

Apocalypse 93

Chapter 93 Their Hidden Weapon

"Don't worry, we'll get through this," Mr. Winters whispered reassuringly to his wife, drawing her into his embrace as he surveyed the unfolding situation before him. Meanwhile, the old Patriarch also pondered, searching for a solution amidst the chaos.

As the sense of predicament and hopelessness settled over everyone...

Buzz...

Buzzz...

A loud buzzing, like that of an insect's wings, echoed from beyond the earth's wall. Perplexed, they couldn't discern its origin, but they sensed the resistance from the other side diminishing, and the relentless crumbling of the barrier subsided.

As everyone exchanged puzzled looks, Tristan and Vulture exchanged a wide-eyed glance, as though they had suddenly realized what might be happening on the other side—an aspect hidden from them due to their lack of visibility beyond the wall.

Based solely on the sounds, Tristan and Vulture could already deduce what it might be. The buzzing intensified, and soon there were not just one or two but several buzzing sounds, making it impossible to count. Yet, one thing was clear: the source of this sound had just become intertwined with the problem they were facing.

Then, as suddenly as it had intensified, the pressure on the other side of the earth wall disappeared completely.

What startled them next was Vulture's swift action. He dispersed the earth wall entirely, unveiling a gruesome sight beyond. Zombie corpses littered the floor, their heads neatly sliced in half, while others had been gruesomely dismembered into cubes.

Black blood splattered across the wall, mingling with brain matter that oozed down slowly. Despite their plight, a pang of sympathy struck the group for the zombies, meeting a grim demise. Amidst the carnage, a swarm of bees buzzed around a massive Queen Bee, adorned with crimson stripes along its body.

Its thick forelegs dripped with coagulated black blood, which it diligently tried to rid itself of, conveying a sense of disdain for the tainted substance, as if it were beneath its dignity to bear such filth.

Vulture remained oblivious to Bell's presence until he noticed her there. He had assumed it was still atop his head, overseeing the scouting bees. Little did he realize that the Queen Bee perched atop him was a formidable killing machine, capable of decimating dozens of zombies single-handedly. From his perspective, the regular bees seemed more adept at distraction than participating in combat.

So, the entire scene before them had been single-handedly managed by Bell, who had now reverted to its original size. Disdainfully buzzing its wings, it attempted to rid its thick forelegs of the blood, a testament to its formidable prowess in killing the zombies or maybe even armed humans.

Given that not everyone was familiar with Bell, the others instinctively assumed combat stances, recognizing it as a potentially greater threat than the zombies surrounding them. However, before they

could advance, Tristan halted them, realizing that engaging with Bell would not only be futile but also a waste of time, given its status as their ally.

Upon discovering that Bell belonged to Kisha, they regarded her with newfound respect, silently acknowledging her connection to Duke and thinking, "As expected of our Master's woman."

As they pondered Bell's sudden intervention, some couldn't help but wonder why this formidable asset hadn't aided them earlier. Though not a complaint, they couldn't shake the thought that their journey might have been considerably smoother had Bell been actively involved from the start.

Bell's reluctance to directly engage with the zombies stemmed from its inherent nature as a divine beast and queen. Its prideful demeanor disdained the filth and weakness of the undead, rendering it unwilling to soil itself with their touch.

However, Kisha's directive, given before she fell unconscious, compelled Bell to assist in ensuring the survival of Duke's family and allies until Kisha's recovery. Thus, while Bell primarily focused on guiding and scouting with the bees, it intervened when the situation demanded, prioritizing the well-being of Kisha's companions.

Bell, lacking direct means of communication with those around it, swiftly took action. Commanding the bees, it orchestrated the collection of crystal cores scattered on the floor, delivering them to Vulture. Given the weight of each crystal core, multiple bees collaborated to transport them, forming what seemed like a protective cluster around each precious cargo.

With the immediate danger handled by Bell, Tristan instructed his comrades to take charge of gathering the crystal cores, freeing up the bees to resume their scouting tasks. Additionally, it seemed evident that the regular bees were struggling to collect the crystal cores due to their small size.

With the assurance of having a formidable ally by their side, Tristan's companions felt a renewed sense of courage and urgency to press forward. Even Mrs. Winters, who had been previously consumed by worry over their impending doom, now walked with a relaxed demeanor, occasionally stealing glances at Bell and Kisha.

Mrs. Winters had a deep affinity for flowers and plants, evident in the array of expensive and exotic flora adorning their villa's backyard, which now thrived within Kisha's subspace rainforest.

Given her fondness for these natural wonders, it was no surprise that she would cherish the presence of butterflies and bees, essential companions in the symbiotic dance of pollination among her beloved blooms.

So, rather than feeling frightened by the sight of the enormous bee flying around and killing zombies, Mrs. Winters felt a sense of security and fascination with Bell. Unlike the typical reactions others might have to Bell's formidable size and imposing forelegs, Mrs. Winters found Bell endearing and even felt the urge to pet it. However, Bell's continuous pointing of its stinger whenever Mrs.

Winters attempted to touch it, coupled with her husband's admonition against doing so, prevented her from acting on her impulse. Otherwise, she might have eagerly embraced Bell long ago.

The group's ascent became considerably smoother with Bell's intervention, especially when they found themselves overwhelmed by the sheer number of zombies. Tristan's earlier concerns seemed trivial now, overshadowed by Bell's formidable power.

Without the earth wall obstructing their view, they could witness firsthand how effortlessly Bell sliced through the zombies as if they were nothing more than soft tofu.

Even Tristan found it remarkable, pondering, "No wonder when it deflected the dagger, we heard the sound of metal hitting metal, and yet Bell didn't sustain even a scratch."

As time passed by, they felt like they could feel Bell's proud demeanor like the queen it was while it directed the bees around and as if it was looking down on them whenever it was coming down to help deal with the zombies. They felt like it was laughing at their weakness because they needed help from a fucking bee.

They weren't entirely off the mark; Bell did indeed look down on them, chuckling silently as it observed their struggles against the relentless tide of zombies, pushed around and tested by the chaos surrounding them.

Bell's obedience to Kisha stemmed from their deep bond as master and contracted beast, a connection that drove its loyalty and obedience. However, with Kisha unconscious, Bell had no one to answer to, and its softer side, reserved solely for Kisha, was dormant. Consequently, its proud and domineering demeanor came to the forefront, reflecting its independence and innate power.