

Apocalypse 341

Chapter 341 New Survivors Joining The Base

"Sir, ma'am, we can't thank you enough for saving us," said the leader of the group as they approached Kisha and Duke. Once they reached the base's wall, they realized with confusion that there had been no backup or snipers in sight to provide support. They were still puzzled about where the bullet had come from that had saved the woman and child.

However, they chose not to press for details, fearing that their questions might be misunderstood.

The leader blinked in surprise as another woman from his group, with short hair, sprang from the crowd and exclaimed, "Young Master Winters! And the woman who led us out of the East District in City A—you're both alive?!" Her voice was filled with excitement as she squealed in delight at the sight of Kisha and Duke.

The leader beside her didn't immediately recognize Kisha and Duke. While they were running, he had been too focused on assessing their surroundings to take note of their appearance. Now, with both Kisha and Duke covered in zombie blood and looking a bit unrecognizable, he was puzzled. He couldn't understand how the woman next to him had identified them despite the mess.

He glanced at the excited woman beside him with a raised eyebrow and a questioning look. Both Kisha and Duke turned their attention toward her, trying to recall if they knew her. The mention of City A sounded vaguely familiar to them, but they couldn't quite place where they had seen her before.

"You are?" Kisha asked, tilting her head slightly as she tried to jog her memory and place the woman.

"Oh! Right!" the woman exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "You might not remember us, but we were the maid and bodyguard for the Evans family, whom you helped get out of City A when the apocalypse started." She glanced around eagerly at the base, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Evans family. "Are they here too?" she asked, her anticipation evident as she scanned the crowd.

Duke and Kisha exchanged a glance, and understanding dawned on them. Kisha then asked, "Were you the ones in the car that suddenly disappeared from our tail as we were leaving the city?" She was confident in her suspicion, recalling her warning to the convoy that their safety was ultimately their own responsibility.

Meeting two of the Evans' staff here wasn't surprising, but she was amazed they had survived City A's chaos. The population there had been ten times larger than that of City B, where they now were.

It seemed these two were the only survivors from the Evans' staff. Not hearing a response from Kisha or Duke made the maid anxious. She hesitated before asking again, "Are they not here? Or..." Her voice faltered, unable to finish her question. The fear of hearing heartbreaking news was evident.

She had grown close to the Evans, who had always treated their servants well, except for one pretentious individual.

If they heard that they did not survive was a heavy blow to her, leaving her unable to ask further, fearing the worst. Even the leader, who had once been the Evans' bodyguard, felt a deep sadness as he considered the fate of the Evans family.

Noticing the misunderstanding, Kisha quickly clarified, "No, they're alive and well, but they're not in this base—they're somewhere else."

The maid's eyes widened in surprise as she processed the news. After a moment, she broke into a broad smile. "So they're safe! But why aren't they here?" She asked eagerly, her earlier anxiety replaced by curiosity about her former employers.

"It's a long story, but they're living comfortably and eating well," Kisha said, closing the topic before it could extend further. She and Duke, along with the others, began heading inside the base. Kisha then turned to Vulture. "Keep working on the barricade. I'll return after I've had a chance to shower."

Vulture nodded and began organizing the warriors to head back out through the gate. The newly arrived survivors watched, baffled and horrified, as people left the safety of the walls. They understood that these individuals had essential tasks or supplies to secure, but the trauma of their recent escape made the idea of venturing outside seem unimaginable.

Their minds, still reeling from their harrowing experience, instinctively recoiled from the notion of facing the dangers beyond the wall.

The newly arrived survivors hurried inside the base, their eyes wide with astonishment at what they encountered on their way to the Central Hall. Children played outside, their health and vitality a stark contrast to what they had expected—none of them looked frail or sickly.

The adults went about their tasks around the base, engaging in conversations and work with a mix of apprehension and normalcy. Although their faces bore traces of fear, they still managed to smile and chat briefly with familiar faces along the way, a small comfort amidst their daily routines.

The newly arrived survivors were utterly bewildered by what they saw. The residents of the base seemed like they had stepped out of a time before the apocalypse, living in a way that resembled a world untouched by zombies.

The scene was both nostalgic and surprising, as the community functioned with a sense of normalcy and routine that felt almost like a distant memory from a time before the disaster.

The new arrivals were astounded to see the base's survivors functioning normally, seemingly free from fear and anxiety. It wasn't that they wanted all survivors to live in constant dread, but they were perplexed by this apparent calm. Kisha and Duke chose not to explain, believing that if the newcomers stayed within the base, they would eventually understand the situation on their own.

They were wary of the possibility that an explanation might lead to suspicions about brainwashing or manipulation.

Moreover, Kisha had already assessed the newcomers' morality using her 'Eye of Truth' earlier when she was just standing around and watching them be slaughtered and found them to be decent people, not inclined toward evil. Allowing them to experience the base's environment firsthand would be the best way to alleviate their fears.

Observing the base's operations and interacting with its residents would help them feel more at ease and integrate smoothly into the community.

It might seem harsh for Kisha to have allowed some to be sacrificed while she assessed each individual, but it was her only way to ensure these newcomers wouldn't pose a threat to her people. Simply saving and bringing them back without thorough evaluation could lead to regret if any of them turned out to be a danger.

It was far preferable to be cautious and ensure safety, even if it meant making difficult decisions, than to risk her people's well-being by letting potential threats slip through the cracks.

The new survivors looked around the base with wide-eyed amazement, as if they were being given a tour of a well-oiled machine. Everywhere they turned, people were holding food and moving between different areas. They were soon guided by one of the warriors to the Central Hall, while Kisha and Duke headed straight to their villa for a much-needed shower.

As they lined up, the survivors noticed people emerging from one of the buildings, carrying food. Unable to contain their curiosity, they stopped one of the passersby to ask questions about the base's operations and the food distribution.

"What are they doing there? Are they getting free food?" the maid asked, her eyes fixed on the Supply Center as she swallowed nervously.