

Apocalypse 485

Chapter 485 When A Beauty Is Around

In his mind's eye, he was no longer looking like the God of War as described, but a god of death, merciless and unyielding.

The cloak billowed in the wind, its golden lion emblem now drenched in red, as it was soaked in blood.

The sky above had turned a deep crimson, matching the blood-stained blade of his spear, which was still lodged in the body of the last fallen foe he had defeated.

"You really like it that much?" Kisha's voice snapped him out of his thoughts.

He nodded enthusiastically, like a child receiving a gift from their favorite person.

A sweet, childlike smile spread across his face, and Kisha couldn't help but smile back at him.

Though they hadn't found many valuable items, getting one of the set pieces was still a win in their eyes, and it felt good to have something tangible to show for their efforts.

Completing the set item was as difficult as finding a needle in a haystack, especially considering the sheer number of items in the gachapon collection.

These items spanned the farthest reaches of the universe, originating from places as mysterious as divine artifacts or lost civilizations long forgotten.

The odds of finding the remaining pieces were incredibly slim.

But Kisha remained confident—once they completed the set, she knew they would unlock its hidden effects, which were still labeled as '???'.

The possibilities were exciting, and the thought of discovering what lay beneath kept her determined.

"Are you sure I can have this?" Duke asked, his voice laced with concern. "You didn't receive any equipment from the gachapon."

He hesitated, a frown forming on his face. The cloak was the only valuable item they had drawn, and it felt a bit unfair to him that the one piece of luck they'd gotten was being given to him alone.

"It's fine," Kisha said with a soft smile. "I already have Erubu's cloak, and besides, you were the one who completed the mission on time. I've already received more than enough rewards for myself. You deserve this." She spoke with gentle assurance, making sure Duke wouldn't feel guilty about accepting the reward.

After receiving the cloak, Duke wrapped it around himself with a delighted smile, savoring the moment.

As he tried it on, it fit his frame perfectly, making him look every bit the commander of an army. But as Kisha watched him, an unsettling series of images flashed in her mind.

She saw Duke standing atop a battlefield strewn with fallen foes, the crimson sky swirling above him.

His spear was lodged deep into the body of his last enemy, yet he stood there, looking at her with an unreadable expression.

Then, as if from another world, he smiled—a sad, almost resigned smile that sent a chill through her.

Without her realizing it, a single tear slipped down Kisha's cheek.

Seeing it, Duke froze, startled by the unexpected sight. His heart clenched, and without thinking, he rushed to sit in front of her, panic rising.

"Wifey, I'm sorry, I... I can't take this," he stammered, his voice filled with concern as he reached out to her. "Please don't be angry, I don't know what to do when I see you cry."

He gently cupped her face, his tone softening, "Shh, don't cry, baby... Please." His words were filled with genuine worry, unsure of how to comfort her but desperate to make it right.

Kisha, now back to her senses, couldn't help but chuckle at Duke's startled reaction.

"What are you talking about? I was just fighting back a yawn!" she teased, playfully jabbing his arm.

Even she didn't know what had gotten into her, so she quickly came up with the first excuse that popped into her head.

Hearing her words, Duke visibly relaxed, the tension in his shoulders melting away.

"That scared me to death," Duke sighed, gently rubbing the side of Kisha's eye with his thumb, still trying to calm his racing heart.

"What? Are you scared I'll take back the cloak?" Kisha teased, her playful tone easing the tension between them.

Duke chuckled, his eyes narrowing mischievously. "No takebacks," he said, pulling Kisha into a warm, loving hug.

The embrace was so comforting that Kisha forgot whatever she had been upset about in that moment.

After they wrapped up with the gachapon, they headed outside to continue with their tasks. Duke carried the blueprints for the solar panels and the new sewer system with the gas preservation, ready to discuss it with the engineers at the base.

Kisha let him take the lead on the matter, deciding to hold off on opening the Resource Crate for the time being.

Before fully joining Vulture and the others, she took a final glance at her status window to check how much her stats had increased after the +10 boost across the board from her "Sweeper Achievement."

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[Kisha Aldens]

Level 2 (Exp: 0/1000 X 0.0)

Strength: 200 (+10)

Stamina: 282 (+10)

Defense: 490 (+10)

Agility: 200 (+10)

Mental Capacity: 700 (+10)

Charm: 200 (+10)

Leadership: 300 (+10)

Luck: 250 (+10)

Mana: 670 (+10)

Spiritual Energy: 670 (+10)

Title: 100th Life (additional 10 stat points in all stats), City Lord (See Description...), The Hope of Humanity

Skills: Telekinetic Level 1 (5 SP for 20 seconds of continuous use and 1 SP per second), Perception Level 0, One Body Level 1, Rainbow Cube,

Passive Skill: Healing Dome Level 1, One Man Team

Talent: Close Combat, Heightened Senses

Gift: Pheonix's Nirvana, Eye of Truth Level 1

Ability: Telekinesis (Mental)

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Seeing her 'Healing Dome' and 'OneBody' skills level up, Kisha couldn't help but smile.

No wonder the others had started recovering their stamina and spiritual energy faster when they were around her—it was all thanks to the skill upgrades.

When Kisha arrived at the construction site, the wall construction was already in full swing.

Vulture and Sparrow were working seamlessly together, ensuring that no zombies would slip through their net-like formation while Vulture's team continued to build the wall.

Though it had only been an hour, the workers were beginning to feel the weight of exhaustion.

They hadn't noticed it at first, but they thought that maybe after days of continuous work and overtime, fatigue was starting to catch up with them.

However, when Kisha started doing slow rounds around them, their energy visibly began to replenish.

Vulture, feeling the shift in energy, couldn't help but joke, "Young Madam, having you supervise us really gives us a boost. Knowing you have our backs makes all the difference."

"That's right, City Lord," another voice chimed in with a grin. "Having a beauty around really lifts our spirits."

The lighthearted comment earned a round of laughter from the group, but before anyone could say more, Vulture delivered a playful smack to the back of the speaker's head, making the group chuckle even more.

"What?! Are you trying to flirt with the Young Madam? Trying to steal her away from my master?" Vulture exclaimed, his voice feigned with mock outrage, though his playful grin betrayed that he was just messing around.

"Hey! Captain, don't even joke about that!" the other guy retorted, feigning fear and putting on an exaggerated expression of grievance. "You know how terrifying the Vice City Lord can be if he hears even a whisper of someone having a crush on the City Lord!"