

Apocalypse 530

Chapter 530 Lily And Five Elements

Kisha studied the drawing and the notes in Daisy's notebook.

She couldn't determine if this insight came from Daisy's Gift, Scope—which allowed her to perceive a plant's properties and uses—or if it was her talent in Plant Breeding, enabling her to understand plants on an intuitive, almost personal level.

It reminded Kisha of her brother Mike, who could form emotional connections with animals.

'Could it be that the one she was talking to earlier was actually the plant, Lily?' Kisha pondered, a hint of skepticism flickering in her mind.

"Host, it's not impossible for a plant to develop its own consciousness," 008 explained.

"Even high-level items can form consciousness and take on human forms once they reach a certain cultivation level. This just means that the plant has exceptional grade and immense potential."

Kisha glanced at Daisy's eager face before returning the notebook to her. A soft smile played on her lips as she gently asked, "Are you talking to Lily, the little beauty growing over there?"

Daisy hesitated, fidgeting nervously as her gaze shifted back to the tiny sprout, no bigger than her small palm.

She didn't want Kisha to think she was talking to a ghost, a devil, or one of those mysterious beings adults often dismissed.

Even as a child, Daisy had heard other kids being called liars for claiming to have friends that adults couldn't see.

She couldn't shake the worry that Kisha might think the same and end up disliking her or doubting her words.

Kisha noticed Daisy's hesitation and discomfort.

"It's alright, Daisy," she said gently. "I'm not here to scold you or anything. I'm just curious about your friend. After all, anyone who's a friend of Daisy's is a friend of mine too."

Kisha's tone was warm and reassuring. She remembered what it was like to be a child, with fragile confidence and sensitive emotions.

She knew she needed to approach Daisy with care, ensuring the little girl felt safe and understood.

Hearing Kisha's reassurance, Daisy's face immediately lit up, and she nodded vigorously. "Young Madam, yes! Lily can talk. At first, all it could say was 'eat, eat, eat,' but after it sprouted, it started talking a little more. But..."

Daisy's voice softened, and she pouted as she continued, "nobody else can hear her voice—only I can. That's why I don't want people to call me a liar."

She paused, her expression tinged with frustration as she recalled a memory. "I tried bringing my brothers and grandfather here when Lily first peeked out of the dirt. I could clearly hear her saying 'eat' over and over, but no matter how much I tried to make them listen, they couldn't hear her at all."

Even though her brothers and grandfather didn't say anything, Daisy could sense that they truly couldn't hear Lily—and worse, they didn't believe her.

They thought she had spent so much time with plants that she'd created an imaginary friend.

Marcus, her grandfather, even cried in secret, blaming himself. He thought he had neglected Daisy so much that she was starting to experience auditory illusions because of her loneliness.

After that incident, the twins and Marcus began checking on Daisy more often and making an effort to spend more time with her.

Daisy knew they were worried, even though they didn't say it outright.

While she appreciated their care, she wished they understood her better.

She wasn't retreating to the plants and flowers because she was lonely or imagining things—she genuinely felt the emotions of the plants, even without them speaking.

Lily was the first plant to ever speak to her, and it made Daisy cherish her time in this secluded spot even more.

But the more often she came here, the more worried her family seemed to become.

Their concern, though unspoken, weighed on her.

She didn't want to be seen as strange or as a liar. Now that Kisha had discovered the place, Daisy felt torn.

She didn't want to keep Lily a secret anymore, but she also feared being misunderstood again.

After Daisy finished speaking, her eyes dropped to her feet as she fidgeted nervously.

She heard the soft rustling of grass and saw Kisha's feet stop in front of her.

Bracing herself, Daisy squeezed her eyes shut and pursed her lips, expecting... something.

But instead of scolding or disbelief, Kisha crouched down to Daisy's level, her cold and aloof demeanor momentarily replaced by warmth and gentleness.

Looking directly into Daisy's eyes with a calm and encouraging gaze, Kisha asked, "Did Lily tell you I was standing behind you just now?"

Her tone was light and probing, but it carried a sincerity that reassured Daisy she wasn't being mocked.

Daisy hesitated, glancing back at the tiny sprout. "Lily did," she admitted softly. "Lily said... mother was standing behind me."

