

## Apocalypse 87

### Chapter 87 Bell

After hearing Tristan's words, Vulture hurriedly tried to stand on his feet to go and see because unlike when Kisha was awake and could direct the bees to scout around, they were now in the dark, quite literally. Vulture felt a sense of urgency, realizing they were in unfamiliar territory, with no clear idea of where to start looking for an exit if the sewers were indeed compromised.

'Just wait....' Vulture thought long and hard because he felt like he was forgetting something important. Then he heard a buzzing sound coming from the bees's wings as they flew. Tristan also noticed and threw the dagger in his hand toward Vulture. Vulture was caught off guard and was delayed in his reaction coupled with his broken ribs, he couldn't even move his left arm to deflect the attack.

Swoosh-

Clang-

Vulture and Tristan were not just surprised but utterly shocked to see a palm-sized bee hovering before them. Yet, what truly stunned them was not its size, but its remarkable agility. With forelegs as thick as a child's finger, the bee expertly deflected the dagger Tristan had thrown with astonishing precision.

Vulture's skin crawled as Bell hovered nearby at her original size. What unnerved him even more was the metallic sound her forelegs made as they deflected the dagger. It seemed effortless for Bell to neutralize the attack, and the realization left Vulture with a deep sense of unease.

"Vulture, watch out!" Tristan's warning echoed as he surged forward, swiftly flipping to retrieve the fallen dagger. With lightning speed, he maneuvered to intercept Bell, aiming to neutralize the unexpected threat.

"WAIT!!!!" Vultured shouted with sweat trickling down his face, if he was a bit late, then, Bell would turn into meat paste and he wouldn't know how to explain it to Kisha when she woke up. Besides, he knew what Bell was capable of now, even though he was still a little skeptical about how Bell defended itself using only its forelegs.

"Don't attack it!" Vulture added as he raised his right hand in a gesture to stop Tristan from moving forward.

Little did he know that attacking Bell would result in Tristan being reduced to a bloody mess. Despite Bell's focus on managing the drones and producing the Scarlet honey for Kisha's constitution reconstruction, its Divine-grade status made it a formidable opponent.

With basic stats surpassing even Tristan's, particularly in agility, which stood at an impressive 45 points, she was a force to be reckoned with.

In a display of discontent, Bell aggressively flapped her wings, producing a loud buzzing sound before landing squarely on Vulture's head.

Vulture felt as if his soul left his body when he sensed Bell's thick forelegs moving on his head. While he wasn't typically afraid of insects, Bell's legs were thicker than a tarantula's, sending shivers down his spine. Unconsciously, he closed his eyes as the sensation settled in his back. "Uh, um..."

Bell, could you transform into a smaller size, please?" Vulture couldn't stop himself from voicing his thoughts, unsure if Bell would understand him.

He wasn't sure how Kisha and Bell communicated, but he assumed Bell was an intelligent insect, so he tried talking to it too. Just like that, Bell immediately changed its form to become the size of a thumb.

Vulture let out a sigh of relief as he suddenly realized that Bell was indeed intelligent, momentarily forgetting about Tristan.

"Care to explain what that was?" Tristan's heavy voice caught Vulture's attention back to him. But before he could answer, a realization hit Vulture. "Ah! It was you?!" He exclaimed, pointing at Tristan with wide eyes and a dropped jaw.

He remembered Kisha mentioning that someone had killed her bees while patrolling in the basement, and he couldn't think of anyone faster and more capable than Tristan. Furthermore, when he emerged from the sewer, Tristan was also in the basement, making him the prime suspect.

Then, he recalled the furrow in Kisha's brow when she mentioned her bees being killed.

"What was going on?" Tristan's displeased voice echoed as he looked straight into Vulture's eyes, trying to understand the situation with a frown. But Vulture remained silent, leaving Tristan's questions unanswered.

"Did you kill the bees?" Vulture's sudden question made Tristan tilted his head to the side, not understanding where Vulture's thoughts were going. "Did you or did you not?" Vulture asked again but with a defeated tone this time.

"I think I did..." Tristan's voice trailed off as he tried to recall if he really had.

"Ah! It was really you!!!" Vulture exclaimed again. Even Bell flew back and forth with a louder buzzing of its wings, showing its anger. It even pointed its stinger a couple of times towards Tristan, as if considering whether to attack him or not.

"What's with the bees, especially that one?" Tristan pointed at the angry Bell that morphed a little bigger than earlier, he could feel like it put a big target on his back.

"Those bees are Young Madam's!" Vulture explained a little frustrated, "Why did you even kill it?"

Tristan rubbed the tip of his nose, feeling awkward and embarrassed. "I just thought it would be dangerous to let those creatures roam around, in case they turned out to be carriers of a virus that could affect the Winters," he explained, casting an apologetic glance at the bee. He could sense that those bees had something to do with the unusually angry one in front of him.

"What's the deal with all these bees anyway? Her pets?"

Vulture nodded, and Tristan felt like he had never really known the world because he never knew that bees could be kept as pets. He shook his head at Kisha's peculiarities, but then again, he remembered that her bee didn't look like a normal bee in any way. It seemed like it could even understand human language based on how it responded to Vulture earlier.

So, Tristan watched the bee closely this time, trying to discern something.

"This is a Scarlet Queen Bee that Young Madam keeps with her. This little fella acts as our head scout, like a radar. It sends out regular bees as drones to gather information, which it then relays back to Young Madam," Vulture explained what he had understood so far.

He didn't know exactly how Bell relayed the information or communicated with Kisha, but based on his observations, Kisha and the bees seemed to have a great tacit understanding.

Tristan was gobsmacked. If bees possessed such extraordinary talents, beekeepers would undoubtedly be the world's best spies. Just entertaining these whimsical thoughts lifted the gloominess surrounding them, prompting him to let out a chuckle.

Vulture scratched the back of his head, knowing Tristan might find it easier to believe a dog could talk than a bee acting as a drone. "What I said earlier was half true," he admitted. "Sparrow did an excellent job as a scout with his awakened ability. But since Young Madam started using her bees for scouting, Sparrow's role became more symbolic.

Young Madam can send the bees to every corner, which is more convenient and efficient."

He continued, "Sparrow even felt competitive with the bees because, with their number, they could cover a 250-meter radius.

Though the bees couldn't differentiate between the living and zombies, it was still good enough for us to travel as safely as possible through the streets filled with zombies." Vulture's tone became smug at the end, as if recounting his own achievement through the bees' capabilities.

