

Apocalypse 772

Chapter 772 - Work Assignment And Work Registration

Duke couldn't help but smile to himself as he stole glances at her serene face, his mood lifting with each look.

The exhaustion that had weighed him down seemed to fade away, and for the rest of the ride, he felt a warmth spreading through him until they finally reached the hidden base.

By the time they reached the hidden base, the sky was already growing dark—just in time to prepare for dinner. As soon as Dracon and the others jumped down from the truck, they stood frozen, awestruck by the sight before them.

The base, already illuminated by warm, steady lights, filled them with excitement and hope. Unlike the ruined cities and abandoned towns they had passed through, where electricity was nothing but a memory, this place was alive with power.

The presence of electricity meant more than just light—it promised warmth during the cold nights, cooling during brutal heat waves that could lead to heatstroke, and maybe even running water.

Judging by how clean and well-kept Kisha and the others appeared, there was a high chance the base had working facilities. The thought of finally washing up properly and living with a semblance of comfort made their hearts race with relief and anticipation.

Everyone's faces lit up with excitement as they looked around. Just then, Hugo and the others, who had spent the entire day plowing the fields, were returning, their clothes stained with mud and dirt and

farming tools slung over their shoulders. The Blythes followed close behind, carrying baskets filled with fresh vegetables for dinner.

Seeing this, the newcomers grew even more eager, their giddiness almost impossible to contain. They itched to run over, introduce themselves, and help out in any way they could.

After all, joining a shelter with enough resources to support everyone was a rare blessing in these times. Like Hugo and the rest, they wanted to prove their worth, to show they could contribute.

Deep down, their biggest fear was being cast out—and they were willing to do whatever it took to secure their place in this sanctuary.

Kisha, too, stirred awake when the truck finally came to a stop. Groggily opening her eyes, she climbed down and took in the scene before her.

Seeing the newcomers—Hugo's group and Dracon's group—mingling with the others, a thought quickly crossed her mind. With two new groups joining their base and a new mission ahead, it was the perfect time to start recruiting. Without wasting another second, Kisha pushed aside her fatigue and got to work.

The Evans family also climbed down from their trucks while the rest of the Winters' men drove the vehicles to the designated parking area, leaving everyone else to walk toward the entrance of the building.

After this mission, however, the Evans looked at Kisha and her people with a newfound respect. There was a clear reverence—and even pride—when their gazes fell on her.

But along with it came a bittersweet ache, because they understood that true strength was often forged through hardship. They could only imagine the difficulties Kisha must have endured to become this remarkable and resilient, aside from her natural talent.

Without even realizing it, the Evans had unconsciously drawn closer to her. The Aldens and Winters did the same, gathering around Kisha and Duke as they all made their way inside together, like a family.

It had already become a habit for them: after finishing up with their work, no matter how exhausting, they would always share a moment of togetherness.

But before anyone else could speak, Kisha called out, "Sparrow, come here." Sparrow, who had been just a few feet away, teasing Vulture and the others, immediately perked up at the sound of her voice and hurried over to her.

"Yes, Young Madam," he said eagerly. "What can I do for you?"

"Since we have newcomers with us and we've been away from the hidden base for a while, some of the others might not be familiar with how things work in HOPE City," Kisha began. "I need you to lead the team in starting the registration process for all the new residents. At the same time, we'll open recruitment for the warriors to expand our forces."

"While we're still here, we should enlist those who want to join the warriors, and for those who don't, we'll assign them to jobs they're interested in, just like in HOPE Base, using the work points system."

She paused briefly before continuing, "As for the Winters, they're part of our private army, so they're already considered part of our team. No need to register them as warriors. Just place them into teams under your command however you see fit. Since you and Vulture hold positions back at HOPE Base, let Hawk and Eagle act as the captains for the new people here."

Kisha spoke quickly and decisively, laying out a lot of information at once. Many struggled to keep up, but those from HOPE Base immediately caught the key points.

And so, Sparrow and Vulture, along with Bald Eagle and the rest of the Winters' men from HOPE Base, quickly set up tables at the entrance while the others began gathering the scattered people—though most were just Hugo's group and the Blythes, so there weren't too many to call in.

Sparrow started the registration with the Evans family first. Eliot Evans, being the head chef of the cafeteria, needed to return to the kitchen to begin preparing dinner. Eliot didn't hesitate; even without a detailed explanation from Kisha, he understood the importance of the registration.

It was necessary to restore order now that their community was growing, and assigning work to everyone was only logical—there was no room to support anyone who wouldn't contribute. In a shelter where resources were precious, everyone had to work for their share.

Five tables had been set up, and the newcomers quickly formed lines at each registration point, ready to officially become part of the base.

Eliot was officially appointed as the head chef of the cafeteria, while Elios was assigned as the chief doctor of the infirmary.

Mr. Evans took on the role of warehouse manager, a position similar to Mr. Winters', though their areas of responsibility differed enough to avoid conflict. However, Mr. Winters still held a higher rank, serving as the Minister of Revenue.

Eric was assigned as his father's assistant, making both of them responsible for logistics management.

Meanwhile, Ethan enlisted as a warrior and, due to his experience and skills, was immediately given a captain's position. Melody continued her work as a kitchen helper, and Mrs. Evans joined her in the cafeteria.

As promised, the Blythes were now free to choose their new roles and were relieved from their previous duties on the farm and with the livestock.

After Mr. Blythes heard about the perks and compensation offered for warrior recruitment, he decided to sign up as a warrior. His wife and daughter, both skilled in embroidery, chose to work as seamstresses under Mrs. Winters' management.

Meanwhile, Hugo and his group registered as farmers and are now working under Marcus' leadership. Dracon and his team also enlisted as warriors, along with civilians like Gavel, and many others, including some brave women, who joined without hesitation.

There was no gender discrimination in the recruitment process, and the generous compensation further encouraged them. Besides, they wouldn't be sent out to fight zombies immediately; instead, they would undergo thorough training to ensure they were well-prepared and properly equipped. This reassured them and greatly eased their fears.