

Apocalypse 786

Chapter 786 - 786 Making The Compost Bins

Their eyes wandered in amazement, taking in every detail.

Noticing their wonder, Kisha smiled and added, "Aside from the farm itself, everything else you see is part of the illusion. It's always bright here—like an eternal morning—and time flows differently. Ten hours in here is equivalent to just one hour in the outside world. That means you can get more work done, rest properly, and still return outside as if hardly any time has passed."

After hearing Kisha's explanation, everyone glanced around, taking in the sight of the lush, vibrant crops. The air was cool and crisp, yet every breath they took seemed to fill them with warmth and energy. It was as if the atmosphere itself was rejuvenating, making work feel less like a burden and more like a joy. There was a shared sense of awe and renewed strength among them.

"Woah! Leader," Hugo exclaimed, eyes wide with wonder. "So is this an extension of the farm we worked on outside?"

Kisha smiled and shook her head. "No, it's actually the other way around. That farm outside is just an extension of this one. In a sense, it's a front—a cover to show where our food comes from, while keeping the real farm hidden and protected."

Realization settled over them. Many had seen how the wealthy often hid their true sources of income to avoid government oversight and paying higher taxes. As laborers who had witnessed all kinds of schemes, it wasn't hard for them to understand the strategy. But this time, Kisha's intentions were different. She wasn't hiding the farm to hoard wealth or avoid obligations—she was doing it to protect their lifeline.

In a world where resources were becoming increasingly scarce, especially fresh produce, secrecy was a form of defense. If word got out about a hidden farm brimming with vibrant crops and hundreds—if not thousands—of healthy livestock, it would attract the wrong kind of attention. Greed would follow, and with it, danger.

These days, even a full meal was a luxury. So standing here, surrounded by abundant crops and the promise of stability, everyone began to imagine the kind of life they could live with access to resources like this. It stirred something in them—a mix of hope and determination.

One by one, they nodded to Kisha, silently expressing their understanding and agreement. They knew the value of keeping quiet and doing their part. It was nothing new to them; they'd done it all their lives.

The only difference now was that their circumstances had changed—Kisha wasn't a harsh leader. She treated them with trust, allowing them the freedom to come and go, to work when they wanted and rest when they needed. That simple respect meant everything.

Seeing more people entering the territory, Marcus couldn't help but feel a spark of excitement as he slowly approached Kisha. "Young Madam, are they going to be working here?" he asked, his eyes subtly scanning the newcomers.

He didn't need much time to size them up—years of experience had sharpened his instincts. It was obvious that Hugo and his group were laborers, not fighters. Their sun-darkened skin, thick muscles built from hard, physical work, and calloused hands told a story no weapons could.

Their faces were worn from years of labor, not battle. There was a clear difference between those hardened by combat and those shaped by daily toil—subtle, but unmistakable.

Even though Hugo and his crew looked a little gaunt from the weeks of hunger they endured while stuck in Port City, their strength hadn't completely faded. The muscle built from years of labor wouldn't vanish in just a few weeks of starvation.

Kisha nodded in acknowledgment before turning to the group. "Everyone, this is Marcus. He's the one responsible for making this farm what it is today, and he'll be in charge of overseeing it moving forward. If you have any questions or need guidance, he's the person to go to."

She paused for a moment, glancing around to make sure they were all listening. "As for why the crops have grown so big and healthy, that's thanks to Marcus's awakened ability. He specializes in farming, which has allowed him to accelerate growth, enhance the size, and improve the taste of the crops. Marcus has spent most of his time here, working tirelessly on the farm. He wasn't alone, though."

Kisha's gaze shifted to where Mike was, her expression softening with pride. "His grandson, Mike, also has an awakened ability—one that helps with fostering animals. He's in charge of taking care of the livestock, and you'll probably interact with him most when you're out working on the fertilizers."

She smiled warmly at the group, her tone full of gratitude. "There's still some land left to work, and Marcus has been managing it all on his own, balancing both the harvesting and plowing the lands. But now that you're here, it'll be a lot easier for all of us."

"Leader, please don't worry. Leave everything to us," Hugo said, his voice steady and filled with determination. "We'll prove to you that trusting us wasn't a mistake. We've been working hard for as long as we can remember. This kind of work is what we specialize in, and it won't take long before we find our rhythm and keep up with Sir Marcus."

He spoke for the rest of the group, and they all nodded in agreement, their expressions resolute. Seeing their confidence, Kisha felt a weight lift off her shoulders. Satisfied with their resolve, she gave a small nod and then turned toward the side of the farm.

With a graceful wave of her hand, the air seemed to shimmer for a moment, and suddenly, hundreds—if not thousands—of large metal drums appeared, lined up neatly. Alongside them, a generator hummed into life, and various pieces of heavy equipment appeared as well, including welding machines, power saws, and metal pipes.

"These are the supplies you'll need to start building the compost bins," Kisha explained, gesturing toward the equipment. "As for the biogas collected from them, we've got a few mechanical engineers on hand who may be able to figure out how to use it to power a combustion engine. That way, we can convert the biogas into electricity, which we'll need for other projects."

Her words carried a hint of mystery. She didn't go into detail, but her mind was already working on a bigger plan. Kisha had long considered using the biogas to generate electricity for HOPE Base.

The generator at the Supply Center couldn't always rely on gas, especially with the unpredictable supply. They needed to conserve what little they had for transportation, so finding an alternative power source was crucial.

At the moment, the research Dr. Shuveck and Engineer Steel had been working on for the Advanced Solar Panel hadn't yet come to fruition. They were still missing key components and lacked a full understanding of the blueprint's advanced technology.

To proceed, they would need access to Dr. Shuveck's notebook, which he had left behind in his lab. Since the advanced solar panel was still sitting unused in the parking lot, they'd have to make do with what they had for the time being.

