

Apocalypse 674

Chapter 674 Future Development

With everything already in place, what was there to fear? Those who had been granted administrator access shared the same sentiment.

There was nothing to worry about now that they could monitor all movements within the base through the territory's interface.

If anyone posed a threat or caused trouble, they could be immediately expelled—and once removed, no matter what they did, they wouldn't be able to re-enter the territory unless their expelled status was lifted.

"Oh! Was it really that difficult?" Keith asked, scratching his head as he processed Duke's explanation. "I thought it would be just like the games I've played before—where all you need to do is build a safe place, provide shelter, and establish a functioning society. I never expected there to be so many complications at play."

Kisha looked at him with a knowing smile.

Kisha understood exactly what Keith was thinking—after all, she had once thought the same in her past lives.

She had believed that simply creating a safe haven, protecting the people, and ensuring they had enough food to survive and grow stronger would be enough. But she had learned the hard way that survival required more than just security and resources.

She had to navigate politics, plan far ahead, and outmaneuver those who would scheme against her. Greedy factions and traitors would stop at nothing to take what she had built.

In this world, safety, food, and even hope were scarce commodities.

Compared to other bases and shelters, her territory was a beacon of stability—making it a prime target for those desperate enough to seize it by any means necessary.

She had paid the price for this lesson with her own life—more than once.

No matter how she played it—whether with kindness or with strength—she was always besieged by other survivors.

When she took the compassionate approach, welcoming everyone without strict regulations, she became nothing more than a servant to the people—a protector and provider at their beck and call.

The base quickly became overcrowded, and every minor issue became her responsibility. Dissatisfaction grew, and the very people she had saved began to demand more, as if her sole purpose was to cater to their needs.

But when she ruled with a firm hand, enforcing stricter policies to maintain order, rebellion followed.

Other factions banded together, working tirelessly to bring down her territory, eager to seize her resources and recruit her strongest people.

Awakened ability users who were captured had only two choices: submit to a new faction or be thrown to the zombies, left to die a gruesome death.

Those with valuable abilities were treated like commodities—selected, branded, and traded like livestock, their power stripped from them the moment they fell into the wrong hands.

As Kisha spoke about the territory's development, memories of her past lives flashed through her mind. She had already thought long and hard about what needed to be done to prevent those tragedies from repeating.

Fortunately, she had learned a great deal from Duke in her previous life, and in this one, he was not only her mentor but also her husband and unwavering support.

With him by her side, everything felt significantly easier compared to the struggles she had faced alone in her past lives.

"It's okay," Kisha said reassuringly. "This is exactly why we're sharing all of this with you. You're part of this family—you've worked alongside my husband for a long time, earning his trust, and some of you have been by my side since I was young. We want you to be aware of everything so you can stay vigilant and prepared."

Most importantly, we need all of you to work with us to make this vision a reality."

Her voice was calm and authoritative, exuding the confidence of a leader who had carefully considered every detail. It was clear she wasn't just informing them—she was negotiating, laying out both the responsibilities and the rewards they would receive in the future.

"No need to worry too much, Young Madam. We will do our best—after all, these two territories are our home too," Tristan said with a determined smile.

As the secretary closely involved with the territory's operations, he understood that he needed to pay careful attention to every detail.

Hearing Kisha and Duke's words, he fully grasped the weight of the responsibility placed on his shoulders and the trust they had in him. It was both an honor and a heavy burden, but above all, it was fulfilling. He was determined not to let them down.

"Now that we've finished discussing the future development of the base and our direction moving forward, I also want to inform you all that the Winters can now travel freely to HOPE Base to train alongside the warriors."

"This will not only enhance their combat abilities but also accelerate everyone's overall progress. The noticeable improvements in skill levels will naturally foster a sense of healthy competition, motivating everyone to push themselves further."

"This kind of rivalry will strengthen our forces and better prepare us for any future threats—just like the previous battle we fought against the zombie wave the other day." Kisha said, resting her chin on her intertwined fingers, her elbows propped on the table.

"Speaking of strength... Sister, what level are you at now?" Keith asked excitedly, his eyes gleaming with curiosity.

Kisha looked at her brother, a radiant smile blooming on her lips. "I'm currently at Level 3, and so is my husband. Vulture and Sparrow are at Level 2, while the rest of the Winters' men with us are at Level 1."

Hearing Kisha refer to him as "my husband" so naturally, Duke's mood soared to the clouds. His lips kept twitching as he struggled to maintain a neutral expression, not wanting to let his subordinates see just how overjoyed he was.

But his facade had long since crumbled—the moment they stepped foot in the hidden base, everyone could already see the sparkle in his eyes and the unmistakable doting in his gaze.

His attempts at restraint were futile.

Those who were used to his lovestruck demeanor pretended not to notice, though some discreetly snapped candid photos. Meanwhile, the newer members, still unaccustomed to this side of Duke, found themselves unable to hide their surprise at his transformation.

After hearing Kisha's words, the men in the hidden base felt as if a massive boulder had just crashed down on their heads, leaving them momentarily dizzy. They had been training relentlessly, focusing on strengthening their foundations, yet they were all still stuck at Level 0.

They had already thought leveling up was difficult, but now, realizing that some of their comrades had already reached Level 1—and that their Master and Young Madam were already at Level 3—made them feel the stark difference.

A wave of embarrassment washed over them as they suddenly felt small in comparison. However, what they didn't realize was that Kisha's rapid progress wasn't just due to sheer effort alone.

The hidden advantage lay in her "Commander of Heaven" achievement, which significantly boosted her warriors' affinity, growth, and experience gain. It even increased the probability of them acquiring a 'Talent' or 'Gift,' accelerating their leveling speed beyond that of normal people.