

Apocalypse 109

Chapter 109 Teaming Up?

Kisha felt a sense of relief wash over her as if a stubborn fishbone had finally dislodged from her throat upon realizing that she had successfully secured the S-class mission this time.

"Also, Host," 008 interjected, as if recalling something important. "I managed to procure the system add-on you requested from a highly advanced civilization in the mid-realm. It didn't cost much, as it was merely a widget that enhanced my system with futuristic features.

"Would you like me to proceed with the system update and integrate it?" 008's excitement was palpable, akin to purchasing cool outfits for a character in games. That's how 008 felt at the moment.

"How long would the update take?" Kisha asked.

"Just 5 minutes, host."

"Okay, go on."

Without hesitation, 008 swiftly initiated the update as soon as Kisha gave the green light. Meanwhile, Kisha retrieved another set of fresh meat, vegetables, and other ingredients from her inventory, preparing to cook and depart from their current location before the next wave of death warriors descended upon them.

As Vulture and Tristan took charge of cooking, Kisha made her way to the balcony where Duke's fallen comrades lay. Positioned atop the bedsheets and shrouded in blood, their serene expressions gave them the appearance of peacefully slumbering. It was evident they had willingly sacrificed their lives to ensure the survival of their comrades and master.

Duke stood beside Kisha, his throat tight as he swallowed hard. His jaw clenched, and veins pulsed on his forehead, betraying the depth of his anguish over the loss of his subordinates. His fist clenched so tightly that his knuckles turned white as he grappled with the 'what if' scenarios—what if he had awakened his abilities earlier, or prepared more thoroughly for the unthinkable?

He was abruptly snapped out of his thoughts when Kisha tugged at his collar. "Duke, you're losing focus. This isn't like you," she admonished gently. Kisha understood that Duke regarded his subordinates as family, and their deaths weighed heavily on him. However, his current demeanor, while understandable, was uncharacteristic.

The immense stress he had endured from the outset until now had taken its toll. It was only natural for him to struggle to maintain his composure amidst the chaos and loss.

And that's perfectly normal; it's what makes them human. However, they must gather themselves together at this moment because many people are relying on them.

Duke pursed his lips and took a moment to compose himself, feeling momentarily vulnerable in Kisha's presence. He found solace in the fact that he could reveal his vulnerability to her, something he rarely allowed himself to do. It made him feel more human, unlike his usual self, where he would always restrain his emotions with rationality.

This tendency often led outsiders to perceive him as cold and unfeeling, casting doubt on his humanity.

The more time Duke spent with Kisha, the more he felt himself aligning with what he perceived as normal human emotions and reactions. It was as if, in her presence, he was rediscovering parts of himself long forgotten. As he observed Kisha solemnly praying with her eyes closed for his fallen subordinate, he felt a tremor in his heart.

At that moment, he understood the significance of Kisha's presence in his life. With this realization, a weight lifted from his heart, and he found himself involuntarily smiling.

After offering prayers for their souls, Kisha gently waved her hands, invoking her power to store their bodies in her inventory. This way, they could be laid to rest in their own territory, offering solace to their living comrades and providing a place for them to visit and pay respects whenever they wanted.

In the post-apocalyptic era, a grave is a luxury. The harsh reality is that bodies are often consumed by zombies or risk becoming undead themselves, making retrieval nearly impossible. Moreover, those fighting for survival rarely have the luxury of pausing to mourn or transport their loved ones' remains as they flee for their lives.

Everyone present understood the gravity of the situation. Kisha's actions did not go unnoticed; those witnessing her efforts could only struggle to hold back tears of appreciation and gratitude. Each of them longed to bring their fallen comrades along but recognized the impracticality and danger involved. Kisha's swift resolution of the matter left them deeply moved and grateful.

This newfound insight into Kisha's character prompted a gradual opening up toward her, particularly from the Winters. Their perception of Kisha had been shaped solely through hearsay, leaving them with some reservations. However, witnessing her actions firsthand dispelled any lingering doubts. They now felt more comfortable allowing their sole heir to remain in her company.

