

Apocalypse 734

Chapter 734 Tell Me

"Host, that Lisa woman is dead." 008 reported flatly.

"Good work, 008, for finding that Beast Attracting Talisman," Kisha said calmly, though there was a subtle shift in her demeanor. Something felt different, but she couldn't quite place it.

"Host, I only found and purchased the talisman, but you were the one who secretly put it on Lisa—disguising it with an Invincible Talisman so she wouldn't notice. The wicked woman got exactly what she deserved!" 008 said, voice tinged with indignation.

"You seem to really hate her?" Kisha teased, an amused smile playing on her lips.

"Of course I do, Host!" 008 exclaimed. "If I had bound with you just a second later, the process would've failed. You would've died right there and become just another mindless zombie. I'd have been forced to find a new host or be sent back to my Constellation. That means—no second chances for you to restart your life."

Kisha could practically picture 008 crossing its arms, its indignation too obvious, as if it were pouting in frustration.

"It's over now. I've avenged myself, and Lisa's had a taste of her own medicine. But unlike me, she'll never get a second chance to start over," Kisha said, a quiet satisfaction settling in her chest. She gazed out the window, a sense of peace washing over her. For the first time in a long while, she felt truly free.

After Kisha placed the Beast Attracting Talisman on Lisa's body, all the mutated snakes that had been lurking in the tall grass suddenly converged on her. One by one, they slithered toward Lisa, drawn irresistibly to the talisman's pull. The area around her became a nightmare of writhing serpents, overwhelming her in seconds.

Not a single mutated creature paid any attention to Kisha's convoy, as if they were all hypnotized by the talisman's power. As Kisha and her convoy moved out of the farmland, not a single mutated snake or other creature crossed their path. All of them were fixated on Lisa's location, leaving Kisha's group untouched.

In a way, not only had Kisha avenged herself, but she had also spared her people from unnecessary fighting. By drawing the mutated snakes away, she saved them all the energy and danger of dealing with those relentless creatures.

Even Sparrow, Vulture, Eagle, Hawk, Tristan, and the rest—who had been bracing themselves for another battle with the mutated snakes—were taken by surprise. The journey was eerily quiet, with no attacks. The silence was both unsettling and a relief. They couldn't understand why, but they were grateful for the calm.

Dracon and his people silently observed as the Winters' convoy moved away from the farmland, their path diverging toward a different direction. The humvees tied to the back of the trucks were carefully pulled along, there was a little tension in the air.

Keith, sitting at the back of the first truck, was carefully wiping down his new prized possession—a longbow gifted to him by his sister. He treated it with the reverence of someone holding something irreplaceable.

The bow's smooth surface glistened under the sunlight, its intricate design resembling something crafted from ivory—elegant and almost ornamental. It looked more like a work of art than a weapon fit for battle.

Abby, watching him with curiosity, couldn't help but ask, "You can use a bow? That's amazing!" Her excitement was evident, her words tumbling out in animated surprise.

Her enthusiasm caught Dracon's attention, and he glanced over at Keith's bow. He raised an eyebrow, impressed by its exquisite appearance. Though clearly more decorative than practical, but the longbow was capable of more than its delicate beauty suggested.

Keith puffed out his chest, a confident grin spreading across his face as he glanced at Abby. "You bet I can," he said, pride evident in his voice. "This beauty isn't just for show."

"And it's a gift from my sister," Keith added, proudly angling the longbow to give Abby a better view. Abby stared at it, her eyes wide with envy.

"Wow! It's so pretty! Can it do as much damage as my brother's shotgun?" Abby asked, her curiosity piqued. She hovered her hand over the bow, but hesitated, unsure if she should touch its smooth surface.

Keith, feeling magnanimous, pushed the longbow gently toward her. "Go ahead, you can touch it. I'll just wipe it down later. And yes, this weapon is amazing! When I use it, I look even more impressive than Robin Hood. Heh, you'll see for yourself when the enemies show up."

"You fight, too?!" Abby's eyes widened in disbelief as she looked at Keith, her excitement growing.

"Of course I do!" Keith replied, his voice filled with quiet confidence. "My sister taught me how to fight, and I've been training alongside everyone else so I wouldn't be a burden to her in battle." He wasn't trying to sound smug, but the pride he felt for his sister was impossible to hide. He couldn't help but brag a little—it was clear how much he admired her.

"You're so lucky..." Abby pouted, stealing a quick glance at Dracon. She couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy. After all, she had never been taught how to fight. All she could do was stick to Dracon like glue, hiding behind him every time danger loomed.

It made her feel useless as Dracon and the others fought, and she could only wait for them to return and assure her that everything had been settled, that everything was fine.

She wanted to learn how to fight, just like Keith. She envied him, but it never occurred to her that there might be a reason—something to do with gender—that she hadn't been taught. After all, she had seen Kisha fight earlier, so effortlessly and gallantly, with her floating daggers. The memory of Kisha's grace lit up Abby's eyes.

"Hey!" Abby's eyes sparkled with renewed curiosity as she turned to Keith. "How does your beautiful sister control those floating daggers? And how do your people make fire appear from their hands? Tell me, tell me!"

As if she'd known Keith for ages, Abby grabbed onto his arm, catching him off guard. Before Keith could pull away, Abby started shaking him violently, her hands rattling his head like a maraca.

The sudden motion made him feel dizzy, and he had no choice but to give in. "Alright, alright! I'll tell you, just stop shaking me!" Keith's voice was a mix of helplessness and exasperation.

When Abby finally stopped, Keith adjusted his clothes and let out a sigh of relief. Nearby, Dracon and the rest of his team perked up, their attention drawn by the commotion. However, the Winters didn't seem to care.

They didn't feel the need to hide the truth about their superpowers; after all, the newcomers would learn about them soon enough. And now that they were part of the group, letting them in on the secret didn't seem like a big deal.

"Well, you see..." Keith began, adjusting his clothes as he waited for the dizziness to pass. "My sister—and actually, most of the people here—have powers like that because we've awakened our abilities. It's something that happens to some people."

"The abilities are all different, depending on a person's nature or soul... or something like that. I'm not entirely sure how it works. There doesn't seem to be a pattern to what kind of power someone might awaken, or even if they'll awaken at all."