

## **Apocalypse 570**

### Chapter 570 Search And Rescue Mission 6

Vulture's decisive action served as a wake-up call not just for himself but also for Kisha and Duke. It reminded them to push aside the haunting "what ifs" and refocus on the task at hand.

Kisha clenched her fists, her resolve solidifying as she thought, 'Right, I have to keep looking for Sparrow. He must be waiting for our rescue.'

But if only she knew...

In a secluded part of the forest, a massive tree groaned softly as the wind swept through its branches, creating a low, haunting hum, almost as if the tree itself was alive and content.

The ground around it was soaked in a thick, red, slimy liquid, and not a single blade of grass dared to grow in its shadow, as though the tree greedily consumed every ounce of nourishment for itself.

Upon closer inspection, broken, mangled limbs protruded from the ground—fragments of something or someone—and then, as if unseen hands were at work, they were slowly pulled beneath the earth.

Moments later, an eerie stillness blanketed the area once more.

On Kisha's side, after circling the same area three times, Kisha, Duke, and Vulture decided to pause and reassess their situation and leads.

They realized that continuing aimlessly would only drain the Scarlet Bees' energy and waste precious time—time that was critical to Sparrow's survival.

The weight of the situation pressed heavily on them, prompting them to refocus and strategize before proceeding.

"Master! We found something!" Bell's sudden voice echoed through Kisha's mind, startling Kisha.

But as the words registered, a smile spread across her face. Without a moment's hesitation, she started running, eager to follow the lead.

In her excitement, she forgot to relay the Scarlet Bees' findings to Duke and Vulture, but seeing her eager expression, they quickly understood that a clue had been discovered. Without hesitation, they sprinted after her.

Kisha, Duke, and Vulture darted through the forest, with Kisha relying on the vivid mental image sent by the Scarlet Bee that had found the clue.

Using the memory, she expertly navigated the terrain, her focus sharp as she closed in on the source. Before long, they arrived at the tree where the clue awaited.

As before, Kisha lifted herself into the air with her telekinesis, her eyes scanning the tree branches carefully.

There, she found small clumps of muddy crumbs along with the faint imprint of a military boot—Sparrow's, no doubt.

The print was barely visible, just the tip of the front shoe, but it was enough to indicate the direction he had taken.

With this newfound clue, Kisha, Duke, and Vulture continued deeper into the forest, following the trail.

As they moved, Kisha observed that the traces around them had become slightly more pronounced. It was as though Sparrow's path had become clearer. Duke frowned, his thoughts turning inward.

"Did he lose focus and start leaving these traces subconsciously?" he murmured. "Or was this a deliberate attempt to leave a trail for his subordinates? What was his mentality at this point?"

Duke was trying to piece together what Sparrow might have been thinking during his journey, but without knowing for sure, it was difficult to gauge.

Still, the traces were there—however small—and they served as their only guide. Even the smallest crumbs of mud on the branches were enough to keep them on track.

Reluctantly, Duke realized that all they could do was follow these faint clues and hope they led them to Sparrow.

As they continued to follow the faintest of leads, the group had already changed direction several times.

Then, at one point, the broken branches around the trees became more pronounced, the damage larger and more obvious.

It was clear now—Sparrow was on the run, no longer concerned about leaving traces behind.

Kisha and Duke exchanged a grim look, both understanding the shift in the situation. Without another word, they surged forward, their pace quickening as they pressed deeper into the forest.

"Master, blood!" Zeus yelped through Kisha's mind, his alertness sharp despite the absence of visible traces.

Unable to spot any fresh blood, Kisha trusted Zeus's instincts and followed him. Although the blood had dried by now, leaving only faint remnants in the air, Zeus's keen senses led the way.

Soon, they spotted a small droplet of blood on the ground. The sight made Kisha, Duke, and Vulture's expressions darken, a chill running through them as their hearts sank.

They followed the faint trail, the weight of the situation pressing down on them.

Eventually, they reached a clearing. The rustling of the husks in the wind sounded unnervingly loud in the otherwise silent night.

Towering, dark grass stretched endlessly before them, a stark contrast to the dense forest they had just left behind.

"A rice field?" Kisha murmured, her voice tinged with uncertainty as she scanned her surroundings.

Her heart pounded in her chest, nerves and fear crawling up her spine. When her eyes landed on the rice field, a sense of relief washed over her—perhaps Sparrow had fled to this area while escaping, and it felt like a plausible lead.

"Master!" Bell's urgent call echoed through Kisha's mind, causing her to jump slightly. She quickly turned to the sky, spotting Bell circling above them.

"What is it?" Kisha asked, her voice tense with anticipation.

"There!" Bell responded, her tone sharp and focused. "Over there! One of my Scarlet Bees found something!"

"Master! Blood! Smell!" Zeus interjected suddenly, his voice urgent, and Kisha's heart sank. The worst-case scenario immediately flashed through her mind, a cold dread settling in her chest.

Without a word, Kisha stepped forward, towards the direction Bell and Zeus had indicated. Her feet felt heavy as if they were made of lead.

She didn't want to move closer, afraid of what the rice field might be hiding—afraid of what lay beyond the tall stalks.

But there was no choice. She needed to know. The hope that her fears were wrong barely lingered in her mind, quickly drowned by the weight of the situation.

With each step, her heart grew heavier, her face more somber. As she neared the edge of the field, her senses sharpened, and she detected the faint, metallic smell in the air—a scent far too familiar for her comfort.

Seeing her like this, Duke and Vulture exchanged grim looks. Their expressions darkened, the weight of the moment pressing heavily upon them as their hearts sank further into a cold, dark place.

The silence between them grew, broken only by the sound of their own footsteps as they followed her, each one more reluctant than the last.

Kisha waved her hand, clearing a path through the rice field, deliberately avoiding the temptation to float above it.

She didn't want to risk missing something, and deep down, she knew her heart wasn't ready for the horrors that might be visible from above.

As she walked, each step was a battle to steady her breathing and calm her racing thoughts. But it wasn't enough.

The weight of the worst-case scenario hung over her like a suffocating cloud, and despite her best efforts to block the images flooding her mind, the fear persisted, gnawing at her with every passing second.

Minutes stretched on, each one feeling like a lifetime, as a torrent of emotions coursed through her.

Her hands trembled, her body cold and heavy, and her heart beat with a mix of dread and determination.

The silence of the rice field felt like a living thing, pressing in around her as they made their way deeper into the vast stretch of stalks.