

Apocalypse 787

Chapter 787 - Making The Compost Bins 2

In the meantime, Engineer Steel could focus on building a combustion engine or a gas turbine to convert the biogas into electricity. This could potentially provide enough power to sustain HOPE Base for an extended period. The energy collected from the lightning strike project had worked well, but storms weren't a constant occurrence, so having a reliable backup—biogas-generated electricity—could be the solution they needed to keep the base running smoothly.

By now, Engineer Steel and his team might have completed rewiring and connecting the other buildings within their base to the machine where the batteries, powered by the lightning strikes, were docked. Given this progress, integrating another source of energy into the system wouldn't be a significant issue.

The real challenge would be finding a way to connect this new source to the existing energy network. That was a problem Engineer Steel and his team would need to solve. Kisha's role was to provide the formula and guidance, but the actual implementation was in their hands.

With this in mind, Kisha felt a renewed sense of confidence. She trusted Engineer Steel's competence and experience. Additionally, if she wasn't mistaken, the 'Sewer System with Gas Preservation Blueprint from World 943746' she had received as a reward from her mission also included methods for separating biogas from waste.

This meant that, one way or another, they would need to store and utilize the biogas for other purposes. This presented an excellent opportunity for preparation.

Speaking of blueprints, Kisha realized she still had a few that had yet to be given to Engineer Steel. After all, he would be the one leading these projects moving forward. Dr. Shuveck, with his expertise in solar energy and physics, wouldn't be as familiar with other areas, but his insights into the scientific aspects would still be invaluable to Engineer Steel's work.

However, the small room they were currently using to operate the machine providing electricity to the buildings wouldn't suffice as their lab. With this in mind, Kisha started to form an idea—she could find them a larger, more suitable space to conduct their research and work on building machines.

Kisha's mind was buzzing with ideas, but she knew she couldn't act on them just yet—it was already evening, and Engineer Steel and the others had likely retired for the night. She decided to hold off until tomorrow morning, when she planned to visit the HOPE Base to check on the warrior recruitment progress. For now, her focus needed to be on Hugo and his group.

As soon as Hugo saw the materials, he began inspecting the metal drums and nodded in approval. He immediately started directing his group to carry the drums, one by one, to a spot far from the farm so they wouldn't disturb Marcus's work.

The men began hauling the drums, while the women were assigned to help Marcus plow the land and harvest the crops. Marcus didn't need to teach them the basics—Hugo had already shown them how to harvest and work the land when they were at the farm outside.

The women quickly grouped into pairs, as the baskets Marcus used for harvesting were too large for one person to carry alone. By working in pairs, they could lift the baskets together and harvest the crops more efficiently.

They crouched beside the rows of crops—tomatoes, eggplants, cabbages, and many more—while some of the women took up hoes and began plowing the land. Fortunately, the soil inside the territory was in excellent condition, so they didn't need to put much effort into turning the land or removing large rocks. Only a few small rocks needed to be cleared, making the work much easier for them.

Meanwhile, the men powered up the generator to run the machines that would open a small window on the side of each metal drum. This window would serve as the access point for adding animal waste, and once the fermentation process was complete, it would also be used to extract the compost.

While the others were busy cutting up the drums, Hugo and the rest focused on planning how to connect the pipes from the compost bins to the biogas collection system. They needed a large chamber to store the extracted biogas.

Kisha and Duke stood to the side, listening intently as the plans took shape, occasionally offering ideas. Duke, with his extensive experience managing companies and overseeing major projects, was particularly insightful.

His knowledge of biogas collection and energy conversion gave him an edge, and it wasn't long before he crouched beside Hugo and the others, using a stick to sketch out a blueprint in the dirt.

Kisha watched him in silence, her gaze softening as she saw Duke in this serious, focused light. Gone were his usual playful, puppy-like expressions or the teasing, seductive glances he often gave her.

At that moment, he was the elite CEO, the powerful leader at the top of the business world. His demeanor was confident, aloof, and entirely businesslike—traits that hit Kisha differently than she expected. Her heart fluttered, realizing how capable and commanding he looked in this role, and how deeply it stirred something inside her.

Before long, Duke naturally took the lead, stepping into the spotlight to give instructions after finishing the blueprint. Hugo and the others quickly nodded in agreement—what Duke had sketched out was far more refined than anything they had come up with together. With that, they began following Duke's lead, fully trusting his direction.

Duke worked alongside Hugo and the rest as they began laying out the pipes and preparing the area for the biogas project. Conveniently, the chosen site was located near the animal farm, making it easier to transport the animal waste without much effort.

At the same time, the spot was slightly secluded—far enough from the main farm or the animal farm to avoid spreading any unpleasant odors, but still close enough to allow efficient access. It was the perfect balance: practical for transport and discreet enough not to disrupt the animals or the workers tending to them.

Then, Duke walked over to Kisha. She was still a little dazed from watching him work so seriously, and when she looked up at him, she was caught off guard by his question.

"Wifey, do you have some rubber?" Duke asked casually.

Kisha blinked, stunned. 'Rubber?' Her mind short-circuited for a moment.

'What kind of rubber was he talking about?' Her eyes widened, and her cheeks began to flush bright red as her gaze flickered nervously past Duke—Hugo and the others were still nearby and had definitely heard him. Tongue-tied, she couldn't figure out how to respond.

Noticing her flustered expression, Duke chuckled knowingly. He leaned in close, his lips brushing against her ear as he whispered, "Stop thinking those dirty thoughts. I meant actual rubber—we need it to tightly seal the compost bins so the gas doesn't leak during processing."

He paused, then added in a low, teasing tone, "We'll talk about your kind of rubber later... when we're back in bed. Hmm?"

Kisha's face turned an even deeper shade of red, her thoughts now completely derailed.

She hadn't meant to misunderstand Duke—it was just that she was so used to his teasing and outrageous remarks that she automatically assumed this was another one of those moments. She hadn't expected him to actually be serious this time, completely focused on the task at hand. Now, she felt like a fool. Embarrassed, she couldn't even meet his eyes and could only give a small nod in response.