

Apocalypse 48

Chapter 48 Step up?

Seeing that Kisha remained unaffected by the emotional approach, he grew angry. "Are you so heartless that you won't even consider the well-being of the younger ones?"

Unmoved, Kisha responded, "Even banks require collateral for loans. Why should we be any different? You're borrowing perishable supplies. How can we ensure we'll get them back afterward?" Her demeanor was cold and intimidating, leaving the old man unable to argue, knowing he had no intention of returning anything.

"Can't we simply collaborate and support each other, especially in times of need?"

"Collaboration implies mutual effort, not a one-way street where you stand back expecting protection," Kisha retorted, disdain evident in her tone as she observed the man's attempt to rally others against her group.

Understanding her implication, the old man reacted as though she had trodden on his toes and shouted, "What do you mean?! We're civilians, so it's only right for us to be protected! That's what our taxes are for!"

Taken aback by this statement, Fred found himself grappling with a maelstrom of emotions. It was an undeniable truth that individuals like him, serving in the government, bore the responsibility of safeguarding their citizens and nation from any threat, including the peril staring them in the face. It was a pledge they had solemnly undertaken upon joining their sector.

The words struck Fred like a sudden blow, causing a wave of conflicting emotions to surge within him. While he acknowledged the truth in the man's statement, it nevertheless felt like a sharp sting—a subtle reminder of the sacrifices made by his fallen comrades. It was a sobering realization that their tireless dedication was sometimes overlooked or taken for granted.

Unsure if it was the weight of grief or mounting stress that fueled his emotional response, Fred couldn't shake the feeling of unease settling in the pit of his stomach.

Kisha noticed the subtle shift in Fred's expression, and a smirk tugged at her lips. She had deliberately provoked the old man to ensure Fred fully grasped the gravity of the situation, urging him not to be blinded by his solemn pledge alone.

Understanding that mere words might not suffice, Kisha believed it was imperative for Fred to witness firsthand what was truly at stake.

Certainly, Kisha wasn't one to waste her time on frivolous matters. This morning, however, she had taken a moment to assess Fred and the others' status windows, and to her surprise, she discovered some promising developments. Additionally, she noticed a subtle shift in the data provided by her 'Eye of Truth' gift, revealing new insights into the moral inclinations of those around her.

It appeared that her 'Eye of Truth' gift was of the growth type, a revelation that intrigued Kisha. While its future potential remained uncertain, she recognized its current value as incredibly significant. Furthermore, she speculated that if she could access more detailed information about specific individuals, the gift would prove even more invaluable.

As she observed the situation, Kisha discerned the old man's position firmly entrenched within the "unjust factor" of the scale, contrasting sharply with Fred and the woman with the baby, firmly placed within the "just factor." Recognizing the potential and value represented by individuals with

commendable gifts and talents, she deemed it a waste to allow a promising seedling to wither away, particularly when their contributions could be beneficial.

"Those ready to showcase their skills and take up frontline duties will be rewarded with food. How about that?" Kisha reiterated her proposal.

"Impossible! Have you not heard a word I said?" The old man protested.

Even Fred intervened, expressing his concerns. "Kisha, I believe that's too extreme."

Kisha simply shrugged and replied, her voice carrying enough weight to reach everyone's ears. "In these times, Fred, you can't protect everyone."

"Are you suggesting he abandons us to fend for ourselves?!" The old man exclaimed, his voice betraying a mix of indignation and fear.

"Of course not. But danger lurks everywhere. If all of you rely solely on one man without trying to step up your game, you'll perish without even understanding how it happened," Kisha stated bluntly. She didn't sugarcoat her words; there was no intention to coddle anyone. They had the right to make their own decisions.

"But even the S.W.A.T members were obliterated. How can we fight if those trained to be on the frontlines can't even stay alive?" The woman with the baby interjected, her voice quivering with fear. She clutched the baby in her arms as if her life depended on it.

"Precisely why you need to learn how to fight for yourself. Leaving your protection to someone else will only make you more vulnerable, and we don't know when danger will strike," Kisha answered, her gaze lingering on the bundle in the woman's arms.

"Don't spout nonsense!!!" the old man roared.

"Keep raising your voice, and soon we'll be crowded by zombies here," Kisha reminded, her voice carrying an indifferent tone.

The old man instantly shut his mouth, afraid that they would attract unwanted attention. "Alright, we will not force you to give us your supplies as a loan anymore because you just want to push us to our death. We could just look for food on the way," he said, walking to the back of the crowd with a snort of frustration.

After the disagreement died down, many were left dissatisfied by Kisha's callous approach, while others felt like there was no hope left in their lives. However, the woman with a baby stepped forward. "Do you really think it is possible for us to fight those monsters? Will I be able to secure my child's life if I learn how to fight?" Determination was etched in the depths of her eyes.

Kisha couldn't help but soften her demeanor and smile at Nancy. "Yes, it's possible."

Nancy's eyes sparkled with newfound hope. "Then how can I learn?" she asked eagerly. The fear of Kisha and her group seemed to dissipate, replaced by a glimmer of hope. "By the way, my name is Nancy."

"Nancy, why don't you watch my group fight from time to time?" Kisha offered. Although they didn't have time to provide formal training, there were plenty of opportunities for observation and learning. "You can pick up little things along the way and gradually implement what you learn."

Nancy nodded in agreement, it would be a lie to say that she was not scared, especially when she saw how those monsters eat people and tore them like a pieces of meat, she was fucking scared but at the same time, she felt like what Kisha said was true and she could only remain strong on her own to make sure her child will live.

With resolve in her heart, Nancy adjusted her mindset and fell in step behind Kisha and her group. As they exited the building, they were met with a horde of zombies scattered across the road, their vacant eyes searching for any signs of life to prey upon.

The group collectively held their breath, their bodies trembling with fear as they strained to remain silent, hoping to avoid drawing the attention of the nearby zombies. However, tension spiked when Fred raised his gun and took aim. Kisha quickly intervened, noticing that he hadn't attached a silencer to the weapon.

The absence of silencers could have been a critical mistake that led to the demise of Fred's former comrades. Engaging zombies with firearms without silencers not only failed to conceal their presence but also attracted more zombies with loud gunfire, resulting in overwhelming numbers and subsequent fatalities.

But Fred was unaware of this, so he was baffled why Kisha wouldn't allow him to take action. But Kisha did not look at him and instead nodded at Sparrow and Vulture.

The duo picked up their pace, and with quick coordinated steps, they accelerated toward the roaming zombies, upon noticing their approaching figures, the zombies roared and pounced on them but before

they could even touch Sparrow, they were already hacked to the head with precise aim and he did a quick turnaround kick to the zombie behind him and landed a heavy blow which sent the zombie flying a few feet away but unlike Duke's destructive strength, Sparrow is lacking just that, so he had to do a follow-up thrust of his knife to the zombie's head.

In a matter of seconds, their coordinated movements unfolded with such swiftness that it left Fred momentarily speechless. Both Sparrow and Vulture refrained from unleashing their abilities, exercising caution in the presence of unfamiliar bystanders.

Despite this restraint, their proficiency in killing the zombies was unmistakable, leaving a lasting impression on all who witnessed their remarkable skills.

Kisha was also the reason why they had to not allow anyone to know that they already wield an ability, she warned them not to openly use their ability in the presence of other people, especially now that abilities are yet to be discovered. Or else, they are just going to invite more trouble.