

Apocalypse 263

Chapter 263 Propaganda

"But with better compensation and benefits, who wouldn't be enticed by the offer?" Kisha countered. She noticed Aston pondering her point. It wasn't that he was skeptical; he was considering the perspective of the civilians in the base. Most were terrified and still reeling from their near-death experience while fleeing the zombies to reach safety.

Undoubtedly, they were still haunted by nightmares every night.

So, the thought of willingly returning to such a hellish experience was daunting and required immense courage. Currently, only those with no other skills to offer for the available jobs would consider applying to be a warrior. They did so because they wanted to sacrifice themselves for their families, who were either sick or suffering from other issues.

"This means that those who would consider this job role will be either the truly desperate or those who genuinely want to make a difference. And among the thousands currently in the base, such people are few and far between."

Kisha understood Aston's perspective and acknowledged that attracting candidates would remain challenging, even with increased compensation and benefits. However, she recognized the value of Duke's training program. Despite its notoriously grueling nature, she believed that the rigorous training would yield remarkable results that would become increasingly evident over time.

However, she didn't have the luxury of waiting for the results to manifest before new recruits began arriving in droves.

"Additionally, can we sustain the compensation we offer to the warriors? Not only would the source of our supplies come under scrutiny, but maintaining the facade for too long would inevitably raise suspicions," Aston added.

Kisha inhaled sharply, recognizing the validity of his point. Although she was now a City Lord with the backing of her system and could technically support such supplies, she couldn't afford to reveal this to everyone. Only a select few loyal enough to her would be privy to this secret, while others—despite her best efforts—could still turn against her.

Kisha fell into deep contemplation, her eyes suddenly lighting up with a spark of realization. "But supplies aren't our only asset, are they?"

Aston raised an eyebrow, his expression puzzled. "What do you mean, City Lord? I'm not quite following."

"Don't we already have the Scarlet Honey with its numerous benefits? And if we start releasing information about the awakening, framing it as something that happened to most of us recently, wouldn't that only increase their desire to join and be a warrior? We could make the Scarlet Honey available exclusively for the warriors and set a high price at the supply center.

This could serve as an attractive benefit, helping them get stronger and less fearful of fighting. Additionally, we could offer more meat, vegetables, and other perks that would only be available to the warriors."

"It can't be limited to just food supplies; medicine is also highly valuable and limited, as well as water. With all these assets we have, even if we don't make them exclusively available to the warriors, we could still offer significant benefits. For instance, we could provide substantial discounts at the supply center, similar to how real soldiers receive discounts when making purchases.

Even if we can't promise high compensation, these benefits—especially in terms of healthcare and other perks—would be enough to make them reconsider. By using the government system to offer these incentives, we can attract more civilians to join and serve as warriors, despite the modest compensation." Kisha then happily explained to Aston.

Aston understood Kisha's explanation well, given his own experience as a soldier who benefited from similar perks while serving the country. Despite this, he had overlooked such effective tactics for enticing more civilians to join due to his concerns about the supply issues and the potential fallout from revealing Kisha's secret to the public, which could lead to significant problems.

"Then how are we going to implement this?" Aston asked.

"Could you show me the recruitment poster from yesterday? We might need to make some adjustments based on it," Kisha replied.

Aston took a deep breath and signaled one of his men to retrieve the recruitment poster from the bulletin board. The soldier quickly sprinted to the Central Hall. Upon arrival, he was taken aback by the large crowd gathered around the bulletin board, all eager to find job opportunities. The soldier maneuvered through the throng with difficulty, determined to fetch the poster.

When the soldier finally managed to grab the poster, a man suddenly seized his hand, halting him from removing it.

"Sir, why are you taking down the poster? Is this job no longer available?" asked a middle-aged man, whose bulky body was evident despite the slight shrinkage of his muscles due to inadequate nourishment.

The soldier was momentarily startled by the middle-aged man who desperately clung to his hand. Realizing the man was eager to join, he decided to explain.

"Sir, the job is still available, and in fact, we're encouraging as many people as possible to become warriors and help protect the base. The City Lord is even considering increasing the compensation mentioned in the recruitment poster as a token of respect for those brave enough to step forward and fight alongside her."

"Will the City Lord actually fight alongside us against the zombies, or will she just stay inside the base and give orders?" the man asked, clearly bewildered. His question drew the attention of others in the crowd who were also seeking jobs but lacked the qualifications for safer positions listed on the bulletin board.

As they overheard the conversation, their curiosity grew, and they began to listen intently.

The soldier chuckled, his tone filled with pride. "It seems you're not aware of the City Lord's capabilities. She may look beautiful, but she's known by many names—'Grim Reaper,' 'Death's Rose,' and more. She's the same woman who led over 20 people safely back to the base from outside. That's the City Lord and her team you're talking about. She's the one who took charge and led them to safety."

"No way!!! Wasn't that woman ugly and intimidating with a big scar on her face?! You must be joking. How could she be the City Lord, who looks like a goddess?!!!" interjected another man, unable to resist interrupting because of what he had heard.

"It's natural you'd think that way; we were surprised too. The truth is actually quite simple. The City Lord and her companions were in disguise at that time to avoid drawing the Coltons' attention. After all, the Coltons have a notorious reputation for kidnapping beautiful people.

So, if the City Lord had been recognized, she and her team might have become targets themselves," explained the soldier, his animated expression captivating the crowd and making them ponder the reality of the situation.

"And thanks to those disguises, they were able to work freely and clear out the scum from the shelter. Now, with the reestablishment of our base as HOPE Base, we're on a path to a brighter future because of the City Lord and her team leading us there," the soldier continued, weaving in propaganda to inspire bravery and evoke emotions.

"Join us, and you'll be part of this transformation, contributing to a future where we all thrive together."