

Apocalypse 270

Chapter 270 What to Do?

Kisha took one last sweeping glance over the square, her eyes instinctively searching for the one figure who exuded an aura of authority and strength, standing tall and commanding like a king. When she finally spotted him, their gazes met—her deep, inquisitive eyes locking with his intense ocean-blue stare.

For a moment, they stared at each other, a silent exchange passing between them without the need for words. After a few minutes, Kisha turned away with a broad smile, while Duke resumed his rounds, meticulously observing the recruits to ensure they were either meeting or exceeding the demands of the training.

No one noticed their silent exchange, as everyone was engrossed in their own tasks. Kisha and Aston proceeded to the temporary office of the "Minister of Women's Care," located within the "House and Allocation Management Office," commonly known as HAMO.

When Aston and Kisha arrived at the office, Mrs. Winters was already hard at work, directing women and older men as they rearranged the space. They sorted through items, deciding what would be useful and what should be stored away.

Mrs. Winters was busy organizing tasks for the women and elders, carefully listing the work to be done. Kisha and Aston arrived just as she was finalizing her plans.

"Mrs. Winters, do you have a moment?" Aston greeted her with a brief nod before getting straight to the point, mindful of their tight schedules and the need to avoid small talk.

"Oh, hello! Yes, how can I assist you?" Mrs. Winters greeted them with a warm smile. She guided Aston and Kisha to a quieter corner of the office, where she offered them seats and poured them some water.

"We came to inquire if any of the women under your care might be able to assist with making uniforms for our new recruits," Aston explained. "We've just successfully enlisted 1,000 warriors, but we currently don't have enough uniforms for them. Additionally, it would be ideal if someone could help redesign the uniforms so that they are distinct from government-issued ones.

We're hoping to incorporate our own insignia to give our warriors a unique and recognizable appearance."

"You've read my mind!" Kisha exclaimed, almost in surprise. She had been thinking about adding an insignia to represent their base, to distinguish their uniforms from those of the country's soldiers.

She wanted to avoid giving the impression that their base was a government entity, as this could lead to survivors outside expecting to be protected and provided for, which would be quite a hassle to manage.

"That's a fantastic idea!" Mrs. Winters exclaimed, her eyes brightening with enthusiasm. She quickly stood up and moved towards the bustling group of women and elderly, eager to start organizing the new tasks. While Mrs. Winters coordinated with them, Aston and Kisha remained seated for a moment. Kisha, meanwhile, was deep in thought.

With the manpower now available for making the uniforms, her focus shifted to sourcing the necessary materials.

She glanced at Aston, who was furrowing his brow as he also considered the problem. When he turned to look at Kisha, he found her already gazing back at him.

Before Aston could speak, Kisha jumped in with her plan. "If I remember correctly, City B has a large textile manufacturing company nearby.

If we can secure fabrics from their warehouse, we'll have enough material for the uniforms and still have some left for making other clothes." Kisha was already considering multiple aspects of their needs for the future and strategizing a more comprehensive plan.

However, after considering the situation, a new problem arises: how will they get there? The textile manufacturing company isn't located in the heart of the city, but it's still a crowded area with hundreds of workers, and potentially thousands more. Attempting to march through that area would be a death wish, especially since there are multiple manufacturing companies in the vicinity.

This makes it one of the most dangerous places in City B.

As always, places like hospitals, schools, malls, and other densely populated areas should be avoided. These locations can quickly become overrun by zombies, leaving no time for adequate preparation regardless of how much planning is done.

Additionally, despite the high danger, raiding these places could yield lucrative rewards. With the current number of survivors at Base Hope, raiding small locations wouldn't be enough to provide for everyone. Most survivors escaped with nothing but the clothes on their backs.

Those few who managed to gather supplies like food and clothing during the chaos were not only smart but extremely capable, though this wasn't the case for the majority.

Currently, they are still in the early stages of the virus outbreak, which has both advantages and disadvantages. On the positive side, there shouldn't be many evolved zombies in those areas yet. However, given the changes observed during their recent trips outside, Kisha must also consider the possibility of encountering some evolved zombies, though their numbers are likely still low.

On the downside, since it's still the early stage of the outbreak, not many people have awakened their abilities yet. If they venture into those areas, their people could be quickly overwhelmed and killed, only adding to the number of zombies already present.

The only solution she could think of was to employ their usual tactic: using Sparrow as bait to draw the zombies away from the manufacturing area, allowing them to collect supplies with fewer zombies remaining. Even if some zombies are still present when they arrive, the remaining numbers should be manageable. However, this tactic isn't foolproof and still highly dangerous.

If only the core members with awakened abilities are sent, it could demonstrate their high capability and inspire the base to rely on them more. But where would that lead them?

Moreover, she can't just send the core members to retrieve the items and then use her space ability to transport them. When they return, explaining how they managed to acquire so much could raise suspicion. If she wants to use her inventory to transport items, she needs to be discreet for now.

She should wait until 'Space Type' superhumans emerge, as they could serve as a cover for her to use her inventory without drawing too much attention.

With this in mind, she could pretend to be a 'Space Type' superhuman, but since this type of superhuman has space limits, she would need to act as though her abilities also have limitations. Claiming to have unlimited space would make her an invaluable asset, and people might see her as someone they could exploit.

This would make her indispensable for all supply runs, increasing reliance on her and potentially leading to the very issues she has been trying to avoid.

Kisha felt overwhelmed by the myriad of problems she needed to address, from creating uniforms for their warriors to securing clothing materials for survivors to sell at the supply center. Although she wanted to provide each survivor with a set of clothing, the 5000 survivors at her base were too many to support with the current resources. The seamstress couldn't produce enough outfits for everyone.

They might be able to provide pre-made clothing to some survivors if they managed to secure enough, but if they were to distribute pairs, Kisha and her team would need to be fair and ensure that all 5000 survivors received a pair to prevent conflicts.

'FUCK!!! This is exactly why I hate being in a leadership position! Why do I have to be the City Lord?' Kisha exclaimed inside her head, rubbing her face in frustration.