

Apocalypse 794

Chapter 794 - Came To Collet The Interest

The hours slipped by quickly until Duke returned—this time, to bring her back to rest. He looked worn out but content, the kind of tired that came with a day well spent. Kisha, too, felt satisfied with how productive she had been. She had crafted numerous types of magic scrolls, brewed batches of stamina boosters, and Duke's biogas farm project was progressing smoothly.

Marcus had already gone to bed earlier. Understandably so—he was older, and his grandchildren were still young. He needed to tuck them in and be up early the next day. Although he had considered sleeping inside the territory space to save more time, it just wasn't viable.

The space was always stuck in daylight—there was no night. While he and the children could take naps when tired, their bodies struggled to fall into deep, restful sleep. Without natural darkness, their melatonin production remained disrupted, leaving them feeling more exhausted rather than refreshed.

Instead, Marcus and the kids made it a point to complete their daily checklist before calling it a night. Tasks like harvesting the crops and replanting new ones were done diligently. Mike, along with his two younger siblings, handled the daily chores such as collecting eggs from the chickens and ducks, feeding the animals, and maintaining the pens. Even Daisy was becoming faster and more efficient at helping her brother with the feeding.

Fortunately, the animal pens were becoming more self-sufficient, so they no longer had to worry constantly about feed supply. Their focus shifted more toward harvesting resources like eggs, wool, milk, and other animal byproducts.

Mike also kept a detailed journal to track the pregnant animals and note their due dates, allowing him to monitor the farm's livestock population and assess the growth over time.

Once the animal population reached a certain level, Mike would begin implementing birth control measures, especially with pigs. If separating the males and females wasn't feasible, he would opt to castrate more of the male pigs.

This allowed them to freely roam with the females without causing overbreeding. Castration also had the added benefit of improving meat quality; without the influence of testosterone, the unpleasant musky, earthy odor—often described as a scent similar to urine—would no longer cling to their meat. As a result, the pork would taste much better, without that lingering off-putting flavor even after boiling or processing.

Mike would only keep a few uncastrated male animals to serve as breeders when the population eventually declined. As for the birds, if their numbers started to dwindle, he would begin selecting fertilized eggs and incubating them to rebuild the population of chickens, ducks, and other fowl.

For now, though, they still had plenty of animals, with many more currently pregnant, so there was no immediate need to take such measures. But when the time came, Mike knew he would be busier than ever.

Aside from the animal farm, the fishery was also thriving, so much so that Gant had begun learning from his grandfather how to make nets. He wove them with 2.5-inch holes, allowing smaller, growing fish to swim freely while larger fish were contained in designated areas for easier harvesting.

This selective netting helped prevent the accidental capture of juvenile fish and allowed for more efficient population control. With fish numbers rising, Gant had been busy maintaining balance in the lake and other bodies of water within the territory space to avoid overcrowding and preserve the aquatic ecosystem.

Fortunately, the three siblings worked together on the farm, and when the Winters' men had free time after training, they also pitched in. Some helped with milking cows and goats, while others fished in the lake as a way to relax.

With the biogas farm project progressing well, Mike's workload would soon be lighter too—Hugo and the others planned to assist in managing the livestock once they finished processing animal waste into compost.

Now that everything in the territory space was coming together smoothly, Kisha no longer had as much to worry about. She could finally start focusing on her own training, leaving the rest to her capable people. For the first time, she was truly starting to enjoy the fruits of her efforts in recruiting talented individuals—they were proving their worth.

After wrapping up the day, Duke returned and wordlessly pulled Kisha back to their room. He looked like a mess—hair tousled, skin streaked with dirt and sweat—but instead of appearing filthy, he exuded a rugged, magnetic charm.

The wild look in his deep-set eyes only heightened his dangerous allure, making him look absolutely 'appetizing'. Kisha swallowed hard, surprised by the lump in her throat, which she hadn't realized was there. Duke noticed it all, his eyes gleaming with amusement. Without a word, he suddenly hoisted her over his shoulder and carried her straight into the bathroom.

"Ack! Duke! What do you think you're doing?!" Kisha yelled, trying to balance herself on his shoulder. But all she could feel was the solid wall of his muscles beneath her hands, unyielding and warm.

Duke's rich, melodic chuckle echoed through the bathroom as he stepped inside. He gently set Kisha down on the sink counter, his arms bracketing her in, trapping her in place. His face was so close—too close. Kisha instinctively held her breath, her eyes locked onto his.

"I hope you haven't forgotten," he murmured, a cocky grin playing on his lips. There was a mischievous gleam in his eyes that made it impossible for her to look away.

"Forgotten what?" she asked, her voice coming out in a shaky whisper. Her heart pounded against her chest, the exhaustion of the day suddenly drowned by a flood of anticipation. She had been so caught up in her training and work that whatever Duke had said earlier completely slipped her mind.

His grin deepened, but the heat in his gaze grew more intense as he leaned in, his lips brushing tantalizingly close to hers. His eyes dropped to her parted lips as he whispered, "Didn't I say you'd have to compensate me tonight... with interest? I hope you're ready."

Kisha subconsciously bit her lower lip, trying to jog her memory. She racked her brain, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't recall what Duke was referring to. Before she could say anything else, his lips crashed into hers with heated urgency, silencing all thought.

He had held back for so long, reining in his desire with discipline, knowing their duties and priorities always took precedence. But tonight, seeing her like this—soft, flushed, and within reach—his restraint shattered.

Without breaking the kiss, Duke scooped her off the sink and carried her to the shower. His tongue sought hers, deepening the kiss with a hunger that sent heat coursing through Kisha's veins. His hands worked quickly, unclasping her bra beneath her shirt, then tugging both her bra and her shirt off in one fluid motion.

As her soft skin was revealed, porcelain and glowing beneath the bathroom light, his gaze darkened. He didn't hide it—his eyes devoured her, jaw tightening with barely contained need.

He pressed her gently against the cool tiled wall, making her gasp at the contrast. Her back arched on instinct, bringing her closer to him, and Duke took full advantage. He lowered his head and closed his lips around her nipple, drawing a breathy moan from her as one hand gripped her waist, the other already working at his belt.