

Apocalypse 703

Chapter 703 Hugo Taking The Lead

"Then, host, I suggest we start this business right away," 008 urged. "We have the advantage on our side, so it's best to test the waters while we can. Although Mike already recycles some of the animal waste by spreading it around grazing areas to ensure the grass grows tall and lush, there's still plenty left that we can process into fertilizer."

"All we need to do is mix it with hay and properly treat it to eliminate any seeds. We'll also need a compost pit to begin the process. From there, things can progress smoothly."

008 carefully explained everything to Kisha, knowing this would be her first time processing fertilizer. There were specific steps she needed to follow before the final product could be sold through 008's sales channel.

"Hmmm, so there are still steps to take before we can sell it? It can't just be sold as is?" Kisha asked for clarification. She had assumed the process would be simpler than creating the magical contracts she was currently selling.

Although those contracts were in high demand and selling quickly, they still required her personal time and effort, meaning she could only produce them while inside her territory space.

"Then, since Hugo and the others are already planning to make their own fertilizers, why don't we consult him and see if he can take over the processing? That way, I can take it off my hands and focus on inscribing instead."

"That would work too, host," 008 agreed. Unlike inscribing, personally handling the fertilizer-making process wouldn't provide Kisha with any valuable experience or benefits—it would only take up her time.

Instead, she could delegate the task to others while focusing on activities that would help her grow stronger. Both Kisha and 008 were on the same page about this approach.

Now that Kisha had made her decision, she walked toward Hugo and the others. As soon as they noticed her approaching, they straightened up, still gripping their plows, and took the opportunity to stretch their sore muscles after bending over for so long while plowing the land.

"Ma'am! Do you have any additional instructions for us?" Hugo asked.

Not far away, the Blythe family also noticed Kisha's arrival and quickly made their way over, assuming she had come to inspect the farm and their work.

A mix of nervousness and anticipation settled over them, especially Grayson Blythe's daughter, who was naturally timid and meek. She fidgeted anxiously, feeling even more self-conscious under Kisha's gaze.

"No, don't mind me..." Kisha said, pausing as she tried to figure out how to bring up the topic. However, noticing how tense and worried they all looked, she decided to stop overthinking. The longer she stood there in silence, the more anxious they would become.

Instead, she got straight to the point. "I was wondering if you'd be willing to help me with a project?" She directed her words at Hugo, meeting his gaze.

"Project?" Hugo repeated, tilting his head slightly. "Could you tell me more about it? What do you need my help with?"

"Hmmm," Kisha hummed thoughtfully. "Actually, this isn't the only farm we have. There's a much bigger plot of land elsewhere, and with it, a large number of animals. Because of that, we've accumulated a massive amount of animal waste that's just been piling up in one place. I was thinking of turning it into natural fertilizer, but the problem is, we don't have enough manpower, and we're not familiar with the exact process."

She glanced around at the farmland Hugo and the others had plowed. They had done an impressive job—fast and efficient. It was clear they were used to physical labor, and their speed even surpassed Marcus when he worked on the farmland inside the territory space.

"So," she continued, turning back to Hugo, "since you mentioned making fertilizers earlier, I figured you might know how to create good natural fertilizers using the resources we have?"

Hugo nodded enthusiastically, his eyes shining with excitement as if he had just found the perfect opportunity to prove his worth. "Yes, Ma'am! I know how to make fertilizer using animal compost. I helped my family turn our livestock's waste into fertilizer ever since I was young, right up until I left to work as a porter in Port City," he explained eagerly.

Hearing this, Kisha's eyes lit up, and a wide smile spread across her lips. Her expression softened, making her appear warm and approachable. Seeing her like this, the tension in the air dissipated, and everyone gradually relaxed. The nervousness and worry from earlier melted away, replaced with a sense of ease as they took in Kisha's newfound excitement.

"That's great to hear! So, do you think we need to prepare a compost pit somewhere to store all the waste?" Kisha asked, eager to understand the process. She might not have firsthand experience in making fertilizer, but that didn't stop her from wanting to learn.

In the apocalypse, knowledge was everything, and she was determined to grasp every detail.

"Yes, ma'am. We can build a compost bin out of metal instead of digging a pit, which could be dangerous for those working with the compost," Hugo explained.

"Wait—you're saying that working in a compost pit is dangerous too?" Kisha asked, her eyes widening in surprise. She had assumed that processing fertilizer was just a smelly task, but realizing it also carried risks left her with mixed feelings.

"Yes, ma'am. Normally, we just pile the animal waste into a pit and shovel it into containers for processing. However, if the waste isn't managed properly, the pile can collapse, potentially burying anyone working inside. But with a specialized compost bin, we can control the amount of waste added, allowing it to ferment safely while mixing in materials like hay and spoiled vegetables."

"And with the compost bin, we can process the waste in batches while also harnessing the gas it produces as a flammable resource—potentially for cooking or even for a blacksmithing forge," Hugo explained.

"What do we need to build a compost bin?" Kisha asked, already considering enlisting the blacksmith's help. She was carefully planning out this new business venture and needed to understand the entire process inside and out.

"Ma'am, we can actually repurpose large metal drums—like the ones used for storing oil. We just need to cut them open, add a stand and roller so we can rotate them for proper fermentation, and attach gas tubes to collect the biogas," Hugo explained confidently.

"That's a great idea!" Kisha's eyes sparkled with excitement. If they used metal drums, they would need at least a hundred to convert into compost bins. "We have a blacksmith who can help us modify the drums."

"Ma'am, there's no need for a blacksmith. This is an easy job—we can handle it ourselves," Hugo assured her. To him, this kind of work was a breeze. After years of doing odd jobs at the port, he had picked up plenty of useful skills.

Welding was one of the many skills Hugo had picked up over the years. Having seen numerous compost bins—including the one his family built in their backyard—he was confident he could recreate them.

"Just provide me with the drums, and I'll modify them accordingly. It's a simple job, and I can easily teach my people how to do it. That way, the blacksmiths can focus on more important tasks instead of helping us with the bins," Hugo assured her.