

Apocalypse 67

Chapter 67 A Goddess

With a grateful glance toward Kisha, Duke waited as Sparrow and Vulture carefully brought each unconscious person into the room. Once everyone was safely inside, Sparrow and Vulture took up positions outside the door, ready to intercept any zombies that breached the floor.

As Duke and Kisha entered the room, they found a corner and settled there, facing the unconscious group. Sitting on the cold floor, Kisha reached into her inventory and retrieved their portion of instant noodles, passing one to Duke since they hadn't eaten much of their meal earlier.

Since Kisha's inventory wasn't affected by time, everything she stored there remained unchanged. As she pulled out the food, it was still steaming, and the delicious aroma of Shin Ramyun filled the room. Putting all their thoughts aside for the moment, Kisha and Duke began to eat their share.

The appetizing smell of the food caused the unconscious individuals to abruptly wake up and sit up. Their eyes were still blurry and unfocused, but the sight of them drooling was a bit amusing. However, considering their pitiful and unkempt appearance, Kisha bit her lip and avoided looking at them to stifle her laughter.

"Host, I noticed that you're becoming more lively now compared to your other lives in the apocalypse. Before you looked like an unhinged person but now, you at least looked like a sharp blade." 008's voice suddenly interrupted Kisha's thoughts

Now that 008 had pointed it out, Kisha also noticed that she'd been displaying more emotions lately than in her previous reincarnations. Surprisingly, she didn't feel as much pressure as she had in her past lives. 'What was different?'

"Maybe your love life?" 008 teased before going into hiding again.

Kisha didn't have the opportunity to pursue the conversation with 008 further because the previously unconscious individuals were now awake. As their eyes gradually gained clarity, it was evident that their senses were a bit dulled, likely due to exhaustion and hunger, rather than sharpening from the danger that surrounded them.

At that moment, right on cue, a stomach growled so loudly that it startled them out of their reverie. Their gaze had been fixed on Duke, who was quietly eating in front of them until the rumble of hunger snapped them back to attention. Soon after the first growl, a second one chimed in, followed by a few more from the others.

Hearing the commotion from inside the room, Sparrow craned his neck to sneak a peek inside. When he saw that his comrades were awake, he exclaimed, "You guys are finally awake!"

The man felt that the person's voice standing guard at the door sounded familiar, so familiar.

Vulture also looked back while maintaining his vigilance, his face lighting up with a smile upon seeing their comrades awake and alive. Despite their miserable appearance, the fact that they were alive and could return together brought relief.

The man turned to the door and gasped, his voice trembling with emotion. "S-sparrow?!" He rubbed his eyes, blinked, and stared again, his eyes reddening with tears. Choked with emotion, he struggled to call out their names once more. His companions mirrored his reaction as if they had glimpsed a ray of hope.

Overwhelmed, the men around Kisha began to sniffle and rub their eyes, trying to hold back tears.

Despite Sparrow's disguised and scarred face, his silhouette still bore a resemblance to his former self. They had encountered many masters in disguise before so their eyes were well trained to spot many things that normal people don't notice, allowing them to recognize traces of Sparrow in the man standing guard at the door.

The almost imperceptible sound of slurping noodles caught his attention. Before him sat a man with a pirate-like appearance, yet his commanding and noble presence could only belong to one individual—the person they had known since youth, the one who had imbued their lives with newfound purpose. Despite any changes he may have undergone, they would always recognize him.

"M-master... Duke?!" The man who had been the first to wake up croaked, his voice hoarse and trembling as he called out to Duke. Disbelief filled his wide-open eyes, as if he couldn't quite believe that the Duke in front of him was real, and not just a figment of his imagination.

"Um..." Duke responded with a simple sound as he continued to eat his food without looking up.

"Master... You're alive..." The men echoed, their usually stoic demeanor crumbling in the face of overwhelming emotion. Despite their battle-hardened elite status, they resembled vulnerable children, tears and snot mingling as they repeatedly called out for Duke, who continued to eat his meal in silence.

If Kisha hadn't looked closer, she might have missed the subtle tremble in his fingers and the storm of emotions swirling in his dark eyes. He attempted to conceal it, but the weight of the moment had cracked his facade. Witnessing this vulnerability, Kisha couldn't help but offer a defeated smile.

'Is he so fearful of revealing his vulnerability to others? Or perhaps his pride won't allow it?' she pondered silently.

In the midst of the silent rejoicing of those around her, as they reunited with their leader, Kisha stayed quiet. With no familiarity or connection to these individuals, she found herself without words to say. Instead, she busied herself by bringing out additional pots and a portable stove, intending to cook more noodles for the seven men.

Their hunger seemed so intense that they appeared on the verge of fainting. As Kisha unveiled the ingredients and utensils, all seven pairs of eyes swiveled in her direction. They had witnessed something extraordinary happening almost as if by magic, and their shock was palpable.

Their surprise, though profound, was tempered by the grim realities they had come to accept in the wake of the apocalypse. Having heard tales and rumors from their leaders, they were somewhat prepared for the unexpected. Yet, witnessing such a remarkable occurrence firsthand was nothing short of astounding.

So absorbed were they in this novel experience that they momentarily forgot their tears, captivated by the unfolding spectacle before them.

Upon hearing stories of future awakenings of supernatural abilities from their respective leaders, they couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation stirred within them. Witnessing Kisha's extraordinary capabilities fueled their excitement for their own potential awakenings, injecting a newfound sense of hope into their weary hearts.

It became a beacon of promise amidst the bleakness of their current reality, offering them something to eagerly anticipate and strive towards.

Kisha felt their intense stares but chose to focus on the task at hand, pushing aside the weight of their scrutiny. Duke, finishing his noodles swiftly, left not a drop of soup behind before setting down his utensils. Without hesitation, he joined Kisha in preparing the additional servings for the seven men, seamlessly lending his assistance.

Kisha remained wordless, allowing Duke to assist without interruption. As they cooked in silence, the seven men observed them with astonishment. They were well aware that their master had never set foot in a kitchen, much less wielded a spatula or prepared noodles.

Their gaze shifted to Kisha, scrutinizing her every move. They had no idea what she looked like, but considering Duke and the others were in disguise, they speculated that the woman before them might also be hiding her true appearance.

Kisha looked up and said. "Hungry? Just wait for a little while, the noodles will be cooked." Then turned her attention back to the pots.

The seven men were overcome with emotion. 'She's a goddess,' they thought, feeling tears welling up in their eyes.