

Apocalypse 232

Chapter 232 Mass Awakening

By doing this, the burden she carried would become lighter, and she wouldn't overlook anything important regarding her territory. There were so many tasks required at the administration level that doing everything on her own would waste all her time. Sharing the responsibilities with trusted leaders would ensure efficient management and allow her to focus on more critical matters.

Especially now that she had thoroughly vetted everyone and was confident that no one in a leadership role would backstab them or catch them off guard. By delegating responsibilities, she could show her trust in her people, which would, in turn, strengthen their trust in her. This mutual appreciation would benefit everyone and foster a more cohesive and loyal team.

Kisha may be considered calculating, but it was a necessary trait given that she now held the lives and futures of many people in her hands. Building respect and loyalty among her leadership team was crucial; their example would cascade down through the ranks, fostering a culture of respect and cooperation among all members of her community.

"Ah, this is cool! It's like a system straight out of the manhua and novels I read!" Keith exclaimed, momentarily forgetting his fear and exhaustion as he recognized Kisha and the system interface in front of him. He narrowed his eyes at Kisha with a knowing look but refrained from asking further questions, clearly impressed by how advanced and futuristic it appeared.

But hearing her brother guess correctly just by seeing this little thing made Kisha choked up. It wasn't that she wanted to hide her system from her family; it was just really hard to explain, and she planned to reveal it to them gradually over time.

"Ahem!" Kisha cleared her throat, drawing Keith's attention back from his reverie in front of the interface. "Tell me what's been happening at the base these past few days," she asked, her expression

serious. After checking on her grandparents and seeing signs of their awakening, she felt reassured about their situation.

Keith nodded and found a place to sit after giving his grandparents a final check. "Two days ago, people in the base started falling ill one by one, dropping like flies," he began, his voice tinged with concern. "Most folks panicked, fearing they were infected and might turn, just like those who fell ill at the start of the apocalypse."

"We could see they're all still traumatized by that event. Truthfully, I can't blame them; it's something they won't forget for the rest of their lives. So, their reaction was understandably exaggerated and panicked."

"Luckily, Hawk and Eagle took swift action as soon as they found out, preventing anyone from acting rashly and harming the person with a fever. Eagle then quarantined the individual in their room, securing the door and allowing only their family to attend to them," Keith recounted, his frustration evident as he recalled the chaotic events.

And honestly, he put it mildly; it was like everyone turned into red-eyed monsters ready to shred anyone in sight. People were divided into factions, brandishing knives with no regard for whether they'd actually kill someone. Some even argued it was better to sacrifice an innocent life than to risk everyone's safety.

If he and his grandparents, along with Hawk and Eagle, hadn't known it might also be a sign of awakening, they might have resorted to drastic measures and brandished their weapons against that individual. So he couldn't fully blame those who were scared out of their wits. Keith reflected, acknowledging the complexity of the situation.

"Who was the first to get the fever?" Kisha asked, her brow furrowed in concern. She had been preoccupied lately and hadn't checked on Keith and her grandparents. With 008 being upgraded, she couldn't rely on it to monitor her family for her.

"It was Mrs. Evans," Keith said, his voice devoid of emotion. But Kisha felt a sharp pang in her chest upon hearing it, a tight clenching sensation and a painful churn in her stomach. In that moment, she couldn't help but imagine the worst-case scenario if Hawk and Eagle hadn't managed to control the situation.

"Has she awakened yet, or is she still unconscious?" Kisha couldn't help asking, her mouth moving faster than her brain. Before she knew it, her concern for Melody's mother had already slipped out, sounding oddly out of place.

"She's awake but still being cared for by her family because she wasn't accustomed to physical labor to begin with, so all the work and stress of the situation has taken a toll on her. But we're still not sure if she's awakened an ability or if she was just really sick," Keith explained with a shrug before continuing his story.

The pause allowed Kisha to sigh in relief; she felt the constricting feeling in her chest vanish almost instantly.

"After Mrs. Evans, both the doctor and the chef fell sick at the same time. This caused another wave of panic because people feared it might be a contagious disease. With the only doctor in the base also ill, their fears escalated, and imaginations ran wild," Keith recounted.

"When everyone thought it was over, all the Evans men—Ethan, Eric, and Mr. Evans—fell sick one after another. Only their daughter remained unaffected, allowing her to care for the family. Unfortunately, she claimed she was too depressed and weak to do so, leaving our grandparents to step in.

Even the Blythes' daughter and father fell ill, requiring Eagle and Hawk's assistance," Keith recounted solemnly. "Although the panic subsided, the atmosphere in the base turned gloomy, with everyone fearing what might come next."

Keith continued his narration, unaware that Kisha had fallen silent, lost in deep thought. Her mind wandered into unsettling territory focused on Melody. Kisha couldn't understand why she felt aggrieved and angry at Melody's actions. If it were her in Melody's place, she knew she would never abandon her family in such a critical condition.

Anger consumed her heart, and her blood boiled, so intense that she didn't notice the boulder beneath her starting to crack slowly. 'Melody is truly not someone to be trusted. I'll use her until she's no longer of use, then I'll banish her from the territory before she can cause harm with her recklessness or selfishness,' Kisha thought bitterly.

She was convinced that Melody's selfishness knew no bounds, evident in her abandonment of her family in their time of need.

She knew that such a person was toxic to be around, especially since Melody had her eyes on Duke, her man. Turning back to Keith, Kisha asked, "Have the Evans and Blythes awakened?"

Keith shook his head. "Not all of them. Mr. Evans and the twins are awake now and managing their work while helping the rest of the family. The Blythes still haven't awakened, and then our grandparents fell sick too." Keith's tone shifted, becoming more gossipy. "Let me tell you, Mr.

Evans and the twins are both disappointed in their daughter. Mrs. Evans has been silently weeping in her room, trying to recover quickly so she can care for her sons and husband. She hasn't spoken to Melody in hours since yesterday." Keith giggled, clearly finding some amusement in the situation.

