

Apocalypse 583

Chapter 583 You're Home

It didn't take long for Kisha to return to the base with Duke, Vulture, and Sparrow's bodies inside the car she's driving.

The armored car was smeared with dried black blood and bits of brain matter, creating a grotesque and eerie scene.

A severed hand was even stuck to the front number plate, dangling grotesquely.

The sight was nauseating, but the soldiers had grown desensitized to such horrors.

One of them, descending from the wall, wordlessly plucked the hand off and tossed it aside without a second glance.

As Kisha drove through the gate, the soldiers quickly killed the last zombie that had pursued the car to the wall.

The gatekeeper approached to check Kisha's permit—it was just a formality—but his real focus was elsewhere.

His sharp eyes scanned the vehicle, silently counting how many survivors Kisha's team had managed to rescue during their search-and-rescue mission.

When the gatekeeper noticed the lone body bag in the back of the vehicle, he immediately stopped prying.

Instead, he straightened up and saluted Kisha, Duke, and Vulture, his expression turning solemn as his gaze lingered on the body bag.

Without another word, Kisha resumed driving, heading back to their villa.

Word of their return spread quickly. At the villa, as soon as the rest of the Winters and their subordinates heard that Kisha and the team were back, they rushed over in a hurry, desperate to see for themselves the fate of their missing brothers.

As Kisha's armored car approached, the absence of Group 6's missing truck was glaringly obvious.

A heavy silence fell over the people waiting, their hearts sinking as grim expressions spread across their faces.

No one blamed Kisha—they knew she had done everything she could—but the weight of their loss was starting to sink in their hearts.

Deep down, they dreaded hearing the confirmation of what they already feared hearing about their brothers.

When Vulture stepped out of the car, cradling a body bag in his arms, no one was prepared for the gut-wrenching sight.

The collective grief deepened, the weight of loss settling like a heavy cloud over the group.

Without a word, Vulture made his way to the back of the villa, and the others solemnly followed.

As Vulture unzipped the body bag, revealing its contents, the person inside was unrecognizable.

The silence hung thick until Vulture reached into his pocket, pulling out a dog tag and holding it up for everyone to see. The realization hit like a tidal wave—it was Sparrow's.

Soft sobs and muffled cries began to fill the backyard. The group stood in a solemn circle around Sparrow's body, heads bowed in silent prayer, paying their final respects to a fallen brother.

Kisha stepped aside, silently allowing the others space to bid their final farewell to their fallen brother.

Beside her, Duke reached for her hand, his grip firm yet trembling. Though he remained silent, the slight quiver in his fingers and the tight set of his lips betrayed the storm of emotions within him.

His gaze remained fixed on the center of the circle, unyielding and unblinking.

On the side, Mrs. Winters wept softly, her hand covering her mouth in an attempt to stifle the sound of her sobs.

Mr. Winters stood beside her, his expression stoic but his grief unmistakable. He gently rubbed his wife's back in a quiet gesture of comfort, though the weight in his own eyes revealed that he was just as deeply affected as everyone else.

Tristan stood on the outer edge of the circle, his usually composed demeanor unshaken on the surface.

Yet, the red rims of his eyes betrayed the depth of his grief, silently revealing the pain he was trying so hard to conceal. The loss of a brother weighed heavily on him, even as he remained quiet, stoic in his sorrow.

For a long while, the Winters and their men lingered in the backyard, shrouded in their collective mourning.

No one dared to interrupt; it was as though the entire base understood the gravity of their loss and respected their need for this sacred moment of grief.

By midday, everyone had reluctantly returned to their duties. In the harsh reality of the apocalypse, time for mourning was a rare luxury.

They knew all too well that many never even had the chance to be brought home for a final farewell.

All they could do now was endure—survive and live not just for themselves, but for those they had lost.

They carried their memories, vowing silently to honor their fallen brothers and share their stories when they met again in the afterlife.

Once everyone had left, Vulture stood by Sparrow's body for a final moment. His voice was soft but firm as he said, "Brother, you're home now. Rest in peace."

With a lingering look, he gently covered the body bag again. Turning to Kisha, his eyes carried a silent plea, filled with grief and a hope for closure.

Without needing further explanation, Kisha stepped forward. With a quiet gesture, she waved her hand, storing Sparrow's body into her inventory.

There, time would stand still—the body preserved, untouched by decay—until they could lay him to rest properly at City A's Base.

In the small cemetery they had built with their own hands, a place where their other fallen brothers already rested in peace.

Although their spirits were dampened, life had to go on. Vulture, despite his heavy heart, returned to his duties and resumed patrolling the walls.

The evolving zombies outside were still in a frenzy, relentlessly searching for food. As for their missing brothers from Group 6, it wasn't that Kisha, Duke, and Vulture had forgotten about them.

While they were tracking Sparrow, Kisha had already dispatched the Scarlet Bees to search for any trace of group 6.

However, the group seemed to have vanished without a trace, leaving no trail behind. Tracking them had proven even more difficult than finding Sparrow.

The harrowing battle with the mutated tree and the grim discovery of Sparrow's fate had left Kisha and the team physically and emotionally drained.

For now, they had no choice but to return to the base and rest, especially since time was against them.

Tomorrow marked the final day of Kisha's nesting mission in City B. Once the timer reached zero, she would be free to leave the city.

Yet, uncertainty loomed. Kisha couldn't shake the ominous feeling that something significant might happen when the clock ran out. If she wasn't present to face it, she feared the worst for the people in the base—their survival could hang in the balance.

Anxiety gnawed at Kisha's nerves with every passing moment, but she did her best to mask it.

She knew the others were still mourning and their spirits were low. The weight of grief hung heavily over the base, and she didn't want to add to it.

Meanwhile, Duke had thrown himself back into his duties as Vice City Lord, assisting Tristan to help lighten his load and reassure the community.

News of Sparrow's fate and the mysterious disappearance of Group 6 had already spread, leaving everyone in the base saddened by the loss of such valued comrades.

Even Rakan, despite being new to the base, felt the loss deeply. He had clashed with Sparrow head-on during their first encounter and, though he had lost, he had gained a deep respect for him.

Losing someone he had fought alongside left a heavy weight on his heart.