

Apocalypse 726

Chapter 726 - One's Moral Compass

"It's alright. My sister said she could give you some clothes, so just accept them. It's not a big deal," Keith said nonchalantly, not understanding why the girl was so hesitant over something as simple as clothing.

But Kisha understood—she had been in that position before. She knew just how difficult it was to get decent clothes, especially after the world had changed.

That's why she had once fretted over every shirt, every jacket, every piece of fabric they could find. And, she had even prioritized a mission to raid a textile factory, determined to secure as much material as possible. It wasn't just about comfort—it was survival.

Kisha had also begun planning how they could produce their own fabric, aiming for self-sufficiency. The weather had become unpredictable—one moment, scorching heat; the next, bone-chilling cold.

Clean, warm clothes were no longer a luxury, but a necessity. Out there, beyond the safety of their base, finding suitable clothing was one of the hardest tasks.

And without proper clothes, people couldn't work efficiently—especially the combatants guarding the walls. That's why fabric and clothing weren't just minor things in Kisha's eyes—they were vital resources.

She understood better than anyone why a girl might fret over something Keith dismissed so casually.

But Keith hadn't experienced those extremes yet, so he couldn't truly understand what the girl was feeling. That was exactly why Kisha had brought her family outside—to show them what life was really like beyond the safety and comfort of their walls.

She wanted Keith and her grandparents to see the harsh realities firsthand: how unpredictable the climate had become, and how difficult it was to survive without proper preparation.

Out here, the weather could turn on you in an instant—burning heat one day, freezing winds the next. Experiencing this would help them shift their mindset, toughen their bodies, and adapt their fighting skills to real-world conditions.

Only then could they understand why something as simple as clothes mattered so much.

The girl frowned at Keith's comment. To her, he sounded like an arrogant, sheltered heir—someone who had no idea what life outside was really like. So she didn't bother replying to him. Instead, she turned her attention back to Kisha, silently waiting for her response.

Seeing the girl's reaction, Kisha immediately understood—she could tell the girl thought Keith was just another pampered peacock, not worth her time. With a helpless smile and a small nod, Kisha acknowledged her unspoken frustration.

Almost as if on cue, Duke walked over to their truck and casually pretended to retrieve a backpack. In reality, he was pulling it from his Space Ring—careful to do so where no outsiders could see.

The bag was filled with canned goods, a few changes of clothes, and other necessities. He and Kisha had long prepared for situations like this, always cautious not to reveal their secret storage space.

After all, a space ring was a rare treasure—and far too dangerous to expose in front of people who might covet it.

After retrieving the backpack, Duke brought it over to Kisha. In front of Dracon and the girl, Kisha calmly unzipped it and rummaged through the contents. She then pulled out a set of clean sports clothes and a warm jacket, handing them to the girl before returning the backpack to Duke.

The girl's eyes lit up the moment she received the clothes. Clutching them to her chest as if they were the most precious gift in the world, she beamed with joy. "Thank you so much, beautiful sister!"

Dracon stepped forward and offered his thanks. "Thank you for giving my sister clothes."

After a brief, polite smile, his expression turned serious as he returned to the real reason they were there—why they were still waiting despite the risks. "Now that you're here, I assume that guy over there has already filled you in on why we were sent here and what we're waiting for. I hope you can give us an answer."

His sharp, eagle-like eyes moved between Kisha and Duke, filled with determination.

Kisha and Duke's expressions turned serious as they looked at Dracon and the rest of his group. Without a word, Kisha activated her 'Eye of Truth' to assess their moral compasses.

Dracon registered as neutral. The girl beside him showed a clear alignment toward good. Dracon's team of combatants also leaned neutral, while the civilians gathered behind them were a mixed bag.

But then Kisha's gaze paused—landing on a woman sobbing quietly in the arms of a man at the back. The man looked haggard and disheveled, yet the remnants of his clothing told another story.

He wore what was once a high-end, custom-made shirt, now stained and faded into a grim mix of brown, black, and grey. His dress pants were full of holes, and his leather shoes were worn thin.

Judging by his attire, he must have been attending a high-society banquet or party when the apocalypse struck.

Although the man looked disheveled and rugged, he still carried a striking handsomeness. He was gently coaxing the woman in his arms, who continued to cry as if her tears were endless.

If Kisha remembered correctly, that same woman had earlier hidden herself away from the chaos, trembling with fear. In a moment of panic, she had even shoved someone aside when they tried to huddle near her for safety.

The person she pushed had stumbled directly into the path of a mutated snake—never seeing it coming—and was torn in half in an instant. Meanwhile, the woman, face pale as ash, had silently fled again.

The man holding her had been doing his best to protect her, shielding her from danger—but he had also been actively helping the others. He hadn't noticed what the woman had done in her panic, too focused on assisting the rest of the civilians.

And why was Kisha staring at her so intently? Because the moment she activated her 'Eye of Truth', glaring red letters appeared above the woman—"Corrupted"— with an red angry emoji on below.

It wasn't the usual "good", "neutral", or "bad" alignment. 'Corrupted' meant something far deeper, far darker. Kisha had seen this before—only a handful of times throughout the countless lives she'd lived in the apocalypse.

And each time, it pointed to someone who had gone beyond redemption. This woman reminded her all too much of her so-called best friend from her 99th life—a master manipulator who wore innocence like a mask, who cried on cue, yet behind the scenes, was calculating, self-serving, and utterly indifferent to the lives of others.

She only valued one thing: her own comfort and survival.

What Kisha had witnessed earlier—the selfish shove, the way she abandoned someone to their death without blinking—only confirmed what her instincts and the Eye told her.

Kisha must have been staring too long, because the woman suddenly stiffened. She looked up and their eyes met.

For a brief second, Kisha was stunned.

Then a knowing smile curled on her lips. 'Oh. I finally found you...' she thought.

The woman's reaction was immediate. Recognition flickered in her eyes, and just like that, the tears stopped. She pulled away from the man's comforting arms and ran toward Kisha, wearing a bright, almost too-enthusiastic smile.

"Kisha, is it really you?!"