

Apocalypse 627

Chapter 627 Memorial Hall

After some coaxing, Kisha finally calmed down, regaining her usual cold and indifferent demeanor—at least on the surface.

However, those who had witnessed the crack in her expression earlier knew that their City Lord wasn't as detached as she seemed.

It was more likely a defense mechanism, a way for her to cope with the weight of responsibility or the pain she must have been facing.

With Kisha composed once more, Tristan and Aston resumed their report on the base.

Aside from the three casualties, several others had been rushed in for treatment—those who had fallen into a coma, teetering on the edge of death or permanent vegetative states.

Fortunately, most of them had regained consciousness. The medical team was now providing close care and monitoring their conditions to ensure there were no lasting effects.

After fully grasping the situation, Kisha raised her hand, signaling Tristan to pause his report. Her voice was firm yet solemn as she spoke.

"Before we move on to other important matters, please arrange a memorial service for those who lost their lives in the line of duty."

"Also, find a suitable location that we can transform into a memorial hall for our fallen heroes, separate from one dedicated to civilians. They all deserve to be honored and remembered with the respect they earned, even in death."

Her words left not only the nearby warriors and soldiers—who had been discreetly listening—in stunned silence but also Tristan and Aston, who hadn't expected such a request.

Given their current situation, holding a memorial service wasn't a major issue. However, the idea of constructing a memorial hall for the fallen stirred mixed feelings among them.

Firstly, with the ongoing apocalypse, many of the deceased likely wouldn't even have bodies left to bury.

Secondly, death had become an almost daily occurrence. Dedicating precious land to a memorial hall could mean sacrificing the valuable space they had fought tirelessly to reclaim—land that had been secured through countless battles and relentless effort.

Would it truly be practical to set aside such a resource for the fallen when the living still struggled to survive?

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But Kisha saw things differently. She wasn't just thinking emotionally—this wasn't just about her own feelings but about the morale of everyone in the base.

It was true that death had become an everyday occurrence in their zombie-infested world.

They lived surrounded by death, and fear was inevitable. She had been considering this for a while.

Since she couldn't prevent every loss, the least she could do was give the fallen a dignified resting place.

By establishing a memorial hall, she wasn't just honoring the dead—she was giving the living a sense of hope.

Knowing that, even in death, they wouldn't be reduced to mindless, ravenous corpses wandering outside the walls would bring some solace.

It would reassure them that their sacrifices wouldn't be forgotten, that they wouldn't simply vanish into the chaos, unrecognized and unburied.

Instead, they would be remembered, their names etched into history, forever set apart from the horrors lurking beyond their sanctuary.

This small sense of belonging, even in death, was the least she could offer in a world consumed by horror, fear, and pain.

Kisha had always dreamed of building a true safe haven, but she knew that achieving it would demand countless sacrifices—sweat, blood, and relentless effort.

A sanctuary wasn't something that simply appeared because they wished for it; it had to be earned.

So, while she couldn't promise an end to the suffering, she could at least offer a place for people to lay their loved ones to rest—a space where they could return, remember, and honor those they had lost.

In doing so, she wasn't just giving them closure; she was strengthening their connection to the base itself.

If people felt emotionally tied to their home, they would be more willing to fight for it, to protect it, and to build a future worth living for.

Beyond that, while the memory of losing their loved ones in this apocalypse was painful, Kisha didn't want them to forget.

Instead, she wanted them to carry those memories—not as a weight to drag them down, but as fuel to keep clawing their way out of this hellish world.

She understood this from personal experience.

Many people preferred to forget, to live in the moment, to cherish the present and make the most of what little they had.

But that mindset only allowed them to escape their fears temporarily, pushing them to survive rather than truly fight for something greater.

With the memorial hall as a constant reminder of what they had lost, they wouldn't settle for merely getting by.

They would push harder, strive for more, and refuse to let their sacrifices be in vain.

Currently, while many were eager to become warriors for the base, most were drawn by the promise of better meals each day.

But that alone wasn't enough. Kisha needed her warriors to have true determination, grit, and passion—to fight not just for survival but for something greater.

Especially now, after what happened the previous day, she knew that was only the first test.

There would be a second, a third, and possibly countless more trials ahead.

If they weren't prepared—physically, mentally, and emotionally—then their future was doomed before it even began.

Now, facing these people—Tristan's understanding gaze and Duke's gentle coaxing voice—Kisha knew she had to correct their misconceptions.

It was true that she felt some guilt earlier, knowing that three of her warriors had died while she was in a coma, fighting to keep the zombies from breaching the walls.

They had done an incredible job, and offering them this memorial was the least she could do in return.

Duke's words stirred something in her, touching an emotion she rarely allowed herself to feel.

But for someone like her, who had witnessed countless deaths—including her own, in a way—this loss, though painful, was just another chapter in the brutal reality they lived in.

Even though they had their doubts, no one voiced them. They understood that Kisha was speaking from the heart, and the words "memorial hall for the heroes" struck a deep chord within them.

It made them feel that their sacrifices wouldn't be forgotten, even if they fell in the future.

And for some reason, that thought stirred something within them—an emotion they couldn't quite put into words.

After a brief moment of stunned silence, Tristan responded, his voice steady. "Yes, Young Madam. I'll begin working on it right away."

With that, he gave a respectful nod to both Kisha and Duke before turning to leave.

Aston, still slightly uncertain about his next move, followed Tristan, ready to assist with the arrangements for the memorial service in the proper military fashion, as what befit heroes.

Meanwhile, Kisha and Duke remained standing on top of the wall, their gaze sweeping over the streets outside.

Soldiers were diligently ensuring that all the zombies had been dealt with, collecting the valuable crystal cores.

The first light of dawn began to creep across the sky, signaling the brief respite was over, and now, the real work began.

It was a brief moment of calm in an otherwise chaotic world after their long battle the other day.

After a full day of rest, everyone knew it was time to shift gears and face the aftermath of the battle.