

## Apocalypse 195

### Chapter 195 The Wyatt Family

"Young Miss, oh! I was blind! I am not trying to scam you, please quell your anger." The old man pleaded earnestly. His grandchildren, who had been hiding near the alley, rushed to his side protectively. They seemed as fragile as walking sticks that could be blown away by a gust of wind.

Kisha wasn't amused by the sight of the kids at all. Despite her heart growing cold due to betrayal, she couldn't help but feel sympathy for them. To her, children were innocent souls struggling to survive, and she could never view them in the same harsh light as those who had betrayed her.

She took in a deep breath to steady her thoughts. "Old man, I'm not angry. I'm just curious where you got these," Kisha explained gently. The old man still looked frightened, clutching the hands of his grandchildren protectively. Kisha suspected they might have faced hardships in the shelter, possibly neglected or mistreated for being perceived as burdens.

Seeing their guarded demeanor, she gently reassured them, "I'll buy all these seeds from you at your price. I was simply curious about where you found them so I could look for more."

"I-I... I brought them from my home. I used to be a farmer. Are you really willing to buy them for just a loaf of bread?" His incredulous question echoed a bit louder, drawing the attention of nearby stall owners whose eyes filled with greed. Kisha understood that a loaf of bread could mean life or death for the old man during these times of severe food scarcity.

But still, she nodded, and as she did, the old man and his grandchildren exchanged glances, their faces lighting up with grateful smiles.

Kisha added, "But sir, even though I want to start farming these, I'm not knowledgeable about farming. How about I hire you to help me farm and teach me?" Her offer was generous, and she had a clearer plan in mind now.

Despite some plots of land at the base being farmed by others using the seeds she left in the storeroom, there had been significant wastage before they managed to grow the plants successfully. The growth wasn't ideal either, and she realized she needed someone with expertise, someone like the farmer standing before her.

As soon as they heard Kisha's statement, coupled with their terrifying appearance, the children and even the old man trembled. Tears streamed down the children's faces as they pleaded, "Please don't eat us! We're just skin and bones; there's nothing to eat on us!" Their frantic cries puzzled Kisha, who glanced up at Duke. He met her gaze with an equally perplexed expression.

Their faces were now covered in snot and tears, their expressions contorted in fear. Kisha couldn't help but feel that with her and Duke's disguise, they looked menacing enough to frighten even a burly man into thinking they were up to no good. With a resigned sigh, she only wished to grab the seeds and leave the bread.

"Host, aren't you going to check his status window? Even if his stats, talents, or gifts aren't impressive, weren't you concerned about cultivating your farmland in your territory? How do you plan to cultivate it without understanding farming?"

"Are you thinking of spending points to buy a guide?" O08 questioned Kisha suspiciously, sounding like a thrifty child reluctant to part with his hard-earned money. He guarded his treasure trove closely; they had already spent a substantial amount of points on various items recently, and even though they had earned 30,000 points from a recent mission, it wasn't enough to sustain their spending.

And a guidebook was rather costly too, so 008 felt inclined to be thrifty. After all, they had always been short on points in her previous lives, and 008 was still anticipating its second upgrade

Hearing 008's aggrieved and resentful voice made Kisha feel guilty. She had promised to upgrade 008, and it had already been a week since its first upgrade. It wasn't as if the upgrade was as expensive as the others, but still, the delay weighed on her conscience.

Thinking that she wouldn't lose out if she checked the old man's status window or brought him with them seemed like a good option. By checking his status window, she could also determine whether he was a malicious person or a good man.

[Marcus Wyatt]

Level 0

Morality: Good

Strength: 8

Stamina: 11

Defense: 5

Agility: 7

Mental Capacity: 10

Charm: 7

Leadership: 9

Title: None

Skills: None

Talent: Farming

Gift: Green Thumb

Kisha's eyes widened as she checked the old man's status window. Not only did he possess fairly decent stats, but his talent and gift were exactly what she needed—a green thumb. In this apocalyptic era, such talent made him akin to a miracle worker, and Kisha felt like she had hit the jackpot.

