

Apocalypse 624

Chapter 624 Animal Care

Once the harvest was complete, everyone headed to the animal farm, eager to check on the mutated livestock and see how Mike was managing their training and care.

They were particularly curious about how well he had integrated them with the normal livestock.

But Mike wasn't concerned about the inspection—thanks to his unique talent and gift, he successfully trained the mutated animals to follow his every command.

No longer hostile, they now lived peacefully alongside the regular livestock, eating the same food and adapting well to their new environment, despite their unusual appearances.

There hadn't been a single incident where the mutated livestock attacked the normal ones.

So, when Kisha and the rest went to check, this was what they saw: a towering, massive mutated cow standing out among the normal herd.

However, what truly surprised them was its behavior—it was calmly grazing alongside the others.

Even its once-raging, fiery horns, which had previously burned with uncontrollable intensity, now glowed with a subdued, almost decorative warmth.

Kisha herself was taken aback by the transformation. When Vulture first brought these mutated animals back, they were all unconscious.

But the moment they were transported into her territory and regained consciousness, they were nothing short of hostile—ready to attack anything that got too close.

The mutated cows, in particular, were the most aggressive. Seeing them now, peacefully integrated with the normal livestock, was nothing short of astonishing.

But now, they all appeared docile and harmless despite their intimidating physical traits.

As Kisha and the rest followed Mike around the farm, the others began helping with the animals.

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Kisha and Duke, in particular, assisted with gathering eggs from the chicken coop.

Since Kisha had already reached the maximum capacity for her chickens, she could now harvest at least five thousand eggs daily.

On particularly good days, when the hens were more productive or laid more than one egg, the number could even reach seven to eight thousand.

With just these eggs alone, Kisha could provide one per person residing in her base every single day, which even surprised her.

Since she rarely had time to personally manage her territory, she hadn't kept track of the growing population of her livestock, the increasing number of Scarlet Bees, or even the fish in the lake and sea.

Now that she was actively helping out, her understanding of her own territory was renewed. In fact, she was thrilled to realize just how abundant her supplies had become.

After all, once a person has experienced hunger, they naturally develop a tendency to hoard supplies. For Kisha, seeing her stockpile grow brought her a deep sense of satisfaction.

Duke was also helping her collect eggs as they moved from nest to nest inside the massive chicken coop.

Fortunately, everything was well-organized, and the chickens weren't hostile.

Kisha and Duke could simply reach under the hens and retrieve the eggs without any trouble.

The coop was impressively clean, so they didn't even have to worry about touching chicken droppings.

The nests were meticulously arranged, and Kisha wasn't sure if this was a result of the chicken coop being upgraded to its maximum level or if it was Mike's doing.

The nests were organized in a five-tier, stair-like structure, resembling shelves.

Each long wall of the chicken coop featured these five-layered shelves, while a back-to-back shelf stood in the middle, effectively maximizing the available space.

During mealtime, the chickens would leave the coop to graze in the tall grass, catching insects and worms or nibbling on the vegetation.

Occasionally, Mike would provide a special feed mix to maintain a balanced diet, ensuring the chickens weren't too fatty or too lean.

Even the flavor of the chicken and eggs was better than that of domesticated chickens before the apocalypse.

As it happened to be the chickens' mealtime, Kisha noticed Mike pushing a wooden cart filled with vegetables, leafy greens, and mixed grains. Curious, Kisha and Duke approached him.

"What is this for?" Duke asked, eyeing the contents of the cart. Most of the leafy greens were the outer layers of harvested crops, such as lettuce, kale, and other similar greens.

There were also damaged vegetables—some split in two, others pulled from the ground with too much force, like radishes and damaged, or ones that had been accidentally squashed during harvesting, such as okra.

"Master, instead of discarding these or using them as fertilizer—since the farmland inside the Young Madam's territory doesn't even require fertilizer to yield such amazing crops—we use these leftovers to feed the animals," Mike explained as he opened the wooden fence and pushed the cart inside.

The chickens immediately turned their attention to the cart, their hungry eyes fixed on the food.

However, they still maintained a respectful distance, clearly influenced by Mike's presence.

Their cooperation and docility didn't go unnoticed, and Kisha couldn't help but nod in approval at how well-trained they were under his care.

Kisha and Duke watched as Mike casually tossed the vegetables onto the grassy land.

Inspired, Kisha scooped up a handful of mixed grains and mimicked his actions, while Duke followed suit behind her.

The moment the food hit the ground, the chickens eagerly fluttered over, pecking at the grains and vegetables with enthusiasm.

Cluck...

Cluck...

Cluck...

The air was filled with the excited clucking of chickens as they scattered around, eagerly pecking at the food.

Mike continued pushing the cart, tossing handfuls of vegetables along the way.

Kisha and Duke trailed behind him, each tossing their own handfuls of food into the expansive grassy field, watching as the chickens eagerly rushed to enjoy their feast.

Duke, who wasn't as familiar with farming and livestock care, couldn't help but ask, "Why are we tossing their food around instead of placing it in a container so it doesn't get scattered and wasted?"

Despite his question, he continued tossing handfuls of food, grabbing one after another from the cart as he kept pace with the others.

"That's actually a great question, Master," Mike began, his tone thoughtful.

"Most poultry farms use food containers to store the chicken feed, and the chickens eat from those, with the containers being refilled at the next feeding time. However, I also read somewhere that organically raised chickens—ones that don't rely on processed feed—live off grass and insects."

"I realized that the quality of the food they consume directly impacts the taste of their meat and produce, especially the balance of their muscle and fat."

"When I arrived here, I noticed that these animals were not just grazing on grass and catching insects but were also eating fruits and vegetables. Their coats and overall growth were remarkable, and that's when I realized that a proper diet really makes a difference."

Mike smiled as he continued, his explanation clear and methodical. "The reason I scatter their food around instead of placing it in containers is actually part of a cycle I've noticed works well."

"Any leftover food—be it grains or vegetables—once left on the ground for a day or two, attracts insects. These insects then become another natural food source for the chickens."

"It's a sustainable method, where the remnants of their food naturally contribute to the ecosystem around them. Additionally, the leftover food decomposes and acts as a natural fertilizer for the grass."

"This, in turn, helps the grass grow even lusher, which means more insects will come around, and the cycle continues."

"The chickens can then eat the insects, graze on the fresh grass, and always have a variety of food available. It ensures they're never without options, reducing the chances of hunger or malnutrition."