

Apocalypse 401

Chapter 401 Adopt The Child

Evelyn stared at the bundle in Kisha's arms with an unwavering gaze.

Kisha noticed the intensity of Evelyn's attention and turned to meet her eyes, only to find them rimmed in red.

She sensed the odd behavior emanating from Evelyn and the weight of her gaze upon the child. It didn't take long for Kisha to draw a conclusion.

In the chaos of the apocalyptic era, such things were all too common, and it was no surprise to hear someone say they had lost a loved one, especially a child.

Kisha deduced that Evelyn and her husband might have faced a similar fate, and the sight of a motherless infant stirred emotions in Evelyn that Kisha couldn't fully grasp.

Having never been a mother herself, and having lacked the experience of maternal love, she couldn't fully comprehend the stages of feelings Evelyn was going through right now.

Moreover, with her numerous responsibilities, she felt she didn't have the time or capacity to care for a child, which created a sense of detachment from the infant she was currently holding.

Kisha watched as Evelyn stepped forward from the crowd, her breathing heavy and her eyes fixed on the infant in Kisha's arms.

Her husband, initially surprised by her sudden movement, soon felt his own eyes redden as he fought back tears.

He followed closely behind as Evelyn made her way toward Kisha, who had paused and stood waiting for her to approach.

When Kisha and Evelyn finally stood face to face, Evelyn suddenly realized she had been so focused on the child that she hadn't noticed how quickly she'd approached Kisha.

Worried she might have come across as rude in front of their city lord, she hesitated.

But Kisha didn't seem bothered and instead asked, "Do you want to adopt this child?" Her question was blunt and to the point, without any pretense.

Everyone around them paused, their attention now fixed on the three individuals discussing the custody of the infant, almost as casually as if they were talking about a stray puppy Kisha had found on the road.

In this new world, they no longer had to worry about the legalities or complications that would have mattered before. Now, everything could be resolved with simple words alone.

With Kisha and everyone in the villa already busy, adding an infant to their family would be inconvenient at this point. That's why she was also doing her best to avoid getting pregnant during this time.

Besides, she didn't feel the need to explain herself to anyone; her busy schedule and countless responsibilities were obvious to everyone.

While the thought of having her own child had crossed her mind, now wasn't the right time.

However, this moment gave her a clearer vision of the future she wanted to build with the people she cherished.

For the first time in a long while, she felt optimistic about the family she wanted to build with Duke.

Just thinking of him and their future together brought a natural smile to her lips, and her eyes softened in front of everyone.

The crowd silently gasped, witnessing the usually cold and indifferent Kisha displaying a rare, genuine smile that revealed the gentle and pure side of her that had long been hidden.

With a smile, Kisha gestured for Evelyn to take the child. Evelyn hesitated for only a moment before quickly reaching out, as if afraid Kisha might change her mind.

The instant she cradled the child in her arms, she burst into tears of joy, and everyone's heart ached for her.

It was clear that the loss of her own child had left a deep, gaping hole in her heart, but in this moment, she found a new reason to keep fighting—not just for her husband and herself, but for this child as well.

After Evelyn took the baby from Kisha, the Alabai dog followed the child, settling by Evelyn's side. "You can come to my villa tomorrow to pick up some baby powder and other necessities," Kisha said before turning away and walking forward.

She didn't want to see Evelyn's expression, the one that clearly said, "Are you preparing for a baby with your husband?"—complete with exaggerated wide eyes and a gaping mouth.

In fact, she had already caught a glimpse of it but didn't want to linger any longer. The situation just felt too awkward.

Instead of going home to rest and prepare for the night watch, she headed to the medical facility to assess the ongoing influx of sick individuals on the verge of awakening.

She wanted to gauge the potential firepower she could expect from the awakened superhumans and determine how many would be non-combatants.

As a result, checking in on the medical facility had become a regular habit for her.

When she arrived at the medical facility, she found that there were still individuals being isolated, but the situation had improved significantly.

Unlike the initial chaos, when patients were overflowing into the hallways, the facility now appeared much more organized.

With fewer patients present, Kisha presumed that things were calming down.

Those who were still falling ill were likely remnants of the first wave of awakened, and she anticipated that there would be a brief respite before the second wave emerged.

This also meant that the medical staff would have a chance to rest. If the situation continued as it had been, they would be the first to fall ill from overworking.

However, she also noticed that the medical staff on standby was significantly fewer than she remembered.

Even though the number of patients wasn't as high as during the initial surge, the remaining staff was still overwhelmed with work due to a lack of hands to help.

"City Lord, are you looking for the head doctor?" one of the nurses approached Kisha, noticing her scanning the area as if searching for someone.

With no one else available to provide information, she stepped forward to help.

"Is he out or resting?" Kisha asked directly, eager to learn how many more people had awakened and how many had turned into zombies.

"Um..." The nurse hesitated for a moment, and that was enough for Kisha to frown and glance around.

"Don't tell me he's fallen sick too?" Kisha asked, skepticism lacing her voice as her brows raised in question. The nurse didn't respond verbally but nodded in acknowledgment.

Kisha's frown deepened. She regarded the head doctor as highly competent, and if he had turned, the medical facility would need to appoint another leader, resulting in yet more changes. This transition would undoubtedly impact the facility's progress.

"Could you please prepare the statistics on the awakened ability users compared to those who have transformed into zombies? I also need a report on how many people have been sent to the facility every day, broken down into intervals of four hours."

"Additionally, I'd like to know the average number of awakened ability users and the average number of patients coming and going. This information will help us determine whether we need to prioritize expanding the medical facility to accommodate the second wave," Kisha explained in detail as she walked deeper into the medical facility.

"S-second wave?!" the nurse exclaimed, nearly shouting at the top of her lungs.

Kisha flinched at the nurse's high-pitched voice before responding. "Even during a pandemic, there's always a second wave and beyond, even with mutant viruses. So how can you not expect a second wave of awakenings alongside those who might turn?"

"Do you really think that once most have awakened, there's no chance for others to follow suit?" Kisha asked, hoping to prompt the nurse to think critically.