

## Apocalypse 803

### Chapter 803 - Second Warrior Recruitment

Kisha spent a bit more time discussing the plan with Engineer Steel and Dr. Shuveck inside the bunker. When they finally emerged and returned to their previous small lab, they found that the staff had already dismantled the machines and secured the batteries in crates, carefully packed for transport. The team had taken extra precautions, knowing the batteries still held residual electricity and could explode if mishandled.

Warriors had also been called in to help carry the crates to the transport truck. As Kisha and the others arrived, they saw the operation already in motion—men carefully loading the heavy crates into the truck.

"Alright, alright, be careful!" one of the staff members called out. "Those things are fragile. Our future electricity supply depends on them, so don't drop anything—got it?"

"Yes, sir! We'll be very careful!" the warriors responded in unison as they moved cautiously, each crate carried by two warriors. At the truck, another pair of warriors waited to take over, carefully lifting the crate and placing it inside before securing it in position. Only after one crate was properly secured would they move on to the next, making the entire process more meticulous and efficient. By now, they were already halfway through loading the crates.

"Sir, City Lord, you're back!" one of the staff members called out excitedly upon seeing Kisha and the others coming. "We're almost done here. Just let us know the location of the new site so we can relocate and reinstall the machines right away!"

Kisha nodded and turned to face the two experts in front of her. "I've already shown you where your new lab will be. You can decide where to place the machines yourselves, or conduct a field inspection

first before reinstalling them—it's entirely up to you. You're the experts here. Just let me know if you need anything else."

She paused, then added, "As for access to the lab, I've already registered your retina scans, fingerprints, and voiceprints to unlock the main bunker door. Later, I'll have someone from our IT team create staff IDs so others can access the lab as well."

A thought occurred to her, and she continued, "That main bunker door is a bit special—registering all three types of access for every staff member would be too time-consuming. But don't worry, there's a secondary entrance specifically prepared for lower-level staff, and that one only requires the staff badge. I'll send you the details later, along with the contact information of the person who'll be handling the lab's IT and security systems."

And what she said was true, besides, making another entrance wouldn't be hard for her, there is actually another entrance that she could use and that is the small storage room of cleaning items in the hidden bunker, she could just connect that storage room to the small storage room from the underground hideout and make it as the staff entrance where they had to use their staff badge to enter.

As for who would be responsible for the lab's IT work and security systems—well, she already had someone in mind. Still, she figured she could take a look around now or leave the task to Duke later. His computer skills were outstanding, and he had proven his capabilities multiple times. With his level of expertise, he could definitely handle it.

However, if Duke took on the role, he'd end up being tied to the lab, which might not be ideal. It was probably better to find someone else for now. After all, with thousands of people living in the base, it was hard to believe that not a single survivor had strong computer expertise.

After exchanging a few more words with Dr. Shuveck and Engineer Steel, Kisha made her way to the central square to check on the progress of the warrior recruitment. When she arrived, the square was bustling with energy, filled with enthusiastic people. As soon as they noticed her presence, smiles lit up their faces and many greeted her warmly.

The entire area had taken on the atmosphere of a job fair, with lines of nervous individuals waiting their turn at the registration tables. Kisha had anticipated a strong turnout, but she hadn't expected that more than half of the base's population would be so eager to enlist as warriors. Most of the applicants were in their twenties, though there were even a few who were barely old enough to be considered adults, all determined to sign up and contribute.

When Kisha approached the registration table, she noticed the folder was already thick with completed forms—clear proof that many had already signed up. Yet the crowd around the square remained dense, suggesting that registration would likely continue until the end of the day.

The streets outside the central square were almost completely deserted. It seemed the only people not present were those working office jobs, active-duty warriors, the elderly, and the children. Everyone else had gathered in the square, eager to join the ranks.

Kisha stepped onto the small makeshift stage, knowing she needed to say a few words of encouragement. After all, the recent zombie wave and the fierce battle that followed had reminded everyone just how dangerous it was to be a warrior—the protectors of the base. Yet despite that, the people stood here, not with fear, but with eagerness and determination.

Their willingness to step forward, to defend this place they now called home, spoke volumes. This base was their sanctuary, their peace—and they were ready to protect it with their own hands. Witnessing such resolve and unity, Kisha felt a deep sense of gratitude. In this life, she was surrounded by good people, devoted residents who stood together as one.

Unlike her past lives, where she had been treated as nothing more than a beast of burden, expected to carry the weight of the world alone, this life was different. For the first time, she wasn't alone. And in that moment, Kisha resolved to stop projecting the bitterness of her past onto the present. These people deserved her trust, her care, and her respect—and she would give it to them wholeheartedly.

As Kisha looked around, her heart swelled with warmth. The faces staring back at her were filled with hope, admiration, and unwavering respect—as if they were looking at the person they believed in the most. Her chest tightened with emotion. She had come so far—stumbling, falling, shedding tears, and enduring countless wounds. For so long, she had fought alone.

But this life... this life was different.

These people stood with her, not behind her. They were her strength, her light, her family in a way she'd never had before.

Her eyes softened, and a warm smile spread across her face as she finally spoke.

"Everyone... thank you," she said, her voice carrying through the square. "Thank you for your bravery, for choosing to protect our home. I know you understand how dangerous this role is—that stepping into it means keeping one foot in the grave. And yet, here you are. Not because someone forced you, but because you care. Because you believe in this base, in our people, and in the future we're building together. I could never thank you enough for that."

"And thank you," Kisha continued, her voice steady yet full of emotion, "for believing in me—and in the people standing beside me. From this day forward, let's continue building our home into something even greater. Let's protect it, together."

As her words faded into the air, a wave of emotion swept over the crowd. Then, like a spark igniting dry kindling, a cheer erupted throughout the square.

For many, it wasn't just about the words—it was about what they symbolized.

During the first warrior recruitment, Kisha had seemed like a distant, solitary figure—an untouchable leader standing alone at the top, with only Duke by her side. But now, something had changed. It felt as if the invisible wall that separated them had crumbled.

At that moment, Kisha wasn't just a leader giving orders—she was reaching out, offering them her hand, inviting them to stand with her, fight beside her, and shape this place together. And to them, there was no greater honor, no deeper respect, than being seen not as followers... but as partners in the dream they all shared.

And so, the people lining up to become warriors were now more eager than ever. During the first round of recruitment, many had signed up mainly for the compensation and benefits, while others looked on with jealousy or resentment. But as time went on, things began to shift.

Life inside the base had proven to be far more secure and comfortable than the brutal reality beyond its walls. Stories from new arrivals—those who had survived the horrors outside and made it in—painted a grim picture of what the world had become. The contrast was stark, and slowly, the people began to understand something crucial.

If this base were to fall... would there be another HOPE Base waiting for them somewhere else? A place as safe, as organized, as peaceful?

It was a sobering thought. And with it, their mindset began to change—little by little. No longer was this just about pay or benefits. It became about something deeper: the will to protect what they had, the community they belonged to, and the fragile peace they had all come to cherish.