

## Apocalypse 740

### Chapter 740 - Tristan's Awakened Ability

If only he had survived in her past lives... he would've been a powerful ally—someone who could've stood by Duke's side and shared the burden after the loss of his parents.

Just the thought of her past lives brought a shadow over her heart, so she shook the feeling off with a sigh, nodded to herself, and turned her attention back to Tristan.

"So, Tristan, I assume you already know what your awakened ability is?" Kisha asked, trying to keep her voice steady, though a slight tremble betrayed her excitement. Duke, noticing the change in her tone, looked up at Tristan with quiet curiosity.

He, too, hadn't heard the details of Tristan's ability. Was it one of the common elemental types? A support-based skill? Or was Tristan also an Irregular—someone with a rare, peculiar ability that defied the usual classifications and didn't awaken so easily?

"Yes, Young Madam, but... I haven't mastered it yet. Honestly, I'm not even sure if I'm using it correctly," Tristan admitted, lowering his head. Despite being Duke's second-in-command and acting as both his and Kisha's secretary at HOPE Base, Tristan had always maintained a low profile. Unlike Sparrow, who often led missions and played an active role on the front lines, Tristan operated more like a shadow—quiet, observant, and ready to step in only when necessary.

And although Tristan worked quietly from the shadows, he was undeniably competent—someone who could handle almost anything and effortlessly lighten the burdens of those around him.

That's why hearing him admit he hadn't fully grasped his own awakened ability came as a surprise to everyone. To them, Tristan was cut from the same cloth as Duke—naturally gifted, always composed, and quick to adapt and excel.

His struggle with his ability piqued everyone's curiosity even more. What kind of awakened ability could be so complex that even someone like Tristan was having a hard time mastering it?

Kisha tapped her chin thoughtfully with her index finger. "Hmm... maybe it's because your awakened ability is Teleportation. It might not be just about grasping space and time—you probably also need to be familiar with the locations you're trying to reach, maybe even know their exact coordinates."

"Or... perhaps it's more instinctual, like sensing a path that only you can feel. After all, Teleportation is like a high-speed train—it takes you exactly where you want to go in the shortest time possible." Despite her explanation, Kisha wasn't entirely certain. She had never experienced Teleportation herself, so all she could do was form theories and try to make sense of it in her own way.

But Kisha's words seemed to trigger something in Tristan. His eyes lit up with sudden realization—and in the blink of an eye, he vanished from everyone's sight. Gasps echoed through the room as the others finally grasped what his awakened ability truly was.

"No way! The guy really did awaken Teleportation? And he's been keeping it low-key this whole time?"

"Damn! Is he pulling a Goku on us now? What's next—fingers to the forehead and a 'Shunkan Ido' chant?"

Everyone buzzed with excitement, their eyes darting around in search of Tristan, who had vanished without a trace. Then, just as suddenly, he reappeared—this time holding a handful of random items. A rare smile tugged at his lips as he spoke.

"Young Madam was right," he said. "It turns out I really just needed to feel the path around me. It's like riding a high-speed train along invisible tracks—I simply have to choose the rail I want, and I arrive at my destination in the blink of an eye."

He held up the items in his hands. "I went to five different places and picked these up to test whether I could bring objects with me during Teleportation or if they'd get distorted by space and time. Good news—it works. I can carry things without any issues."

Tristan paused, his expression thoughtful. "The only limitation is range. Right now, I can only move up to a 500-meter radius from my original position in a single jump. If I want to travel farther, I'll have to chain the jumps together—leaping through space every 500 meters."

Kisha nodded in satisfaction and approval. With just a bit of inspiration, Tristan had instantly grasped the key concept and executed it flawlessly. In that split second, he'd not only activated his ability but also tested its range. His competence was undeniable.

Even Duke gave a proud nod, a small smile tugging at his lips. After all, he was the one who had chosen and trained Tristan. Watching him reach this breakthrough on his own stirred something deep in Duke—like a proud father watching his son succeed.

He instinctively puffed out his chest, though he remained quiet, continuing to serve Kisha with a warm, content smile.

Then Tristan continued to explain, "But Young Madam, during teleportation, I don't actually feel like I'm using too much spiritual energy. It feels more like I'm just riding a high-speed train—fast, smooth, and oddly natural."

He looked down at his hands, still trying to process it all. "Even when I teleport multiple times in a row, aside from the space distortion and that weird jet lag sensation, I feel like I could keep going without much trouble. It just makes me a little dizzy... and kind of nauseous. But otherwise, I'm fine."

Kisha tapped her chin thoughtfully and offered a theory. "Maybe that's because of your Talent and Gift. It's like... space and time are your element—your domain. You're like a fish in water every time you teleport. You just have to swim through it, to feel the flow of space and time around you."

"And since it's already under your command, it doesn't resist you. It welcomes you. So instead of burning energy forcing your way through, you're just... paying a small entrance fee with your spiritual energy to connect. After that, you're free to move as you like inside."

Tristan's eyes lit up with realization as Kisha spoke. Her explanation resonated deeply with him, and he couldn't stop nodding—like a chick eagerly pecking at grains of rice. "Right, right! Young Madam is truly wise and insightful!" he blurted out, unable to hide his admiration.

It had taken him so long to even begin understanding his awakened ability, and now, thanks to Kisha's perspective, everything was finally clicking into place. The more she explained, the more attuned he felt to his powers.

Maybe that was the key all along—repetition, refinement, and familiarity. If he continued to practice, to hone his skill, there was a good chance that once his Teleportation leveled up to Level 2, not only would his range increase, but the disorienting jet lag might also fade with time.

Kisha smiled, then turned her gaze toward Sparrow, who seemed deep in thought, clearly still processing everything.

"Alright, Sparrow," she said with a calm but firm tone, "you'll be partnering with Tristan for the scouting mission. The two of you can stay in contact through your walkie-talkies—cover different directions and watch each other's backs."

Sparrow straightened up, his expression sharpening with focus. Tristan mirrored his movements, both of them saluting in sync. "Understood, Young Madam!" they replied in unison, their voices ringing with determination.