

## Apocalypse 88

### Chapter 88 Find the Exit

"Was it really that good?" Tristan was taken aback to hear those words but he could not find any other expression on Vulture's face stating that he was talking shit right now and he and the others also knew that it was really almost impossible to go out of the center of the western district without being surrounded by hundreds in just a few seconds.

Vulture nodded, his smug smirk widening. "You'd better not harm Bell and her bees again, or I won't be there to help you explain it to Young Madam. And if Bell stings you to death, don't count on anyone coming to your aid," he warned, recalling Kisha's attachment to her bees.

"You'll have to explain yourself to Young Madam when she wakes up, or don't blame me if Master gives you a hard time," he added with a mischievous chuckle.

Tristan croaked, feeling a sense of unfamiliarity wash over him as he observed Vulture and the others. They seemed different now—less cold and stoic, more uplifted and lively than he remembered from before the apocalypse. He couldn't help but feel curious about Kisha and her interactions with everyone else, especially with Duke.

Tristan nodded in agreement with Vulture's warning. "I'll handle it," he assured, turning to leave.

"Wait!" Vulture's interruption grated on Tristan's nerves. They had already wasted enough time with discussions. Time was of the essence now.

And Vulture stopped him once more, igniting Tristan's impatience. "What now?" he demanded, feeling the urgency of their situation. "If you're thinking of joining me, it's best you stay put and let me scout down there alone."

"I'm not trying to halt your progress; I'm suggesting a more efficient approach," Vulture retorted with a sneer. Recalling what he had forgotten earlier, he saw an opportunity to leverage it—perhaps it was the reason Kisha had summoned Bell before she lost consciousness. "Considering Bell's capabilities, we could delegate the scouting to her."

It's unlikely anyone down there would harm her bees again." With a subtle jab at Tristan, he emphasized the misstep in his previous actions.

Tristan's impatience dissipated, replaced by a sense of embarrassment as he approached Vulture. "How do we go about that? Can you communicate with the bees?"

"Of course not," Vulture replied with a sarcastic smile. "I trust Bell to figure it out. It's smart enough to handle it."

Impressed by Vulture's compliment, Bell flew in front of him, her stinger wiggling in the air. Within moments, the scattered bees, which Kisha hadn't retrieved, converged towards Bell. Tristan and Vulture watched as the bees lined up like disciplined soldiers, with Bell leading the way. After a brief moment of stillness, the regular bees began to fly towards the sewer, leaving Bell behind.

After dispatching the bees for scouting, Bell returned to perch on top of Vulture's head. "I suppose all we can do now is wait and hope for the best," Vulture said uncertainly, his eyes fixed on the scene unfolding before them.

Tristan, equally perplexed, opted to accompany the bees on their reconnaissance mission. Without waiting for Vulture to offer further explanation, he dashed toward the manhole from which Vulture and the others had emerged. He remained uncertain about the workings of the bees, despite Vulture's assurances of their reliability.

Tristan couldn't comprehend how Vulture would discern the outcome if he couldn't communicate with the bees in the same way Kisha could.

After reaching the entrance of the closed manhole, he slowly opened it before jumping down. With light in the sewers, his sight remained unaffected, and he could see everything clearly. He hurried toward the direction Vulture had mentioned they came from, but he only took a few steps before catching sight of a group of zombies heading his way.

Without hesitation, he sprang into action to deal with the threat.

After finishing off one group, another wave surged forward, followed by yet another. His brow furrowed as he noticed the numbers kept on increasing.

Amidst the echoing growls of the zombies in the sewers, another wave surged forward. Tristan fought valiantly against the relentless tide, but as the zombies continued to pour in, overwhelming him, he heard Vulture's voice calling out from above the manhole he had descended from.

"Tristan, the sewers are no good!!! Come back up!!!" Vulture's urgent voice echoed down the tunnel. Tristan's expression remained stoic, but his pupils shrank as he realized Vulture must have gleaned information he also saw some of the returning bees. In all directions, bees returned from the depths of the sewers, as if signaling danger.

He did not want to waste his energy any more than he already did and climbed back up to where Vulture was. Vulture was breathing heavily as he supported himself as he walked along the wall, his right hand resting on the wall as he tried his best to stand up straight but could not help but bend forward due to the pain.

As soon as Tristan emerged from the manhole, he wasted no time in questioning Vulture. "How did you know? Was it because you heard the noise the zombies are making down there?" Tristan's skepticism was evident in his tone.

Vulture shook his head and gestured towards Bell, who had returned to her original size and was now flying beside him. Tristan looked visibly puzzled, prompting Vulture to explain further.

"After you left, it seems Bell had already received some information from the bees that entered the sewers first. And it appears Bell didn't send all the bees south; some were stationed nearby, awaiting her next instruction. Guess how Bell let me know that the sewers were no good?" Vulture's excitement shone through his explanation, his eyes gleaming like those of an excited child.

Tristan maintained his stoic expression, prompting Vulture to click his tongue in disappointment. "Tsk! What a killjoy," he muttered before continuing. "After Bell received the information from those bees inside the tunnel, she instructed the bees that remained nearby to form symbols to alert me. Initially, they formed an arrow pointing towards the sewers, so I assumed it was clear.

But then, the next symbol changed to a big 'X' mark."

"And since our communication was very limited, I thought I should check it out here to see if my understanding was correct. When I approached the manhole, I could already hear the zombies down there, so I could only assume that the symbols represented that it was no good." After Vulture explained, he took a deep breath.

Then, they saw the bees nearby forming a big circle, as if Bell was instructing the bees to confirm that what he said was true.

Vulture's head snapped back to look at Bell, and Bell did a flip with its big body. Tristan and Vulture were amused to see that the Scarlet Queen Bee was doing its best to communicate with them. They had already proven that Bell was truly intellectual and could understand human language. So, they conducted a few experiments to make communicating with Bell easier in the future.

They spent some time conducting trial and error experiments to create signs that the bees could easily produce and that Vulture and Tristan could easily understand. Eventually, they agreed to use the symbol 'X' to signify "no," 'O' for "yes," arrow symbols to indicate directions, and the symbol '!' to denote danger.

So far, all three of them have come to terms with these symbols. Bell even prompted Vulture to write the symbol '!' on the ground so the bees could see it and become familiar with it. It turned into a fun activity for the trio.

Bell found it challenging to convey that the bees didn't understand all the symbols using only its body language, flipping and flying around, and using its huge stinger to point and all. Fortunately, Tristan had a quick solution: he suggested that Vulture draw all the symbols on the ground for clarity

Once they finished scouting the sewers, they returned to the basement, one level above where the Winters and the others were resting. Bell also ensured that the bees were dispatched around the building to locate a suitable exit.