

Apocalypse 277

Chapter 277 After Leveling Up The System to 3

Despite her awareness, Kisha continued to pamper Duke, serving him more meat and rice to ensure he had the strength to endure. Even though his body had grown stronger after awakening and leveling up, he remained vulnerable to sickness. The virus had evolved, and so had the illnesses that could afflict humans.

That's why she was so determined to secure the fabrics from the textile manufacturing warehouse. She was deeply concerned that the weakened individuals, suffering from lack of food and malnutrition, would be highly susceptible to illness and could succumb rapidly like flies falling to the ground.

The climate had become increasingly erratic due to climate change, compounded by the presence of the virus in the air. The combination made conditions highly unpredictable, with anything potentially going wrong at any moment.

With these concerns weighing on her, Kisha felt overwhelmed by the multitude of tasks ahead. With only one body and limited reach, she knew she had to prioritize each issue and tackle them one at a time. Fortunately, they had a stockpile of medicine, but its effectiveness was a growing concern. As both humans and viruses evolved, the medicine might eventually become ineffective.

To address this, they needed their own lab and a medical scientist to collaborate with the doctors, ensuring they stayed ahead of the challenges.

As Kisha pondered these concerns, the list of tasks seemed to grow longer with each passing thought. Sensing her distraction, Duke playfully nudged her neck with his nose and flashed a teasing smile. "Focus on your meal, or I might just eat you instead to get your attention back on me." His playful comment earned him a light smack on the shoulder from Kisha as she turned to face him.

Previously, all these concerns had fallen on Duke's shoulders, and he managed them admirably while she focused on the defense of the shelter, working with Aston, and handling other tasks that weren't as expansive. Compared to the scope of responsibilities she now faced, her previous duties—like supply distribution and personnel allocation—seemed minimal.

This only highlighted how remarkable Duke was, having established the HOPE Base in her previous life and making it as resilient as it was, all without the aid of a system or the territory space she now had. Without those two advantages, she couldn't even imagine how she would have managed or if she would have come as far as she did.

"I'm thrilled you finally see my worth, host!" 008's cheerful voice echoed in her mind as if it were performing a happy dance inside her head. The compliment was a refreshing change from the usual skepticism and questions about its effectiveness that had previously left 008 feeling aggrieved.

Kisha choked on her food, it lodging in her windpipe as she swallowed abruptly. "What the hell, 008?! When did you finish your upgrade?"

"Just a few minutes ago, host," 008 responded, sounding pleased. "I was waiting for the right moment to speak, and your compliment gave me the perfect opportunity. Ahem!"

"Then go ahead and upgrade again," Kisha said, a mix of embarrassment and frustration coloring her voice. She felt a bit mocked by 008 as if the system was teasing her for her earlier criticisms about the missions and the points she was receiving. It was as if 008 was playfully reminding her of how she had felt shortchanged and trapped by the system before.

"But, host, haven't I just upgraded to Level 3? It takes 15,000 points to reach Level 4, and we always kept a reserve for emergencies," 008 clarified. The current situation was quite different from Kisha's previous approach in her past lives, and 008 wanted to ensure there was no misunderstanding.

"Exactly. Playing it safe often led to unexpected events that resulted in my death. We need to reach Level 5 to unlock crucial features like synthesis and smelting for future battles. So, get on with the upgrade," Kisha explained with determination. She felt that her newfound boldness was a key factor missing in her previous approach.

Even though she would be using up all her remaining points for the upgrade, she was confident she could find ways to earn more if needed.

"Host, let's be honest—you're embarrassed and that's why you're being so generous with the upgrade. You don't want to be reminded of how you used to accuse me of being useless and leading you into danger," 008 said, its voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Either you proceed with the next upgrade now, or I'll delay it for months," Kisha threatened, her tone firm and unyielding. She knew 008 was taking pleasure in poking fun at her and reminding her of past mistakes regarding the system.

Despite her irritation, she couldn't shake the feeling that the system was constantly trying to corner her into a dead end, so, she couldn't be blamed for how she reacted in the past.

Only after her 100th rebirth did things start to turn around. The title she earned from dying 100 times brought her a significant boost in points, which allowed her to buy the highly valuable territory pack crucial for her and her people's survival. With the newfound points, she began to earn more, but it became clear that the challenges ahead were growing increasingly dangerous too.

"No need to be so angry, host. Hehehe." 008 said, then quickly sent the authorization request for the upgrade before Kisha could change her mind and put it on indefinite hold.

[System Upgrade to Level 4 Authorization]

[Cost: 15,000 points]

[Accept] or [Decline]

Kisha clicked the accept button without hesitation, and then 008 fell silent, as if going to sleep or getting lost in a sea of code during the upgrade process. With 008 upgrading to level 4, it would take some time—potentially more than 24 hours—because higher system levels require longer upgrade periods. While she could still access the system, 008's support would be unavailable during this period.

Given the current peace around them, it wasn't crucial to have 008's support at the moment, and Kisha could manage with what she had.

Duke's serious voice cut through her thoughts. "Wifey, is it true that we have a military meeting later? Are we heading out on a mission?"

"Yes, we are going on a mission outside," Kisha confirmed.

"Is this about sending the new recruits out for experience?" Duke tilted his head, resting his chin on Kisha's shoulder while hugging her from behind.

"No, it's not. This mission will be too dangerous for them, and we won't have time to supervise the new recruits. It would only put them at risk," Kisha replied.

"Hmmm." Duke responded with a thoughtful hum, clearly lost in his own thoughts. He didn't add anything further.

After they finished eating and resting, Kisha gently got up from Duke's lap. She knew that staying any longer would only distract him from the training he was overseeing. With a brief farewell, she took the lunchbox with her and headed back home.

She planned to continue her training to further master her awakened abilities. However, as she made her way home, she noticed people running around in panic and others shouting frantically. Curious about the commotion, Kisha headed toward the source of the crowd.

There, she saw a man brandishing a knife towards the crowd, as if to protect something. Peering past him, Kisha noticed a frail woman, looking like little more than skin and bones, lying motionless on the cold ground.