

## Apocalypse 709

### Chapter 709 Preparing To Set Off For A New Mission 2

After finishing their announcement to the Winters' men, Kisha and Duke were about to leave when Kisha's gaze landed on Keith. He stood in the corner, barely visible behind the towering figures of the Winters' men, his eyes filled with excitement. She hadn't noticed him before due to his smaller stature compared to the others.

Not far from Keith, Ethan and his brothers looked like they had just been through hell—exhausted, disheveled, and pitiful, especially the twins. It seemed Ethan had dragged his siblings into an intense training session.

Even their father stood behind them, tending to their mother, who looked as if she were about to pass out. Kisha had no idea what had compelled them to start a family training session at a time like this, but she didn't particularly care.

After giving them a brief glance, she opened her system interface, navigated to Keith's status window, and initiated a chat. A small window instantly appeared in front of Keith—visible only to him.

[Kisha: Baby brother, come see me in our grandparents' room.]

As soon as Keith finished reading the message, it vanished. He immediately straightened up, ready to head out, but before he could take a step, one of the Winters' men stopped him.

"Mr. Aldens, are you not going to register with us? Or would you like me to write your name on the registration form while you prepare your things?" the man asked with respect.

Since Keith was Kisha's recognized younger brother and had been with them for some time, the Winters' men knew his capabilities and regarded him with the same respect they showed Kisha.

Keith, still not used to being addressed so formally, winced slightly before nodding awkwardly. "Yes, please. That would help a lot. I need to go back, get ready, and inform my grandparents," he explained.

The Winters' men nodded in understanding, offering him a reassuring smile. One of them gave him a gentle push as if to say, 'We got this.'

After informing them, Keith strode out after Kisha and Duke. The Evans watched his retreating figure with envy, reminded once again that Keith was recognized as Kisha's brother—something they couldn't claim for themselves.

After everything that had happened the previous night, they hadn't found another opportunity to meet with Kisha and strengthen their connection with her. They had missed so much of her life—her milestones, her growth—and had long dreamed of the day they could finally be together.

But now, that long-awaited reunion had been tainted by a terrible first impression, all because of Melody.

Disappointment and regret weighed heavily on them. They longed for Kisha, their long-lost family member, but at the same time, shame gnawed at them.

She had been through so much, and instead of welcoming her with warmth, she had been forced to endure yet another painful experience. And the worst part? They still didn't even know if she truly acknowledged them as family.

After Kisha and Duke left the cafeteria, Kisha made her way to her grandparents' room. She had already sent them a message to meet her there, knowing they were likely busy with their daily duties at this time.

By the time Kisha and Duke arrived, the room was still empty, but it wasn't long before hurried footsteps echoed from outside. Since the Aldens' quarters weren't as high-end or soundproof as the ones given to the core members, the sounds from the hallway carried easily into the room.

Moments later, the elderly Aldens couple entered, followed closely by Keith, who looked slightly nervous. As soon as he stepped inside, he spoke up, "Sister, do you need us for something?"

"Why don't you sit first?" Duke gestured for them to take their seats while he busied himself brewing tea over a small charcoal burner.

The Aldens family settled onto the small sofa around Kisha. Grandma Aldens gently took Kisha's hand, her expression soft yet concerned. "Dear, is something wrong? Why did you call for us?"

Kisha wasn't sure what had them so nervous, but she could sense their unease. Wanting to reassure them, she softened her tone while keeping her words direct.

"Grandma, Duke and I are about to set off on another mission. I assume you've already heard about it from Keith?" She paused, watching as the three of them nodded in confirmation before continuing.

"I actually want to bring you along to gain more experience outside. I know you've been doing well here in the hidden base and that you've undergone training, just like Keith. But we never know when disaster might strike, and I want you to be better prepared—stronger than you are now. The best way to achieve that is through real experience, facing hardships and dangers firsthand.

"Of course, I understand it's risky out there, but I'll be watching over you. You won't be alone. All I ask is that you take this opportunity to learn and grow."

"Why does it sound like even this hidden base isn't safe when you put it that way?" Grandpa Aldens muttered, scratching the back of his head and wrinkling his nose.

Before he could say more, his wife smacked him lightly on the back of his head.

"Didn't our little girl just say it's better to be prepared?" Grandma Aldens chided.

"Besides, she means well for us. We should listen to her. Just look at how strong she's become! The Winters' men and even Duke's parents have nothing but praise for her—they practically repeat each other when talking about her strength and accomplishments. We should be proud and work hard to become stronger ourselves. The last thing we want is to hold her back."

Hearing this, Kisha's cheeks flushed slightly. She never intended for her family to hear about her achievements—she was simply doing what needed to be done. But knowing that they recognized and acknowledged her efforts made her feel both giddy and a little shy.

"Grandma, please have some tea so your throat doesn't go dry," Duke said, handing Grandma Aldens a cup of freshly brewed chamomile tea. A single, large chamomile flower floated delicately on the surface, adding a touch of elegance to the warm drink.

Grandma Aldens accepted the cup with a gentle smile and took a small sip. Almost instantly, her face lit up. Duke had added a touch of Scarlet Honey, giving the tea a subtle sweetness.

As the warm liquid traveled down her throat, a soothing wave of energy spread through her body. The sensation was comforting and familiar, easing her tension and making her feel completely at ease.

"Grandma, my wife is right. We don't mean to worry or scare you—we just want to make sure you're well-equipped for any situation," Duke said gently. "By getting stronger yourselves, we'd feel more at ease when we go on missions."

"My little brother-in-law already goes out with my subordinates for missions, which is dangerous enough as it is. When you come with us this time, you'll have better training, sharper judgment, and stronger instincts. The world outside is unpredictable, and experiencing it firsthand under our watch will prepare you all for anything worse."

"More importantly, knowing you're all gaining strength gives us peace of mind. If anything happens, we'll be there to step in when you need us."