"Host, the update is complete," 008's voice echoed in Kisha's mind, drawing her attention back to the present. Curious to see the changes, she decided to check her status window.

[Kisha Aldens]

Level 0

Strength: 25 (+ 10)

Stamina: 26 (+ 10)

Defense: 22 (+ 10)

Agility: 25 (+ 10)

Mental Capacity: 35 (+ 10)

Charm: 30 (+ 10)

Leadership: 31 (+ 10)

Title: 100th Life (additional 10 stat points in all stats)

Skills: None

Talent: Close Combat, Heightened Senses

Gift: Pheonix's Nirvana, Eye of Truth Level 1

Ability: Telekinesis (Mental)

Without any prompt, Kisha's status window appeared before her, sporting a sleeker and more futuristic design interface. Previously reminiscent of a 1990s gaming interface, it now boasted a sophisticated more akin to that of a futuristic 3000s. The difference was striking.

Moreover, where once manual confirmation was required to access an individual's status window through her 'Eye of Truth,' now a mere thought sufficed, causing the target's status window to instantly materialize before her.

It was not only limited to that, even Kisha's system's inventory had undergone a significant upgrade. Now, it was meticulously organized, with items categorized by type—cooking materials, clothes, medicine, and more. Any items that defied classification found a home in the 'Others' category.

Moreover, her inventory now possessed the remarkable ability to autonomously sort items as soon as Kisha placed them inside. This proved immensely helpful, given that she couldn't possibly remember every item she stored within her inventory.

Beneath her status window lay icons representing her inventory, point shop, and even a pet section where Bell's information was neatly stored. This meant Kisha no longer needed to constantly check on Bell to assess its status. The entire system interface had become exceptionally user-friendly.

Now, as the moment of truth arrived, Kisha eagerly prepared to explore the reason behind her acquisition of this add-on.

Kisha turned to Duke with a playful glint in her eyes, as if she had stumbled upon a new toy to explore. "Duke, would you like to join my team?" she asked with a grin.

Duke raised his eyebrows in mild surprise, but after a moment's consideration, he nodded. "Yes, I do."

As Kisha's status window remained open before her, she awaited any sign of activity. Suddenly, another icon materialized below, depicting the figures of three people. Intrigued, she tapped on it, revealing Duke's name under the 'Team' section.

Beneath his name, she noticed two vital indicators: HP, represented by a red gauge denoting his life force, and SP, symbolized by a dark blue gauge representing his spiritual energy.

In addition, Duke's picture appeared in a circular frame, adding a personalized touch. What's more, she realized she could access Duke's status window from this interface, allowing her to keep tabs on him even when they were apart.

She then positioned herself in the living room where everyone could easily hear her. "Alright, everyone. Since we'll be departing shortly after our meal, I want to know if you're all willing to join and follow my team?"

She patiently awaited their responses. The first to speak up was Vulture. "Yes, young madam," he replied promptly.

"I am willing, Young Madam," Sparrow replied promptly. Immediately following his response, their names appeared under Duke's in quick succession. However, there were still a few who remained silent. Despite this, their pictures were displayed in the 'team' section, albeit below those who had verbally agreed.

This suggested that verbal or heartfelt agreement, whether spoken or unspoken, was sufficient to be considered a form of agreement.

She scanned the list to ensure no one was overlooked. Surprisingly, all 17 individuals were already listed, leaving no one behind. However, upon closing the status window, she realized she wouldn't be able to access the team's status anymore, leaving her feeling perplexed.

"008, how much did this system add-on cost?" she inquired.

Knowing that Kisha felt a little dissatisfied 008 was a little hesitant to answer. "2-20000 host."

"Say what?!" Kisha exclaimed, feeling as if her heart were bleeding.

"20,000 points, host," 008 confirmed.

Kisha closed her eyes in frustration, taking a deep breath in and out. Outside observers could only see her deadpan expression, unaware of the turmoil within her mind.