

Apocalypse 516

Chapter 516 City A's Base

Keith, trusting his sister's words without question, didn't ask for any clarifications.

Instead, he swiftly grabbed the radio clipped to his waist and sent out an urgent broadcast.

"Everyone, emergency alert! A storm is approaching. Halt all operations outside the base until further notice."

He paused briefly before continuing, his tone shifting playfully. "I repeat, halt all operations outside. This is an order from my brother-in-law—Ehem, I mean, this is a directive from Mr. Duke Winters."

Keith delivered the line with mock seriousness, intentionally slipping the "brother-in-law" title to annoy Melody if she happened to hear the broadcast.

At the same time, it served as a subtle flex, signaling to the Winters' men that he had a close connection with Duke and a direct channel to communicate with him.

After all, if Keith had said the warning came from his sister, no one would have taken him seriously.

Melody might even use it to stir up trouble.

Of course, this approach could still cause some chaos within the base, but Keith wasn't the type to let Melody push him around. Not a chance.

Even Kisha was momentarily surprised by Keith's actions.

She broke into a smile, realizing how much her baby brother had changed.

'When had he become so cunning?'

Perhaps it was because he had stopped relying solely on her and started wanting to protect her instead.

Keith was clearly growing into his own, learning that sometimes the first step to strength is mastering a few clever tricks.

A crackle of static broke the airwaves as someone connected to the transmission. "Little Brother Keith, is that true?"

The voice belonged to Ethan Evans. Kisha immediately recognized the stern tone and could almost picture his expression as he spoke.

"Brother Ethan, while we don't have access to precise weather forecasts right now, you can see the signs if you look to the northern sky. The air is already still, the cold winds carry a damp chill, and the clouds are dark and foreboding."

"If we send people outside and the storm turns severe, we could lose contact with the advance party, leaving us unable to assist them when they need us most. Especially with the added danger of zombies in the area—and there's even a chance of blood rain coming."

Keith explained his reasoning so eloquently that even Kisha raised an eyebrow in surprise.

She couldn't believe her baby brother was capable of speaking like this.

'Since when did he learn to read the sky? Wasn't he only good at eating, drinking, and having fun?' she wondered, her gaze fixed on him.

Curious, Kisha opened the territory interface and searched for Ethan.

He was standing next to an armored car with a few members of the Winters team, preparing for a supply run to the city and to assess the situation there.

However, he froze the moment he heard Keith's words.

Instinctively, he glanced up at the sky.

While his view was obstructed by the tall trees surrounding their location, he knew that climbing to the top of their building—partially nestled against the mountain—might give him a clearer view of the northern horizon.

"Little Brother Keith, is this really from Duke?" Ethan asked, his hesitation evident as he faltered slightly—a detail Keith didn't miss.

Keith pouted, crossing his arms. "What, would you believe me more if I said it came from my sister?" he shot back, his tone tinged with a hint of childish defiance.

Despite his earlier composure, he was now slipping into the temperament of a typical 19-year-old, his patience thinning after being questioned again.

Kisha, observing the exchange, couldn't help but chuckle softly. Shaking her head, she thought, 'So much for his earlier maturity.'

But who would have thought that after that, Ethan would finally stop asking questions?

"Alright, we'll follow her advice. We won't go outside and will monitor the situation from here," Ethan said, his tone carrying a hint of doting affection that grated on Keith's nerves.

Keith shot a sharp glare at Kisha and mouthed, 'What's going on?'

Even Kisha blinked in surprise, just as puzzled as Keith.

She couldn't understand why Ethan seemed so willing to follow her advice over Duke's without further questioning.

The static crackle of the radio broke the brief silence.

"If it's from Miss Kisha Aldens, then it's safe to assume our Master supports this as well. We'll follow the arrangement, remain at the base, and observe how the situation unfolds. Please let Miss Kisha know that we will comply," came the calm yet authoritative voice of Eagle, the temporary leader while the others were away.

Having spent time following Kisha and observing Duke's behavior around her—especially during those few hours they had spent together—Eagle had noticed Duke's deference to her.

It was clear that Duke valued Kisha's insights deeply.

Beyond that, Eagle was well aware of Kisha's remarkable understanding of the apocalypse, which had been instrumental in helping them survive so far.

To him, her words carried the weight of absolute trust—practically gospel.

It was thanks to Kisha that they had learned to better understand awakened abilities.

She had guided them in cultivating these powers, with her brother teaching them how to use and enhance their skills, alongside the introduction of Scarlet Honey.

Because of this, Eagle had long known that Keith had a way to stay in contact with Kisha and was likely keeping her informed about everything happening at the base in City A.

Eagle didn't mind this arrangement.

In fact, it was one of the reasons he kept Melody's actions in check, ensuring she didn't overstep too far.

After all, her aspirations of becoming Mrs. Winters seemed like a distant dream—one that only Duke himself could decide.

And as things stood, Kisha's influence was undeniable. Her words often carried the same weight as Duke's, if not an extension of his authority.

"Little Brother Keith, please thank Miss Kisha for us," Eagle said with a good-natured smile. "And let her know to remind our Master to take care of himself and the others."

"Got it. She'll know," Keith replied, clipping the radio back to his waist.

He then turned to look at his sister, whose image was still displayed on the video call interface of the territory system.

"My sister is really amazing," Keith said, grinning.

"Even from so far away, your influence still stretches far and wide." Though his tone was teasing, the genuine admiration in his voice was unmistakable.

"Sister," he added, a mischievous glint in his eyes, "is it really true that no one else can see this interface in front of me, even if I run around the base with it?"

"They won't," Kisha replied with a laugh, "but if you keep talking and wandering around, people might start to think you've got a few loose screws."

Her playful tone was accompanied by a warm smile, fully aware of what he was planning.

"Alright!" Keith said with a laugh before darting off.

He hurried back to his room, searching for his grandparents.

As luck would have it, the two had just returned to rest. Their faces lit up with gentle smiles the moment they saw him, their warmth immediately filling the room.

The three of them huddled together, eagerly starting a conversation with Kisha.

Only after Kisha granted her authorization did the elderly couple see the interface again, their faces lighting up with joy as they happily chatted with her.