

## **Apocalypse 586**

### Chapter 586 Needed To Go To City D?

As if reading her thoughts, Engineer Steel began to explain.

"City Lord," Engineer Steel began, his voice tinged with a mixture of hope and worry, "I have a satellite phone—a small one—made by my son before everything started, the apocalypse."

"Just recently, I received a message from him, and he's been looking for me. But... I'm hesitant to ask him to come here. I know firsthand how dangerous it is to make it to this place, and I fear for his safety."

"He's safe where he is for now, so all I can do is pray that he stays there until I can figure out how to help him."

"But unfortunately, the communication was brief, and it ended as quickly as it began. I don't know his exact location—only that he's still somewhere in City D."

"I'm deeply worried, but I also understand we can't send people blindly without knowing more about the situation or his whereabouts."

"I hope you can understand the feeling of a parent in this situation," Engineer Steel said, his voice heavy with emotion as he bowed his head, mirroring Dr. Shuveck's gesture.

In truth, it was Engineer Steel who had received the message from his son, but this news had reignited Dr. Shuveck's hope that his own son might also be alive. It was this spark that led him to seek help from their Vice City Lord.

After all, Kisha and Duke were the strongest in the base, and if she allocated manpower to help them search for their sons, the chances of success would be much higher with their involvement.

Dr. Shuveck's offer of his notebook and the invaluable research he'd dedicated his life to wasn't just a gesture—it was a genuine payment for the favor, and his concerns about the issues with the advanced solar panel blueprint were valid as well.

Hearing this, Kisha found herself in a real bind. After completing her nesting mission, she had planned to return to City A's base to check on her family, reunite with the others, and reassure them that the Winters were safe.

She had hoped to catch up with everyone. But with this new request, she felt caught between a rock and a hard place.

She didn't want to turn them down, yet the difficulty of the mission loomed large. City D was quite a distance from City B, and the journey would undoubtedly present numerous challenges, especially considering the aftermath of the Geostorm and the presence of evolving zombies. The road there would be very complicated, fraught with danger and complications.

However, Kisha couldn't bring herself to refuse their request. Both Dr. Shuveck and Engineer Steel's sons were highly promising talents—ones that could potentially surpass their fathers in the future.

The more skilled individuals she could accumulate in her base, the stronger it would become.

This would reduce the burden on her, allowing her to focus on other aspects of leadership.

Additionally, the number of individuals like Dr. Shuveck and Engineer Steel in the base was alarmingly small.

Most of the others were retired elders, whose contributions to the development of new technologies were limited.

While they could mentor the younger generation, science and engineering were fields that took a lifetime of effort and innate talent to master.

Dr. Shuveck and Engineer Steel's sons, with their knowledge, were invaluable assets that couldn't be easily replaced.

Given all this, Kisha knew she had to make a difficult decision.

"Alright, we'll begin preparations, but you must also keep a close watch on the communication with your son and inform me immediately of any updates."

"Stay consistent in messaging him at regular intervals, so he knows when to expect your contact."

"This will help him find a safer location to reach you, if necessary. We also need to consider the possibility that his lack of response might be due to being in a dangerous situation or surrounded by people who he didn't want to know of your whereabouts. So, we can't afford to rush this."

Kisha tapped her index finger against her chin for a moment before continuing. "Also, you need to warn him about people who might intercept your messages. It would be best if you have a secure way to send coded messages—something that's hard to decipher."

"That way, even if someone else intercepts it, they won't be able to understand what you're trying to say. It could buy your son some extra time."

Hearing this, Engineer Steel's face drained of color, a look of horror spreading across his features.

He had almost forgotten how much the apocalypse had changed human nature—how greed had taken root, with many willing to trample on others for their own gain.

It dawned on him that some might use his son as a pawn, exploiting the situation for their own purposes.

They might assume he had been safely transported by the government, living in a secure place with abundant supplies.

If that was the case, they could use his son as leverage, blackmailing him into sending help.

Such a move could lead them straight to him and the shelter he was staying in, and worse, it could spell disaster for everyone involved including the whole shelter.

"I-I'll keep that in mind and keep you updated," Engineer Steel stammered, his voice trembling as he gripped the satellite phone in his pocket, the weight of his responsibility while the thought of his son's safety was heavy on his mind.

Even Dr. Shuveck, who had been quietly listening, looked visibly shaken.

The same realization that had struck Engineer Steel had also hit him with full force.

His worry for his own son was no less intense, and the fear of what might happen if things went wrong consumed him just as much.

With Kisha's advice in mind, Engineer Steel shifted to a more cautious and strategic approach.

The relative safety and calm of HOPE base had made him forget, to some extent, just how dark the human heart could become in desperate times.

But now, with supplies becoming scarce and the aftermath of the GeoStorm still lingering, the reality of the world outside hit him hard.

People had lost everything—supplies, loved ones—and that kind of desperation could drive them to madness.

He knew all too well that in such circumstances, some would do anything to survive, even if it meant taking lives.

This also highlighted how effective Kisha had been in creating a safe haven for her people.

However, she knew that this peaceful existence couldn't last forever, especially as they considered opening their doors to other survivors.

Allowing superhumans to come and go, exchanging resources and intel, could prove dangerous.

Having seen the quality of life within HOPE Base, many of these superhumans might grow envious or greedy, scheming to take control of the base for themselves.

Kisha understood that maintaining her people's safety required more than just protection—it demanded constant vigilance against those who might try to exploit their security.

However, she couldn't keep the doors closed forever, as doing so would only fuel greater envy and desire for what they had.

By opening their doors, they could form alliances with other shelters, bases, or factions in the area.

This would not only strengthen their overall position but also provide additional security for her people, ensuring a broader network of support in an increasingly uncertain world.