

Apocalypse 490

Chapter 490 Talk With The Artisans

Aston, noticing Kisha's excitement, couldn't help but shake his head in resignation, a small chuckle escaping him as he tried to keep up.

Despite his best efforts to run faster, there was no matching Kisha's speed.

His human abilities simply couldn't compete with her enhanced abilities, boosted by her awakening, level-ups, and the additional stats from her system.

Within moments, Kisha had disappeared from view, leaving Aston to race towards the destination, hoping to catch up with her before she got too far ahead.

When Aston finally arrived, slightly out of breath, he saw Kisha already deep in conversation with the overseer of the awakened ability registration.

In front of her stood the group of artisan-type ability users, their expressions a mix of worry and apprehension about their awakened ability.

Among them, Aston recognized a few familiar faces—some who had been working under Mrs. Winter's Women's Care department, others who were engineers assisting with the Supply Center warehouse construction, and several more from various roles within the community.

Their unease was palpable, but Kisha's animated demeanor hinted at her eagerness to ease their concerns.

"How are you feeling?" Kisha asked the overseer with a warm smile.

The overseer, looking a little shy but clearly eager, straightened up as though he were addressing his idol. "I'm doing great, City Lord!" he said enthusiastically.

"I'm really enjoying my work and learning so much along the way." His grin widened, almost sheepish, revealing just how proud and excited he was to be contributing.

"That's great to hear. Now, tell me—how many artisan-type awakened abilities do we have, and what is the range of their skills?" Kisha wasted no time, cutting straight to the heart of the matter.

Her eyes sparkled with excitement as she focused on the overseer, making it clear this was no casual inquiry.

The overseer, sensing Kisha's genuine enthusiasm, sighed in mock defeat.

He realized she wasn't there to scrutinize or question the artisans' worth but was truly eager to understand and welcome them into the fold.

The artisans stood nervously, the tension could be felt in the air.

They couldn't quite put their finger on why they were so anxious.

Before awakening, most of them had been ordinary workers in various departments, going about their jobs like anyone else.

Perhaps it was the fear of disappointing Kisha that gnawed at them.

The thought of her thinking poorly of their newfound abilities weighed heavily on their minds.

Without realizing it, almost everyone in the group had clammy hands, fidgeting nervously as they awaited her reaction.

"City Lord, we have identified 339 artisan-type awakened ability users so far," the overseer began, his voice steady but tinged with pride.

"They span across various fields, with the majority specializing in food preparation, blacksmithing, sewing, fortification, and construction."

He handed Kisha a neatly organized report, complete with a detailed pie chart summarizing the distribution of talents.

The foresight to compile this information into an easy-to-read format impressed Kisha, and she smiled in approval as she studied the chart.

"This is incredibly helpful," she remarked, her eyes scanning the data with keen interest.

Her eyes gleamed with excitement as she scanned the group of artisan-type awakened ability users.

To Kisha, they were brimming with untapped potential, each a diamond in the rough.

As she activated her 'Eye of Truth,' the ability revealed the depth of their talents and gifts, confirming her instincts about their capabilities.

Some of them had only awakened days ago and were among those she had carefully assigned to temporary accommodations in the hallway in the medical facility before the unsettling incident involving the individual who transformed into a zombie.

Even then, she had recognized their exceptional promise.

Now, standing before her, these individuals were confirmed to be among the highest-quality talents in the base.

A sense of pride and excitement filled her chest—she knew these artisans would be pivotal in shaping the base's future.

Sensing their growing unease, Kisha decided to address the artisans directly.

She knew that if their anxiety lingered, it could hinder their future performance.

Confidence was key, especially for artisans whose creations thrived on precision and creativity.

Reassuring them now would not only ease their minds but also help them unlock their full potential.

"Hello, everyone. I'm absolutely thrilled to meet and welcome all of you," Kisha began warmly.

Her words immediately captured their attention, and a wave of hope seemed to ripple through the group.

The artisans, who moments ago were fidgeting nervously, now straightened up, standing at attention.

The place fell into a hush as they hung onto her every word, anticipation lighting up their faces.

"I know many of you are feeling uncertain about your awakened abilities right now," Kisha began, her voice steady and reassuring.

"But as I've said before, every ability has its purpose. If you've awakened to an ability, it's because it holds value for our survival. Don't be afraid to explore what you're capable of. Only by doing so will you realize how much you can contribute to this base, to the people you love, and those you want to protect."

She paused, her gaze sweeping over the group, making eye contact with each of them.

"You might not be on the frontlines fighting, but that doesn't mean what you create won't be just as essential. Whether it's food, equipment, clothing, or anything else—what you make will empower those who are. Your work is vital."

Kisha's words hung in the air, and she watched as the artisans exchanged glances, the weight of her encouragement slowly sinking in.

Kisha couldn't help but feel a pang of nostalgia as she looked at the artisans before her.

In her past life, she had been fortunate enough to know a few artisans whose talents seemed limitless.

Seeing the potential in these individuals reminded her of them, and she felt a strong desire to bring those artisans into the fold of HOPE Base.

These people's skills could play a pivotal role in the future, and she was determined to help them realize their full potential, just as she had done for her friends in the past.

'Maybe I should take some time to search for them outside once my mission here at the base is over,' she thought to herself.

As soon as her words reached their ears, a wave of calm washed over the crowd in the square.

The tension lifted, and excitement began to spread, with everyone turning their gaze toward Kisha.

Just then, Aston arrived, breathless and sweating, but still managing to push forward.

He walked up to Kisha, who turned to face him. "You arrived just in time," she said.

"Since you've already opened a cafeteria, why not set up workshops for these artisans? It would give them the chance to practice their crafts and gradually improve over time."

"Of course, they should be compensated better than regular craftsmen—after all, they've awakened their abilities. While it may not be obvious now, their skills will surely be valuable in the future."

"For now, let's focus on helping them master their craft and level up, as artisans-type awakened ability users are often late bloomers." Kisha's voice was calm but clear, strong enough for everyone to hear.

It was then that they realized how serious she was about what she'd said earlier. Their initial worries transformed into a sense of resolve and determination.