

Apocalypse 532

Chapter 532 Demonic Insect 2

Once Kisha had set everyone down and ensured they were resting peacefully, she let out a quiet, guilty sigh of relief.

Duke, noticing her expression, approached from behind and placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

"You don't have to feel guilty," he said gently. "We all know it was a necessary step to ensure no one could betray us when it mattered most."

Kisha shook her head, her voice thick with emotion.

"They're your family. We need to figure out a way to remove the demonic insect from them."

"They've already proven their loyalty, and they shouldn't be enduring this kind of torture for following us." Her throat tightened as she spoke, her thoughts flashing back to the Heart Gu Pill she had made them take.

It had been necessary to ensure their loyalty and to root out any potential spies when facing the Coltons, but now, seeing them suffer, the weight of it hit her hard.

Now that the Coltons had been apprehended and were in their custody, Kisha knew she could have them swear their loyalty using the slave contract, just like she had with Aston and the others.

Duke, hearing her resolve, nodded silently.

He, too, felt a deep discomfort seeing his men in such a state.

After all, he had poured his blood, sweat, and years of dedication into raising these men, who had become like sworn brothers to him.

Seeing Kisha proactively offer this solution for his men, Duke was deeply moved.

He knew all too well that she was doing this to protect him.

While the method was ruthless, he understood its necessity. Without it, many of his loyal and trusted men would fall victim to betrayal, and he couldn't allow that to happen.

Duke gently cupped Kisha's neck, pulling her closer until she rested against his strong chest.

"Thank you, wifey..." he murmured solemnly, his voice trembling slightly.

Kisha didn't notice, but Duke's eyes glistened with unshed tears, as a wave of conflicting emotions passed through him.

Not long after, Marcus and his grandchildren arrived.

Upon seeing that Kisha and Duke had already settled the Winters' men, the three exchanged quiet glances, silently retreating to continue their work.

Kisha nestled against Duke's chest, her voice tinged with concern as she asked, "008, is there a way to remove the demonic insects from their hearts?"

"Yes, host," 008 replied, its tone calm but serious.

"There is a method to extract the demonic insects safely. We can use smoke to draw them out, which is relatively less dangerous."

"However, the process is painful. The insects would crawl out from the heart, through the arteries, and eventually emerge from their mouths. To make this work, we'll need a healing potion for their recovery, as well as a crucial ingredient that must be burned to create the smoke that will force the demonic insects out."

"Can you find the ingredients in your channel or the system mall?" Kisha asked, her voice filled with concern.

"Yes, host," 008 replied, "but the ingredients will be quite expensive."

Kisha nodded, bracing herself. "No worries, just purchase them. Do we have enough points for it?"

"Yes, host," 008 reassured her. "If my calculations are correct, we have enough and will still have some points left over."

Relieved, Kisha gave a small sigh. "Alright, go ahead and buy what we need. We'll remove the demonic insects from everyone who took the Heart Gu Pill."

"Host, are we discarding the Heart Gu Pill completely? We still have some left," 008 asked, its tone curious.

"No," Kisha answered, her voice heavy. "We'll repurpose it, but it will never be used on anyone close to us again." As she spoke, she felt as though a weight had been lifted from her chest.

"By the way, didn't you mention before that there's a profession in the fantasy world called 'Inscriber'?" Kisha asked, a sudden realization lighting up her expression.

Her eyes gleamed brightly as the thought struck her.

"Yes, host," 008 replied.

"There are manuals available in the system mall that you can purchase, or I can check my channel for more advanced manuals from the fantasy world."

Then, 008 paused, a new understanding dawning on it.

"Host, are you considering learning how to inscribe so you can create slave contracts on your own?" The last words carried a tone of both excitement and awe.

"Yes, there's a limited supply of slave contracts in your channel, and they're often sold quickly," Kisha explained.

"If I could make my own slave contracts, not only would we have access to them whenever we need, but we could also sell them in your channel. I'll give you a portion of the sales."

She knew she couldn't keep this plan from 008 for long, as she would need its cooperation and the channel to sell the extra slave contracts.

