

## Apocalypse 89

### Chapter 89 Conserve the Energy

"Welcome back. How's the situation?" Mr. Winters inquired as soon as he spotted Tristan and Vulture entering. His expression remained calm and collected as he gently stroked his wife's hair, soothing her to sleep.

The Patriarch also stirred from his slumber upon hearing of the return of Tristan and Vulture. Their absence had extended beyond an hour, or perhaps even longer, given that most of the others were already fatigued and asleep within the room so no one really noticed.

Vulture and Tristan's expressions darkened as they recalled the events downstairs. "Mr. Winters," Vulture began, pausing briefly to gather his thoughts before continuing. "Sir, we ventured down to inspect the sewer for a potential escape route around the building. However, we encountered an assassin." Frustration tinged Vulture's voice as he recalled the encounter with the infiltrator.

"Moreover, we discovered a mole within our ranks, attempting to relay gathered information to the assassin. Fortunately, Tristan and I managed to neutralize both threats." He explained succinctly.

But Mr. Winters remained unfazed upon hearing the news as if he had anticipated such developments and was ready for any outcome. "Great job. What about the escape route?" He raised his gaze to meet theirs, though his hand continued to stroke his wife's head.

Tristan shook his head, his demeanor resolute rather than defeated. "We inspected the sewers, but it appears the assassin tampered with them to draw more zombies down there. Eventually, it will become overrun. However, I believe the assassin has another escape route prepared.

He didn't strike me as a death warrior; rather, he was likely sent here to gather information from the mole and sabotage our escape route before making his own getaway," Tristan openly shared his deduction.

Mr. Winters nodded thoughtfully. "What about Sparrow? Have you received any updates from him?"

"Sir, Sparrow knew where to find us. He had a general idea of the direction to our hideout, and by now, he's likely completed his mission and is en route here. If that's the case, once he arrives nearby, he'll surely notice something is amiss if he doesn't see us. He could be a valuable asset in our escape," Vulture explained, calculating the time that had passed since their separation before dawn.

"What about my grandson and his wife?" The Patriarch interjected, having grasped the full scope of the situation. His primary concern now lay with his grandson. Upon hearing the Patriarch refer to Kisha as Duke's wife, Vulture chuckled wholeheartedly, while Tristan nearly choked on his saliva, taken aback by the Patriarch's swift acceptance of Kisha.

Vulture abruptly halted his hearty chuckle, his expression turning serious. "Patriarch, Master, and the young madam will be fine. As they awaken their abilities and struggle to gain control over the virus within their bodies to harness it as a power source, it will take time. However, based on my experience, they should regain consciousness by tomorrow morning.

Until then, we must do our best to hold the fort without them."

Upon hearing Vulture naturally refer to his granddaughter-in-law as "Young Madam," the Patriarch chuckled gleefully before his expression turned worried once more. "Will they truly be alright? What if they turn?"

"Patriarch... Young Madam assured us that she and Master will be fine. We simply need to believe in them and wait," Vulture reassured, his voice steady despite the underlying concern.

"Very well, we'll wait, but ensure more people are dispatched to search for a new escape route," the Patriarch reminded his tone firm with a hint of urgency.

Vulture smiled confidently and replied, "Actually, Patriarch, there's no need to send anyone out for patrol or to search for the exit. We've identified the perfect candidate for that task, allowing us to conserve our energy and rest in case of emergencies."

Mr. Winters scrutinized Vulture's expression, attempting to grasp his meaning, but found no clues. The fact that they hadn't delegated the task to anyone but it also didn't look like they weren't planning to wait for the enemy to sneak in again just to locate the prepared exit. His eyebrow arched slowly as he found himself at a loss for an answer.

He ceased attempting to guess, recognizing Tristan and Vulture as among the most trusted and skilled elites in Duke's inner circle.

Whatever they were currently plotting might seem a bit eccentric or difficult to grasp, or perhaps they were intentionally being cryptic to ensure they had everything meticulously planned before revealing their strategy, thus avoiding raising any false hopes or concerns. So, he redirected his focus to his wife and her condition.

Upon hearing Vulture's explanation, the Patriarch reached a similar conclusion to his son and ceased fretting over every detail. Recognizing his own vulnerability due to his old age, he opted to rest his weary bones. Preserving his energy now would ensure he wouldn't be a burden to anyone when the time came to act.

Vulture and Tristan eased themselves into a brief rest, conserving their energy while they relied on Bell and the bee team to meticulously comb through every nook and cranny of the building in search of a possible escape route, leaving no vent or crack unexplored.

As the sun descended in the west, its rays cast a fiery glow across the sky, painting it the color of blood. This crimson hue reflected off the buildings and the shuffling corpses that roamed the streets below, creating an apocalyptic scene straight out of a nightmare.

The ceaseless moans and groans of the zombies filled the air, a haunting symphony that surpassed the horrors of any film ever seen on the silver screen.

Sparrow reached the outskirts of the central western district, anticipating rendezvous with his companions. Despite luring away numerous zombies, he was startled to find the streets teeming with an even larger horde than before. It seemed as though they were being drawn inexorably toward a singular destination.

After a brief observation, he discerned a peculiar pattern: the zombies were congregating in a single location. Swiftly, he pursued them, leaping from rooftop to rooftop. Drawing nearer to the epicenter, he discovered the source - a series of small speakers emitting random noise, luring the undead.

As he approached, it became clear: each speaker ceased its noise only to pass the baton to the next, maintaining the zombies' relentless march. The cacophony persisted until he reached a particular building, where the speakers blared incessantly, anchoring the horde in place.

As the incessant pounding of the zombies echoed through the air, his expression soured with anger. In that instant, he grasped the grim reality: his Master and companions were confined within the besieged building, ensnared in a trap crafted to ensure that they would all go down together while making sure that all escape routes were sealed.

Despite his anger and worry, he refrained from acting impulsively. Understanding the importance of maintaining a clear head, he focused on strategizing how best to assist his Master. Circling the building multiple times, he meticulously examined every potential exit point. Yet, it was evident that their enemy had taken great care to seal off any means of escape for his Master.

His only recourse now was to utilize their emergency communication tool device to reach his comrades inside.