

Apocalypse 227

Chapter 227 Leadership Role Allocation

Even as she felt a twinge of regret over her words, it was too late—Duke had already accepted the challenge and was eagerly anticipating it.

"Wife, you said it yourself. Better prepare yourself well," Duke smirked with mischief as he hugged her tighter, enveloping her completely. In their close proximity, Kisha could feel his excitement, his warm shaft pressing against her back.

Kisha felt a sense of unease, sensing that she might be setting herself up for a predicament she wouldn't be able to escape once Duke fixed his gaze on her. She swallowed hard, feeling a lump form in her throat, her heart racing and seemingly lodged in her chest.

Duke could sense Kisha's body tensing and her heart racing, but it only heightened his anticipation and excitement. He had been waiting for this opportunity for a long time, and only he knew the effort it took to restrain himself around her.

The self-control he once prided himself on had shattered repeatedly in Kisha's presence. He couldn't even count how many times he had to rebuild that self-control, only to find himself unable to resist her whenever they were alone together.

And the pain he endured, seeing the woman he loved right in front of him yet unable to touch her beyond what was allowed, intensified when she became his wife with little change in their status quo. He felt frustrated, especially witnessing Alex's obvious admiration for Kisha, setting off alarm bells in his head.

He knew he had to ensure that Kisha had him alone in her heart, or the flies and butterflies would never cease coming.

Kisha and Duke fell silent, but everyone noticed the pink bubble enveloping the couple. The more experienced individuals, like Mrs. Winters, Mr. Winters, and the Patriarch, all had a sense of what was happening. They tactfully guided everyone out of the room under the pretense of starting work, but Kisha halted them.

Kisha cleared her throat. "Sorry, everyone. We got caught up in small talk, but we're not finished with the meeting yet. We need to sort everything out ASAP so we can get the ball rolling," she said, regaining her composure. Duke had hinted that their action would happen tonight, but it was still early, and she needed to ensure everything was in order.

Considering Duke's stature, Kisha worried she might be confined to her quarters for a day or two with him. She cleared her throat, pushing aside her concerns for the moment, and both she and Duke grew serious as they delved into their business discussion.

Their playful smiles faded, and Kisha began, "Now that we've allocated the Base's rules to the Patriarch, it's time to assign other leadership roles. Establishing the base's leadership structure will make it easier for the survivors to follow."

Kisha turned to Aston and asked, "Aston, where's the Minister of Defense?"

"We've sent the Minister of Defense to the dungeon with the Coltons, awaiting their punishments," Aston reported, standing upright as if reporting to a superior. He knew the military structure had crumbled and accepted that following Kisha was now the best path to protect the country's citizens and ensure survival for more people.

He trusted her character, though he acknowledged he didn't have much choice in the matter since he was now her slave.

Kisha nodded. Earlier, before leaving Villa #5, she had also left the Colton's men she had apprehended and stowed away in her own space. She instructed her people to confine them all to one big cell, knowing they would likely be struggling due to the limited space with so many crowded inside.

"Now that the position of Minister of Defense has been vacated, Aston will be assuming that role. His military background will reassure the soldiers and pacify the people," Kisha said firmly. "I trust you won't hesitate to take necessary actions when required. We cannot afford dissent among our ranks; it would only lead to unrest and infighting, which we cannot allow."

"City Lord, I am deeply honored to take on this responsibility, and I pledge to carry it out with the utmost diligence," Aston declared, saluting as he accepted the role. He then stepped back to allow others to proceed.

"Since we need to establish a work system, we must also introduce a point system for the shelter's inhabitants to use to exchange for essential goods like food. Accordingly, we need a supply center to store the resources we collect, allowing open access for everyone, and a structured marketplace where people can trade and make payments."

"Moreover, I propose establishing crystal cores as our new currency. This will incentivize individuals to venture out and clear the area of zombie threats, increasing our crystal core reserves. These cores can also be used to enhance our defenses and support our community."

"I propose appointing Mr. Winters to manage the position of Minister of Revenue. His extensive business experience makes him well-suited to develop a points system and promote active participation

in shelter activities and work. This approach will not only alleviate hunger but also offer diverse job opportunities to our community members."

"This means that Mr. Winters will oversee the supply center, manage the structured marketplace, and lead the establishment of our new currency. I understand it's a substantial task, but feel free to hire additional help using points as compensation. This will help kickstart our new work and point system."

"Individuals completing missions from the mission board will receive crystal cores, which they can use for trades in the marketplace and supply center.

The points system will apply specifically to those working within the shelter, but they will also have the option to exchange their points for crystal cores if they wish." Kisha did not forget to clarify so everyone could understand what she envisioned.

"I didn't realize my daughter-in-law was so decisive and knew exactly what she was doing," Mr. Winters quipped, his jest serving as tacit approval of the role entrusted to him.

Kisha smiled warmly at Mr. Winters and nodded before continuing, "I would also like to appoint Mrs. Winters as the Minister of Women's Care. Our goal is to eliminate all red-light districts around the shelter and empower women to engage in meaningful work without fear of violence or injustice due to perceived weakness. This role will also oversee the well-being of children and the elderly.

You're encouraged to hire additional staff and actively seek out work opportunities for this group. In times like these, they may feel vulnerable and undervalued, but they have much to contribute."

"I know Mrs. Winters has been actively involved in charity foundations and understands the intricacies of this role. I'm confident you'll excel," Kisha said, giving Mrs. Winters an encouraging look. Mrs. Winters was visibly moved, feeling reassured and appreciated.

She had been unsure how to avoid feeling idle and useless, but now saw a clear path forward.

"I also appoint Sparrow as Captain of the advance party responsible for reconnaissance and leading his team against threats near the shelter. Vulture will be appointed Captain of the Wall Patrol to ensure the walls are well-protected. Both will report directly to Aston."

"Tristan will be appointed as the Secretary, reporting directly to me and Duke. He will oversee project progress and handle responsibilities akin to a country's secretary to the president," Kisha added.