

Apocalypse 617

Chapter 617 After The Battle

Kisha turned her gaze toward the mountain of corpses piled outside the wall, the overpowering stench finally registering now that the battle was over.

During the fight, survival had been their only focus—adrenaline had dulled their senses, pushing everything else to the background. But now, with their bodies finally at rest, the gruesome reality of the aftermath settled in.

The soldiers standing atop the wall began to shift uncomfortably as the foul odor assaulted their nostrils.

The wind carried the putrid stench far beyond the barricade of the wall, seeping into the central hall—a sickening reminder of the carnage they had just endured.

"Ugh! It feels like I can taste it through my nostrils. Uweh!" A soldier gagged, his body still weak from exhaustion as he fought the urge to vomit.

The stench wasn't just the foulness of a dumpster or a rotting corpse—it was something far worse, something thick and suffocating.

But none of them had the energy to clean up. Even Kisha, despite her abundant spiritual energy, mana, and high 'Mental Capacity', felt the weariness creeping in now that the tension had drained from her body. She still needed rest.

With one final glance at the battlefield, she let out a slow breath and began her descent from the sky.

"Alright, everyone," Kisha called out, her voice cutting through the air.

"Those who've managed to rest will take watch on the walls. The rest of you, get some sleep and gather your strength before we start cleaning up this mess."

She didn't mind the stench—it was something she had grown used to from her previous lives. But that didn't mean she was willing to let it linger.

The situation was urgent.

There were still many normal humans, low-level Awakened ability users, and support types among them, all of whom had weak immune systems.

If they didn't take care of the corpses outside the walls, the rotting bodies would quickly become a breeding ground for disease, threatening to wipe out her people one by one due to an epidemic.

It wasn't just a mess—it was a ticking time bomb.

More than just the disease, the corpses outside could attract swarms of vermin—mutated rats, dangerous animals, and disease-carrying insects—gathering around their base like an army of filth.

The thought made Kisha's smile fade as quickly as it had appeared.

After a brief moment of relief, she set aside her excitement and focused, slipping back into the role of a City Lord.

Thankfully, seeing how hard everyone had fought and how many remained in a coma, the civilians within the base stepped up to serve as temporary lookouts.

Meanwhile, the soldiers, warriors, and leaders—those who had led the battle from every corner of the wall—finally had the chance to rest.

The soldiers and warriors felt a wave of appreciation wash over them, their emotions stirred by the sense that all their struggles had been worth it.

The bond between the base's people had grown stronger, and more unified. Kisha nodded in quiet approval, pleased with the sense of camaraderie that had emerged from the chaos.

After making sure everything was in order around the western wall and checking the tents set up near her side, Kisha's eyes fell on the warriors who had fallen into a deep coma.

They had pushed their bodies to the brink, overexerting their energy cores to the point of near-explosion.

She couldn't shake the worry gnawing at her. Not everyone would be as fortunate as Duke in surviving such an ordeal. The risk of long-term damage or even death was very real.

Kisha clenched her fists, her mind racing with how to prevent further casualties among her people and help those who were already suffering from the after-effects of overexerting their energy core.

Seeing that the medical staff was busy tending to the fallen warriors, Kisha allowed herself a moment of rest.

It was then that Duke arrived, having just finished his arrangements on the southern wall. He had come to pick her up so they could both take a brief respite before diving back into their duties.

Kisha's gaze lingered on Duke as he approached—his body smeared with black zombie blood, his clothes disheveled from the chaos of the battle.

Despite the grime and wear, he still exuded that same dashing presence. If anything, the sight of him made him look even more powerful, his strength more apparent than ever.

Kisha couldn't help but smile, the brief reprieve from the battlefield making her appreciate the bond they shared even more.

"Done?" Duke asked as he approached Kisha, keeping a respectful distance between them to avoid transferring the dirt and grime from his body onto her.

Unlike him, Kisha still appeared immaculate, free of any stains or blemishes.

While Duke had been out on the frontlines, engaging in melee combat more than once, Kisha had fought from a distance, staying far enough from the mess to remain relatively clean.

Kisha nodded, and together, they walked back to the villa. Once inside, they went their separate ways for a much-needed shower.

Duke retreated to the guest room, while Kisha took hers in the master bedroom.

It took Duke a bit longer to emerge; the stench of rotting zombie corpses had clung to him stubbornly, and he had to wash thoroughly, using soap multiple times to rid himself of the lingering odor.

Once they were both finished, they made their way downstairs, drawn by the pleasant aroma of food wafting through the air.

Marcus and his grandchildren had worked together to prepare a hearty meal for them. Even Vulture and the others were already seated at the dining table, looking completely drained.

They appeared so exhausted that their eyelids were half-closed, and they kept nodding off in their chairs, their bodies begging for rest.

Despite their fatigue, they all knew how desperately their bodies needed nourishment. With a collective sigh, they remained seated, waiting for the food to be served, though their weariness made it clear they were barely holding onto consciousness.

Kisha and Duke took their seats at the table, and Kisha's gaze naturally drifted to where Mr. and Mrs. Winters and the Patriarch should have been. Noticing her searching look, Tristan quickly offered an explanation.

"The Patriarch, Madam, and Sir went out to help with the other survivors. They're making sure the base stays in order, giving us all the time to rest and recover, lightening our load."

His voice was weary, and even Tristan himself looked haggard, his exhaustion evident as he spoke.

Kisha nodded and smiled, grateful for the sense of teamwork that had emerged among the survivors.

She no longer had to constantly order people around, as many were stepping up on their own to help around the base, ensuring they weren't a burden to the others.

This made everything easier for Kisha and the others, allowing them to focus on what they needed to do without guilt.

It was a refreshing change compared to her previous lives, where she had always been left to shoulder everything alone.

No matter how exhausted she was, no one had ever offered to help lighten her workload.

It was as if it was simply expected of her, just because she was stronger than the rest.

But here, things were different. People were supporting each other, and Kisha could finally rest without the weight of guilt or sense of responsibility pressing on her shoulders.