

## Apocalypse 262

### Chapter 262 Recruits

Even the Patriarch couldn't resist offering his advice as an elder. "You rascal," he said with a stern yet caring tone, "make sure you don't let your wife overexert herself. It's your duty to protect her and the baby!"

Kisha felt as though she'd been struck by lightning upon hearing the Patriarch's unexpected comment. Her head buzzed as she blinked in disbelief. Mrs. Winters quickly cleared her throat, stepping in to offer Kisha and her son an exit from the awkward situation, clearly taken aback by her father-in-law's public declaration.

Kisha looked at Duke incredulously, wondering if he had somehow spread the news as soon as he came downstairs that morning. But she quickly dismissed the thought—Duke wasn't the type to do that. Or at least, she used to think so. She started to question her understanding of him, feeling as if she were meeting a new side of Duke every time they interacted.

"I understand, Grandpa," Kisha heard Duke say before he gently pulled her out of the villa. Aston and the others followed suit, still somewhat dazed by the unexpected revelation. They felt a mix of embarrassment and awkwardness, realizing they had overheard something very private.

"I didn't say anything to them," Duke said suddenly as they walked toward the military car parked in front of their villa. He was eager to clarify to Kisha that he hadn't shared any details about their private matters, hoping she wouldn't misinterpret his actions as bragging or anything of the sort.

Duke felt Kisha's hand tense beneath his grip, so he tightened it gently as he helped her into her seat, his gaze filled with sincerity. He also wanted to remind her to take some pills to prevent pregnancy, knowing she would have a challenging time balancing her work at the base with any potential pregnancy.

He understood that this month would be particularly busy for them, and he didn't want her to face additional difficulties.

However, Duke remembered seeing a box of pills in the sink earlier while he was washing up, so he decided to hold his tongue. Although he knew it was necessary, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of disappointment. They weren't yet prepared to welcome a child, a child with the first woman he had truly fallen for.

However, Duke consoled himself with the thought that they would have plenty of opportunities in the future. His focus now was on creating a safe and sustainable base for their future children, so they wouldn't have to worry about their future. With this renewed purpose, he felt more energized and committed to strengthening the base and supporting his wife in every way he could.

When they arrived at the square, over fifty men, both seasoned soldiers and young recruits, stood in neat rows, eagerly awaiting the arrival of Duke, Kisha, and the new Minister of Defense.

Kisha glanced at the mission tab again, focusing on the requirement [Recruit 102/500 brave warriors]. Just seeing the number of soldiers and new recruits already gave her a headache. With the limited time they had, the task seemed overwhelming.

However, rushing into things would only lead to more mistakes in her frantic state. So, Kisha took a moment to calm herself. Once composed, she proceeded with the speech, offering encouraging words to both the soldiers and the new recruits. As the City Lord, it was crucial for her to deliver an impromptu address to inspire and motivate everyone.

She cleared her throat and took a deep breath, her gaze sweeping over the crowd gathered below the makeshift stage. The faces before her displayed a range of emotions—curiosity, questioning, disbelief—and many looked up at her with admiration.

"First, I want to extend my heartfelt thanks to each of you brave warriors for stepping up to defend what matters most, even in the face of danger. While I can't promise you anything, I assure you that we will give our all to train you in the art of combat.

I, the City Lord, and the Vice City Lord, will stand shoulder to shoulder with you, fighting alongside you and leading with all the strength and resolve we have. Together, we will strive to keep the base and its people safe."

As Kisha concluded her speech and stepped back, she glanced up at Duke. His proud smile warmed her heart. A wave of cheers erupted from the crowd below the stage, filled with excitement and trust. However, the mood shifted slightly when Duke took his turn to address the audience, his speech adding a more somber tone to the atmosphere.

"I won't say much," Duke began, his voice firm and resolute. "Just know that you should prepare yourselves because I won't make things easy for you." He turned on his heels and stood beside Kisha, his hand resting possessively on her waist. His eyes narrowed as he scanned the crowd, silently asserting his dominance and warning the men not to overstep their bounds with his wife.

Kisha shook her head in defeat, while some people chuckled quietly and others looked visibly nervous. With the introductions concluded Duke quickly took charge. He assigned Sparrow, Vulture, Bald Eagle, and Tristan to form teams, each responsible for training and supervising a group of recruits and soldiers.

They were tasked with ensuring discipline, correcting mistakes, and preventing any slackers from slipping through the cracks.

As Duke began his first training session, Kisha left the area with Aston in tow and found a quiet spot at the side of the square to set up.

"Aston, could you help me prepare a poster?" Kisha asked once she had settled into her chosen spot. "And also, I need a chair and a desk."

Aston looked at her with curiosity. "May I ask what the poster is for?" he inquired, puzzled by the request.

"I see that we have about 50 participants here, with the other half likely on duty or patrol," Kisha began, assessing the situation. "This brings us to around a hundred warriors, but considering our future operations and the extensive training they'll need, this number might not be sufficient. It's crucial that we start recruiting more people now, rather than waiting until we're in urgent need."

"We won't have enough time to prepare them if we wait until the last minute." Kisha explained patiently.

"But we did recruit some people yesterday," Aston pointed out. "And I believe we'll see even more individuals coming to register today and in the coming days."

"I understand that," Kisha said. "But our recruitment rate is still too slow. We need to revise our strategy and offer better incentives to attract more applicants. We'll be opening up less dangerous positions soon, and naturally, people will prefer those over high-risk roles. We need to adjust our approach to make the more dangerous positions more appealing."

Aston understood Kisha's point but offered a different perspective. "We have already provided generous work points as an incentive for those who register as warriors. We saw 20 new recruits yesterday, which is a decent start. However, many people are still shaken by the recent breach during the zombie raid and are understandably hesitant to take on such risky roles.

The application rate may improve as the situation stabilizes and people become more willing to consider these positions."