

Apocalypse 791

Chapter 791 Selling Magic Scrolls

"Damn this mission! This system is completely screwed up!" he shouted.

His breathing was ragged. His hands trembled. But at this point, using the scroll was better than dying with it unopened.

With gritted teeth, he yanked the string loose, tore through the wax seal, and unrolled the scroll in front of him, aimed directly at the oncoming alien horde.

Crackle!

Then, the moment the scroll activated, a violent surge of lightning exploded forward like a raging storm. The entire alien army in front of him was obliterated—not blasted, not thrown, but reduced to nothing, not even ash.

The force was so intense it knocked him two steps backward. He instinctively swept the scroll from one side to the other, trying to steady himself, only to watch in stunned disbelief as the arc of lightning followed his movement, wiping out every single alien within range.

Silence fell. The battlefield was empty.

No bodies. No blood. Just scorched ground and smoking air.

"Ha... ha ha ha!" he burst into laughter, breathless. "What the hell?! This scroll is insane!"

[The Crusader has given you a 5-star review for the Combat-type Lightning Magic Scroll (Beginner).]

As if he wasn't done yet—and still riding the high of his survival—the Crusader added to his review: "Ha ha ha! This magic scroll was insanely powerful!" Like a man who had stumbled upon a priceless gem in a pile of trash, he was grinning ear to ear, laughing uncontrollably until the reinforcements finally arrived.

Even they were stunned by the scene. The last message they had received from the Crusader had been a frantic, curse-laced distress call, warning them that he was moments from death. In fact, his rant was so intense that they'd been forced to shut off their communication channel. And yet... here they were.

No aliens in sight. No bodies. Just a scorched battlefield, smoke still rising from the seared earth, as if hell itself had erupted from the ground.

The most baffling part was the Crusader himself—laughing hysterically, as if he'd completely lost his mind. The reinforcements were certain he had snapped, perhaps even hallucinating the whole ordeal.

A medic cautiously approached, ready to check for signs of poison or any other cause for his strange behavior. But when they observed him more closely, it became clear that he wasn't under the influence of any hallucinogenic toxins, nor did he seem to be in any altered state.

Eventually, the Crusader's laughter died down, and he began to explain, but there was one problem—he had no evidence to back up his story. The magic scroll had disintegrated after use. Still, he didn't mind. He had completed his mission, survived, and was now sitting on a wealth of system points. The next scroll? He'd just buy a new one.

And so, Kisha's store gained a new loyal follower—someone determined to snatch up anything she listed. Unaware of this development, Kisha remained focused on her work, diligently crafting more magic scrolls.

Seeing that even one of her high-priced scrolls had sold gave her a surge of optimism. If this continued, she could earn enough to restock on parchment and magical ink, allowing her to keep inscribing and sharpen her proficiency. After all, advancing beyond the intermediate level wouldn't be easy, and she needed all the practice she could get.

While Duke and the others were busy assembling hundreds of compost bins—transforming one side of the territory into a dedicated composting zone—Kisha was on the opposite end, focused on her own tasks. Just like that, ten hours passed.

The workers took a few breaks and then resumed until they had completed 120 compost bins. These bins were placed with only two feet of space between them, neatly aligned side by side. Behind them, a metal pipe system connected all the bins in a row, channeling into a single direction.

Each row contained 50 bins, and Duke, not one to tolerate a cluttered mess, made sure they were uniformly arranged. Each row had its own dedicated pipe, and with ten rows planned, that brought the total to 500 compost bins. Duke's next goal was to build 500 more on the opposite side and install a gas chamber in the center. All the row pipes would eventually link into one main pipeline leading directly to the chamber.

To ensure that any future issues with the compost bins or pipes could be easily addressed, Duke and the others installed valves at every critical junction. Each pipe connected to a compost bin had its own valve, and every row was divided into two sections. Additionally, a valve was placed between every two connected bins. This setup allowed them to isolate and shut off any problematic section in case of a leak, without disrupting the rest of the system or compromising biogas collection.

With the plan in place, once the first section was completed, they began digging a two-foot-deep trench horizontally behind the compost bins. This trench would house the pipes, which they planned to cement and cover with metal plating. The goal was to prevent anyone from accidentally stepping on or damaging the pipes, which could lead to leaks.

While two people worked on digging with shovels—Duke among them—the others focused on pulling out the metal pipes and thoroughly inspecting them for any holes or defects. Since gas is invisible to the naked eye, they knew they had to be meticulous and cautious to ensure the biogas system's safety.

By the twelfth hour, Duke came by to check on Kisha, who had just opened a box of strawberry shortcake to take a well-deserved break. She'd been working tirelessly, and when she noticed him approaching, she smiled and gestured for him to sit and join her. Without hesitation, she pulled out more desserts from her inventory to share. Her cheeks were puffed out adorably as she tried to fit an entire strawberry in her mouth, a sight that made Duke chuckle, his exhaustion slowly melting away.

Unaware, Kisha had a bit of cream on the corner of her lips. Duke instinctively reached out to wipe it off with his thumb, but paused when he noticed the dirt on his hands from digging. Instead, without thinking, he leaned in and gently licked the cream from her lips.

Both of them froze—Kisha in surprise, and Duke in realization. He hadn't meant to do it so impulsively, and she certainly hadn't expected such an open and intimate gesture where anyone could easily see them.

After the initial shock, Duke broke into a low, satisfied chuckle, his voice hoarse as he murmured, "Tastes sweet... but pretty good." His tone carried a teasing, seductive edge, making it clear he wasn't just talking about the cream. Kisha was left speechless, her mind momentarily blank as heat rushed to her cheeks.

Seeing her so flustered only made Duke laugh more warmly. There was joy in his eyes, and beneath the playful teasing was something deeper—he truly cherished this quiet, genuine connection with his wife.

Kisha cleared her throat, suddenly feeling shy and acutely aware of Duke's closeness. Trying to steer the conversation elsewhere, she said, "Are you guys done? Or did you come for something?" Kisha paused, then poured him a glass of warm water and pushed some desserts closer to him. "Why don't you have some dessert first—it'll help you relax and recharge a bit."