

Apocalypse 316

Chapter 316 The Real Equality 2

For the first time in public, Kisha smiled sweetly, instantly silencing the crowd. Everyone was momentarily dumbstruck, as they had always known her to be cold and indifferent. Most assumed that was simply who she was. But seeing this new, softer side of her left them all pleasantly surprised, and they quickly realized they much preferred seeing her like this.

With the red hues of the setting sun casting a warm glow over her, Kisha looked almost angelic. The last rays of sunlight illuminated her, making it feel as though they were in the presence of a true goddess—beautiful, benevolent, and filled with compassion for all living beings.

One by one, more superhumans stepped forward to join the defense force. Almost all of them eagerly volunteered, knowing that the compensation was significantly better than their current jobs. Additionally, the perks and benefits offered were too enticing to pass up, making this opportunity from the City Lord one that no one wanted to miss.

Only those with support-type abilities hesitated, knowing their skills were more suited to aiding others rather than direct combat. They feared they might become a burden during critical moments, unable to contribute effectively when the situation grew dire.

But one support-type superhuman gathered his courage and decided to speak up. "City Lord, I know it's presumptuous of me to ask this. You may not even remember my information from the records you reviewed, but I'm a support type. I wouldn't be much help in battle, nor could I defend myself if things go wrong.

Still, I'm willing to learn to fight like the other warriors, so I won't be completely useless—if you would just give us support types a chance." He finished his speech, his lips trembling as he spoke.

Kisha stared at him for a moment, making the man not only nervous but genuinely afraid. He couldn't gauge what she was thinking, and the weight of her silence only heightened his anxiety. He wasn't alone in his concerns—many others shared the same fears, feeling the tension rise as they awaited her response.

Kisha's lips curved into a small, amused smile. "I do remember your data," she said, though it was a lie. She hadn't committed every detail to memory, focusing mainly on abilities and only checking names when she spotted someone with great potential. However, with her 'Eye of Truth' Gift, she could easily check anyone's status window if she wished. "Don't you have a support-type space ability?"

That's actually going to be very useful," Kisha added.

The way she spoke caused the man's heart to skip a beat, and he found himself holding his breath as he awaited her explanation. He hoped she wouldn't offer mere pity or a superficial response claiming that everything was useful. Despite his anxiety, he had a sense that Kisha would provide a genuine answer. Fortunately, he was right—Kisha did not disappoint him.

"You see, a Space-type ability like yours would be incredibly useful for supply runs. In fact, the Vice City Lord will be leading a supply run in a few days with a convoy of trucks. Managing such a long convoy can be cumbersome, so having someone with a space-type ability to store supplies without needing to pack them into the trucks would be extremely beneficial.

It would help avoid overcrowding and make the journey back to the base much more efficient," Kisha explained.

As expected, when people heard Kisha's explanation about the usefulness of the Space-type ability, they immediately recognized its practical value and potential benefits. They didn't question how Kisha knew

so much about the ability, simply assuming that someone in her circle must have awakened the same type of power.

But Kisha wasn't finished. She pointed to several more individuals. "You, you, you, and you all have Space-type abilities, which will be invaluable for the logistics of the upcoming operation—particularly for managing meal supplies and transporting crucial items for our community."

She continued, moving on to others. "You and you possess irregular abilities: one has the 'Chameleon' ability, allowing you to blend into the background, making you an excellent asset for scouting; the other has the 'Safe Zone' ability, which creates a temporary protective dome.

This will be especially useful for providing a safe haven where exhausted warriors can rest and recover after intense battles."

"Even though these abilities might not allow you to engage directly in combat and you might need protection, each of your powers is incredibly valuable and rare. In fact, offensive and defensive type users will likely come to rely on you, so you should take pride in your abilities," Kisha said with a growing smile. She hadn't anticipated discovering such a treasure trove of talent within the base.

What Kisha said was entirely true, especially for the one with the 'Safe Zone' ability. His power to create a safe zone for up to 8 hours would allow warriors on dangerous missions to rest and eat during that time. While it might not provide full recovery, it would enable them to regain significant strength and continue fighting.

Once the cooldown period, or 'CD,' resets, the safe zone can be established again, offering crucial support to the warriors when they need it most.

In her previous lives, no one possessed an ability like this. If someone had, it could have made a significant difference for those on difficult missions. Continuous fighting without rest, surrounded by zombies, led to exhaustion and ultimately death, with many becoming zombie meals in the end.

What was even more terrifying was that, as superhumans, being bitten wouldn't either kill them or turn them into zombies, causing immense suffering before their end.

Why was it so dreadful? Because, unlike ordinary humans, superhumans didn't turn into zombies. Instead, they had to endure the torment of zombies gnawing at their flesh, feeling every painful bite and tear as if they were rag dolls.

Superhumans were also more resilient due to their enhanced bodies, so a few bites and blood loss that might be fatal to a normal human wouldn't necessarily kill them immediately, especially if they were of a higher level.

Now that they had someone with this ability, Kisha and Duke exchanged a knowing glance. The timing of this person's awakening seemed almost fortuitous, making them both feel the urge to laugh with relief and gratitude. Seizing the moment, Kisha extended her offer to all the support-type ability users who had awakened.

Just as Kisha had suspected, the first awakened superhumans displayed exceptional potential and talent, making their abilities not only powerful but also incredibly useful. As she assessed them, it became clear that all their abilities were invaluable for survival, if not for battle, contributing significantly to the overall well-being of the survivors.

She felt a deep sense of regret for the talent lost in her previous lives, but it also brought her reassurance. In this life, she had successfully protected these individuals, and they would become

valuable assets to her base. After her offer and explanations, the faces of the support-type ability users brightened with smiles.

They exchanged astonished glances before erupting into cheers of excitement.

After Kisha successfully persuaded all the newly awakened superhumans to join the defense force, Sparrow and Vulture returned from their task. They had just finished butchering all the animals Kisha had requested and had stocked the territory's storage with the meat.