The fact that she couldn't recall the old man from her previous life suggested he must have perished due to neglect and maltreatment from others who saw him as a burden.

'Ah! What a missed opportunity, It was almost wasted!' she lamented. She felt like kicking herself for almost overlooking such a valuable talent. Judging by his morality, he seemed to be a good man, likely due to his background as a farmer living a humble, down-to-earth life, which likely kept him from becoming greedy.

This was fortunate for Kisha, prompting her to proceed with checking the grandchildren's status window.

[Mike Wyatt]

Level 0

Morality: Good

Strength: 5

Stamina: 9

Defense: 7

Agility: 8

Mental Capacity: 9

Charm: 6

Leadership: 10

Title: None

Skills: None

Talent: Animal Care

Gift: Fostering

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[Gant Wyatt]

Level 0

Morality: Good

Strength: 7

Stamina: 11

Defense: 8

Agility: 6

Mental Capacity: 7

Charm: 9

Leadership: 11

Title: None

Skills: None

Talent: Aquatic Care

Gift: Fostering

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[Daisy Wyatt]

Level 0

Morality: Good

Strength: 4

Stamina: 6

Defense: 5

Agility: 7

Mental Capacity: 15

Charm: 14

Leadership: 5

Title: None

Skills: None

Talent: Plant Breeding

Gift: Scope

Kisha took in a deep breath as she read through all their statuses. Just seeing their talents and gifts made her want to dance with happiness—they were all a treasure trove, a bundle of delightful surprises. Mike and Gant appeared an identical twin at sixteen, while Daisy seemed wise beyond her apparent age of twelve.

Had the gods not just bestowed upon her a magnificent gift, one that could solve their food scarcity problem once and for all?

Now, Kisha stood rooted to the ground, pondering how to convince these four to accompany her without coming across as intimidating or forceful. She feared that if she left them behind, others might harm them—a thought that would become her greatest regret in this life.

She sighed. "Old man, I have plenty of food. Why would I even consider eating a skinny, frail man like you? Even if I were in dire need, I'd rather go on a supply run than resort to old bones and skin like yours," Kisha said, her tone blunt but logical. As they processed her words, they gave her a closer inspection, especially the intimidating man standing beside her.

Without saying a word, their strength was evident. They appeared capable not only of handling tasks around the shelter but also leading groups on food-gathering missions outside.

"T-then, what do you need me for? Just to teach you farming?" the old man asked hesitantly, clearly apprehensive about his role.

"I've changed my mind," Kisha declared.

The old man found himself in a quandary, unsure of how to react. He was experiencing a whirlwind of emotions, but Kisha continued.

"I want to hire you as a farmer and teacher. Your grandchildren can come along too, and I'll compensate you with food wages, as long as you're diligent. How does that sound?" Kisha refrained from smiling, concerned that it might inadvertently frighten them away and raise suspicions about her intentions.

"But aside from seeds, do you have land we could use for farming? And what about water?" the old man asked. If he were to be hired as a farmer, he needed assurance that they would be well-equipped. He had witnessed enough of the shelter's dynamics to know that people were willing to take advantage of others to survive.

He worried that if things went awry, he and his grandchildren would suffer the consequences.

He also understood that staying in their current situation with his grandchildren, who couldn't defend themselves, was not an option. His best course of action was to align himself with someone who had power.

"That's a good question. We live in a villa with a spacious backyard suitable for farming, and we have access to water as well."

"How can I be sure that you won't harm me and my grandchildren, or try to kidnap us?" The old man regarded Kisha with suspicion, attempting to appear intimidating despite his sunken eyes.

"Old man, you're already skin and bone, so you can't accuse us of trying to eat you or kidnap you. Why would we do that when you'd just be a burden?" Kisha said bluntly but it was her own way of trying to reassure him. She took a dagger from her waist and handed it to him. "Here, take this for assurance.

If you ever feel threatened by us, you can defend yourself at any time," she added with a playful shrug. "Just know, we won't hesitate to retaliate if you attack us."