

Apocalypse 272

Chapter 272 Harvesting?

Now that Kisha is on a mission to ensure her people receive at least two meals a day, establishing a Supply Center and a cafeteria is an excellent strategy. This plan will help guarantee that no one goes hungry and support the well-being of every survivor in the base.

"Given the situation, we need to find an appropriate location to transform into a warrior base and plan its construction. This will undoubtedly be a long-term project, potentially taking months or even years.

However, with the right awakened ability users, we might be able to expedite the process." Just thinking about the future and the possibility of turning the HOPE Base into the safe haven she always envisioned, along with the base in City A, fills her with energy. Kisha truly believes they can create a real powerhouse this time.

Although the HOPE Base was powerful, it was nothing compared to the military bases established in other cities by politicians who fled with their soldiers. Those bases were able to secure substantial military resources, including thousands of soldiers, making them incredibly formidable. Their numbers reached into the tens of thousands, far exceeding the capacity of the HOPE Base.

The key difference was that these bases exploited civilians, sending them out to gather supplies in exchange for protection within the military base.

So, their practices were not much different from how the county operates—imposing taxes under the guise of protection while exploiting the people and sending them to their doom. Despite its strictness, HOPE Base was still more humane compared to how survivors were treated in those military bases.

Politicians, believing themselves to be still in power, used their influence to exploit smaller bases and shelters, claiming to collect taxes. Those who resisted were raided, with any who fought being killed, creating an atmosphere of terror. This allowed them to rebuild their bases and ensure the smaller groups remained subservient, all while they continued to live off the suffering of others.

If word got out and HOPE Base became known to those other bases, they would undoubtedly target it in hopes of exploiting its resources and stealing from them. That's why Kisha supported Aston's plan. She understood the necessity of strengthening their base's defenses and ensuring they had a sufficient number of capable individuals ready to step into the roles of the fallen warriors.

Certainly, as more survivors flocked to their base, expansion had become an urgent necessity. However, Kisha remained cautious about revealing their other hidden base, as it could serve as a crucial asset in their strategic plans.

"Actually, since we're discussing expansion, we should prioritize reinforcing our walls. The trailer containers won't hold up indefinitely, as evidenced by the gaps and damage that allowed zombies to breach during the first raid. With the possibility of Evolved zombies leading future hordes, the threat will only intensify.

Strengthening the walls is crucial for the base's safety, not just relying on the guards stationed on top," Kisha said thoughtfully.

After hearing Kisha's thoughts, Aston made a mental note to discuss this with the Minister of Revenue to allocate engineers and architects to evaluate and reinforce the wall structure. The sheer volume of tasks and improvements needed was overwhelming. As they toured the area, Aston realized that their previous standards of "good enough" were inadequate.

What seemed sufficient before was now clearly insufficient, and addressing these issues was crucial.

Their plans hadn't accounted for evolving zombies or potential threats from individuals with awakened abilities who might target them. Kisha's concerns highlighted these gaps, making Aston realize just how naive he had been. He acknowledged his own limitations and recognized that he lacked the strategic insight needed to anticipate and counter such scheming minds.

It was only natural for Aston to be feeling this way, as people who had lived in peaceful societies were less accustomed to such malicious attacks and relentless survival challenges. For them, adapting to these harsh realities was a new and difficult process.

Kisha, on the other hand, had experienced these dark aspects of human nature many times and was well-acquainted with how twisted the human heart could become.

"Alright, let's tackle these urgent tasks first. If you see something that needs immediate action, handle it promptly. Coordinate with the other departments to avoid being overwhelmed. Later, gather the core members of your department for a meeting at Villa #1 since we still don't have an official conference room," Kisha instructed.

She needed to gather the fabric and other essential materials as soon as possible because the weather could change at any time. They might not lose people to hunger, but they could lose them to sickness from the changing weather, which is just as dangerous.

"Understood, City Lord. I'll attend to the other matters now," Aston said, saluting out of habit. Kisha didn't correct him. After giving his salute, he instantly disappeared from sight, as if he were being chased by a rabid dog—that's how busy he was.

With a heavy sigh, Kisha parted with Aston, knowing he would be busy. She, on the other hand, needed to return to the territory space to check for any changes. It had been more than two days since they started farming, which meant over 48 hours in the outside world. Inside the territory space, that was equivalent to more than 480 hours, or over 20 days.

She was certain some of the crops had already matured and could be harvested soon.

Kisha took quick, long strides back to the villa to check on Marcus's progress with farming and raising livestock. However, she knew relying solely on Marcus to sustain thousands of people wouldn't be ideal; it was like patching a hole with tape—it wouldn't last long.

Currently, she was using the supplies Duke had acquired before the apocalypse to feed the survivors at the base so she could complete the C-Class Mission, "The Philanthropist."

To complete most of her missions, supplies were the most crucial right now. She was putting all her eggs in one basket, which was dangerous, but she didn't have much choice. It wasn't as if she had been given plenty of time to prepare. If not for her territory space, all those chain missions would have been doomed from the start.

Still, she couldn't help but resent the constellation behind 008 because they were making Kisha's life as arduous as possible. She's lucky to have the very supportive Duke and their team who follows her lead.

Not long after, Kisha arrived at the villa. Marcus and the children were no longer around, indicating they were inside the territory working. Kisha had been out for four hours since the morning, and it was almost lunchtime. She assumed Marcus and the children had been inside the territory for about 3-4 hours, which was equivalent to 30-40 hours outside.

Kisha didn't waste any time and entered the territory. As she expected, Marcus was already hard at work, crouched down and harvesting crops. Kisha blinked in surprise. "Wait, harvesting?" She did a double-take as she observed Marcus working with the cabbages. They were enormous, larger than an adult's head, even after the outer leaves had been removed.

The cabbages were impressively large and vibrant, but that wasn't the main focus. Marcus was already deep into harvesting, having even woven a few baskets to collect the crops. These baskets were brimming with a variety of produce—carrots, radishes, potatoes, sweet potatoes, yams, beans, tomatoes, and other vegetables they had planted just days ago.

Remarkably, even the crops planted only yesterday had already been harvested, and Marcus had already sown a new batch.