

## Apocalypse 315

### Chapter 315 The Real Equality

Kisha observed that many of the new warriors were among the newly awakened superhumans, possessing defensive and offensive-type abilities, which made it easier for her to assign them tasks. Others, however, were already working in different departments or handling various odd jobs around the base.

Kisha decided to make them an appealing offer. "I notice that many of you with offensive and defensive abilities are spread across different departments or doing odd jobs, while most of you are already part of our defense force.

Although our recruitment for warriors has officially concluded, as we've reached the limit, I still want to extend an invitation to those individuals with such abilities to join our defense force. The compensation will remain the same."

After Kisha finished speaking, someone raised a question. "But City Lord, we're now superhumans with abilities. Why should our compensation be the same as the warriors who were recruited earlier and don't have any abilities? Wouldn't that be unfair to us superhumans?"

The man's words struck a nerve with the newly recruited warriors who had stayed to watch. They felt insulted, as though their contributions were being undervalued. While the man had a valid point, they believed that all warriors, superhuman or not, should be treated equally.

"You're right, you make a valid point. But equality means giving everyone the same opportunity to achieve something. This is your chance. The reason the compensation remains the same is because, as warriors, you'll all be putting your lives at risk to protect this base. Whether you have awakened abilities or not, when facing danger, all lives are equally vulnerable. Nothing can change that reality."

"But since you are superhumans with greater potential, promotions will be within your reach—that's your opportunity. The higher you climb, the better your compensation will be. So, tell me, does that still sound unfair?" Kisha's voice was cold and firm.

She understood that many of them, now feeling empowered, saw themselves as the chosen ones—the future saviors of the world—and naturally desired better lives.

Heroes to be revered by the ordinary, but they must also understand that such a position comes with great responsibility. They can't afford to be arrogant or dismiss others simply because they've awakened abilities that set them apart.

With Kisha's words, the recruited warriors who hadn't awakened abilities felt a sense of warmth and protection. Their City Lord had their backs, ensuring that the superhumans wouldn't trample over them. She made it clear that, even in these times, people should remain humble and avoid becoming so arrogant or proud that they lose sight of their connection to ordinary humans.

However, Kisha also made it clear that normal humans shouldn't take the superhumans for granted or view their sacrifices as something expected just because they're considered heroes. She ensured that everyone understood the importance of mutual respect and recognition for the efforts of the superhumans.

"As superhumans with awakened abilities, you carry a greater responsibility than most. But before anything else, you're still human, and no one should take your efforts for granted. That's why I want everyone to start at the same level as warriors—so that your promotions are earned through hard work, not just because of your abilities.

Every contribution will be recognized, appreciated, and rewarded accordingly. There's no need to feel that this is unfair."

Kisha said all of this not out of emotion or empathy for anyone's situation, but because it was simple logic. She understood that this mindset was crucial for the foundation of their base, ensuring that everyone could coexist and work together harmoniously.

The last thing they needed was internal conflict, especially with the looming threat of zombies and the inevitable danger from other humans who would prey on them in the future.

As Kisha had already decided, Duke had run this same base in her previous life like a strict military camp, where everyone was constantly tense and on edge. The prolonged exposure to anxiety, fear, grief, and other negative emotions gradually wore people down, killing their spirit and breaking them from the inside—just as Kisha herself had been broken by the repeated cycles of life and death.

During those days, she witnessed how lifeless people had become, how easily they succumbed to death. They had no hope, merely existing for survival's sake. They grew numb to the loss of life—seeing someone they were just speaking with hours ago lying in a pool of blood.

Worse still, they often had to be the ones to end the lives of those same people, once close to them, now turned into something unrecognizable.

In the end, each day felt as bleak as the environment itself. The death toll kept rising—not due to zombie breaches, but because people grew tired of this living hell. They couldn't find any purpose in staying alive and decided to end their own suffering, unable to see anything but endless pain and shattered hope.

Now that she was the City Lord of the base, she couldn't ignore the fact that she had already witnessed the outcome of running things in a strict, military style. Yes, they were powerful and feared, but there was no real hope—only survival. This time, she wanted to change her approach, not just for herself, but for her family and for Duke, who had suffered alongside her through so many lives.

She wanted to atone for her previous mistakes and wrong decisions that had led to their suffering and deaths, vowing to make their lives easier and happier this time around. Beyond that, she sensed that despite the system giving her unbearably difficult missions, it was also guiding her toward creating a secure and thriving base—one that aligned perfectly with her new vision.

This was what she wanted to believe now, as she couldn't afford to stress herself any further. The constant barrage of missions appearing like poisonous mushrooms made her feel like she might explode at any moment. So, she decided to focus on doing her best and simply enjoy the rewards she would reap from completing each task.

After gathering her thoughts, Kisha cleared her mind and focused on the newly awakened superhumans as they deliberated on their decision. She watched the intensity of their contemplation until, finally, one of them raised their hand. "I want to be a warrior!" The boldness in the speaker's voice rang out across the silent square, breaking the tension and igniting a sense of resolve among the others.

Kisha recognized the woman immediately—Evelyn. Her determination was evident in the way she carried herself, as though she had already envisioned the path she wanted to take. Without hesitation, Evelyn made her way to the front, standing face-to-face with Kisha, her resolve unwavering.

As Evelyn met Kisha's gaze, her expression softened, and a warm smile spread across her face. "City Lord, Vice City Lord," she began, her voice filled with sincerity. "Your words truly resonated with me and helped me realize the path I want to follow. They align with what my husband and I dream of for our future family.

I believe that as long as we stand by your side, this dream of ours can become a reality." A look of reverence now lit up Evelyn's face, her faith in Kisha clearly visible.