

Apocalypse 859

Chapter 859 Memorial Hall

In the meantime, because of the limited supply, Aston asked the warriors to bring their own plates, bowls, and utensils. Each person was also responsible for cleaning their own items to avoid overburdening the staff and to prevent the loss or mix-up of personal utensils.

Things were going according to plan. Although the entire base was buzzing with activity, everything was progressing smoothly. Duke's biogas farm project was well underway, and the lightning-gathering machine had been successfully reinstalled in the backyard of Villa #5. By the third day, Engineer Steel's team had managed to install a power port onto the Military Academy's building and rewired its entire electrical system.

As a result, the academy finally had a stable power supply, marking the thirtieth day since their arrival inside the building. The warriors undergoing training had also made remarkable progress, advancing by leaps and bounds.

But despite all the positive developments, Kisha knew better than to let her guard down. She had learned the hard way that the Constellation never stayed silent for long. The more peaceful things seemed, the more likely they were to throw a curveball her way. And the quieter it got... the more dangerous the next mission was bound to be.

[The God of Mischief and Deception is watching you with interest.]

[The Goddess of Nature has grown curious about your territory.]

And just now, seeing that several Constellations were already watching her so early in the morning, Kisha rolled her eyes and muted the notifications. The first time she saw that alert, she'd been flustered and worried, who wouldn't be, knowing literal gods were keeping tabs on them?

But over time, she came to realize something important: they had likely been watching her since day one. If that was the case, they'd already seen everything worth seeing. What could she possibly hide now?

It was far too late to start covering her tracks.

But what they didn't know was that Kisha had gained access to a higher authority, equal to the very power the Constellations wielded. They couldn't see her status window, nor were they aware that she could identify exactly which of them were watching her at any given moment. So instead of panicking, Kisha chose to play dumb, letting them think she was oblivious, all the while observing them in return.

She needed answers. Were all the gods and goddesses conspiring to make her life difficult, or was there just one particularly spiteful Constellation pulling the strings behind the scenes, inviting the others to watch for entertainment, to cure their divine boredom with her struggle?

This was the only way she could learn more about them. Her next goal was clear: increase her authority. She had a hunch that the more power she gained, the stronger her connection to the Constellations would become. And through that deeper link, she might be able to peer behind the curtain, spy on them, piece by piece, and eventually unmask the one orchestrating this entire farce.

"Here you go!" Duke said cheerfully, setting down a plate of pan-grilled cheesy toast with fried eggs and crispy bacon in front of Kisha. The aroma alone broke her train of thought. He leaned down and kissed the top of her head before grabbing another plate from the kitchen and sitting beside her at the counter.

With a playful smile, he nudged the plate toward her. "Try it while it's hot," he grinned.

Kisha took a bite, and immediately the melted cheese stretched into creamy strings, still steaming. The toast was perfectly crisp on the outside, soft on the inside, and layered with a blend of cheeses and herbs that made her eyes light up. Paired with the eggs and bacon, it was heavenly. To help it go down, she took a sip of her honey apple juice, refreshing and just right.

"So? How is it?" Duke asked eagerly, looking like an excited golden retriever waiting for praise.

Kisha couldn't help but grin with her mouth full, nodding vigorously. Her delight was answer enough, and Duke beamed proudly before digging into his own toast.

Moments like this had become their quiet ritual, a rare time to connect amid their busy schedules. With Duke handling the biogas project and Kisha finally recovered from the three-day seal on her awakened ability, she was taking it slow those days. Going outside back then might draw her into an unexpected fight with a mutated zombie, which she wanted to avoid, as she was going to be helpless. Once she finished breakfast, her plan was clear: inspect the Military Academy and check on the progress of the other key projects.

Once they finished eating, Duke and Kisha reluctantly parted ways at the villa's front door, exchanging one last lingering look. Inside, Keith, lounging on the sofa, looked like he was having an allergic reaction to their public display of affection, his expression twisted in mock disgust.

