

Apocalypse 90

Chapter 90 How To Escape

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.

Their communicator resembled a satellite radio, elevated several notches with advanced features, nearly indistinguishable from a smartphone. Despite its private radio frequency, caution remained paramount; in an ever-changing and evolving world, nothing was absolute. Sparrow could only hope there were no signal jammers nearby.

If there were, he'd be forced to scour every nook and cranny in the vicinity before contacting his people, with no guarantee they could hold on until then.

Buzz....

Buzz....

Buzz....

A steady vibration from his breast pocket jolted Vulture from his light slumber, instantly alerting him to the buzzing of his communicator. His sudden movement also roused Tristan, who had been resting nearby.

As Vulture retrieved his communicator, Tristan immediately inferred that Sparrow must have reached out to him. Sensing the need to grasp the situation outside, Tristan drew nearer. Meanwhile, despite Bell and the bees' exhaustive efforts to search every inch of the lower and upper-level basements, they had yet to uncover anything significant that may lead to an exit.

Vulture immediately answered the call and in a silent and confined space as they are staying right now, they didn't need to actually put the call into the speaker to hear what the person on the other side was saying.

"Oh God! You guys are alright!" Sparrow's nervous voice echoed through the call. "I'm outside... I think it used to be a high-end building. Zombies are swarming from all sides. Please don't tell me you're inside, right?" His laughter sounded strained as he finished his sentence.

"Are you referring to the Amoure High-end Condominium?" Tristan interjected calmly, devoid of any hint of nervousness in his voice.

"Tristan! You're alive too!" Sparrow's voice carried excitement, though he quickly returned to the conversation. "Yes, I believe that's the original name of the building, just missing a few letters." After his response, Sparrow donned the night vision goggles he had used the previous night to survey the surroundings.

With the sun having set and many lampposts out of commission, the streets were shrouded in darkness.

"It's the same building we're currently holed up in. Give us the lowdown on what's happening out there," Tristan asserted firmly. With Duke and Kisha out cold, Mr. Winters preoccupied with his sick wife, and the Patriarch's old age, Tristan had taken it upon himself to lead until Duke regained consciousness.

"Damn it! So they've truly cornered you in that building?!" Sparrow's voice erupted with frustration, though his vigilance never wavered as he scanned the area. "The fiberglass on the ground floor is top-notch, not even the relentless pounding of the zombies made a dent. But despite our fortress-like defenses, there are no viable exits at the moment," he concluded, exhaling deeply.

"I've observed that the reason the zombies have congregated here is due to the speakers strategically placed throughout the streets, emitting sound at intervals to draw them to this specific location, hence the congestion. Although I've disabled the speakers responsible for the noise, there are still thousands upon thousands of zombies already gathered down here," Sparrow reported.

After a prolonged silence on his end, Tristan's voice broke through, chillingly cold. "Have you destroyed the speaker?"

"I've taken out the closest speakers to the building to halt the influx of zombies. However, those on the fringes of the horde are still drawn by the distant sounds and aren't dispersing easily," Sparrow reported.

Understanding Tristan's strategy, Sparrow grasped his intention: turning the tables on their enemies and letting their enemies taste their own medicine they don't probably expect that there would be one from Duke's group who would wander outside freely. "Shall I draw the zombies towards their hideout like I did earlier?" Sparrow proposed.

After a moment of contemplation, Tristan reconsidered his decision. He understood the gravity of the situation—they couldn't afford any mistakes now. If he let emotions dictate and issued a wrong order, it could spell disaster for all of them, possibly even before Duke regained consciousness.

"It would be beneficial if you could lead them away, but that also means we'd lose our only lookout outside," Tristan acknowledged. "Let's alter the plan. You'll guard us from there instead. Keep us informed if you notice any movement from them."

Tristan felt the urge to repay the enemy in kind, momentarily forgetting their precarious situation with an uncertain exit looming over them.

After Sparrow received his assignment and confirmed everyone's safety, he began to relax. It was only then that he realized he hadn't heard his Master's or Kisha's voices. Normally, Kisha would assign tasks if Duke wasn't available. But if the voice speaking to him now wasn't either of them, it could only mean they were either out of reach or something had happened to them.

The mere thought of the second possibility filled him with anxiety, prompting him to quickly pose his question. "Where's Master? And Young Madam?"

Sensing his partner's thoughts spiraling, Vulture intervened in the call. "Master and Young Madam are undergoing their awakening, which is why they're unavailable. We just need to find an exit or hold on until they wake up," he reassured, while also trying to convince himself that things would eventually work out.

Upon learning that Duke and Kisha were undergoing their awakening, Sparrow's excitement surged as he anticipated what abilities they might awaken. Yet, his excitement was tinged with worry, fearing that something could go wrong. Restlessness consumed him, driving him to take action to ensure that Duke and Kisha wouldn't awaken amidst a zombie horde attack.

"How many people do you have there?" Sparrow inquired.

"Including Master, Miss Aldens, and Vulture, we have 22 people. What's your plan?" Tristan inquired.

"I don't have a grand plan, to be honest. It's quite simple, really. You'll just need to fight your way through a few dozen, or even a hundred, zombies without getting killed," Sparrow stated seriously.

"Are you fucking out of your mind?! We have the Patriarch with us and Master is unconscious!" Vulture exclaimed, frustration evident in his gritted teeth.

"Still beats facing thousands, or even hundreds of thousands, right?" Sparrow retorted mockingly, his tone implying that Vulture was being a wuss.