Kisha blinked in surprise.

'Mother?'

For a moment, she wasn't sure if Lily was referring to her as the plant's mother or if it thought she was Daisy's mother.

Either way, the unexpected title made her chuckle helplessly.

"I believe you, Daisy," Kisha said gently. "After all, when I sneaked behind you, I was confident you wouldn't notice me—unless someone else saw me and told you."

When Daisy heard Kisha's words, her face lit up with a radiant smile, and her giggle rang out like a melodious bell carried by a gentle summer breeze.

"But why does Lily call me mother? Does it think I'm your mother?" Kisha asked curiously.

She couldn't help but probe further, wondering if the plant had a limited understanding of the concept of a mother or if there was another explanation entirely.

Daisy turned to the tiny sprout, tilting her head slightly as if listening intently.

After a moment of silence, she began nodding enthusiastically, as though she had deciphered some hidden message. Looking back at Kisha, her expression was thoughtful.

"Lily said she calls you mother because..." Daisy paused, her brow furrowing as she searched for the right words.

"Because mother breathed life into Lily, and Lily was taken care of by sister—me. So, Lily calls me sister and calls you mother."

"Breathed life?" Kisha repeated, her tone laced with intrigue. "What does that mean?"

Daisy shook her head with a small frown. "I don't know. Lily couldn't explain it either. Her words are still like a little child's, so I don't think she knows how to say it properly yet."

Kisha attempted to access the plant's status window, but aside from the details in Daisy's notebook, there was no additional information available.

Everything else was marked with question marks, and even the plant's original name was missing.

"Host, perhaps it's because the plant is still small and hasn't fully developed, which is why we can't discern the true nature of this spiritual plant yet," 008 offered after analyzing the situation.

"Spiritual plant?" Kisha asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Yes, host. As mentioned in the notebook, it's a special mystic-grade plant, which means it has already undergone a form of enlightenment and this doesn't happen often," 008 explained.

"This means it has awakened its consciousness. The idea of 'breathing life' into it could refer to your connection, as your spiritual energy might have triggered its awakening. In a sense, it's like you gave birth to it."

"The medium through which it gained enlightenment is unclear, but it's possible that the spiritual energy in this territory—bound to you—has left an imprint on the plant. By default, that would make you its 'mother' in a spiritual sense."

"Hmmm." Daisy made a small sound as something came to mind. When Kisha glanced at her, Daisy shyly added, "Lily was given to me by you, Young Madam."

'Given by me?' Kisha thought to herself, unsure of anything she might have given to Daisy.

"Host, you did give her something a while ago," 008 chimed in.

"I did?" Kisha raised an eyebrow, trying to recall the event.

"Remember when you received that unknown seed? You gave it to this child back then."

There was a pause as Kisha's eyes widened in realization.

'Oh, that seed?' she thought.

She turned her gaze back to the small sprout. The tiny leaves, still not fully opened, trembled slightly as if a gentle breeze had brushed past it—even though there was no wind.

"Young Madam, Lily says hello and is happy to see you, mother." Daisy stood beside Kisha, acting as her translator.

Kisha smiled, leaning down to gently poke the plant.

It shivered in response. "What does it eat?" she asked.

"Um, I water it and let it bask in the sunlight, but Lily said it wasn't enough. It wouldn't grow from that alone," Daisy explained.

"It kept asking for food, so I brought it some, but it wouldn't eat cooked food. Then I brought some crops from Grandpa's farm, and among them, it only liked one."

"It ate it happily, and after that, one of its small leaves opened slowly. After that, it stopped asking for food and said the food was floating around and that I didn't need to bring it anymore."

"Host, this little plant must have consumed the spiritual crops. After you installed the Spiritual Crystal Gatherer, it no longer needs to rely on them, as the spiritual energy in the air is now abundant," 008 explained.

"I thought so too. So, it means it really only feeds on spiritual energy?" Kisha asked.

"Not entirely," 008 replied. "As a spiritual plant, it still has an affinity for a specific type of spiritual energy. It could belong to one of the five main elements: Fire, Water, Earth, Lightning, or Wind. But aside from these, there are also sub-elements like Ice, Metal, and others."

