

Apocalypse 639

Chapter 639 Going Back To City A

After assigning designated access to others—including Mrs. Winters, the Patriarch, Vulture, Bald Eagle, and even Duke—Kisha ensured that everyone could work efficiently while maintaining seamless communication within the base. This setup significantly boosted the productivity of their respective departments.

"This is amazing..." Duke murmured, his eyes fixed on the interface as he navigated through its functions.

He began mirroring everything Kisha had done, quickly familiarizing himself with the system.

This time, Kisha granted him full access, just as she had before. Now, both she and Duke had unrestricted control over both territories, allowing them to monitor and manage everything as they saw fit.

Suddenly, Kisha burst into laughter. "Let's head back to City A now!" she declared enthusiastically.

The urgency in her voice stemmed from two reasons—she missed her family and was eager to meet Duke's newly arrived subordinates, whom she hadn't had the chance to see when they first arrived because both Kisha and Duke were currently away.

She had already identified a few promising individuals among them and intended to send them to Aston and the others for joint training to maximize their potential.

Additionally, she was ready to begin properly organizing both territories. She had no intention of giving up either one—City A would remain her primary stronghold, a secluded sanctuary where she and Duke could live in peace, hidden from the prying eyes of other bases.

Meanwhile, City B would serve as their operational front, ensuring their influence remained strong while keeping their true base well-protected.

"I thought we were leaving tomorrow morning?" Duke asked, a bit baffled.

Kisha didn't answer—she only flashed a mysterious smile and turned her attention to her chatbox in front of her, quickly typing out a message to Keith.

[Kisha: Baby brother, I'm coming back to City A very soon.]

[Keith: OMG!! For real?! How soon?]

[Kisha: Before you know it...]

[Keith: Shoot! I'll inform Grandpa and Grandma right away. Where should we meet you? And how many people are with you? Be careful on the road—there's been some movement in the small towns and villages near City B. The zombies that migrated toward the city are now making their way back. I have no idea what caused the round-trip migration, but something definitely stirred them up.]

[Keith: Anyway, just send me the location where we should meet you so we can escort you back to the territory. A lot has changed since you left, and we've set up plenty of traps along the way. If you go in alone, you might trigger them.]

[Kisha: No need, baby brother. Just wait for us at the base. I'll be bringing your brother-in-law and all of the Winters' men back with me.]

Kisha closed the chatbox and turned to Duke. "Should we bring your family back too?"

Duke rubbed his chin thoughtfully, his knuckles grazing against his stubble. "Hmm, I suppose so. This would be a good opportunity for both families to meet. We can formally greet your family and let them know about our union. After all, everything happened so fast—they're bound to have questions. My family and I should be there to explain."

Kisha raised an eyebrow, a knowing grin playing on her lips. "Oh? So you do realize how fast we progressed?"

"Do you?" Duke shot back playfully, a devilish smile curling on his lips. Then, leaning in slightly, he added, "As much as I can't keep my hands off you, I know you're the same. Besides, in a world this chaotic, nothing is guaranteed. I don't want to die without spending my life with the woman I love."

"Who said anything about you dying?" Kisha huffed, pinching his side in protest. "Don't jinx yourself."

"Alright, I'll live past 100 and make sure to shower you with love every day until you get tired of my old, wrinkly face," Duke teased with a chuckle. He playfully hugged Kisha from behind, squeezing her close as they flirted for a moment before finally stepping out of the territory space.

Wasting no time, they quickly informed everyone about their departure for City A. Duke gathered the Winters' men and his family, while Kisha briefed Aston, instructing him to oversee the base in their absence.

Since Duke was bringing all the Winters' men—including Vulture, Bald Eagle, and their teams—Rose, Evelyn, Clyde, and Reeve would need to step up and take over their positions to maintain order.

Rakan and his team had integrated seamlessly with the other soldiers and warriors, performing their duties with exceptional efficiency, so they were placed closer to Rose and Evelyn so they could learn from them and help them carry the burden.

Before leaving, Tristan and Duke made a stop at the dungeon. The guard at the door was still the same young man with silver-white hair. Duke glanced at him before giving a simple command.

"Come down to the dungeon with us."

After they descended, the sight that greeted them was grim. The prisoners were on the brink of death, their expressions hollow and lifeless.

Duke showed no reaction, but a suffocating aura of bloodlust and dominance emanated from him. His gaze settled on Young Master Colton, who was now barely recognizable.

His once-arrogant features had withered—his cheeks sunken, eyes hollow, and his once-thick hair now sparse and brittle. His formerly strong physique had deteriorated to little more than skin and bones.

It was impossible to tell how long they had been starved, but the signs of neglect and suffering were undeniable.

Some even had missing teeth, likely from beatings or malnutrition. The moment they saw Duke, terror overtook them.

Their bodies trembled violently as they scrambled backward, desperately pressing themselves against the cold, unforgiving walls, as if trying to disappear into the cracks.

"Kid, look at them," Duke said, his voice cold and devoid of any warmth. "Their will is broken, consumed entirely by fear. They've lost their minds. Keeping them alive serves no purpose—it's just a waste of resources on vermin."

The gentle, doting expression he reserved for Kisha was nowhere to be seen. In its place was a ruthless, icy demeanor that sent a chill through the room.

He addressed the young man who had followed them down, a boy whose eyes burned with hatred and the desperate thirst for revenge. It was clear—his very reason for living was to see the Coltons pay for what they had done.

"Even if we tortured them, it wouldn't bring the satisfaction we imagined—not after all the horrors they inflicted on others," Duke said, his voice steady and cold. "But killing them would be an easy way out. It would free them from their suffering." He turned his sharp gaze to the young man beside him. "So, tell me—what do you think we should do with them?"

Duke was giving him the choice, knowing full well that the boy had suffered at the hands of these very men—especially Young Master Colton.

In the past, Duke wouldn't have hesitated to execute them before he left to go back to City A, ensuring they never had a chance to cause trouble again in his absence.

But now that HOPE Base belonged to Kisha, they had the means to monitor their prisoners and confine them indefinitely.

Though he had called it a waste of resources, they weren't exactly short on supplies.

More than anything, Duke saw the way this young man clung to his hatred, living only for revenge.

If left unchecked, that bitterness would consume him. Maybe, just maybe, by giving him this choice, Duke could offer him a way out—a chance to build a life beyond vengeance.