

Apocalypse 440

Chapter 440 The Snake And The Farmer

The three who had just entered exchanged anxious glances, swallowing the lump in their throats.

Kisha's indifferent expression was both unreadable and intimidating, leaving them unsettled about what lay beneath her calm exterior.

Sensing that something was amiss, Sparrow and Rose quietly took their seats in front of the table, while Aston stood beside Kisha like a dutiful butler.

Kisha raised an eyebrow at Aston, but offered no comment, maintaining the air of mystery that hung around them.

"Welcome back to both of you. It's clear your trips have been fruitful; with all these supplies, we can support the entire community for a year without worry," Kisha began, recognizing their hard work and accomplishments.

"Thank you, Young Madam. However," Sparrow interjected, shifting in his seat to face Kisha directly.

"These supplies are from the Eastern Warehouse in Port City. There are still a few more warehouses filled with similar goods, and I plan to retrieve everything. However, I've been considering distributing some to the people living in the shelter in Port City, as they belong to that community," Sparrow said hesitantly.

It wasn't that he felt pity for them, but a sense of conscience nudged him, prompting him to gauge Kisha's reaction.

If she agreed and wanted to provide the people a way out by sharing the supplies, he would gladly support it; his intention was simply to inform Kisha and let her make the final decision.

Kisha understood Sparrow's perspective; after all, they had both faced life-and-death situations and worked closely together in the field, allowing their thoughts to align.

She didn't hesitate to share her own feelings on the matter.

"No need for that. Those supplies will only go to waste if left behind, and if you give them to the people in the Port City shelter, they'll likely take it for granted. Once they latch onto you out of gratitude, it will be hard to get rid of them."

"Always remember that people who are desperate and have nothing to lose can be unhinged and unscrupulous. They might even turn on you, biting your flesh and drinking your blood if you refuse to help them after your initial gesture," Kisha said, her expression grim.

Her gaze seemed to drift off into the distance, as if she were recalling a distant memory.

Sparrow nodded in agreement; he had never felt inclined to help those people anyway, so it was easy for him to accept Kisha's perspective.

However, Rose felt a twinge of apprehension.

She believed not everyone could be painted with the same brush, and the idea of not helping the civilians felt too harsh.

Yet, she struggled to find the words to voice her concerns.

Aston might have shared Rose's perspective if he were still the same person he was before meeting Kisha.

However, after witnessing the chaos unleashed by the Coltons and the Minister of Defense—events that claimed countless innocent lives—he had come to understand the darker side of human nature when it operates outside the confines of the law.

Now, he found himself drawn to Kisha's insights, as if she had navigated these treacherous waters countless times before.

In his eyes, following her guidance seemed like the best path forward for everyone involved.

Now, Aston remained silent, despite knowing he should share Rose's concerns for the civilians.

Both of them were forces dedicated to serving the people and the country, yet Rose had not fully adjusted her mindset away from this.

Kisha noticed the uncertainty in Rose's eyes and decided to elaborate.

She understood that withholding her perspective could create a rift between them.

If Rose were left to her own devices, she might act impulsively, leading to trouble not just for herself but for the entire base, especially if decisions were made in the shadows without the benefit of shared understanding.

Before diving into her thoughts, Kisha allowed Sparrow to report on both trips, listening intently to every detail.

After he finished, she nodded in agreement with his actions, recognizing that she would have made similar choices—perhaps even more decisive ones—if she had been in their position.

"You made the right call. As I mentioned before, we can't help people blindly; a single wrong decision can lead to the deaths of more than a dozen."

"Always keep in mind that we are now in positions of leadership. Our choices not only affect us but also have repercussions for everyone around us."

"I don't discourage you from helping those in need, but it's essential to remember that any act of kindness may lead to unintended consequences. When you assist someone, they may feel compelled to follow you—not just because of your strength, but also because you can provide for them."

"This dependency can breed ingratitude. Always keep in mind the story of 'The Snake and the Farmer.' Not everyone is deserving of your help; many are selfish and greedy, and greed rarely leads to a positive outcome."

Rose looked up and asked, "How can we determine who is truly worth helping? Should we only consider those who can bear their own burdens or who have good intentions? What about the children, women, and the elderly? How can we know if we don't give them a chance?"

Her tone was neutral; she wasn't being defiant—she genuinely struggled to grasp Kisha's broader perspective.

For Rose, her role was to protect and provide for those in need, but she had never delved deeply into the complexities of such decisions, as she had little interest in politics.

"You don't need to worry about them for now. If they truly want to survive, they must learn to toughen up and take the initiative—whether that means fighting with their hands and feet to gather supplies or leaving behind oppressive leadership to seek their own path."

"They need to experience what it's like to live in this apocalyptic era and realize they can't always rely on others; they must depend on themselves. Our new world is far too unpredictable. Only once they've truly made an effort will we be in a position to help them."

The more Kisha spoke, the further her gaze drifted, as if she were lost in thought, conversing with her past self.

Each word seemed to remind her of the choices she had made and the lessons learned, pushing her to strive for more—not just for herself but for her loved ones as well.

"Misplaced pity and misguided notions of justice can lead to our downfall—not just ours, but also the lives of those in the base. Many may appear pitiful, concealing ulterior motives, and while some may cry for help, their tears can mask a heart full of greed."

"Not everyone who seeks your assistance deserves your compassion; some are simply waiting for a naive soul to take the bait, hoping to use them as a shield or provider," Kisha stated firmly, making sure her words were clear and direct.

As Kisha spoke, Rose felt a wave of confusion wash over her.

She scratched the back of her head, unsure how to articulate her thoughts. While she wasn't the best judge of character, she understood the complexities of human nature.

She had witnessed the darker sides of humanity, but not to the extent that Kisha had.