

Apocalypse 389

Chapter 389 His Gift

The moment Kisha spotted Duke, she leaped at the opportunity to check his stats window, eager to compare their progress.

Even though they were now a couple, a lingering sense of competitiveness still simmered between them.

In her previous life, she and Duke had always engaged in friendly rivalry, constantly pushing each other to improve, and were constantly on each other's back.

They had once thrived on the thrill of outdoing each other, and while that competitive spark still lingered, it now felt more subdued than in her past life.

Without hesitation, she accessed his status window.

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[Duke Winters]

Level 2 (Exp: 0/1000 X 0.0)

Strength: 170 (+115)

Stamina: 170 (+115)

Defense: 170 (+115)

Agility: 170 (+115)

Mental Capacity: 170 (+115)

Charm: 170 (+115))

Leadership: 170 (+115)

Title: None

Skills: Ice Spear Level 1, Fire Ball Level 1, Fire Meteor Level 0, Lightning Strike Level 1, lightning Rain Level 0

Talent: Multi-faceted

Gift: Tyrant

Ability: Elemental (Lightning, Fire, Ice)

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Kisha inhaled sharply as she studied Duke's stats, her heart racing with surprise. The numbers before her were a revelation, and she couldn't help but gasp.

A rush of realization washed over her: without her achievements and titles from the system, Duke would still outshine her in terms of strength and ability. This thought stirred a mix of admiration and competitive spirit within her.

While she had always viewed him as an equal, the sheer magnitude of his potential left her both inspired and slightly intimidated.

The memories of their friendly competitions in their past life flickered in her mind, reigniting the familiar spark of rivalry. She couldn't shake the feeling that, even as a couple, their drive to push each other to new heights remained.

Determined to close the gap, Kisha resolved to train harder, knowing that their bond would only grow stronger through their shared journey of growth and discovery.

Yet, amidst her surprise and competitive spirit, Kisha momentarily overlooked the fact that she was still stronger than Duke at that moment.

However, she knew this advantage might be fleeting. As she considered his potential for growth, a sense of urgency crept in.

Duke's ability to grow stronger and harness his strength was extraordinary, far surpassing her own in many ways.

Even now, she could sense the vast well of untapped energy within him, the kind that promised exponential growth with each new level he attained.

This realization brought forth a mix of pride and apprehension. In her past life, Kisha had felt the weight of that same struggle—an uphill battle to catch up to Duke, to match his strength and skill, no matter how hard she trained or how many obstacles she overcame.

It was a humbling truth that had haunted her, the knowledge that he was always a few steps ahead.

Now, reflecting on that experience, Kisha understood the reason for her frustration. Duke's natural talent and unwavering dedication had always set him apart, creating an insurmountable gap between them that had left her feeling inadequate.

'So, this must be the full extent of his Gift, 'Tyrant,'" Kisha thought, her mind racing as she stared, almost dumbfounded, at his stats.

Each number reflected not just raw power but an inherent advantage that Duke possessed. His Gift didn't merely enhance his abilities; it magnified them exponentially with every level up.

It was as if the very essence of his strength was tied to a force far greater than herself, doubling—if not tripling—their growth.

Kisha's gaze lingered on the numbers, each one telling a story of sheer potential. His strength, agility, and resilience seemed to soar beyond conventional limits, crafting a figure who was almost indestructible.

The thought was both awe-inspiring and daunting. With every ounce of energy he absorbed, Duke became more formidable, almost a force of nature, and Kisha couldn't help but feel a mixture of admiration and envy.

As Kisha contemplated this, a fire ignited within her.

Duke noticed a spark ignite in Kisha's gaze as she stared at him, her expression shifting from hazy confusion to focused clarity.

He realized, with a wave of relief, that she was no longer fixated on his status window but rather on him.

A genuine smile spread across his face, warm and doting, as he stepped closer, reaching out to gently pat her head.

Kisha didn't flinch or shy away from the affectionate gesture; instead, she leaned into it, savoring the warmth of Duke's touch.

As she gazed up at the remarkable man before her, a sense of awe washed over her. It was incredible to think that the man she admired so deeply even in her previous life—someone who radiated strength and potential—was now hers.

A giggle escaped her lips, bubbling up from her heart as she basked in the moment.

The sound of her laughter wrapped around Duke like a comforting embrace, lifting his spirits.

Her bubbly demeanor was infectious, and he found himself chuckling along with her, sharing in the lightness of the moment.

As they stood there, smiles on their faces, Duke couldn't help but think how fortunate he was to have Kisha by his side.

Her laughter resonated with him, and for a brief moment, the weight of their challenges faded into the background.

They were not just two powerful individuals; they were a team, ready to face whatever came next, united by their love and shared ambitions.

"I'm heading out to guard the western wall," Duke announced, his voice serious yet filled with affection. "While I'm gone, you need to be extremely cautious with Rose. Your safety has to come first, no matter what happens. Do you understand?"

His earnest words reverberated above Kisha's head, prompting her to look up at him. She instinctively nodded, but as the weight of his message sank in, she narrowed her eyes, a hint of determination flickering within her.

"But we're still unsure if she'll actually be a danger," Kisha countered, her voice firm. It was clear to her that Duke had already begun to view Rose as a threat, and that concerned her.

"We can't jump to conclusions based on fear alone," she continued, trying to keep her tone measured. "We should remain open to the possibility that she may not pose any risk at all."

Though Kisha voiced her reassurances, they felt more like a desperate attempt to convince herself than a reflection of her true beliefs.

Deep down, she understood the gravity of the situation: if Rose were to awaken as an evolved zombie, the stakes would be drastically higher.

Despite Kisha's impressive stats, she couldn't shake the nagging fear that Rose's unique abilities could still pose a significant threat.

The uncertainty loomed large, especially since Kisha had no firsthand experience of Rose's powers.

All she had were Sparrow's fragmented accounts, which were shrouded in ambiguity. Each story left her with more questions than answers, and without the ability to observe Rose directly, she was left to make assumptions.

This lack of clarity gnawed at her confidence. She knew that assumptions could lead to underestimating a danger she couldn't fully grasp.

Kisha felt a pang of anxiety at the thought of facing Rose if she were to rise again.

The prospect of a confrontation weighed heavily on her mind, and she couldn't shake the unsettling feeling that she might not be fully prepared for whatever threats Rose's awakening might unleash.