

## Apocalypse 696

### Chapter 696 Keith's Improvement

While the Evans family was caught in an emotional confrontation at the infirmary, Kisha had already made her way to meet the newcomers in her territory. Before that, she had sent the Winters to train alongside those who had remained at the hidden base—men who never had the chance to train under her and Duke back at HOPE Base.

The hidden base members had a lot of catching up to do, and it showed. As soon as the two groups began their training session, the Winters' men from HOPE Base effortlessly dominated their counterparts. The difference in skill was undeniable, and frustration rippled through the hidden base group as they groaned and struggled to get back on their feet.

"Ugh! How did the gap get this big in just a month? Is this the difference between levels?" one of the men from the hidden base grumbled as he pushed himself up from the ground after being tossed around like a ragdoll.

His opponent from HOPE Base smirked. "Well, you're still Level 0. I'm already Level 1."

"Ugh! One more round!" the hidden base man growled, determined to bridge the gap.

While the others were busy with their training, Kisha turned to Keith. "So, baby brother, why don't you show me your progress for a bit?" she said, her eyes assessing him thoughtfully.

Watching the training session had reminded her that she hadn't checked in on Keith's development for a while.

After hearing Sparrow's report on what her little brother could do, she realized he had improved significantly—perhaps even more than she had expected. Now was the perfect time to see it for herself before heading off to meet the newcomers.

"Alright," Keith said, looking smug. He took a calm breath and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, an exact replica of Kisha stood before her.

Every detail was perfect—the facial features, the build, even the subtle nuances of her expression. Perhaps it was because Keith was so familiar with his sister that he could recreate her so flawlessly.

"Hmmm. This is impressive," Kisha acknowledged, circling the illusion with a nod of approval. She extended her hand, attempting to touch it. Like mist or a hologram, the illusion offered no resistance.

Her fingers passed through it effortlessly, causing the form to distort momentarily before seamlessly reforming as if nothing had happened.

Then, to her surprise, the illusion turned its head toward her and smiled—eerily lifelike.

Kisha raised an eyebrow before shifting her gaze back to her little brother. "Not bad..." she said with a small smile.

After all, Keith's specialty was illusion—meant to deceive the eye, not create something tangible enough to fool both sight and touch. Yet, his mastery was undeniable.

"Alright," she continued, her smile widening with interest. "What about your combat skills? Show me what you've got."

She knew that Keith and their grandfather had been training with Ethan, learning close combat techniques, as well as how to handle explosives and firearms. Now, she wanted to see just how much he had improved during her absence.

In her previous life, Kisha had been the one to personally teach and train Keith, guiding him through every step. But this time, she had been too busy to oversee his progress as closely. It felt strange—almost unnatural—not to be the one shaping his skills.

Yet, as she observed him now, seeing how much he had grown on his own, a thought crossed her mind: 'A baby eagle wouldn't learn to fly if it wasn't pushed from the nest. And more importantly, it wouldn't learn independence if its mother was always by its side.'

For as long as she could remember, Keith had always followed her like a shadow. Though she wasn't his mother, perhaps he had been relying on her too much.

Then, as if responding to an unspoken command, Keith's expression turned serious. He reached behind his torso and swiftly drew the axe from his belt. Without hesitation, he swung it sideways toward Kisha in a sharp, decisive motion.

However, to Kisha, it was nothing more than child's play. With her heightened abilities, Keith's every move appeared as if it were in slow motion, his form riddled with openings. Without meaning to, her

reflexes took over—before she even realized it, her foot connected squarely with his ribcage in a swift, precise kick.

"Ugh! Sis, are you trying to kill me?" Keith groaned, looking up at Kisha with pitiful, teary red eyes while pouting. His earlier seriousness vanished in an instant, replaced by sheer disbelief. He hadn't expected Kisha to take him so seriously—let alone shut him down before he could even show off his improvements.

With just one move, he was already on his knees, clutching his side. "I think you broke two of my ribs," he muttered through gritted teeth, glaring at her as if she had just betrayed him.

Duke chuckled from the sidelines as he watched the siblings horse around. His amusement grew when he noticed Kisha's shocked expression—she hadn't meant to hit Keith so hard.

She had believed she was sparring with controlled precision, only to miscalculate at the last second. It completely slipped her mind just how vast the difference was between their strength and defense.

She was used to sparring with Duke, who could take her hits head-on or evade at the last second. But Keith? He looked like a sluggish turtle with a broken shell, unable to dodge in time, leaving his body to absorb the full brunt of her attack without mercy.

"I-I'm so sorry, baby brother," Kisha said, still trying to process what had just happened.

Meanwhile, Duke was laughing on the sidelines. It wasn't often that he saw Kisha speechless and at a loss for words. She was never the careless type—if anything, she was a tyrant on the training grounds, pushing everyone to their limits.

Even he wasn't spared from her relentless training. But this time, she had gotten so used to that role that her body reacted faster than her mind. Instead of merely testing Keith's abilities, she had ended up knocking him down for real.

Kisha cleared her throat. "Ahem! Let's try that again, shall we?" She attempted to mask the blush creeping up her cheeks.

Keith, still clutching his side, looked up at her with an exaggerated expression of pain. "Sis, why don't you take me to the infirmary first? I think I'm dying here. Please?" He sucked in a mouthful of air, his voice laced with dramatics, but to his dismay, no one seemed to be taking him seriously.

Duke, still laughing, shook his head in amusement.