

Apocalypse 342

Chapter 342 New Survivors Joining The Base 2

"Ah, that? No, it's not free," the passerby replied, shaking their head. "That's the Supply Center. Survivors here work to earn points, and those points can be exchanged for food, medicine, and other essentials. It's how we keep the system running. Everyone contributes to the base in some way, whether through labor, defense, or other tasks, and they earn points in return."

The passerby paused, then added with a proud smile, "The Supply Center is overseen by the base leaders themselves. They're the ones who not only manage the supplies but also head out on dangerous supply runs to keep the center stocked.

So, everything you see here—it's the result of teamwork and leadership, ensuring that nobody gets a free ride, but also that no one goes hungry as long as they pull their weight."

With a glance at the maid, the passerby continued, "It's tough but fair. You'll get used to it soon enough. And trust me, it's better than scrounging for scraps out there."

All the new survivors stared in disbelief, their mouths slightly agape, as if silently asking the passerby if he was joking. The idea of such a well-organized system seemed almost too good to be true, especially after the chaos they had been through. But the passerby just smirked, his expression saying, *"I know, right?"* without uttering a word.

He gave them a quick nod before turning and heading toward the Supply Center, where he joined the line of other survivors waiting to exchange their hard-earned work points for supplies. As he walked away, the group watched him, still processing the revelation.

For them, the thought of a structured community where work was fairly rewarded, and survival wasn't just about luck, felt like something out of a dream.

Some exchanged glances, wondering if this system could really be as good as it seemed. Others looked around at the base's residents—well-fed, working together, and even sharing the occasional laugh—feeling a cautious flicker of hope. Maybe, just maybe, they'd finally found a place where survival wasn't just about scraping by, but about rebuilding something more.

It had been nearly a week since Kisha and Duke had taken over the base and introduced the new work system. In that short time, the transformation among the survivors was nothing short of remarkable.

Those who had once stumbled through the base like the living dead, weakened from hunger and fear, were now walking with renewed strength and purpose. The effects of consistent meals and proper rest were visible in their faces and posture. No longer did they drag themselves across the camp as they had when they first arrived, frail and uncertain.

The rumors about Kisha's incredible feat outside the wall had already spread like wildfire through the base. Word of her single-handedly decimating thousands of zombies had taken on a life of its own, morphing into exaggerated tales as each person passed it along.

By the time the gossip had reached the second or third person, Kisha was being described as some sort of superhuman force, plummeting hordes of zombies and leaving nothing but a grotesque pile of minced flesh in her wake.

As exaggerated as it sounded, there was some truth to it. Kisha had indeed turned a swarm of zombies into something resembling a meat grinder's aftermath. Though few people actually saw her in action, the aftermath spoke volumes—piles of pulverized, unrecognizable zombie remains littered the area.

It was so grisly that even the base's hardened warriors, who were used to bloodshed and carnage, struggled to keep their meals down while cleaning up the mess.

Those who worked the aftermath described the scene with a mix of awe and horror. The thick stench of rot and the sight of splattered flesh around the perimeter had even the strongest warriors grimacing. They murmured among themselves about how Kisha had done it, though none could offer a clear explanation. Was it her bare hands? Some kind of weapon they hadn't seen?

The unknown only fueled the stories, making Kisha's reputation even more fearsome.

The gruesome details spread quickly—how the walls were slick with blood and how chunks of zombies were scattered far and wide, almost as if Kisha had unleashed a storm of fury upon them. Those brave enough to clean the aftermath could barely stomach their own meals after seeing what was left behind. Some said they couldn't even touch meat for days afterward without being reminded of the scene.

Yet, despite the disgust, there was a perverse sense of pride in having witnessed, or at least been near, such a display of raw power.

The tale became a legend, growing more absurd with every telling. Some said Kisha moved so fast that the zombies didn't even realize they were dead until they were torn to shreds. Others claimed she summoned a weapon from thin air or used her bare hands, crushing skulls and tearing limbs with impossible strength.

Whatever the truth was, one thing was certain: Kisha had made an impression that no one would soon forget. Her presence was now synonymous with power, and it left the base both in awe and a little fearful of their leader's true capabilities.

As the newly arrived survivors stood in line, waiting to be registered before being assigned their own living spaces, they couldn't help but overhear the chatter around them. The survivors weren't sure what to believe—what was fact and what was exaggerated beyond recognition. But one thing was certain: there had to be some truth to the tales.

After all, they themselves had witnessed the terrifying power of the zombies. The undead, relentless and overwhelming in numbers, could decimate even a heavily armed battalion. They had seen soldiers fall, overwhelmed by the sheer mass of bodies that just wouldn't stay down. Yet here they were, alive, saved by just two people—Kisha and Duke.

It was almost impossible to believe that such a small force could achieve what an entire squadron could not, but their survival was undeniable proof. Whatever methods Kisha had used, whether exaggerated or not, they had clearly been effective. The awe and confusion in the survivors' minds only deepened as they pondered the power of these two individuals who had saved them from certain death.

The newly arrived survivors listened eagerly to the gossip, their ears perked with excitement as they soaked in every detail. They couldn't help but imagine what life in this new base would be like, filled with hope and curiosity. The tales of safety, plentiful food, and strong leadership were a stark contrast to the horrors they had endured outside.

As they waited to be registered, anticipation buzzed through the group. They were eager for the chance to explore the base, familiarize themselves with their new home, and see for themselves the world that had been described in the rumors. Life here promised stability and security, and they couldn't wait to begin this new chapter.

Soon, the new survivors were settled into their living spaces and quickly took the initiative to register for work that suited their skills around the base. Eager to fit in, they made efforts to integrate and get along with the existing residents.

Though it was a bit challenging at first, the base's seasoned survivors showed remarkable patience, understanding the newcomers' struggles better than anyone else. After all, they had once been in the same position, adjusting to the rhythm and rules of life within the walls. This shared experience helped foster a sense of community and support.