

Apocalypse 179

Chapter 179 Slave Contract

Aston's team stiffened upon hearing Kisha's reminder. Overwhelmed by fear, they had momentarily forgotten crucial information and were on the verge of using their guns. It was only after her reminder that they realized they had narrowly avoided a grave mistake, acknowledging they had almost walked willingly into disaster.

They gulped nervously but swiftly positioned themselves to cover each other's backs. Kisha, alongside Duke, took immediate action, cleaving through the relentless stream of zombies that surged toward them like an unending river.

She understood that everyone would inevitably reach the same conclusion: without a viable exit plan, their fate would be sealed within those walls. If the guards at each exit had reported earlier, they might have had a chance to escape through alternate routes. Now, with explosions having alerted the zombies to every exit, their only path out was to fight through the horde.

However, executing that plan was far easier said than done.

The streets teemed with around two dozen zombies, their numbers swelling as the explosion likely drew over a hundred more from kilometers away. Each person pondered escape strategies, but the notion of "safety" seemed increasingly out of reach. They resigned themselves to fighting with all their might, knowing exhaustion would come later, possibly ending in a last stand against overwhelming odds.

"Hmmm," Kisha hummed as she observed no one else making a move, despite their vulnerable backs exposed for backstabbing. Aston's team wore grim expressions, fighting with all their might as if they knew they were doomed but clung to hope—for honor, a miracle, or sheer defiance against death. Regardless of their motivations, Kisha's patience had run out.

She retrieved the contract she had 008 purchased earlier, never anticipating it would be needed now—a slave contract. Amidst the loud growls and zombie roars, Kisha's voice cut through, reaching Aston and his team. "Do you truly wish to survive this ordeal?" Her voice held an eerie allure, akin to a devil tempting them with power in exchange for their souls—or at least, that's how it seemed to them.

Duke couldn't help but smirk a little; he knew his clever little wife was up to something again.

Aston and his team were dumbfounded, but Kisha's confident voice and unfazed demeanor prompted them to consider many possibilities, both good and bad. However, time was of the essence; the longer they deliberated, the slimmer their chances became. Aston stepped forward and declared, "Yes!" His voice resonated with determination, and his subordinates quickly followed suit.

Kisha tore up the contract in her hands and moved behind Duke to finalize the agreement with Aston and his team. With an unspoken understanding between them, as she stepped behind him, Duke shifted to shield her, expanding his coverage to ensure Kisha could complete her task undisturbed and remain protected.

"I, Kisha Aldens, declare that you all shall be my people. I will protect and shelter you, provide you with a good life. In return, you must promise your undying loyalty. Any harm toward me, my people, or my interests that may lead to my death will result in your demise." Kisha's voice resonated throughout the warehouse, drowning out even the loud growls and roars of the zombies.

She paused, then added, "To seal this contract, I require your verbal agreement."

No one paid much attention to the specifics because Kisha's terms posed no direct harm to any of them; it was clear she wanted to ensure loyalty and prevent betrayal. Starting with Aston, they each agreed, one after another.

"I acknowledge."

"I agree."

"Yes, I acknowledge."

"I acknowledge."

I acknowledge."

They didn't fully grasp the significance of the agreement; they simply trusted Kisha's decisive action, believing she had a plan to ensure their survival.

Soon after their agreement, the torn contract projected a larger version of itself in front of Kisha, almost as tall as she was, floating in midair and glowing with a bright gold hue. The text on the parchment began to writhe like a snake and emitted a radiant glow as it extended towards each member of Aston's team.

The golden text wound around their ankles, slithering up their bodies in a serpentine fashion, imbuing them with a sensation of warmth and tightness akin to a living entity. Gradually, the text enveloped their entire forms, and finally, the end of the glowing script hovered before each of them like the head of a serpent before plunging into their chests.

They felt a constriction around their hearts as a translucent flame emerged from their bodies, floating slowly towards the parchment. As each flame entered the parchment, it vanished, leaving behind their names that appeared one by one at the bottom of the Contract.

Aston and his team stared wide-eyed as they witnessed the unfolding spectacle, feeling as if they were bargaining their souls with the devil. Nervousness gripped them, yet amidst the tension, there was a sense of awe and wonder at experiencing something so magical amidst the grim reality of the zombie-infested world.

It was like stepping into the fantastical realms they had all dreamed of — where dragons, mages, and holy knights roamed. Each of them had yearned for such an adventure at some point, which is why they grasped the significance of the moment, even as disbelief lingered in their wide eyes.

After their names were written in the Contract, sealing the deal, another text left the parchment and floated through the air. Each text headed towards Aston and his team's foreheads. As it reached them, they felt a searing pain, as if they were being branded with hot iron. Gritting their teeth, most of them couldn't help but scream in agony.

After they were branded, the parchment glowed intensely, and another text wriggled out of it, forming a circular magic circle under Kisha's feet. She was then enveloped in a bright light. Unlike Aston and his team, who felt excruciating pain, Kisha felt only warmth, as though she was being cradled in a comforting embrace. The parchment disappeared as the Contract was completed.

The torn Contract from earlier burned away in a golden flame, leaving behind only ash, signifying the successful completion of the contract.

Aston's and the other four names automatically appeared in Kisha's system interface under the team panel, but unlike Duke and the others who were listed as allies, Aston and his team were categorized as "Slaves." Another option available to her was to issue them direct commands that they couldn't defy as their master.

If they dared to conspire against her or betray her, Kisha wouldn't need to take direct action; the contract itself would immediately enforce compliance, potentially causing them excruciating pain until they bled from severe internal injuries. And worst their hearts and brains would be crushed to death.

If they even entertained such thoughts or took actions that could impact Kisha negatively, they would be warned, feeling as if their heads were being split open while their hearts were gripped tightly.

Kisha had no intention of informing them about this, as it was her greatest weapon and a collar to control them. If they harbored any desire to betray her, they would learn their lesson the hard way. Warning them would only make them cautious and drive them to seek other alternatives.