Kisha had realized that relying solely on the points earned from mission events wasn't sustainable anymore—she needed a more consistent way to accumulate points for emergencies like this one.

In her previous lives, Kisha had never accumulated enough points to afford the manuals necessary to learn any skills, but now that she had the resources, why not take the opportunity?

Besides, learning more skills would make her more powerful and help her protect her loved ones better.

From what she understood, inscribing wasn't just useful for creating contracts—it was also similar to the talisman-making techniques from the murim world.

As her proficiency grew, she could even inscribe additional effects onto weapons and defensive items, adding offensive or defensive abilities to further enhance her strength.

"That's an excellent idea, host! We'll get rich!" 008 exclaimed with excitement.

Kisha's mood lightened as she teasingly responded, "Are you that confident in me? What if I fail to learn?"

"Host, what are you saying? The manuals from the system are all consumable items that directly inject the knowledge into your brain."

"It integrates seamlessly, like you've known it your entire life. Once you learn it, you'll only need to practice." 008 paused, a sudden thought hitting it, and then added sheepishly,

"Of course, it also depends on your talent and how well you can apply the knowledge."

"Ha ha." 008 chuckled awkwardly. "But host, don't worry. I've been with you for a long time and I know your capabilities. I'm confident you'll do well."

"You've already used a manual before and seen for yourself how it works. You proved you could harness its knowledge effectively, so I'm sure other manuals will be no different."

Kisha playfully rolled her eyes, but she understood exactly what 008 meant, and she agreed.

The manual would provide the knowledge, but it wouldn't guarantee mastery—proficiency still depended on the individual's talent and how they applied that knowledge.

Although she wasn't sure if she had a natural affinity for inscribing, she figured she could only try. If she failed, she would simply chalk it up to experience.

After making her decision, Kisha clenched her fist with resolve, while 008 immediately sprang into action, scouring its channel for the necessary ingredients and manual.

After a while, Kisha felt Duke's gentle hand stroking her head. Perhaps he sensed her shifting emotions and wanted to comfort her.

Feeling his warmth, Kisha leaned into his embrace, allowing herself to be pampered for a moment.

When Duke felt Kisha nuzzle closer, like a contented, pampered cat, he chuckled softly, his chest vibrating with the sound.

After some time, the Winters' men slowly began to stir, their eyes fluttering open as they regained consciousness.

Sparrow and Vulture pushed themselves up from the mattress, both shaking their heads as if trying to clear the fog from their minds.

Sparrow rubbed his temples, attempting to recall what had happened, while Vulture supported his head, his expression clouded with confusion.

Gradually, their memories resurfaced, and the phantom pain lingered in their minds.

The instant they remembered, their faces drained of color, and a visible pallor washed over them.

They quickly sat up, instinctively touching their chests and bodies, relieved to find the crawling pain that had gripped their hearts was gone.

As they looked around, they noticed Duke and Kisha standing nearby, watching them. Vulture was the first to rise.

"Master, Young Madam, thank you for saving us."

The others followed suit, their gratitude evident in their voices.

Kisha's throat tightened, a heavy guilt swelling in her chest at their words. Duke gently patted her back, offering silent support as her emotions threatened to overwhelm her.

"Don't blame yourself," Duke reassured Kisha softly.

"The moment they took the Heart Gu Pill, they understood the risks and chose to show their loyalty anyway. They could have refused, but they didn't, even knowing the pain they would endure. They've faced worse before. So, don't punish yourself over this."

Kisha glanced around, and sure enough, none of the men held her accountable for what had happened.

Their silent support only strengthened her resolve. She would end this here, once and for all.

Kisha cleared her throat before speaking. "We've already dealt with the Coltons, and I've found another way to keep everyone in check—one that no longer requires you to endure the torture of the demonic insect every two weeks."

"However, the process of removing the demonic insect will still be painful. In order for it to leave your body naturally, it has to crawl out from your heart, moving through your arteries and making a small incision, and then, it will eventually crawl out of your mouth."

Normally, if the demonic insect were forcefully extracted, it would cause excruciating pain for the host, often resulting in death.