

## Apocalypse 271

### Chapter 271 Future Plans

Aston noticed Kisha's silent frustration and the strain she was under. Although he understood some of the challenges they faced, he wasn't as knowledgeable as Kisha and couldn't pinpoint the exact source of her frustration. He had confidence in Kisha's ability to find solutions, but he also thought that a brainstorming session could be valuable.

Kisha shouldn't bear all the burdens alone; if she did, her team might either feel like a burden or become overly reliant on her, which would only add to her stress.

Aston knew this, which is why he tried to do as much as he could and arrange what he could. However, his belief in Kisha's capabilities had become deeply ingrained after witnessing her prowess. To him, she was already a godsend.

Since Kisha had yet to devise a solution for the situation, she and Aston focused on arranging what was needed first. Just as Kisha made this decision, Mrs. Winters arrived promptly to report to her.

"Sweetheart, as much as I want to provide more seamstresses for this order, we simply don't have enough. Currently, I have only 5 women, 5 elderly, and 6 children under my care. Those who found jobs have chosen to live with their families and didn't need the assistance of the Women's Care Department.

In my office, only 2 women are experienced in sewing, and 1 elderly woman used to work for a famous clothing line making custom suits," Mrs. Winters said with a hint of embarrassment that quickly flashed across her eyes before she regained her composure.

"Are you talking about brands like Armani?" Aston suddenly asked.

Mrs. Winters nodded, a calculative glint in her eyes as she continued. "But, I can help hire more seamstresses. I was actually planning to put the women from the red-light district to good use by having them do some crafts, so this job came at the perfect time.

Even if they don't know how to sew, the elderly woman has already offered to teach her skills to the younger ones since she can't do as much work as she used to." Mrs. Winters smiled, a hint of pride evident on her face.

Kisha was satisfied with Mrs. Winters' resolution and felt confident in her decision to appoint her to the role. She knew Mrs. Winters was well-suited for the job because she understood the intricacies of the work and was far from being a typical rich lady who liked to slack off.

Kisha expressed her satisfaction with repeated nods and a bright smile. "This is exactly what we needed. Since we still lack the materials for creating the uniforms, it might be beneficial if the elderly woman could assist with the design. I have a design in mind, but her expertise in making suits would be invaluable in ensuring the uniforms are both comfortable and formal.

"We'll send you a military uniform later so you can dismantle it, examine the construction, and incorporate the new design elements with it."

"But while you're still hiring and training the ladies in sewing techniques, my team and I will need to discuss how to gather the necessary materials, such as fabric and thread, for your team."

"Sounds good to me!" Mrs. Winters exclaimed, clapping her hands together. Meanwhile, Aston made a mental note to have a subordinate deliver a spare uniform to the Minister of the Women's Care Department later.

Kisha and Aston then exchanged a few brief words with Mrs. Winters before bidding their farewell, allowing them to focus on other job arrangements.

"Aston, I just realized we need to arrange for some people to cook lunch for the warriors so they have the energy for training," Kisha said. The thought had slipped her mind amidst the whirlwind of mission details and other pressing tasks. With so much on her plate, she had been focusing on the bigger picture and had overlooked this smaller, yet essential, arrangement.

"Don't worry, City Lord," Aston said with confidence. "I've already arranged for my team to hire an additional 100 people to coordinate with the Supply Center for cooking supplies. I understand that you have a lot on your plate and might overlook the smaller details sometimes. It's our job to support you, and we're on top of it." His reassurance eased Kisha's worries and gave her a sense of relief.

"Also, I've been thinking about setting up a dedicated cafeteria for the warriors," Aston continued, his tone a mix of excitement and nervousness. "The idea is to serve them breakfast, lunch, and dinner there, so their food supplies can be used to support their families. The cafeteria would offer meals at a reduced price for the warriors and standard prices for others who want to dine in.

What do you think of this plan?"

"That's an excellent plan!" Kisha said, her rare, genuine smile lighting up her face. "By setting up a dedicated cafeteria for the warriors, we can ensure they receive three meals a day, which will ease their food burden and allow their families to benefit from their food supplies.

With three meals a day, depending on their family size, they can use their points to buy additional food or purchase all their meals from the cafeteria. Plus, this approach will help us manage their diet more effectively. You've done a great job with this, Aston!"

Kisha's heartfelt praise made Aston blush with pride.

He based his plans on the military base's layout, aiming to create a similar setup for their own warrior base and allocate specific areas for it. Seeing Kisha in a good mood, he seized the opportunity to pitch his future plans.

"City Lord, I've been planning to establish a dedicated warrior base specifically for our operations. This would allow us to conduct warrior training and drills out of the public eye, reducing tension and maintaining a positive atmosphere among civilians.

Additionally, we could relocate the warriors and their families to this base, creating a distinct community that showcases the benefits and prestige of being a warrior. By highlighting their improved quality of life, we can inspire more people to aspire to become warriors.

This way, even if some warriors are lost in raids or choose to leave, we'll have a steady influx of recruits eager to join, ensuring we're never short on manpower for the base's defense."

"Good thinking, Aston. I'm genuinely reassured that you're in this position because you have the foresight to think ahead." Kisha took a deep breath, her smile soft and genuine. She was glowing with satisfaction, and Aston was momentarily taken aback, lost in her radiant expression.

He had expected to be shot down, considering the numerous pressing matters at hand, but seeing Kisha so pleased and happy with his proposal reassured him that she was also considering the bigger picture.

Reflecting on her past experience, Kisha recalled that the HOPE Base in her previous life lacked such a setup. It was solely a military base where warriors had to find their own lodging, and although meals were provided, there was no dedicated cafeteria. Instead, a tent was used to prepare their food.

Supplies were so limited that providing three meals a day was impractical; many warriors could only afford a meal every two to three days, making even a single meal a luxury.