

Apocalypse 788

Chapter 788 - The Compost Bins

Seeing her flustered like that made Duke chuckle again. He couldn't resist reaching out to gently pinch her flushed cheeks. "Don't worry, later I'll—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Kisha quickly slapped her hand over his mouth, eyes wide in warning. Then, without a word, she opened her inventory, pulled out all the rubber materials she had, and shoved them into Duke's hands. Not giving him the chance to say another word, she spun around and dashed off—straight to her usual hideaway in the flower field.

008, on the other hand, was having the time of its life as it laughed openly in Kisha's mind. "Hahaha, host! You've got such a dirty mind!" it teased, clearly enjoying her flustered reaction. It couldn't stop giggling over how embarrassed and dumbfounded she looked when she realized she had completely misunderstood Duke's request.

Even Duke couldn't help but chuckle as he watched Kisha's retreating figure—she bolted faster than a rabbit. When he rejoined Hugo and the others, he was in unusually high spirits.

He hadn't expected Kisha to think he was asking for a condom when he merely needed rubber for work. Just remembering the scene made him laugh again.

He handed the rubber materials to Hugo, who raised a brow at him in confusion. Duke simply shook his head, still smiling, and got back to work.

They assigned specific tasks to each person to streamline the process. One man was responsible for using a power saw to cut open the metal drums. Another person then installed hinges on the cut section to create a small door.

Once finished, the drum was passed to the next person, who drilled a hole into the door, attached a knob for easier access, and installed a latch to prevent the door from bursting open during processing.

Next, the drum was handed off to someone tasked with welding a stand. The stand allowed the drum to rotate, ensuring the manure inside could be evenly mixed. A rotation test was then conducted to confirm that the door stayed secure during movement.

Once approved, another worker drilled a two-inch-wide hole in the center of one side of the drum. For the connection point, they used a flexible yet durable two-inch polymer plastic tube. This soft tubing was essential—it could flex during rotation without twisting or breaking. It was then connected to a matching PVC pipe, which in turn linked to the metal pipes leading to the gas chamber.

At the joint between the PVC and metal pipes, they installed a valve. This valve could be shut off when the compost bin needed to be opened, preventing gas from leaking out of the chamber and being pushed back through the open bin.

Once everything was prepared, the completed compost bins were placed in their designated positions. The person assigned to sealing the metal drum doors with rubber went from one bin to the next, applying the rubber around the edges to ensure an airtight seal.

After the rubber had hardened and set in place, he retrieved a burning piece of wood from the campfire he had lit earlier—used to soften and shape the rubber into weather strips.

He then placed the burning wood inside each metal drum, secured the door tightly, and inserted the metal stopper to prevent the drum from rotating. Standing by, he carefully observed each drum to check for any visible smoke escaping—except through the two-inch outlet designed for biogas collection. This step ensured the seals were properly installed and that the drum was airtight, a critical condition for efficient biogas production.

Once he confirmed that all the openings and gaps in the metal drum were properly sealed and that the door was tightly shut with no smoke leaking out, it was a clear sign that the job was well done and the biogas would not escape. Satisfied with the result, he moved on to the next metal drum and repeated the process.

After they finished their tasks, they continued building more until there were already hundreds of metal drums converted into compost bins. When they grew tired, they would sit beside the farm, drink water, and eat whatever was offered to them—or cook a simple meal using the crops available right in front of them.

Marcus never stopped them. As long as they didn't touch the spiritual crops, he had no complaints. In fact, he would often offer to bring them a whole chicken from the farm or provide other meats they could roast over the campfire.

At first, they politely declined Marcus's generosity, not wanting to trouble him. But that changed after he brought them to the animal pens. They were stunned to see thousands of livestock. The pigs were larger than average, and the cows were as big as horses and well-fed.

Realizing this, they understood that eating a single chicken wouldn't affect the overall population. If anything, it would help keep the numbers under control and prevent overpopulation within the farm.

Besides, the Supply Center already had an abundance of stock, and more crops and meat continued to pile up every day. Marcus could monitor the inventory in real time since he had full access to the warehouse system and supply distribution from the warehouse.

He could view the overall reports, which displayed the quantities of specific items in real time—how much chicken meat had piled up in the warehouse, how many buckets of cow's milk were stored, how much turkey meat remained, and so on. With the numbers clearly laid out, it was much easier for him to grasp the stock levels and monitor the daily deliveries.

So far, even though the survivors at HOPE Base were regularly using their points to purchase supplies, many of them still held onto the habit of hoarding. After experiencing the apocalypse, the fear of going hungry had taken root in their minds.

They wanted to always be prepared for worst-case scenarios—like what if, one day, the Supply Center ran dry or the scavenging teams could no longer find usable resources because nearby warehouses and stores had already been emptied? That possibility made people anxious. As a result, they leaned toward buying canned goods and non-perishables—items that could last far longer than fresh produce—just in case.

As a result, the Supply Center began to experience a surge in purchases of canned and preserved foods. Kisha noticed this trend and understood that it was natural for people to panic—especially when things were going well.

The better their situation became, the more fearful people were of losing it, prompting them to imagine worst-case scenarios and prepare accordingly. Kisha didn't stop them; she believed they would eventually realize that she could provide them with a stable life. All they needed to do was focus on their roles within the base and leave the matter of food security to her, the leader.

Even if people eventually noticed the overwhelming abundance of food in the Supply Center and began questioning its origin, Kisha had already prepared an explanation. Just as she had done with Hugo and the others, she planned to present the same reasoning to the entire HOPE Base.

She intended to recruit more farmers to follow Marcus' lead and cultivate the land around the base, creating a visible and sustainable food source. This was also the main reason she had sent the Winters—to show the people that HOPE Base was actively gathering livestock from outside, reinforcing the image of a self-sufficient and thriving community.

Now that her community was growing, Kisha expected more conflicts to arise—especially when people didn't fully understand what was happening. After all, fear and paranoia were common in uncertain times. For now, she would have to deal with these challenges head-on, laying the groundwork and preparing carefully for what was to come.

At the same time, this leader was busy multitasking—crafting more Stamina Boosters using her telekinesis while controlling the Silver Flame. But instead of focusing on training, she attempted to inscribe a slave contract. It turned out to be far more difficult than she expected.

Trying to master two different professions at once to save time seemed like a good idea in theory, but in practice, it was like watching a newborn calf trying to run before it could even stand.

Kisha was drenched in sweat as she struggled to control her consciousness, carefully distributing her mana—both through her telekinesis to craft the potion and through her hands to inscribe the slave contract. But when she miscalculated the amount of mana needed for the inscription, the entire process failed. For the first time, she was unable to complete an intermediate-level slave contract.

008 had already tried to dissuade her, warning her to stop. But once Kisha had set her mind on something—and it seemed feasible—she wasn't one to give up easily without trying. She knew she was burning through valuable materials, but she pushed forward regardless.

In her mind, the effort wasn't wasted; every attempt was strengthening her mana control and honing her mental focus—skills that would benefit her greatly in the long run.