

Apocalypse 702

Chapter 702 New Business Idea From 008

In just a few minutes, Kisha, Duke, and Keith arrived at the cafeteria, where Grandpa and Grandma Aldens were already waiting. An assortment of breakfast dishes was laid out before them, filling the air with a warm, inviting aroma.

Not far away, Eliot stood attentively, his sharp gaze flickering toward them every few moments, clearly checking to see if they were eating the food he had prepared.

Not far from him were the rest of the Evans family—well, perhaps with the exception of Melody.

"Dear! Did you have a good night's rest?" Grandma Aldens asked warmly as she stood up, immediately taking Kisha's arm and guiding her to a seat. In the process, she practically shoved Hera onto a chair before pulling Duke down to sit beside Kisha.

Before them was a well-prepared breakfast spread—scrambled eggs with toast and butter, crispy bacon and sausages, a fresh vegetable salad, tuna sandwiches, and freshly squeezed orange and apple juice.

For those living in the hidden base, this was considered a luxurious meal, a rare treat. However, for Kisha and Duke, it was nothing out of the ordinary. Their lack of reaction stood in stark contrast to Eliot's expectations—he had anticipated a bit more enthusiasm.

"Dear, do you want some coffee?" Grandma Aldens asked kindly.

Duke turned to her with a warm smile, exuding the charm of a true gentleman. "Grandma, please don't treat me like an outsider," he said. Then, noticing she hadn't started eating yet, he added, "You haven't had your breakfast yet, have you? What would you like to drink? I'll get it for you."

As he spoke, he gestured for Grandma Aldens to sit while he stood up, already preparing to head to the kitchen to fetch coffee and other drinks.

Kisha was already accustomed to Duke taking care of her, so she didn't flinch as he moved around, tending to her needs. However, Grandma Aldens wasn't used to it. She was well aware that Duke owned the hidden base they were staying in, and it felt excessive to expect someone of his status to personally take care of them.

But as she watched Kisha being treated like a treasure, cared for with such devotion, a warmth spread through her heart. In the end, with only a little reluctance, she took her seat and began chatting with Kisha, all the while piling more food onto her plate.

Every now and then, she glanced at Duke, who was still busying himself. Even the Evans family was caught off guard, watching Duke serve someone else so attentively—it was a sight they weren't used to seeing.

"You've found yourself a good man," Grandma Aldens remarked as she ate her breakfast.

Her comment was immediately met with a snort from both Keith and Grandpa Aldens. The two men exchanged a knowing look, silently agreeing that, in their eyes, it was still too soon for Kisha to be so involved with anyone.

However, when Grandma Aldens shot them a sharp glare, both Keith and Grandpa Aldens quickly lowered their heads, suddenly very focused on their meals, pretending they hadn't reacted at all.

Soon, Duke returned with a tray of freshly brewed coffee. He carefully poured a cup for both Grandma and Grandpa Aldens before setting down a glass of orange juice in front of Kisha. Without a word, he handed another juice to Keith.

Keith shot Duke a look, clearly wanting coffee instead, but with his grandmother watching him closely, he had no choice but to accept the juice without complaint.

After breakfast, Kisha left Keith under Duke's care once again, with even Grandpa Aldens joining them for training. While they were busy, she took a walk around the hidden base and came across Hugo and the others hard at work on the farmland. They were plowing a new section of land, expanding the plot.

Kisha raised an eyebrow. The area they were working on wasn't part of the farmland she had placed within the territory, meaning it wouldn't benefit from the increased crop growth effects that were coming from her title.

Without informing Hugo and the others, she quietly expanded the designated farmland, ensuring the new plot would also fall under its influence.

Once she finished adjusting the farmland's boundaries, Kisha approached Hugo and the group, letting them know where they could extend the fields to ensure they remained within the newly enhanced area.

She observed as they worked, noting how much more efficient they were compared to when she had enlisted the Winters' men to help plow the land inside her territory. In just two hours, they had already plowed and turned over an entire acre of land. Not only that, but they had also cleared away stones and weeds, ensuring the soil was ready for planting.

By the time lunch approached, the acre was fully prepared for the next step. According to Hugo, they planned to add fertilizer before planting.

However, before they could start making compost from livestock waste, Kisha informed them that the land was already fertile and required no additional treatment.

Despite this, Hugo decided to proceed with using the animal waste as natural fertilizer, ensuring the soil would be in optimal condition before they planted more vegetables.

As Kisha watched Hugo and the others shoveling animal waste, she couldn't help but think about the waste accumulating inside her territory space.

Now that she thought about it, Marcus had never used it for fertilizer since the soil there was naturally self-sustaining and always in top condition. As a result, the animal waste was simply piling up, taking up valuable space without any real purpose.

'Can't we put that waste to better use?' Kisha muttered to herself, rubbing her chin thoughtfully. After surviving in the apocalypse for so long, she had developed a habit of minimizing waste as much as possible.

Now that the issue had crossed her mind, she knew she needed to find a way to make use of it efficiently.

"Host, since your territory space produces high-quality goods and has now begun generating spiritual crops—and even the animals are developing spiritual traits—it stands to reason that their waste must also contain traces of spiritual energy," 008 suddenly interjected, interrupting Kisha's train of thought.

"Why not process their waste into compost and sell it through my sales channel? There are definitely customers dedicated to cultivating spiritual crops, and a compost infused with spiritual energy would be a treasure to them. It would enhance the spiritual energy in their crops, making it highly valuable."

With that, 008 not only explained the situation but also provided Kisha with a perfect solution to her dilemma.

"Is that really possible?" Kisha suddenly straightened up, her eyes sparkling with excitement at the idea. After all, she was already earning a significant amount of system points by selling the magical contracts she inscribed.

The thought of gaining another steady source of income thrilled her. She still vividly remembered the frustration of having no system points to spend and being at the mercy of the system. That was a feeling she never wanted to experience again—so if there was a way to hoard as many system points as possible, she was all in.

"Yes, host! I just double-checked the market, and there's a high demand for such fertilizers in the Murim World," 008 excitedly explained. "The supply is incredibly low, so it's selling like hotcakes at sky-high prices. If we tap into this market, we'll definitely be making a fortune!"