

Apocalypse 625

Chapter 625 The Smart Mike

Kisha and Duke listened intently, both struck by the depth of Mike's understanding.

It was astonishing that a teenage boy had such a thorough grasp of livestock care and their diets.

Not only did he comprehend the intricate balance of feeding these animals, but he had also developed a strategic plan to ensure that their food source remained constant.

Despite the limitations on harvests and the occasional shortage of fruits and vegetables, Mike's approach meant that the animals would never go hungry.

The thoughtfulness and foresight behind his plan left Kisha and Duke genuinely impressed, as they realized that his knowledge was far beyond what they had expected from someone his age.

Kisha and Duke exchanged a look, admiration shining in their eyes as they realized the extent of Mike's dedication to the animals.

His deep understanding of their needs and the careful planning he had put into ensuring their well-being made it clear that his Talent and Gift weren't just about his skills—it was his natural affinity for animals.

Kisha couldn't help but think that no wonder his abilities aligned with animal care.

His methods and understanding were part of the reason why the animals here were thriving, growing bigger and tastier than the ones they had before the apocalypse.

It wasn't just luck—there were many factors at play, from his gift to his meticulous approach to raising the animals, and the results spoke for themselves.

Kisha couldn't help but feel a deep appreciation for Mike's exceptional talent, especially since he remained so humble and lowkey.

If she and Duke hadn't taken the time to observe, she would have never realized the immense effort he put into caring for the animals.

Handling thousands of livestock on his own while also coming out of the territory to assist around the villa, Mike's dedication was truly impressive.

The Wyatt family, she thought, was filled with good people, and Mike was a shining example of their strength and generosity.

Kisha's thoughts seemed to wander as she watched Duke continue with the task.

She wondered if hiring more people to work on the farm would lighten the load on Mike and the others, especially since he was doing so much on his own.

As she thought about it more, she realized that with her ability to draft the slave contracts, she could ensure that her secret remained safe and that everyone she hired would be bound to confidentiality.

She absentmindedly tapped her chin with her finger, deep in thought, as Duke worked beside her, letting her process her ideas without interrupting her flow.

After finishing up in the chicken coop, Kisha and Duke watched as Mike pushed the now-empty wooden cart back toward the farm.

Without wasting time, they moved on to the duck house. Just like in the chicken coop, they began collecting eggs, working their way from the back to the entrance.

By the time they were done, they had gathered an impressive eight thousand eggs.

As they neared the exit, the steady chorus of quacking echoed through the duck house, filling the space with a lively energy.

Stepping outside, they spotted Mike once again—this time pushing another cart filled with mixed grains and veggies.

The feed looked similar to what the chickens had eaten earlier, reinforcing the careful balance Mike maintained in the animals' diets.

This time, Kisha noticed that the duck house wasn't just surrounded by an expansive grassy area—it also had a large pond.

Tall reeds grew abundantly around the water, creating a natural habitat.

Within the pond, she spotted snails and clusters of snail eggs, which the ducks could eat if they wished.

Water crickets and other insects thrived alongside patches of moss, contributing to a self-sustaining ecosystem.

It amazed her how closely this environment resembled the natural wetlands outside her territory, seamlessly supporting the ducks' needs.

Unlike how he fed the chickens, this time, Mike tossed the leafy greens directly into the water, allowing those that could float to drift on the surface while placing the heavier ones—those that would sink—into containers for the ducks to eat.

The moment the food hit the water, several ducks sprinted toward it, eagerly plucking the floating leaves, sending small splashes rippling across the pond as they fed.

Meanwhile, the ducks on land crowded around the containers, their feathery tails wagging happily as they pecked at their meal.

Some even opted to pluck at the fresh grass before turning their attention to the food in the containers, enjoying a well-balanced feast.

After finishing up at the duck house, Kisha and Duke walked past the sheep enclosure, where the others were just wrapping up the shearing process.

What caught their attention was the towering mound of freshly shorn fleece—thick, pristine, and incredibly soft.

Unlike the usual wool from farms before the apocalypse, which was often matted and dirty, this fleece was remarkably clean and bright white, making it much easier to process.

Kisha was amazed; it was her first time seeing freshly sheared wool up close.

With such an abundant supply, they could spin it into yarn or craft thicker blankets and warm clothing—valuable resources that would help survivors endure the cold far better than during their first harsh winter-like cold that abruptly appeared out of nowhere.

The Winters men carefully rolled up the fleece before asking Marcus for help in transporting it to the warehouse.

Once stored, they can ask the workshop's artisans to begin processing it—cleaning the wool, soaking it in a special solution, and preparing it for spinning into woolen yarn or weaving into fabric.

The finished materials would then be crafted into blankets, clothing, and even carpets. Some of the wool would also be distributed to independent artisans who ran their own stalls.

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"How come the fleece is so white and fluffy?" Kisha murmured, marveling at its pristine quality.

Mike, who was standing beside her, overheard the question. He wasn't trying to boast about his achievements, but he felt it was important to explain the process.

"Young Madam, I actually bathe the sheep regularly, but don't worry—I don't do it manually," Mike explained with a small chuckle.

"As you can see, there are hundreds of them, and it would take forever if I washed them one by one. Instead, I herd them toward that enclosure."

He pointed to a structure not far away. Kisha and Duke followed his gaze before walking over to take a closer look.

The enclosure resembled a narrow, winding passage that allowed only one sheep to pass through at a time.

The entire length of the passage was filled with bubbling water, and in the middle stood a series of rotating brushes made from bundled dry reeds.

Though the brushes appeared somewhat crude, they were easy to replace with sturdier reeds when needed.

As the sheep moved through the passage, the brushes scrubbed away dirt and debris, gradually cleaning their coats.

By the time they emerged on the other side, their fleece was noticeably cleaner.

The simplicity and efficiency of the system impressed Kisha—it was a low-maintenance yet highly effective way to ensure the livestock remained well-groomed.

"That's smart," Duke praised, patting Mike's head. For Mike, the gesture felt like a great acknowledgment of his hard work, but he remained humble as he continued explaining.

"I actually came across this method on YouTube once while watching random videos," he admitted with a small smile. "Since I didn't have large synthetic brushes, I just improvised with what I had."