

## **Apocalypse 851**

### Chapter 851 Preparing The New Training Facility

Truth be told, Kisha had originally planned to ask Aston and the others to rearrange the Central Hall according to her vision. She even thought about sending them a detailed blueprint to follow. But then she remembered, she could do it herself.

Just like in a game of Sims, she used the holographic interface of the Central Hall, dragging and dropping furniture, rooms, and equipment into place. It was the same method she used to transfer the entire blacksmith setup from Duke's workshop into her own workshop at HOPE Base.

Since it was something she could manage herself, she went ahead and did it. That way, she wouldn't have to burden Aston and the others with more tasks when she could handle it easily, even while taking a break.

While Kisha was making the changes, the people inside the Central Hall, who had been going about their usual business, suddenly froze in shock. Right before their eyes, the layout of the entire lobby transformed in real time. The familiar mission board area shifted, and the reception desk they had just seen disappeared from its original position.

Gasps echoed through the hall as everyone turned their heads and realized the reception desk had reappeared, now farther back and properly aligned with other departments. The new layout looked far more structured: the registration area for new residents was now placed beside the Housing and Allocation Management reception desk.

And a general reception desk had been added to handle common inquiries, and the entire right side of the lobby had been restructured into a dedicated Mission Helpdesk zone.

This area was now organized for all mission-related activities: mission acceptance, status reporting, and record-keeping, allowing leaders to track who took on which missions and assign rewards more efficiently. On top of that, there were now two specialized desks for mission allocation and reward distribution.

It was clear the entire space had been redesigned in preparation for a future influx of outsiders, people who would soon be pouring in with mission requests or coming to accept jobs in exchange for rewards.

Everyone looked around wide-eyed, unable to hide their surprise. Moments later, a soldier affiliated with the Ministry of Defense appeared with a megaphone, urging calm. He explained that the transformation was the work of an Awakened ability user, causing the crowd to quickly accept the phenomenon as normal. Most assumed it was someone with an architectural-type ability, capable of reshaping structures as if they were playing a Sims game.

And they weren't entirely wrong.

What they didn't realize, however, was that the person behind the stunning transformation was none other than their City Lord.

When Aston's second-in-command and members from the Housing and Allocation Management Office arrived, they were stunned to see how drastically the Central Hall had changed. The place now looked pristine, formal, and professional, like the headquarters of a powerful conglomerate with a sleek, futuristic flair.

The second-in-command didn't linger on the dramatic changes to the Central Hall. His eyes swept the area until he spotted the new reception booth for the House and Allocation Management team. Behind

it was a door, exactly where the City Lord said the back office would be. He gestured toward it and led the group forward.

"Look, your booth's already set up. They even added indoor plants to brighten things up and keep the air fresh. Still feeling down?" he teased lightly, glancing over his shoulder as he walked ahead.

The team behind him followed his gaze and quickly noticed the booth. It was simple but functional, capable of accommodating two staff members to assist new residents with housing registration and help long-term residents relocate to upgraded housing zones.

It resembled a streamlined version of a government housing office, with a clean and professional setup. For many of them, it felt like being dropped back into a familiar work environment, like fish returned to water. The atmosphere alone lifted their spirits, and they quickly scattered to settle into their designated spots.

One woman pushed open the back office door and let out a surprised sound. The room behind it was spacious and well-equipped. It featured tables and chairs where the team could spread out maps for inspections and planning, plus a space for internal meetings. Around the room were built-in bookshelves, and along one wall was a designated area clearly set up for computer terminals, though the machines hadn't arrived yet.

Once Kisha and her team secured another computer setup, like the one Fred and his team sent to the Supply Center, they could install it here. Fortunately, a head programmer and a cybersecurity expert were already being scouted to oversee the new research facility. Once hired, that expert could design a centralized system to link all departments, a vision Mr. Winters had long pushed for.

It would streamline operations across the base, and asking this person to handle it wouldn't be overreaching. After all, they were slated to become head of security for the lab and would need to develop protection protocols for the classified research being conducted in Kisha's hidden facility.

"Um, sir! This is truly an amazing new office," said the head of the House and Allocation Management, nodding with clear approval as he crossed his arms and took in the space. "It may not be as large as our previous one, but it's much more efficient. We won't have to run back and forth between buildings just to fetch files from other departments."

With that, the team got to work. They began organizing files and folders onto the bookshelves, then carefully unrolled the large map they had been working on earlier, pinning down its corners with heavy books to keep it flat. The STAU mean (Space-Type Awakened Ability Users) efficiently brought in the supplies and materials from the old office, pacing the work so the file handlers wouldn't be overwhelmed by the clutter. Their systematic approach made the transition smoother and far less stressful.

Rearranging the files took the most time, but everyone remained focused and productive. Seeing how well the team had settled in, the second-in-command quietly slipped away to report back to Aston. The commander, who was overseeing the warrior training sessions, was awaiting the go-ahead to move everyone into the new training facility, a major milestone they were eager to reach.

Meanwhile, Aston was occupied with overseeing the ongoing training in front of him while also overseeing what was happening in the new training facility. He had instructed his soldiers and the remaining STAU members to search the surrounding perimeter for gym and training equipment, dumbbells, barbells, punching bags, and anything else they could salvage.

Since the facility would now be used to train newly registered warriors, many of whom were once civilians unfamiliar with proper training, Aston planned to restructure the entire building to suit their needs. With an extended training timeline, he was determined to instill military-grade discipline and precision in their routines.

While his second-in-command assisted the House and Allocation Management team with their relocation, Aston had already tasked his other subordinates with collecting equipment. The STAU, as usual, handled storage using their spatial abilities, efficiently transporting everything needed. They were among the few who had visited Kisha's territory space before, so the process felt familiar, and none of them were fazed by knowing what their City Lord was planning to do; all they had to do was follow.