

## Apocalypse 242

### Chapter 242 A New Beginning

"Good," Kisha said with a smile, standing up and nodding at the soldiers. Although she was still adjusting to her new role and wasn't used to being called by her title, she set that concern aside for now, focusing on the task at hand. She gestured for the soldiers to start loading the supplies onto the waiting trucks. Meanwhile, she kept the soldier who had answered her inquiry in place.

"Have they finished gathering the crowd?" she asked.

The soldier stood at attention, responding with the formality expected of a military to their superior. "Yes, City Lord. The crowd has been gathered. You can head there at your convenience, and we have arranged a car to escort you to the square."

Kisha nodded and gestured for everyone to follow her. Since they all held leadership roles, it was important for them to be present and assert their positions. By doing so, they would ensure that the people remembered them and their respective roles, much like politicians make themselves known during their campaigns.

This time, they weren't campaigning; they were already established in their positions and needed to promote their propaganda and roles. As Kisha stepped out of the villa, Marcus and his grandchildren, along with Reeve, were waiting at the gate. A car and a van were parked behind them, ready for departure.

The soldiers were still transferring supplies to the trucks, a process that would take a bit more time to complete. Kisha left them to their task, confident that there was little chance of any issues if someone tried to hijack the supplies and run.

She had already deployed her Scarlet Bees around the base, ensuring that no one could escape her notice. This would serve as their first test to determine if they were truly trustworthy.

Some of the quick-witted soldiers deduced what was happening when they saw Kisha and her team get into the car without leaving anyone behind to oversee the transfer and ensure everything went as planned. After Kisha's car departed, the soldier who had spoken with her earlier took charge, ensuring his team stayed focused.

He reminded them not to act recklessly or be swayed by immediate rewards but to consider the bigger picture. Although no one made a move, he felt it was crucial to reinforce this message to his men.

He understood that in times like these when people have experienced hunger and hardship, they can be vulnerable to the temptation of immediate gratification, even if it means facing dire consequences later.

However, with the City Lord having already removed the greedy and destructive Minister of Defense and the Coltons—who had been like a plague to the society's survival—there was a chance to give the new City Lord a fair opportunity to prove herself to the people and show her leadership.

Although the appointment had only been secured through bloodshed and a forceful takeover, that was secondary to what truly mattered: the future. Besides, they were more like saviors than invaders, given their firsthand experience with the harsh realities and the reign of two greedy powers.

Now that they knew the new City Lord planned to distribute supplies equally to everyone, without discrimination, Kisha earned their recognition. Even though many were tempted, they held back and diligently transported the supplies. Some soldiers even stayed behind to guard the villa, ensuring its security in the absence of others.

Kisha silently observed their interactions through the visual feed from the Scarlet Bees, which Bell transmitted into her mind. She was impressed; this time, Aston had struck gold with these people. At least he wouldn't need to purge any of them, as they seemed to be among the few Aston could genuinely trust.

Since the base wasn't that large, Kisha and the rest soon arrived at the square, where Aston had constructed a makeshift elevated platform. This allowed everyone below to see those standing on it. Mr. Winters stood silently on the platform, with Aston behind him and some of Aston's soldiers positioned around the stage to protect them in case any dissatisfied individuals attempted to attack.

The square was filled with murmurs of speculation and gloom. Some had already heard about the fate of the Minister of Defense, as Aston hadn't been particularly discreet. He had dragged the Minister's fat, naked ass through the streets, parading him before sending him to the dungeons where the Coltons were held.

With that display, everyone quickly understood what was happening, and the news spread like wildfire. Some were filled with happiness and hope for a better future, while others remained skeptical, believing they had merely replaced one dictator with another. They feared that, sooner or later, hunger would claim them, even if the zombies did not.

Kisha didn't need to read their minds to understand their thoughts, but she didn't care. What mattered was how things would progress from here. Whether they accepted her leadership or not was up to them. If they couldn't, they were always free to leave and try other bases or shelters to see if they were any better.

However, if they expected her to provide everything while coddling them like babies, she would rather kill them and make space for those who deserved it, preventing the rise of potential traitors in the future.

The crowd gathered in the square mostly consisted of soldiers not on guard duty, idle medical staff, and those performing odd jobs or otherwise free from any duties and were just waiting to die of hunger. The square was packed to capacity when Kisha and her team approached the stage. Their commanding presence alone was enough to hush the murmurs and command attention.

The crowd waited with bated breath as Kisha stood at the forefront of the stage, the others positioned a few feet away, allowing her to take the spotlight. The beautiful woman at the front, with her indifferent expression, appeared cold but didn't project the same chill as she silently scanned the sea of faces before her.

Her composed demeanor and commanding presence left a lasting impression, though few could have imagined that this very woman would make such a significant difference in their lives.

Kisha's crisp, clear voice reverberated through the silent crowd, her authority unmistakable—something even the former Minister of Defense or the Coltons' Young Master could not replicate. "I know that many of you are having a difficult time," she began, pausing briefly before continuing. "But I assure you, today will mark a turning point for all of us. This day will be the start of a new beginning."

Although no one fully understood what Kisha was conveying, no one dared to question her. They instinctively knew not to interrupt, sensing that any questions they had would be answered shortly. They weren't wrong.

"I know that many of you may have already heard, but we, I and my people, indeed took down the Former Minister of Defence and the Coltons from their rein and I, now took over the position of the City Lord. And if any of you wanted to ask and were wondering why me? You'll know the answer to that question if you keep your eyes peeled.

I don't need to tell you what you have to expect or how to view me, what matters is the direction this base is going from now on."