

Apocalypse 545

Chapter 545 Those Who Mourn 2

As they raised their hands in unison, flames began to rise, engulfing the corpses and reducing them to ash.

At that moment, the dead were not just burned—they were released, their tragic end marked by the fire that consumed them, closing a painful chapter for the survivors.

As if the heavens themselves shared in their grief, a strong gust of wind swept through the square just after the cremation, lifting the ashes of the fallen into the air.

The fine particles danced and swirled, carried freely upwards into the sky.

All the survivors within the base watched in silence, their eyes following the trail of ashes as it rose, a collective moment of reverence as they looked up, acknowledging the souls now carried away by the wind.

"May the souls of all these people rest in peace," Kisha's voice rang out, steady and solemn, drawing the eyes of every survivor to her.

Standing beside Duke, her face remained cold and indifferent, yet her eyes betrayed the depth of her pain.

Without tears, her gaze seemed to cut through to their hearts, and for some reason, that quiet sorrow stirred even greater emotion within them.

As they fought to hold back their sobs, Kisha's voice broke the silence once more.

"Don't let grief consume you. These strong souls will now watch over us from above."

"We must honor them not with sorrow, but with strength. Their passing is not the end—nor does it define them."

"We may or may not fully understand why some chose to hide their loved ones who turned into zombies, even as they ended up falling victim to those who turned and died, but we must learn to let go."

"We owe it to them to carry on, to move forward for the sake of those who remain and for the sake of their sacrifice."

"Only then can we carry the memory of our loved ones with us, all the way to the end of this struggle."

"We will show them that their sacrifices were not in vain. Even if..." Kisha's voice faltered for a moment, as if the weight of her own grief threatened to break through.

She paused, regaining her composure, and continued, her tone calm but with a slight tremor.

"Even if only one of us remains, we must keep fighting. We must survive, so that one day we can understand why this is happening, and see what the future holds."

"That alone will bring peace to those we've lost, knowing that we will not let them down—that we won't cause them to worry as they journey to the other side."

"Those of us still alive must carry the burden and bear witness, continuing to fight. This is how we give justice to those who have perished."

"When we eventually join them, we must have stories to share—stories that will show them we did not falter, that we didn't lose the will to fight, even when they were taken from us too soon."

"I know this will be incredibly painful, especially for those of us left without family, but we must do it—not for ourselves, but for those who gave everything for us to reach this point."

Kisha's words struck deep into their hearts, and at that moment, they finally understood why they had to keep moving forward.

Clinging to the last reason to keep going—holding on to the memory of a single family member—was not the answer.

The true answer had always been to grit their teeth, to keep fighting against a fate that seemed determined to crush them at every turn, where death lurked just a breath away.

Kisha's solemn words etched themselves into their hearts, solidifying their resolve to do better—not for their own sake, but for those they had lost along the way, whether friends, lovers, or family.

They understood now: they must carry on.

Kisha's words rang true—those who had died did so by offering their lives, allowing the living to move forward while carrying their memories.

It was a testament to the deep love those who sacrificed their lives had for the living, giving everything so the rest could keep fighting, keep surviving.

If they were to give up, losing their will to live, wouldn't that be dishonoring the sacrifices of those who chose to die to save them?

Wouldn't it be like a slap in their faces, making those who gave their lives regret ever doing so to save someone too weak to carry on?

To give in to despair would be the ultimate betrayal, an ungrateful way to repay the lives lost for their sake.

With their newfound understanding and renewed resolve to survive and grow stronger, everyone bowed their heads in a quiet prayer for those who had passed.

They solemnly vowed to live as long as they could, so that when the time came to join their loved ones on the other side, they would have countless stories of their own adventures to share.

In doing so, they would ensure that those who had died would never have to worry about them again.

Because of this solemn end, many found the strength to start anew, a flicker of hope reigniting in their hearts as they paid their respects.

Each person offered a heartfelt prayer, sending the souls of the departed to rest in peace.

On Sparrow and Vulture's side, they found themselves in a desperate situation as they reached the farm in the north after only a few hours of driving under the harsh midday sun.

Cornered and on the brink of disaster, they faced a relentless attack from mutated animals.

A mutated cow, resembling a raging inferno bull, charged at them without mercy.

"Drive! Drive faster!" Vulture shouted, his gaze fixated on the creature as it rammed its fiery, horned head into the side of the truck.

The cow's horns, twisted like a ram's, glowed with an eerie heat, and it seemed hell-bent on flipping the truck over, determined to take them down.

"Shut the hell up! I can't focus!" Sparrow snapped, his grip tightening on the wheel.

Around them, the other trucks scattered, each trying to outrun the crazed bull charging after them.

But it wasn't just the cow—other mutated animals were attacking as well.

Though the storm had wiped out most of the livestock on the farm, the ones that survived had evolved into monsters of incredible strength and resilience.

Even the superhumans were struggling to handle them. These mutated beasts boasted unnaturally high defense and stamina, making every encounter a battle of endurance.

Bang!

Sparrow's truck was slammed again by the massive cow.

The beast was so enormous it seemed to stretch half the length of the truck, and its height nearly matched the vehicle's.

The entire truck bucked violently as it rattled and wobbled across the road.

The force of the impact sent Sparrow's hands flying off the wheel for a moment, and the truck began to skid.

Panic surged through him, but he gritted his teeth, desperately fighting to regain control as he yanked the wheel back, fighting against the slide.

"Ah! Damn that fucking cow!" Vulture swore, gripping the overhead handle as the truck swerved.

He focused, attempting to summon an earth spike to strike the beast, but it was futile—the spike barely made a dent in the cow's thick hide. "Shit! This is useless! Drive, Sparrow!"

"Shut the hell up, Vulture, you're such a pussy!" Sparrow snapped, his teeth gritted in frustration. He struggled to steer, feeling the busted tire dragging the truck to one side.

The wheel refused to respond, and the truck's handling had turned erratic. "I'm trying, but this damn thing's falling apart!"