

Apocalypse 793

Chapter 793 - Plans In Motion

Even better, once the gas was purified and converted into biomethane—or even liquefied into fuel—it could be stored and used efficiently. If they succeeded in producing liquid biogas fuel, they wouldn't need to worry about fuel shortages for their vehicles anymore. On top of that, biogas fuel produces far fewer emissions than fossil fuels, making it not just practical but also environmentally sustainable.

This was why Duke was fully invested in making the biogas farm a reality.

Before the apocalypse, Duke had already been deeply involved in a biogas venture, which was why he had so much knowledge about it. He had teams researching the potential of biogas and its many benefits, particularly its ability to produce clean energy while also promoting the use of natural fertilizers.

His goal had been to support sustainable farming, and he even planned to donate organic fertilizers to underprivileged farmers, making the project both charitable and commercially viable. With millions of animals on farms worldwide, sourcing animal waste wasn't a concern, and in emergencies, even human waste could be repurposed.

Unfortunately, the project never had the chance to be fully realized, as the apocalypse struck before its completion. Still, all wasn't lost. Now, that same knowledge could finally be put to use.

With his wife Kisha pursuing natural fertilizer production and considering the potential of biogas—especially after Hugo shared the practices from his village—Duke couldn't help but think this might all be fate aligning at last.

After all, Duke was a businessman through and through, so it was only natural for him to weigh the pros and cons of a project like biogas. Once he saw its potential, he pursued it decisively.

Now that Kisha had explained her ideas, Duke agreed to carry out the activated carbon filtering process within the territory space as well, along with storing the purified biogas there. This way, Kisha would only need to extend a single pipeline from the territory space to the HOPE Base, directly connecting it to the machine that would convert the biogas into electricity.

Consolidating everything in one location made the system more efficient and safer. All the gas leak detectors could be concentrated in the biogas farm area within the territory, with only one additional detector needed at the HOPE Base, right where the pipeline emerged. This would simplify monitoring and reduce the risk of undetected leaks.

That way, in the event of a gas leak, there would be no risk of civilians getting caught in a terrifying explosion or similar disaster. HOPE Base housed many non-combatant civilians and had limited available space, so placing the gas chamber there would have required selecting a location still surrounded by people.

In contrast, the biogas farm inside the territory space was isolated and far from areas with regular foot traffic. The only time anyone went near it was during scheduled inspections or when it was time to collect the fermented fertilizer.

Having made up his mind, Duke shared his ideas with Kisha. They discussed the plan in detail while Kisha was taking a tea break. During their conversation, Duke unknowingly began snacking—Kisha had started spoon-feeding him as they talked.

So engrossed was he in their discussion that he didn't even realize he was being fed, caught up in the excitement like he had found a kindred spirit. Kisha, too, enjoyed their exchange, happily feeding Duke while they brainstormed together.

Before long, Duke felt reenergized and his stomach full. He returned to Hugo and the others, who had just woken up from their nap, and found them all in high spirits, eager to continue working on the project.

Kisha couldn't blame them; Hugo and the rest had finally found their sense of purpose at the base and felt truly needed. With that sense of belonging, they no longer hesitated to eat their fill or spend their energy freely.

Besides, everything they were building served a greater purpose. The biogas fuel, the natural fertilizers, and the energy they were creating could be traded with other survivors who would come to the HOPE Base. These resources would not only sustain her base but could help countless others in need.

After her much-needed rest, Kisha stretched her limbs before tidying up the tea set and snacks in front of her. Once she wiped down the table, she retrieved all her parchment papers and her magic ink from her inventory, then resumed brewing more Stamina Potions.

Earlier, she had already completed 30 batches—equivalent to 300 bottles—but it still didn't feel like enough. She continued brewing while simultaneously working on inscribing magic scrolls.

As she worked, Kisha also researched new spells, hoping to discover more powerful enchantments to engrave onto the scrolls. She hadn't yet decided whether to put these scrolls up for sale in the Supply Center or reserve them for her most trusted warriors and the Winters' men. The idea of selling them was tempting, but her heart leaned toward arming those she cared about most.

Lately, a deep fear had taken root in her—an unshakable worry that the elite squad she was carefully nurturing, the very team she had dreamed of forming for so long, might be lost in future missions.

The close call with Sparrow still haunted her. That fear drove her to pour everything she could into protecting them, giving them access to valuable resources, powerful weapons, and enchanted armor. If there was even the slightest chance it could save their lives, she wouldn't hesitate.

After all, it was rare to come across rough gems like Sparrow, Vulture, Eagle, Hawk, Tristan, and the others—individuals who only needed a bit of polishing to shine. Then there were Clyde, Reed, Fred, Rose, Evelyn, and more at HOPE Base. Losing any one of them would break her heart. They weren't just valuable investments; they were her carefully nurtured elite warriors.

She almost laughed at herself for nearly calling them pets—it wasn't the right word at all. No, they were more than that. They were the foundation of the force she'd been dreaming of building for so long, and she was determined to protect them at any cost.

After all, she had already poured time, effort, and an enormous amount of resources into them. Their 'Gifts' and 'Talents' weren't something that could be found just anywhere—and what if there would never be a "second them" in this world?

Losing even one would be a massive blow. Their awakened abilities were rare, powerful, and sure to draw attention once word got out that HOPE Base was home to irregulars—gifted individuals far beyond the norm.

With awakened ability users emerging more frequently, it was only a matter of time before the leaders of other settlements started noticing the anomalies too. The age of superhumans was dawning, and she wouldn't be surprised if similar talents had already appeared elsewhere beyond her territory.

And she wasn't wrong to think this way. Too many events from her past life had already veered off course—what she remembered could no longer be trusted.

Everything was accelerating in this life. It was as if the world had been thrown into fast-forward, as if some unknown force was growing impatient, pushing events toward an inevitable conclusion.

In Kisha's mind, it could only be the Constellations. She suspected they wouldn't rest until she was dead. Maybe it sounded self-centered, but after everything she had experienced in both her past and current lives, her suspicions were justified. She just didn't know why they were targeting her. And god, how she wished she knew.