

## **Apocalypse 402**

Chapter 402 Eric Gilberts

Now that Kisha had mentioned it, the nurse began to understand and consider the possibility.

Given Kisha's track record of accurately discerning who would successfully awaken and who wouldn't, the medical staff had come to treat her words as gospel.

If Kisha believed there would be a second wave, then there undoubtedly would be.

The nurse nodded, her eyes filled with determination to ensure she completed the task Kisha had assigned to her.

Before she left to complete her task, the nurse informed Kisha of the head doctor's isolation room. Kisha wanted to check on him herself to assess his chances of awakening.

She needed to prepare for the worst-case scenario by assigning someone to take over his duties if necessary.

Instead of waiting for disaster to strike, she aimed to act proactively; otherwise, the operation of the medical facility could become crippled and chaotic without a leader.

Before long, she arrived at the isolation room where the head doctor was being kept.

A soldier stood guard at the door, while a nurse frequently checked on his condition.

When the soldier saw Kisha approaching, he saluted and opened the door for her. Kisha nodded in acknowledgment of his courtesy before stepping inside.

Once inside, she wasted no time and immediately focused on his status window to assess his condition.

When Kisha first examined his status window, she frowned.

The head doctor's stats were all at the baseline level of 5, indicating he was no different from an ordinary human.

This concerned her, as even those who had failed to awaken typically had base stats of 6 or 7 in some attributes.

With only 5, he seemed too weak to withstand the relentless assault of the virus on his body.

Kisha let out a sigh of defeat, feeling a wave of disappointment wash over her. However, just before she looked away, something caught her eye.

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[Eric Gilberts]

Level 0 (EXP. 0/100)

Strength: 5

Stamina: 5

Defense: 5

Agility: 5

Mental Capacity: 18

Charm: 5

Leadership: 5

Title: None

Skills:

Talent: Strong Healing

Gift: Medical Territory

Ability: None

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When she saw Eric's Talent and Gift, she felt an overwhelming urge to burst into triumphant laughter.

'At last! A healer!' Kisha nearly screamed in her mind as she stared at those two words on Eric's status window.

Despite his frail condition, he still held potential. With this potential, he could overcome the virus and awaken his ability.

Moreover, it appeared that his ability was related to mass healing rather than just individual treatment, which seemed incredibly overpowered.

If Kisha's speculation was correct, Eric could become their very own walking hospital.

With a healer in her ranks, Kisha wouldn't need to purchase as many vials of blue liquid from her system's mall, allowing her to conserve her system points for better items from the system's mall.

More importantly, she felt relieved at the prospect of not having to maintain a large stock of potions.

Now, she could focus on keeping just enough for those heading out on missions, rather than stockpiling them for everyone.

More importantly, with Eric safe and sound, he would awaken his ability, eliminating the need for Kisha to search for a replacement.

This meant less work for her. Plus, since he would be fine, she wouldn't have to repeat the lengthy explanation about the awakening process and the differences between awakened individuals, humans, and asymptomatic cases, which would have taken up even more time and effort.

Kisha let out another sigh of relief before heading out of the room. As she stepped outside, she was surprised to find some nurses and the last remaining doctor waiting for her.

They didn't say a word; instead, their anxious gazes clearly conveyed their desire to know Eric's chances of survival.

Understanding that they all regarded each other as comrades in arms after facing life-and-death situations together and sharing the same field of expertise, Kisha recognized their concern for one another.

She smiled and nodded, subtly reassuring them that they needn't worry about Eric; he would be fine.

After seeing Kisha's reassuring nod, the nurse and doctor cheered with happiness.

However, they also asked her for a favor: to check on the other medical staff who had fallen ill.

This way, they could prepare themselves emotionally in case someone didn't make it.

As they had feared, Kisha found that at least four individuals were in a possibility to turn into a zombie, leaving her uncertain about their chances of survival.

Out of the group, only five were likely to awaken an ability, most of which were support types. None, however, had the healing ability that Eric possessed.

'What did I even expect? Healing abilities aren't as common as cabbages in the market,' Kisha reminded herself, tempering her high expectations just because she had found one healer in her base.

Healing abilities were as rare as lightning and mental-type abilities, if not rarer, with the probability believed to be one in a million. Kisha realized that Eric might very well be the only healer in their entire country.

After assisting at the medical facility for a while, helping to organize those with a better chance of awakening from those who didn't, Kisha realized she had already spent a lot of time there.

However, something still nagged at her, preventing her from heading home. Deciding to take care of it, she sought out Aston, who was responsible for all the soldiers and warriors in the base, to ask for the list of newly awakened individuals.

She couldn't wait until tomorrow, feeling restless—perhaps due to the recent zombie raid, or maybe it had something to do with the baby and the Alabai dog—but an unsettling sense of urgency had taken hold of her.

Whenever she had too much on her mind, she became restless and couldn't sit still.

If she did, she knew she'd spiral into overthinking, which never led to anything productive—only mental exhaustion and it would only mess with her head.

To avoid this, she preferred to keep herself occupied with important tasks, like organizing the base's defense, offense, and other essential responsibilities. Staying busy was her way of keeping her thoughts in check.

She needed to assess the base's firepower, especially since their defenses were still lacking. For now, they would have to rely on sheer firepower to hold their ground. To do that effectively, both she and the base needed to recruit as many offensive-ability users as possible.

Now that they had established an awakened ability registration process, it became easier to sort and categorize people based on their abilities and group them accordingly.

It took Kisha another half hour to scan through the list of a hundred newly awakened ability users, including those who had just awakened and participated in the night raid.

Kisha's hand paused mid-turn, her eyes fixed on a particular page listing another newly awakened ability user. She tilted her head slightly, her fingers tapping rhythmically on the desk as she pondered, lost in thought.

"Aston, assign this person to handle the ability user registrations," Kisha said, handing over the profile.

Aston hesitated, struggling to respond, so Kisha pressed on. "This person can accurately identify the abilities each individual has after awakening. They're perfect for this role."