

## Apocalypse 132

Chapter 132 Clyde Morris

To everyone present, it seemed like Kisha was deeply considering the proposition. However, in reality, she was discreetly checking their status window to gauge their trustworthiness and assess if they had any valuable talents that could benefit her group. She needed to discern whether they were genuine allies or just looking to exploit her group's resources.

After assessing their status windows, Kisha discerned that they were slightly superior to average civilians, though lacking in comparison to Duke's elite team. Nonetheless, the men showed commendable training, while the women appeared similarly weak to Mrs. Winters. Kisha inferred that their affluent backgrounds likely afforded them a life of ease, hence their lack of physical conditioning.

It's commendable that despite their privileged upbringing and apparent physical weaknesses, they had made it this far. Even in their dirt-covered state, with clothes stained by dried zombie blood and various other substances, Kisha could still discern a refinement in their movements similar to those of Duke and others she knew from wealthy backgrounds.

Though this detail might escape the notice of ordinary people in the dimly lit room, Kisha's heightened senses afforded her a clearer view of these newcomers and their sorry state. She could discern the signs of emotional strain and weariness etched on their faces, nearly on the brink of breaking down.

Perhaps, after encountering fellow survivors, they finally allowed their pent-up emotions to surface, having held them in check for so long in their struggle for survival.

As moments passed without a response from Kisha, the newcomers grew increasingly anxious, particularly the girls. Stripped of their family's protective shield, they felt vulnerable, fearing they might be seen as burdens by the men in their group. This fear silenced their exhaustion, compelling them to push forward relentlessly, determined not to be left behind by their companions.

Seeing another group of survivors filled them with hope. They could sense that Kisha's group was on a completely different level compared to theirs. It is human nature to cling to any chance of survival, and they silently hoped that Kisha would take pity on them and allow them to join her group.

The usual air of elegance and arrogance from their privileged backgrounds had been stripped away by the hardships of the past week, the unending death they had witnessed, and the relentless pursuit of zombies threatening their lives.

They knew that being haughty at this time would only spell their demise. They were keenly aware that one wrong move could cost them their lives, as there was no longer any law to hold people back from committing crimes. Despite their appearance as seemingly useless heiresses, they were acutely aware of their disadvantages and were not raised to be mere decorations.

They were smart enough to know where to place their bets.

Even though the whole room was shrouded in darkness, they could still make out bits and pieces and noticed how clean Kisha and her people were. This not only indicated that they were faring well in this chaotic world but also implied their strength and capability to maintain such a state.

Every passing second of Kisha's silence heightened their anticipation and nervousness. They were weighing both good and bad outcomes, their hands growing clammy with anxiety.

As Kisha reviewed each person's status window, one in particular caught her attention, causing her to pause in deep thought.

[Clyde Morris]

Level 0

Morality: Neutral

Strength: 11

Stamina: 15

Defense: 9

Agility: 8

Mental Capacity: 15

Charm: 6

Leadership: 9

Title: None

Skills: None

Talent: Command

Gift: Group Synergy

"Host, I think this person is a perfect candidate for your squad," 008 remarked, mirroring Kisha's thoughts. "His gift and talent would be very helpful. Besides, he doesn't seem to be a malicious person. He could become one, but that would likely only happen if he were left outside unattended or influenced by the wrong company."

Kisha tried to recall if she had encountered someone with this name in her previous life, but it didn't ring a bell. Given his gift and talent, he had the potential to be a good leader, general, or hold any commanding position. He would certainly be an asset, comparable to Duke's elite people.

"Host, it's possible that someone noticed his talent and potential and dealt with him before he could become a threat. Or perhaps he offended someone and was murdered before his abilities had a chance to blossom. In any case, it suggests he met an untimely death."

Kisha felt an urge to slap someone, her hands itching with the frustration of 008 hijacking her thoughts. Sensing her intention, 008 quickly retreated to the depths of Kisha's consciousness, leaving her to make the decision on her own.

"What can we get in exchange for cooperating with you?" Kisha adopted Duke's business-like approach. Duke, beside her, arched an eyebrow in amusement, noting Kisha's persistence in seeking benefits from the situation. He sensed her inclination to accept, albeit with conditions.

Though curious about her decision, he refrained from expressing it, instead casually playing with her locks of hair, appearing unbothered.

Clyde was taken aback by Kisha's question and momentarily stumped. However, he swiftly regained his composure before Kisha and Duke. "What do you mean? We're already providing the means of transportation, while you're only offering the manpower."

With a cold snort, Kisha responded, "Sir, it's not that we lack means of transportation. Rather, we choose to travel by foot to avoid attracting more zombies our way."

After hearing Kisha's words, everyone in Clyde's group seemed to be enlightened. They exchanged glances, realizing they had been traveling by car or bus since their escape from the university. They had never taken the time to think things through amidst the chaos of running and surviving, overlooking this crucial information.

Now, they pieced it together: the reason zombies were always on their trail was because they were attracted by the noise of their vehicles.

They suddenly felt embarrassed and stupid for not realizing it sooner. Here they were, proposing cooperation with others as if they could offer great assistance. Even the guys in Clyde's group were losing hope of being helped by Kisha's group. After resting in the bank for some time, away from the relentless pursuit of the zombies, they almost didn't want to leave anymore.

They simply wanted to be rescued because they felt exhausted and too frightened to face more zombies outside, given the horror they had already experienced.

It was only through Clyde's insistence and leadership that they managed to persevere and make the journey from City D to City B, which was a few miles away and one of the largest cities in the country. However, due to its dense population, it quickly fell to the zombies within days.

Even the military had to abandon their stations in the city and focus on evacuating as many civilians as possible to nearby cities and shelters.

But not everyone was as fortunate as them. Even the military suffered significant losses while evacuating, and other government officials, who were supposed to prioritize the safety of the citizens, were nowhere to be found.

They couldn't even locate a relay station outside of City D or any supply station to aid the people. Most warehouses were ransacked by the government and their contents were transported to unknown destinations. As a result, many were forced to venture into populated areas, where the risk of finding supplies to sustain themselves was high.

Meanwhile, the granaries were emptied out within days, exacerbating the scarcity of resources.

Clyde sought clarity, acknowledging his group's lack of leverage in the proposed cooperation. "Before you respond, I'd like to understand your perspective and how you perceive this collaboration. While my friends and I may be young, we can fend for ourselves. We're not asking you to put your lives on the line for us.

Our aim is to join you on the journey to the shelter, thus enhancing our odds of survival."

Kisha appreciated Clyde's straightforwardness, even though a hint of arrogance lingered in his voice. She recognized that he had the capability to back up his attitude. However, she kept her expression neutral and replied, "Hmm, that's still not quite right." After a moment of feigned contemplation, she added, "How about compensating us with some supplies, like food, medicine, or water?"

To reinforce Kisha's proposition, Duke added, "We won't ask for too much, just a sack of supplies per person, and we'll ensure everyone arrives at the shelter safely." His voice, brimming with confidence, struck a chord with Clyde. Despite Clyde's assertion that they wouldn't rely heavily on Kisha's group, the reality was that their group comprised mostly females who needed protection.

Of the 14 people in Clyde's group, only four bodyguards remained, alongside seven women, with Clyde and two other male friends capable of fighting. They were indeed in a tough spot.