

Apocalypse 855

Chapter 855 Solution

Luckily, Kisha had a habit of tossing everything into her limitless inventory. While digging through it, she found stacks of baby play mats. She deliberately avoided the ones with ducks and cartoon flowers, opting instead for a simple blue set.

After laying hundreds of them across the floor, the space was instantly transformed into a safe and functional sparring area. To mark the change, she hung a wooden signboard on the double sliding doors: “Martial Arts Studio.”

The rest of the equipment, like punching bags and other training tools, would have to be sourced from outside or crafted using their available resources. It wasn’t urgent, and they could deal with it gradually over time. For now, the foundation was set, and that was enough to begin training the warriors.

Since this building was going to be repurposed into an academy, Kisha didn’t stop there. She retrieved all the desks and tables that Aston’s people had stored in the warehouse and arranged them into ten different rooms, setting them up like classrooms. Finally, she mounted the whiteboards, salvaged from old meeting rooms, at the front of each space, giving instructors a proper place to write while teaching.

Then, Kisha received a follow-up message from Aston. He reported that they had found some gym equipment, though a few machines required electricity. That posed a bit of a problem, but Kisha still gave Aston the go-ahead to bring everything into the academy building. Meanwhile, she also opened the map to the underground hideout under Villa #5 to check on the progress of Engineer Steel and Dr. Shuveck, who were overseeing the move to their new research facility.

She wanted to see if they had finished reinstalling the lightning-gathering machine in its new location and successfully rewired it to the pole on top of the Central Hall. If that part was done, she could then

ask them to extend an electrical connection to the building beside the Central Hall as well, which would supply power to the gym equipment and other systems.

However, since they still didn't know about her Territory Space or its special communication interface, she couldn't just message them through it; she had to make a personal appearance. Still, she wasn't in a rush. There was still much to handle in the academy building.

Kisha took a moment to check the Territory Warehouse. Not long ago, she was worried that supplies were piling up too fast. Marcus and Mike had been steadily loading it with crops, fruits, animal byproducts, and other materials. But now, it looked like all those goods would be put to excellent use.

As she explored the building, she discovered it had its own cafeteria, once used to feed government workers. It was well-equipped and spacious enough to handle hundreds of people at a time. That gave her an idea: meals would need to be scheduled in batches. The warriors would eat in rotating groups based on their training schedules, and if someone missed their assigned slot, they'd have to wait until the next batch, if food was still available.

It was a strict system, but necessary. They didn't have enough manpower to cook freely all day long, and the scheduling gave the cafeteria staff time to prepare fresh meals in between groups. It would be exhausting and demanding work, so Kisha made a note to increase their pay to compensate. It was the only way to make such a system feasible and fair.

More importantly, since the flow of time inside the newly established Military Academy that was connected to the Territory Space was different from the outside world, Kisha had to carefully consider how to handle supply distribution.

Should she delegate this task to the Supply Center, which was under her father-in-law's management, and let them handle the logistics? Or would it be better to connect the cafeteria's storeroom directly to

the Territory Warehouse and schedule automatic deliveries, eliminating the need for human involvement entirely?

The latter option was more efficient, but it came with a major drawback: it would be too suspicious. If the storeroom kept replenishing itself without any deliveries or supply runs being seen, it would raise questions she couldn't afford to answer. So, in the end, Kisha had no choice but to assign the task to her father-in-law.

While it would increase his workload, he could hire more logistics personnel to focus solely on transportation and restocking, allowing the office workers to concentrate on managing inventory records. However, even then, the sheer volume of supplies being delivered to the building would likely leave them baffled, especially since there would be no signs of depletion in the Supply Center's own stockpile.

This contradiction left Kisha in a dilemma she couldn't easily resolve.

Since she couldn't come up with a solution for the supply dilemma just yet, Kisha decided to focus on what she could control. She instructed Aston to post a new notice on the Mission Board to recruit cafeteria staff for the soon-to-open Military Academy. Not only would this help them staff the kitchen, but it would also serve as an official announcement of the Academy's establishment, an important milestone that could boost morale and spark excitement across the base.

This initiative marked a significant step forward: creating one department and facility after another symbolized their fast-growing community and economy. As their operations expanded, it was clear they would need more people to support the infrastructure if they wanted to keep pace. It also meant that those who weren't suited for front-line combat roles would now have more stable career options beyond odd jobs like babysitting or staying idle at home.

Sure enough, as soon as Aston sent someone to post the notice, it drew attention. Many had been waiting for opportunities outside of office work, and when they saw that the compensation for cafeteria staff was even better than standard clerical roles, despite being more physically demanding, they didn't hesitate to apply.

A number of women, mostly aunties aged 40 to 47, applied for cooking roles, while several older uncles in their late forties and early fifties signed up as kitchen assistants to handle tasks like washing dishes and peeling vegetables.

Though these jobs were labor-intensive and tough on the back, especially with long hours spent standing or bending over, the pay was worthwhile. Even better, if they had children or relatives enlisted as new recruits, their hard work would earn their families a 10% discount at the cafeteria, a much-appreciated perk during these times.

This way, warriors who qualified for the 10% additional cafeteria discount could stretch their academy points further and allocate more of them toward purchasing training resources. Interestingly, among the applicants for the cafeteria positions were Clyde's mother and sister. His sister applied as a kitchen helper, while his mother signed up to be a cook.

Though Clyde's mother had once lived a pampered life as a wealthy lady, she had always harbored a genuine passion for cooking. Rather than spending her days anxiously worrying about her young son and letting her concerns spiral into depression, she chose to take action.

When a neighbor came running down the street, excitedly shouting about the job posting on the Mission Board, she didn't hesitate. Without a second thought, she grabbed her daughter, who was just as idle, and made their way to the Central Hall.