

Apocalypse 81

Chapter 81 The Winters

Only after Tristan has calmed down the Winters do they notice that there is a woman in Duke's embrace as if he's been protecting her from any harm that may come their way while they are unconscious.

Duke's grandfather and parents were shocked to their core, their mouths wide open as they tried to comprehend what was going on. They knew Duke very well; they knew he didn't typically get close to women aside from his mother—it was almost as if he avoided them altogether. But now, he was holding onto a woman, unwilling to let her go.

The patriarch's laughter thundered through the room, momentarily forgetting the dire situation they were in. "Hahaha! I never thought I'd see the day my grandson would hold a woman like this! The heavens still favor the Winters," he exclaimed between fits of laughter.

Duke's mother couldn't hold back her tears, her shoulders trembling with happiness. Even Duke's father, the only one not surprised, gave his wife a dotting smile as he comforted her. "I told you there's nothing to worry about when it comes to our son," he said soothingly.

"Um." Mrs. Winters nodded profusely as she looked at the two. Kisha's face was mostly buried in Duke's chest, so they could only catch a glimpse of her right side profile, revealing delicate contours. The Winters smiled dottingly at Duke and Kisha, feeling relieved, and worried, but mostly overwhelmed with happiness to be reunited with their family.

After Tristan helped Vulture wrap his injury, he began recounting the events from when they started fleeing City A, detailing the ambush on the Winters up to how they found the place they were hiding.

While others tended to Duke and Kisha on the floor cushions with towels, Vulture spared no detail in recounting the events, leaving nothing out.

Vulture remained tight-lipped about Kisha and her abilities, sharing only what was already known to the others. He wasn't certain if he had Duke's approval to disclose such information to everyone else.

As they shared information and recounted their experiences, Vulture and the others began preparing dinner using the ingredients Kisha had packed in their backpacks. The sight of the abundance of food made everyone with the Winters feel ravenous—they hadn't had a proper meal in days, constantly on the move in the heart of the western district to evade their pursuers.

It's been a taxing journey, and their resources are running thin, leaving them drained with each passing day. However, despite the fatigue and dwindling supplies, they refuse to succumb. They're determined not to fade away pitifully, without dignity, like mere street rats.

Mrs. Winters was not accustomed to rigorous labor or enduring starvation while on the run, pushing her body beyond its limits. Consequently, each passing day saw her grow weaker until her body succumbed to the relentless fatigue and stress.

Despite the emotional boost of seeing her son and the woman he embraced, Mrs. Winters remained physically fragile. Even the brief exertion of standing proved taxing, depleting her already limited energy. Thus, her husband gently assisted her in laying down once more, ensuring she rested while they awaited the meal's preparation.

Mr. Winters didn't overlook the vital reason for Bald Eagle's excursion. "Vulture, did you bring any medication? Even just flu medicine, and perhaps some vitamins if available." His tone conveyed neither humility nor dominance, but rather a measured authority, indicating the gravity of their situation.

This certain information almost slipped Vulture's mind if he had not been reminded, so he opened one of the backpacks and rummaged through its contents for a bit before retrieving a medic kit. After seeing the glaring icon on the medic kit only then did Mr. Winters's tense shoulder relax.

Once Vulture passed him the medical kit, Mr. Winters clutched it tightly, as if it held the key to his wife's lifeline. He held onto it for a moment, ensuring its safety, before they resumed waiting for the food to cook. He planned to administer the medication to his wife only after she had eaten.

Even the Patriarch let out a sigh of relief upon seeing that they now had the medicine needed by his daughter-in-law, and they were even reunited with his grandson, who also brought the Patriarch's future granddaughter-in-law with him. The Patriarch's happiness was palpable, akin to the satisfaction he felt when winning a big bidding project.

It seemed as though they had momentarily forgotten their perilous situation, surrounded by a horde of zombies on all sides. They were preparing to explore the lower levels of the basement and assess the feasibility of using the sewer as a last resort for escape. Tristan volunteered to scout ahead while the others remained to protect the Winters.

Who could have anticipated that he would encounter their master emerging from the sewer channel, accompanied by the party they had believed lost forever? The surprise and joy they experienced were beyond measure.

As Vulture explained, they had already begun to piece together the identity of the force attempting to corner them and the motives behind their schemes.

To lighten the mood, Vulture regaled them with tales of their adventures outside. He made sure to highlight Kisha's contributions to ensuring their safety, sharing how she provided valuable information and tips. He aimed to enhance Kisha's image in the eyes of her soon-to-be in-laws.

And just like that, he managed to bring smiles to the faces of the Winters, who listened eagerly to his lengthy story. Vulture continued speaking, his voice growing hoarse from the prolonged conversation, yet he didn't cease.

Amidst his narrative, they were oblivious to the disturbing growls and roars of the zombies several floors above, only hearing Vulture's relentless voice recounting nearly everything.

He didn't miss the opportunity to showcase his awakened abilities to the Winters and the other comrades who hadn't witnessed an awakened before. He aimed to offer them an additional layer of reassurance, demonstrating that he and his master's team were capable of ensuring their safety.

This display was intended to alleviate some of their stress and fear regarding what might transpire from that point onward.

After witnessing Vulture's awakened ability, everyone was filled with amazement, finding a glimmer of hope amidst the bleakness of their situation surrounded by the undead. Now, they were eagerly anticipating discovering the awakened abilities that Duke and Kisha would manifest once they awoke.

After the excitement settled, Tristan inquired, "Vulture, what happened to Sparrow, Eagle, Hawk, and the other two who accompanied you when Master went to search for Miss Aldens?"

Vulture perked up and responded. "Sparrow was safe, it's just that, he was tasked this time to bait hundreds if not thousands of zombie horde to the southeast past of this district." He paused and clarified immediately, just in case they think that they are sacrificing Sparrow.

"But, you don't have to worry because he has awakened a wind ability which only enhances his agility, so he became like a human loach and is harder to catch than before. As for Eagle and Hawk were left behind in the base to oversee it while the Evans and other survivors lived there." Then his expression turned glum and continued. "Unfortunately, the other two... didn't make it."