

Apocalypse 828

Chapter 828 Kickstarting The Trade 15

They weren't the usual system notifications she'd grown accustomed to. No sound alerts. No familiar formatting. Instead, they felt more like whispers echoing in the void—observations, or perhaps... warnings.

Her brows furrowed as she reread the lines, unease creeping into her chest.

Were these comments? A new feature? Or something else entirely?

Then the thought struck her—Constellations.

Gods. Goddesses. Ancient, powerful beings who watched over the world from above, each with their own agendas.

And now... they were watching her.

Or perhaps... gaining 'Authority' had somehow connected her to the Constellations as well?

If 'Authority' was the very power wielded by the Constellations, then now that she possessed even a small fragment of it—however minor—it meant she had stepped onto the same path. A budding Constellation in the making... wasn't she?

And if she now held the same kind of power, even in its faintest form, maybe that was why she could see them—or at least, sense their gaze.

Could this awareness be one of the privileges only Constellations possessed? The ability to feel when others of their kind were watching?

If that was the case... then those divine beings had been observing her long before she ever noticed.

The notification hadn't said "The God of Thunder is watching you." It had said "has had his eyes on you for some time now."

That subtle shift in tense meant everything.

They weren't just noticing her now because she had awakened her Authority—they had been watching long before that. Her struggles, her survival, her rise... all of it might have been their quiet entertainment. Their divine amusement.

And now, for the first time... she could finally see it.

The more Kisha thought about it, the more convinced she became. It seemed like the Constellations were deliberately throwing harsh missions after mission her way to make her struggle and complicate her path.

Now that she could sense exactly which Constellations were watching her, she felt she was getting closer to uncovering who was targeting her—and maybe even why. But she wasn't sure if those Constellations had realized she had gained 3 points of Authority and could now detect their presence lurking nearby.

If they knew, what would they do? Taunt her? Raise the stakes even higher? Kisha felt a surge of frustration but took a deep breath to calm herself before thinking it through again.

'What exactly can this 'Authority' do? What kind of power will I gain with it?' she wondered. If she wasn't mistaken, each God and Goddess had their own unique divine powers. Take the God of Thunder, for example—without much doubt, that could be Zeus or Thor. Yet, there were also lesser-known thunder gods in other mythologies. So if this particular God was indeed a God of Thunder, it would naturally mean control over thunder and lightning.

Then, what about her? Could anyone really gain Authority that easily? But thinking about it, this power hadn't come to her without struggle—she had died and come back to life more than ninety-nine times, and only now had she finally managed to obtain it. There had to be a trigger behind why she gained this power, but how exactly did it come to her?

Pondering all this gave Kisha a headache. Her consciousness felt unsettled, the flow of energy inside her disrupted. Her mana and aura, which sustained her energy core, wavered—almost pushing her to the brink of losing consciousness.

Realizing this, she stopped overthinking and instead focused on meditating, using the moment to expand her spiritual and mana pools and strengthen her aura. Meanwhile, Duke and Hugo remained busy tending the biogas farm on the other side of the territory.

Time passed steadily like this. Duke and Hugo's team worked until exhaustion forced them to stop, then they'd eat and rest for a while before continuing again—repeating this cycle throughout the day.

Even Duke didn't return home with Hugo and the others; instead, they set up hammocks in the small forest surrounding the farm to find shade from the sun. Wearing eye masks, they quickly fell into a deep sleep from sheer fatigue.

Duke, however, didn't fall asleep immediately. He took the opportunity to train and meditate before finally resting. Afterwards, he went to the lake to wash off the day's grime. On his way back, he passed by Kisha, who was deep in meditation.

Instead of her usual routine of potion-making or inscribing, she was quietly meditating in front of the Spiritual Pool, so, instead of interrupting, he quietly let her be, knowing how important her focus was. After all, he could never be a hindrance to his wife's growth—his role was simply to support her with everything he had.

He stood there for a moment, watching her with a dotting gaze before finally making his way back to where Hugo and the others were resting. He too took a break, knowing he'd need his strength to continue working alongside them later. He was determined to finish the biogas farm as soon as possible so they could move forward with their plans. Every day saved meant less worry about gas and electricity shortages—especially now, with the climate growing harsher.

The most vulnerable were the children and elderly, who could easily fall ill from sudden cold snaps or heat waves without warning. With a reliable source of electricity, they could better regulate their

environment and protect the little ones from sickness. Because if the children got sick, their weakened immune systems would make them more susceptible to dying or turning into zombies—the virus taking hold far too easily.

After a few hours inside the territory, Kisha opened her eyes to find Duke and Hugo's team already hard at work on the biogas farm again. Not wanting to disturb them, she quietly stepped outside to check on their visitors.

The sky was just beginning to lighten as dawn kissed the horizon. Fred and the others were already preparing, making their way toward the tents where Jason and Adam's group were still sleeping. They planned to start searching for vehicles as soon as possible so the mission could begin without delay.

When Fred pushed open the tent flap, he saw everyone inside was sleeping like logs. He cleared his throat loudly, hoping to rouse them subtly, but it was no use—no one even stirred. Somewhere in Jason's group, someone was snoring loudly, while others lay with their mouths wide open, drooling. They looked utterly defenseless, like the dead in sleep.

Fred glanced back at the group waiting outside, who were just watching him. Seeing his helpless expression, Rose stepped inside. Her head was already starting to ache from the sight of the vulnerable sleepers. She turned to Fred and asked silently with her eyes, 'How have these people survived this long if they sleep like this?' Fred simply shrugged, unsure how to answer.

Rose glanced back and spotted Clyde approaching. He sneaked a peek inside, then snickered before darting away. No one knew what he was up to. When he returned, he was holding a megaphone. The others caught on immediately and instinctively took a step back.

With a mischievous grin, Clyde raised the megaphone to his lips and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Wake up, maggots! This is not a drill! How long are you going to sleep like logs?! Time waits for no one! Chop chop!"