Meanwhile, Grandma Aldens was clearly loving it, clapping her hands with a delighted smile. Grandpa Aldens, on the other hand, had a deep scowl on his face, like some pig had just stolen his prized cabbage.

"Stop that!" Grandma Aldens snapped, elbowing her husband sharply.

"Ow! What did I do?!" he yelped, clutching his side, his old bones protesting.

"Ha! I'm telling you, don't go scaring off my grandson-in-law, or you'll be sleeping in the doghouse tonight!"

Keith, who looked moments away from storming out or throwing up from the couple's sweet display, suddenly gulped and forced a wide, fawning smile toward his grandmother. "Grandma, I—I'm heading off to train! Hahaha!" he blurted, then bolted out the back door like his life depended on it.

He dashed through the forest behind the villa and made his way to the portal, slipping quietly back into the hidden base. He figured if he stayed gone too long, someone might get suspicious, so he decided to return and train with Ethan and Dracon.

Luckily, Ethan hadn't noticed his absence much lately; he'd been too focused on training with Dracon and the newly assigned defense recruits. As for Hugo and the others, their frequent disappearances into the woods were chalked up to farm work, so no one raised an eyebrow there either.

Meanwhile, Grandma and Grandpa Aldens had taken to casually traveling between the hidden base and HOPE Base. They often strolled around the HOPE Base to meet residents, get more familiar with the community, and help lift their spirits, both theirs and the people's. But they often made sure that they

are done with their daily duties in the hidden base before they go to the HOPE Base, so no one would think that they are slacking off, although no one would say that about them now that everyone knew Kisha was Duke's wife now, the Boss' wife.

After parting ways with Duke, Kisha strolled down the street.

"Good morning, City Lord Kisha!"

"Morning, City Lord!"

Everyone greeted her cheerfully, their smiles warm and respectful. Kisha returned each greeting with a polite nod and a smile of her own. Her presence seemed to lift the mood wherever she passed.

She soon arrived at the Military Academy. Though it was still early for her, but the warriors had already finished their lunch and were heading to their respective training grounds. No one wanted to waste time. Aston had wisely ensured that everyone remained inside the academy for efficiency, setting up temporary sleeping quarters.

With limited resources, most had to make do; some slept on the floor, while others set up hammocks to maximize space. The cafeteria workers also had designated quarters, with men and women housed separately for comfort and privacy.

As Kisha walked through the corridor, observing the day's hustle, something caught her attention. There were toilets, yes, but no proper shower facilities. It must've been difficult for the warriors and staff to maintain their hygiene under these conditions.

When she brought it up, Aston explained that for now, large water drums had been placed inside the toilets, allowing people to wash up as best they could. He reassured her that he had already begun discussions with the same architects who had assisted Mr. Winters in constructing the Supply Center's warehouse.

They planned to inspect the building for a feasible space that could be converted into proper shower rooms with lockers. If none could be repurposed, they would build one from scratch, a plan Kisha readily approved.

Aston accompanied Kisha as they toured the entire academy, taking careful notes of her observations and suggestions along the way. During their walk, he mentioned that he and Tristan had just completed the columbarium, a dedicated place to honor and store the ashes of lost loved ones, a memorial hall. Kisha immediately expressed interest, and they headed over to inspect it.

The structure stood as a solemn but beautiful building. Though some final touches were still needed, its foundation and layout were solid. It was clear that Earth-type awakened ability users had contributed to the construction, as the interior was neatly divided with Earth-type partitions covered in slabs of rocks, giving each urn its own respectful space for families to visit and remember.

But what truly caught Kisha's attention was the large stone slab erected just outside the entrance. Approaching it, she noticed names engraved in neat, careful lines across the surface. As she focused, her heightened vision picked out several familiar names, causing her to pause in quiet reflection.

Seeing her reaction, Aston explained gently, "As you mentioned before, this place isn't just for mourning, it's a memorial hall, meant to honor the fallen. We wanted to make sure their sacrifices are remembered, especially their heroic deeds. So we placed the names of our bravest warriors and soldiers at the front, to give their families strength, and a reason to keep moving forward."

