

Apocalypse 403

Chapter 403 What I Did Is For You

Aston glanced at it, then raised an eyebrow. "But... according to this, he's only slightly stronger than an average human. Pretty much useless in most areas," he replied, trying to soften his words, but ultimately deciding to be blunt for clarity.

But Kisha only chuckled, so Aston felt like she was not taking what he said seriously and thought that he wasn't blunt enough, but then Kisha said. "He wasn't useless, it was because he just didn't know how to control his awakened ability just yet, so it really seems like he was useless."

Kisha recalled that this individual was someone she had been eagerly anticipating to awaken, recognizing their immense potential.

At this moment, she desperately needed more skilled talents with diverse awakened abilities to fill crucial positions, and this person was among them.

He possessed a gift akin to her "Eye of Truth," which was a detection-type ability.

This meant that no one could deceive him regarding their awakened abilities, as he could discern them through touch rather than sight, unlike her.

Once he made contact with someone, he could feel the flow of their spiritual energy, allowing him to identify the nature of their abilities and even gauge the strength of the awakened individual based on the energy's flow.

The only downside to his ability was that he needed to make physical contact with his target to gather the information he sought, and it certainly didn't work on normal humans.

This limitation might be why some regarded him as useless. However, if Kisha's assumptions about the first wave of awakeners were accurate, then none of them could be deemed useless.

They represented humanity's hope for survival, implying not only that they were strong but also that their abilities were diverse and could be invaluable in numerous ways.

The awakening of these individuals only reinforced her assumptions. Once again, she felt a surge of happiness knowing that she had successfully saved so many survivors from City B's base from the clutches of the Coltons and the former Minister of Defense.

After listening to Kisha's explanation, Aston took a moment to reflect and realized that she was always spot-on about these matters.

Nodding in agreement, he made a note of her instructions and prepared to explain the individual's abilities as Kisha had described.

Once he finished jotting down the details, Kisha began to sort the awakened individuals into categories: defensive and offensive types, as well as support types.

Kisha also noticed several support-type individuals with valuable craftsmanship abilities, including cooks, blacksmiths, farmers like Marcus, and many others who could contribute significantly to the base.

She nodded in satisfaction as she observed their potential.

Kisha entrusted Aston with the task of assigning these support types to various departments where they could be most beneficial—such as placing the cooks in the cafeteria he was establishing, the seamstress with Mrs. Winters, and the blacksmiths under Mr. Winters' supervision.

Kisha felt a surge of excitement about the potential of these support-type individuals and their crafts. In her previous lives, support types that weren't space-related, healers, or capable of boosting stats were often deemed useless.

As a result, they were frequently abandoned, left to fend for themselves or perish in harsh conditions.

Because of this, Kisha had little experience with support types and their true capabilities, making her eager to discover what they could achieve in this new environment.

Kisha was brimming with excitement at the prospect of discovering the capabilities of these support-type individuals.

As she pondered this topic, a thought crossed her mind: 'Could the cook potentially create dishes that boosted stats, just as I had done earlier?'

If that were possible, it would be an incredible advantage, and she couldn't wait to explore the possibilities.

After Kisha finished organizing everything with Aston, it was already midnight.

By the time she got home, Duke was waiting for her in the living room, along with everyone else.

She paused for a moment at the doorway, her eyes scanning the room. Each of them wore a worried expression, clearly anxious about her.

"Dear, aren't you working too hard? Have you eaten?" Before anyone else could approach, Mrs. Winters hurried over to Kisha, her face etched with concern.

She looked like a mother fretting over her daughter, heart aching at the thought of Kisha pushing herself so hard without even knowing if she had eaten.

After a moment of surprise, Kisha finally found her voice and smiled warmly at Mrs. Winters. "I'm alright, but it's true—I am feeling hungry."

"Well, you're in luck! Duke made a hearty meal just for you. Come on, let's eat. Wash your hands and join us at the table." Mrs. Winters gently pulled Kisha toward the kitchen.

As if on cue, everyone else stood up from the living room, bustling about to bring out the dishes Duke had prepared, all of them eager to make sure Kisha was well-fed and taken care of.

Duke never felt the need to boast about what he had done to earn Kisha's favor. For him, the important thing was easing the burdens on her shoulders.

He knew it was his mistake to put her in the position of City Lord, where all the pressure and responsibilities fell on her.

His original plan was for Kisha to be a figurehead while he, as Vice City Lord, handled everything behind the scenes.

He wanted Kisha to bask in the glory and honor of the position, to be admired and loved by the people once he had quietly finished the hard work behind the scenes.

He had only wanted Kisha to hold the highest position, to be treated as the jewel of the base.

But how wrong he had been—he should have known Kisha wasn't the kind of woman who would sit still and let herself be protected.

Now, realizing his mistake, he was determined to make amends by doing everything in his power to support her.

Without informing Kisha, he had already organized the men on the wall into a defensive formation he deemed best.

He continued their training as usual, while others stood guard and assisted those struggling with managing their energy flow.

Although his efforts seemed minor compared to what Kisha was handling, they were vital in the long run and equally beneficial.

He also began analyzing others' abilities to help them gain a better understanding of their powers and use them more effectively.

He was dedicating all his efforts to support the base, ensuring that no one became overly dependent on Kisha.

Everyone appreciated the hard work of both Kisha and himself; they recognized that both the City Lord and Vice City Lord had their own approaches to handling challenges.

Ultimately, they understood that both were driven by a shared goal: to do what they believed was best for the people they loved and wished to protect.

Everyone in the base could see clearly that their two leaders were working tirelessly for one another.

This realization deepened their admiration, as they witnessed the sacrifices each made day by day.

After Kisha finished washing her hands, Mrs. Winters stepped aside to let Duke serve his wife, knowing it brought him joy.

Seeing her return so late make his heart ache, so he wanted to do everything he could to make her feel cared for.