

Apocalypse 310

Chapter 310 The Harvest 3

Surprisingly, Mike showed no distress and nodded in agreement with Kisha's suggestion. It was clear that he had managed to separate his feelings for the animals from his professional responsibilities.

"Understood, Young Madam. How should we proceed with this? We're facing similar issues with the other pens, like those for the sheep and other livestock.

Should we apply the same approach to them?" Mike asked, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

"Yes, in the future, we can increase the number of animals since I'll be able to upgrade the limits and expand this facility. However, for now, we need to keep the animal population under control," Kisha said.

"For now, we can send the extra male livestock to Sparrow and the others to be butchered, and then deliver it to the Supply Center in smaller batches. This way, we can avoid surprising people with the large quantity of meat. In the meantime, we should plan for a regular supply run to find live animals outside to bring into the base.

This will help cover for the steady meat supply at the Supply Center and not let people get suspicious of us," Kisha suggested, her tone tinged with concern and a hint of a headache building.

She had a lot on her plate at the moment. Not only did she need to ensure a steady supply at the Supply Center to prevent anyone in her base from going hungry and to fulfill her mission, but she also had to manage this supply within reasonable limits to avoid raising any suspicions about her seemingly endless resources.

At the start, when she distributed supplies to ensure everyone was well-fed, she used the Coltons' and the Minister of Defense's hidden stashes as a cover. She let the survivors believe that the supplies in the Supply Center were from these hidden reserves. Even now, they still think that the stock in the Supply Center is what's left of that stash.

However, this cover has its limits, especially since none of her people have gone on a supply run in several days.

Currently, she is supporting over five thousand survivors at her base. The situation has improved recently due to the implementation of a new work system. Now, survivors needed to work to earn points they could use to purchase their supplies, as Kisha no longer provided free meals.

She also wanted to avoid any suspicion that the meat being supplied to the Supply Center might be human meat. In the apocalypse, cannibalism could become a grim reality, as those facing extreme hunger might resort to such practices, treating humans like livestock, feeding and raising them to be more plump for consumption.

With so much meat coming into the base, many might suspect her and her people of such unscrupulous practices just to keep the base functioning and its inhabitants fed. Given that thousands of survivors were taking shelter there, it would be easy for one or two missing individuals to go unnoticed.

With the vegetables, she could easily explain them away by citing her employment of a farmer with an awakened ability to enhance crop growth, which wasn't untrue. She could also close off the northern section and use that land for farming, ensuring the survivors knew where the crops were coming from and thus would not suspect anything unusual.

Given that superhumans with various abilities had already emerged and the survivors had seen this firsthand, they were inclined to believe Kisha's explanations. However, she knew they weren't naive, so she still needed to provide clear evidence and maintain a fake transparency to avoid any suspicion.

Just thinking about it made her head spin, so instead of delving further into the problem, she and Mike focused on tending to the ranch. Mike went out to check on the other pens, while Kisha assisted by collecting eggs from the chickens and ducks.

When she entered the chicken coop, the hens fluttered around, startled by her presence but not aggressive. She picked up the baskets near the door and began collecting eggs from the nests. To her surprise, each nest contained at least three eggs. Kisha had expected hens to lay only one egg per day at most, with occasional days without any eggs.

At first, Kisha thought that perhaps three hens had used each nest, laying their eggs there. However, upon checking the other nests, she found that every one of them contained three eggs. The chicken coop was also at full capacity, so she needed to remove all the eggs to prevent them from hatching.

After collecting all the eggs, she ended up with 3,000 eggs. She was grateful for her telekinesis ability, which allowed her to gather six eggs at a time. Without this ability, it would have taken her a considerable amount of time to finish the task, given the large number of eggs scattered throughout the expansive chicken coop.

Fortunately, Mike had already separated the male and female chickens, confining the males to a corner. This prevented them from disturbing the hens while they were laying eggs, which could otherwise lead to injuries or death if the hens became stressed and failed to lay their eggs properly.

Moving forward, it might be best to separate the male and female chicks right from the start to simplify the process. Kisha knew that Mike must have diligently checked each chicken for gender during the separation, which was quite labor-intensive.

With the males and females now separated, she could have Sparrow and the others handle the butchering of the male chickens, allowing them to be sent to the Supply Center in small batches, just like the other meats.

After finishing with the chicken coop, Kisha moved on to the ducks. As with the chickens, the males and females had been separated, and she managed to collect another 3,000 eggs. The territory's storage space was now overflowing with eggs, as they hadn't yet sent supplies to the Supply Center for a long time. As she completed the task with the ducks, she realized it was already lunchtime.

She decided to join Marcus and his grandchildren for a meal with everyone.

Marcus and the children headed straight to the kitchen to prepare lunch, while the Winters gradually returned, one by one, with Sparrow and his comrades following behind Duke. Noticing Kisha walking in front of their villa, Duke's serious expression instantly softened into a smile.

"Hey, beautiful, are you waiting for me?" Duke said with a flirtatious grin. Kisha was taken aback, unsure where Duke had picked up this line or what had gotten into him. He flashed her a charming, yet seductive smile that seemed as if he was ready to captivate anyone who crossed his path.

Kisha raised an eyebrow, questioning Duke's sudden flirtatious action. Realizing that his pickup line hadn't had the desired effect—failing to seduce Kisha and make her knees turn to jelly as Vulture had claimed—Duke cleared his throat and returned to his usual cold and stoic demeanor. He shot a pointed glare at Vulture, whose knees promptly buckled.

Duke thought to himself, 'I guess my glare is more effective than that pickup line after all.' Duke looked defeated at Kisha with a wry smile.