

Apocalypse 626

Chapter 626 After Rest, Back To The Battle's Aftermath

"Don't downplay your work," Kisha said, glancing back at the teenage boy. "Not everyone would think of doing this, even if they've seen it online."

She gave Mike two thumbs up before shifting her gaze around the enclosure. It was set within the sheep pen, surrounded by grassy land.

Her brows furrowed as she considered something—the water from the enclosure could be used to irrigate the grass, replenished by the steady stream flowing through the farm.

A small man-made canal directed water from the stream to the enclosure, with a wooden plank serving as a stopper.

If they needed to add more water, they could simply lift the plank and put it back to stop the flow when necessary, making water management much easier.

However, to replace the old water inside the enclosure, they had to manually scoop it out using large pails and discard it before refilling with fresh, clean water.

However, she noticed the water inside the enclosure was bubbling.

That meant Mike had likely added something to create the effect, possibly a detergent.

A worrying thought crossed her mind—if the treated water was flushed out onto the grass and the sheep ate it, she didn't even want to imagine the consequences.

She couldn't help but ask, "Mike, what did you use to make the water bubble?"

"Oh, Young Madam," Mike began, scratching the back of his head. "When I was building the enclosure, I realized that plain water alone wouldn't be enough to properly clean the sheep's coats."

"So, I searched the forest and found a type of plant that looked like a flower but secreted a slimy liquid. From what I know, certain plants like that can act as natural detergents or shampoo."

"I did some experiments first to make sure it was safe and effective, and it turned out to work really well."

"Since there's an abundance of these plants in the forest, I collected some of the liquid and added it to the water. This way, it gently cleans the sheep without any harsh smells that could irritate them or affect the scent of their wool."

"Plus, when we drain the water onto the grassland before refilling it, it won't harm the grass. Instead, it acts as a natural fertilizer because it contains dirt and traces of sheep waste."

"I've noticed the grass growing even lusher without needing to toss in extra vegetable scraps for decomposition."

Kisha was truly amazed. Mike made it sound so simple, but in reality, his level of thoughtfulness and effort was remarkable.

Even experienced animal caretakers wouldn't go to such lengths—scouring the mountains for a natural shampoo or detergent when they had commercial options readily available in the warehouse.

Most people would have taken the easier route, but Mike thought differently.

He considered not just the effectiveness of cleaning the sheep's coats but also their health and how the solution would impact their living environment.

His dedication and foresight were beyond impressive.

"Well done, Mike." Kisha nodded, looking at him with a proud smile and a gentle gaze. Even Duke regarded him with appreciation.

Though still a teenager, Mike displayed remarkable maturity and dependability, reaffirming their belief that entrusting the entire animal farm to him had been the best decision they could have made.

Seeing this, Duke reached out and gently patted Kisha's head, his voice filled with warmth. "You've done well too—you have a great eye for people."

In the past, Kisha might have felt insulted by those words. Being told she had "a great eye for people" would have felt like rubbing salt in the wound, a cruel reminder of the countless betrayals she had suffered—betrayals that had ultimately led to her death.

But now, after countless trials and errors, she truly felt like she had succeeded. She had gathered talented individuals, and her squad was finally taking shape just as she had envisioned.

With a genuine smile, Kisha nodded in agreement.

Not far from the sheep pen was the cowshed, where Rose, Evelyn, Reeve, and Clyde were seated on wooden stools, manually milking the cows.

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This time, there were no machines to assist them, so once the Winters' men finished storing the sheared fleece in the territory's warehouse, they joined in to help with the milking.

Fortunately, there were only a few dozen dairy cows, making the task manageable.

Among the cows was a highland cattle that had recently given birth. Rose and Evelyn focused on milking her since highland cattle produce milk rich in butterfat.

However, there were only a few of them. The cowshed currently housed about 100 mixed-breed cows—the maximum it could accommodate—including dairy cows, highland cattle for both milk and meat, and beef cattle of different breeds, with some pairs of rarer varieties.

Observing this, Kisha began considering expanding the barn. She wanted to raise more cattle, not only to increase their milk production but also to ensure a wider variety of high-quality meat for the future.

The same applied to the other farm animals. Among the cattle, the highland breed was the easiest to raise since they thrived on grass and other plants, requiring minimal additional feed.

In contrast, the beef cattle needed a more varied diet, including hay and grains, which had to be sourced from the farm.

Anticipating this, Marcus had already set aside a portion of the farm's vegetables to supplement the animals' diet.

Additionally, the hay from the recently harvested rice only needed a bit more drying before it could be used as feed for the cows.

After Kisha and the others finished helping out on the cowshed, they spent another three days within the farm and orchard, ensuring everything was in order before moving on.

When they finally emerged, they had spent a total of 240 hours inside—equivalent to 10 days—while only 24 hours had passed in the outside world.

Despite their absence, everything outside continued running smoothly.

The people carried on with their work, and many of the warriors who had fallen into comas had regained consciousness.

Though they were still weak, they were alive and, thankfully, suffering no lasting aftereffects from overusing their awakened abilities.

They were fortunate to have been stopped in time—had they pushed any further, they might have suffered severe brain damage, potentially leaving them in a vegetative state.

Fortunately, Aston and Tristan had exited earlier than the rest to take charge of operations outside.

Because of this, they didn't participate in the farm work and instead emerged after 12 hours—just enough time to rest before assuming command.

Once they took over, the veterans who had been holding temporary leadership reported back to them.

From there, Aston and Tristan began reorganizing.

They ordered the retrieval of weapons back to the warehouse and had the empty bullet cartridges gathered and sent to the workshop.

They also conducted a thorough assessment of the injured and checked for any casualties.

Unfortunately, despite their best efforts—even with the use of the blue vials of liquid—there were some who didn't make it.

Most of the casualties had suffered fatal consequences from overusing their awakened abilities, their brains unable to withstand the strain had exploded and they bled from their seven orifices.

The western wall had been hit the hardest, with three confirmed fatalities, while the rest—about a dozen—had managed to wake from their comas.

Those who lost their lives, unfortunately, had no family members inside the base.

Perhaps that was why they didn't hesitate to sacrifice themselves, dedicating everything they had to defending the wall so that others could continue living in safety.

They had given their lives for the greater good.

Hearing this report the moment she stepped out of the territory space made Kisha's heart sink.

A heavy weight settled in her chest, the realization hitting her hard—it was her responsibility, her oversight that had led to their deaths.

As a leader, she couldn't ignore that truth. The guilt pressed down on her like an unbearable burden.

Seeing the pain reflected in her eyes, Duke pulled her into his arms, wrapping her in a firm, reassuring embrace.

"Wife, don't think that way. It wasn't your fault, so you shouldn't carry this burden alone," Duke said gently, his gaze steady as he tried to ease the conflict in Kisha's eyes.

"They knew what they were doing, and they still chose to do it—because they believed in you. They believed you would make this base a safe haven for the children and the people they fought to protect."

"In their hearts, they probably felt they were doing something meaningful, something right."

He paused, tightening his hold on her. "Didn't you hear? When their bodies were found, even after all the pain they endured before passing, they still had smiles on their faces. This was their choice, Kisha. You don't have to carry the weight of it as guilt."

Duke studied her face, knowing that no matter how much she claimed to have grown cold, deep down, Kisha's heart was still as warm as it had always been.

