

Apocalypse 82

Chapter 82 They are Fine?

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."

"What?! The Evans were also with you?!" The usually silent Mrs. Winters, who was supposed to be resting, perked up with surprise.

Mr. Winters gently coaxed her back to lying down and resting, then turned to Vulture for clarification. "Are they all okay?"

Vulture nodded. "Yes, Mr. Winters. On the first day of the apocalypse, as we were attempting to exit the city, we sought refuge in the Winters villa in the eastern district for a day and encountered the Evans there.

It seemed they were having a gathering with some other family friends, with all the Evans gathered in one place." He chose not to mention their initial reluctance to bring the Evans along, knowing Mrs. Winters's close friendship with Mrs. Evans; it wouldn't do to upset her now.

Besides, they might think badly of Kisha if they heard this.

"Did all of their family friends come to the base with you?" Mr. Winters clarified again, his expression akin to Duke's—indifferent and cold, revealing nothing of his thoughts. With that look on his face, he bore a striking resemblance to Duke, almost like an older version, save for the age difference.

"Originally, there were three families with them. One family stayed in the east district, while the other two joined us, along with 10 of their remaining servants and bodyguards. We had a total of 8 cars when we left the villa." Vulture unconsciously shrugged with an apathetic expression before he continued.

"Unfortunately, one of their family friends got surrounded by a zombie horde after we left the villa, and we lost track of the 2 vehicles containing the Evans's servants and bodyguards at some point."

"Only the Blythes family remained, along with the Evans. They are both safe and sound in the base, helping out with the work," Vulture explained.

The Patriarch nodded in agreement, understanding the difficulty of protecting themselves in such dire circumstances. He didn't expect Duke's subordinates to rescue and protect others, recognizing Vulture's unspoken effort to protect his daughter-in-law's feelings, especially given her closeness with the Evans.

Mr. Winters shared the same perspective. He believed it was already a significant achievement that Duke and the others had managed to bring some survivors with them. They couldn't afford to prioritize

others' safety when they were struggling to ensure their own. This mindset had enabled them to survive outside the shelter for so long.

They hadn't left solely to protect the civilians there, but because they couldn't discern friend from foe. For all they knew, anyone there could turn against them at any moment, potentially surrounding and even threatening their lives.

The Winters men were characterized by their distinct coldness, primarily focused on their kin, especially their significant others. That's why the Patriarch and Mr. Winters didn't dwell on whether the Evans survived or not. While they were family friends, their importance paled in comparison to the welfare of their own family, although they were concerned on account of Mrs.

Winters's connection to them.

"Does that mean there are only a few of your people left in the settlement you've prepared? What if something untoward happens in the base or someone plans to take it while you're away? Wouldn't that mean we wouldn't have a place to return to and would be stuck here instead?" Mr. Winters inquired, seeking to grasp their situation on the other side.

"Not exactly, Mr. Winters. Even though we left Eagle and Hawk to oversee the base back in City A, Miss Aldens assured us that she had a solution to prevent such issues from arising. That's why we feel more confident about leaving. However, even if that's not the case, we would still prioritize your rescue.

We'll even ensure to bring our people and as many supplies as possible with us," Vulture explained.

Mr. Winters and his father exchanged a glance, sensing Vulture's genuine admiration for Kisha. It was evident that this admiration stemmed not from intimacy but from pure reverence. They suddenly found themselves curious about the girl who had earned the approval of Duke's elite subordinates.

Tristan voiced the question that had been lingering in their minds. "What method did Miss Aldens use to ensure that no one will be able to threaten your position in the base, or give you the confidence that everything will be fine even without your presence there? Weren't you aware that human hearts are fickle, especially now with the world in chaos, and loyalties shifting at a moment's notice?"

Tristan's tone wasn't meant to be harsh; he was simply being realistic. He didn't want others to be blinded by false hope. While grateful to Kisha for alerting Duke about the impending apocalypse, Tristan remained cautious. He didn't know Kisha well enough to understand her true character or the methods she used to convince Duke to prepare for the worst.

Without spending much time with her, his guardedness was understandable.

Vulture couldn't help but smirk knowingly. He understood the direction of Tristan's thoughts and the implications behind his words. Having spent some time with Kisha and observing how she handles situations, Vulture had begun to grasp her character, although not to the extent that Duke had.

Vulture considered his words carefully before speaking. "As I mentioned before, our survival and well-being are largely thanks to her. I can't divulge the specifics of her methods, but I can assure you that she's not only dependable but also capable of safeguarding us and ensuring the security of our base, just as she promised."

"But, how can you be sure that her blade will not be pointed at us eventually?" Mr. Winter suddenly asked, he was well aware of the darkness of the human heart, especially now that they knew that there

was no more justice to hold them accountable, morals would surely drop to nothingness now that nothing was holding them grounded.

He can't afford to let his only son be misled by someone or be taken advantage of by blackhearted people, especially through seduction.

Now that everything has become so dangerous, they tend to think of the worst-case scenario before anything else, they have no leisure to think otherwise because that might lead to their own downfall.

They couldn't shake their doubts, especially given Vulture's evident reverence for Kisha, a reverence previously reserved for Duke alone. It seemed as though Vulture regarded her with a godlike reverence, treating her words as if they were sacred creed.