths grew heavier, and the strain of running in circles was evident as their stamina steadily dwindled.

Fortunately, Kisha's passive and active skills kept their physical energy replenished, allowing them to recover stamina and spiritual energy continuously.

However, the real toll was on their mental state. The weight of their growing worries and the effort to suppress those anxieties gnawed at their focus and resolve.

Slap!

A sudden, loud slap echoed through the stillness of the forest, halting everyone in their tracks.

The sharp sound broke the tense silence, leaving Kisha and Duke startled. Kisha blinked, her wide eyes snapping toward the source, only to see Vulture standing rigid, his head slightly tilted from the force of his own slap.

His cheek bore the clear mark of impact, and it was evident he hadn't held back. Even Duke appeared taken aback, momentarily speechless.

Before either of them could ask what had just happened, Vulture adjusted his posture and straightened his clothes with an air of composure, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

But his eyes told a different story. The intensity of his focus and determination now burned brighter than ever, a fiery resolve replacing the earlier shadow of doubt.

It was then that Kisha and Duke understood. Vulture had been grappling with guilt and fear, the weight of their inability to find more clues about Sparrow pressing heavily on him.

The creeping sense of hopelessness had been gnawing at his resolve, threatening to undermine his focus.

The slap had been his way of grounding himself—a sharp, physical reminder to regain control and refocus on their mission.