

## Apocalypse 225

### Chapter 225 Who Will Lead?

Kisha then leaned into Duke's chest, looking up to meet his gaze. They stared at each other for a moment, Duke raising his eyebrows in curiosity. Kisha let out a chuckle and answered, "I never said we would give up our base in City A. It's still the most ideal safe haven there is, and City B can't even compare.

So why would I let go of the golden goose to take the ugly duckling?" She shrugged, a playful smile on her lips.

"We can still manage both bases without giving one up. By doing so, we can strengthen our forces to protect ourselves from the evolving zombie threat and hostile humans," Kisha explained. She could clearly see the confusion on everyone's faces and understood why.

City B and City A were too far apart, it took them almost a week to travel from City A to City B and that was the fastest, if there are any other issues that arise during the travel, it could still increase a few more days or extend to a month if they needed to reroute.

Given the distance between City A and City B, discussing the strengthening of forces becomes impractical because they wouldn't be able to provide timely support to either base in case of emergencies unless they can predict events in advance and deploy forces preemptively.

Additionally, managing two bases would significantly increase the logistical challenge of feeding and caring for the people in both locations.

Taking on this immense responsibility will undoubtedly weigh heavily on their shoulders, especially hers and Duke's. However, having previously assisted Duke in establishing the HOPE Base in her past life and seeing it grow to become the best among the others, she was confident they could surpass their previous accomplishments.

Moreover, Duke's innate leadership skills and experience make him capable of managing the challenges ahead effectively, even without the benefit of her past knowledge.

"But wouldn't it be inconvenient to lead two bases that are so far apart? The travel time is considerable, unless we use choppers for transport," Sparrow interjected, highlighting a critical concern before others could speak.

"We have two large military choppers equipped with advanced avionics here at the base," Aston added, suggesting it could provide a viable solution to the distance issue.

"But Young Madam mentioned before that there are mutant birds and insects capable of automatically attacking flying objects, potentially causing aircraft to crash, it was the sole reason why we opted to drive around from City A to City B." Vulture reminded the group, recounting Kisha's previous warning.

They were cautious, unsure if these animals had indeed mutated, but they had opted for the safer ground travel between City A and City B. The risk of gambling with their lives, especially when others depended on them, was simply not acceptable.

"Previously, Duke and I hadn't yet awakened our abilities, and you and Sparrow were still getting accustomed to using yours. Encountering unexpected enemies in the sky posed significant danger back then. However, now that we have a better understanding and control of our awakened abilities, it will be much more manageable." Kisha glanced at Vulture and then addressed everyone.

"However, we can discuss that matter later. What's crucial now is establishing and implementing ground rules for the base, along with a cohesive work system to ensure effective teamwork among all the base's inhabitants." Kisha concluded.

"Wouldn't that be easy? Should we just follow the human law that has been established and re-write it according to our current situation? By following the law as our frame, it would be easier for all of us to understand and besides, those laws were created for a reason and after a lot of trials and errors to protect each human's right against the abusers of power." The Patriarch voiced.

Kisha nodded. "That makes a lot of sense, Grandpa," she murmured. Her simple words filled the Patriarch with joy; though not the most useful in battles, he cherished that his views were acknowledged. Plus, being called "grandpa" by his granddaughter-in-law meant a lot to him.

"Well then, as the eldest here, I think it would be fitting for you, Grandpa Patriarch, to oversee the establishment of the base rules. If you have any questions or need assistance, we're all here to help. I'll send Sparrow to scout for a lawyer who can support you," Kisha said with a smile directed at the Patriarch.

He was eager to contribute, relieved that he could demonstrate his value, especially at a time when resources were scarce and concerns about his usefulness lingered.

Having once held a position of authority, the Patriarch was keenly aware of the situation and the future challenges ahead. This awareness left him feeling uneasy whenever he saw everyone else working hard, feeling as though he, as an old man unable to provide much help, might be viewed as nothing more than a burden and a waste of resources.

Despite his family and grandson being powerful enough to shield him from harm, it still wounded his pride as a Patriarch, once a prominent figure in his clan, now relegated to the role of just an old man.

Now, seeing the Patriarch became lively and a sparkle became visible in his eyes, as his son, Mr. Winters was also happy, as well as Mrs. Winters and Duke, they all looked at Kisha appreciatively and with pride.

Kisha returned their smiles before continuing. "Now that we've assigned the task of drafting the rules—which we'll review once they're written and condensed—we need to delegate responsibilities to everyone. But before that, I think we should establish a work system for the residents so they can all contribute, earn points, and function like a cohesive society," Kisha proposed.

"Well, a structured work system would be essential because, as we can see, the mission system isn't sustainable and isn't supporting the people; they're slowly suffering and dying," Duke interjected.

"Which is something we can't allow," Kisha affirmed. "Looking ahead, stronger evolved zombies will threaten every base and shelter. Manpower will be crucial for defense and survival. The more manpower we have, and the better trained they are, the greater our chances of survival."

"So, in this case, we need to establish a leadership structure, and I believe Duke would be the best person to lead this base," Kisha declared without hesitation. Everyone, including Duke, looked at her as if she had grown another head.

"Wifey, we all know I'm your henpecked husband—whatever you say goes. I'd rather be your sword and shield than lead the base. Besides, you've got the power to lead," Duke said, pouting. His words broke the serious atmosphere, sparking laughter among everyone. They chuckled at the thought of Duke being a bit of a 'yes ma'am' to Kisha, a dynamic that was partly true.

Others nodded in agreement with Duke's words. "I think my son is right," Mr. Winters chimed in. "You've been leading us from the start and doing an excellent job. Our role should be to support you and share the burden so you can continue guiding us on the right path, or whichever path you believe is best." Mr.

Winters reflected on how he had come to accept Kisha, having witnessed her accomplishments and observed her and Duke's interactions.

It was the first time Mr. Winters had seen his son so happy. Moreover, what Duke had said rang true: without Kisha's leadership, he couldn't fathom how they would navigate their predicament. He was certain that under his son's leadership, the base takeover wouldn't have been as smooth; it might have even resulted in a bloody confrontation and carnage.