

Apocalypse 852

Chapter 852 Military Academy?

"Sir, we've found some gym equipment," one of the STAU members reported through the walkie-talkie. "It looks like there used to be a gym facility nearby. All the equipment had been stored away, but fortunately, everything is still in working condition. Since it's all commercial-grade, the machines are durable and not easy to break. We should be able to use them without issue, though some of the machines will need electricity to function."

Aston stood on the stage overlooking the Central Square, listening to the report as he observed the new recruits. They were drenched in sweat, struggling to mimic their instructor's movements. Some were already trembling like newborn calves, unsteady but determined.

"Good. Take all of them," Aston said thoughtfully. "I'll speak to the City Lord about getting electricity installed in the training facility so we can make full use of the equipment. These new recruits need to start building muscle, too."

As he looked around, Aston spotted his second-in-command approaching. That meant he'd already completed his assigned task. Aston raised an eyebrow. Less than an hour had passed. Quick work.

It meant they had more time to prepare the training facility. Since the building used to be an office, clearing out the clutter and relocating items into storage would be the first step. He didn't want to discard anything, especially old government files that might still be useful someday. Those needed to be archived properly.

Turning to his second-in-command, Aston gave new instructions. "Hmm... Great job. Now, head back to the building. Take all the documents and unnecessary items, and send the files to the archives. As for the extra office chairs, desks, and supplies, either store them, redistribute them to departments that

need them, or keep some in our own warehouse for future use. What matters now is clearing out the building so we can move our warriors in and begin training."

Once Aston gave the command, he contacted another subordinate to coordinate. His second-in-command gave a sharp salute before heading off again, this time with several free STAU members in tow. They would help quickly clear the space, using their storage abilities to speed up the process.

When one of his subordinates approached, Aston gave clear instructions.

"I need you and the others to group the new recruits based on their abilities and capabilities. We'll form training classes, no more than sixty people per group. That way, we can teach them the same way you'd teach a proper classroom of students. Each class will have structured time in the gym, sparring sessions, and field training. It'll prevent everyone from crowding the same space and help us manage their learning more effectively."

He paused to ensure the soldier was following, then continued, "This setup will help them grasp key principles, especially what we've learned about the zombies and the outside world. We'll also be able to spot who's excelling and group high performers together to foster friendly competition for resources. Meanwhile, we can identify and support those who are struggling, tailoring their training to help them improve, and encouraging teamwork along the way."

With this system in place, Aston laid the groundwork for something far greater than he'd originally intended. Without Kisha even realizing it yet, the foundation for a fully functional Military Academy had quietly been established within the base.

All Kisha originally wanted was to give the recruits more time to train and provide them with a proper training facility. But Aston was still a soldier, one who had weathered countless trials and hardships.

Over time, he had matured and learned to see the bigger picture, no longer blindly following orders just because he was conditioned to do so.

Kisha had changed him. She had shown him his potential, trusted him, and given him real authority to make a difference. So, with that responsibility on his shoulders, Aston took the initiative to make meaningful changes. He didn't discuss it with her beforehand; it came to him as a sudden inspiration, much like the way Kisha had impulsively decided to connect a building to her territory space to distort time and give her warriors an edge in training.

Seeing the opportunity, Aston created something more structured: a system that would not only maximize training efficiency but also lay a foundation for long-term growth. After all, he was the Minister of Defense, responsible for both the warriors and the entire base's security. With his military academy background, this system came naturally to him. He simply combined what Kisha envisioned, what they already had, and what needed to be done, and the result was the birth of their own Military Academy.

With this new system, even future recruits could be smoothly integrated without randomly assigning them to existing teams. As for instructors, Fred and Rose, both of whom had trained in academies similar to Aston's, could handle physical combat and tactical training. Duke and Kisha themselves could visit occasionally to teach survival skills, strategy, management, and warfare theory.

And if the focus was purely on raw survival? There was always Rakan. As a former mafia boss, he had lived through the darkest parts of society and had lessons in survival that no textbook could teach.

Aston also had senior subordinates who had graduated from the same military academy as he had. They knew the ropes well and were more than capable of teaching the new recruits. All that was needed was a structured lesson plan, daily routines, and a rotating class schedule. That way, each instructor could focus on their assigned subjects without overworking or neglecting any class.

With roughly over two thousand newly recruited warriors, grouping them into classes of 60 would result in about 35 to 45 classes. This meant Aston would need at least 50 to 100 instructors to manage the workload effectively. After all, each class would run for at least an hour and a half per session, depending on the course. That alone was demanding, not to mention the fact that instructors would have to move between multiple classes throughout the day.

Meanwhile, the recruits would undergo full-day training sessions, including both physical and theoretical instruction. It would be a rigorous program, but it was also necessary.

Now that the plan had fully taken shape in his mind, Aston knew what he had to do next: report it to Kisha.

[Aston: City Lord, we've successfully relocated the House and Allocation Management team to the Central Hall. I also had my team clean out the old building, and we're preparing it to serve as our new training facility. But I've had another idea, something more ambitious. Would you be willing to hear it?

[Kisha: Sounds good to me.]

[Kisha: Please, go ahead and tell me what you have in mind.]

[Aston: Well, City Lord, this might sound bold, but hear me out. Since you've already provided the space, and considering how excellent the facility's condition is, I was thinking: why not take it a step further and transform it into a proper Military Academy?]

[Aston: We're already teaching them how to fight, including tactics and strategies. So why not structure it all into a formal system? The facility offers us something incredibly valuable: time. With that advantage, we can elevate the training to a whole new level.]