

Apocalypse 700

Chapter 700 Work Reassignment 2

But Mr. Blythes, after basking in the happiness for a moment, suddenly had a troubling thought. His expression shifted as he looked at Kisha with a hint of suspicion.

"You're not just dismissing us under the guise of giving us a choice, are you?" he asked cautiously. "This isn't some roundabout way of firing or demoting us now that we've served our purpose, right?"

Kisha's lips curled into a mysterious smile. "Truly a businessman, aren't we, Mr. Blythes?"

She wasn't offended by his blunt question, even though his tone carried a hint of rudeness. Kisha understood—he was simply looking out for his family's best interests.

Now, even his wife and daughter were eyeing Kisha with wariness. Observing them closely, she noticed the sunburn on their once smooth, fair skin. The Blythes' only daughter, who used to have a delicate complexion, was now tanned, her skin slightly reddish with faint freckles scattered across her face.

She had changed a lot since the last time Kisha had seen her. She looked tougher, yet the softness in her expression remained. However, her rosy glow was gone, along with the carefree sparkle in her eyes.

It was clear that adjusting to this new life hadn't been easy for her. But unlike Melody, she hadn't caused trouble. Instead, she had endured.

In reality, it was her mother who had been causing trouble from the very beginning. She simply couldn't accept that her beloved daughter had been reduced to such a state. As a result, she constantly complained, nagging and ranting while working in the fields.

For some reason, every time Kisha checked on them through her territory's interface, she would hear Mrs. Blythes grumbling and her voice carrying the same relentless energy as the women in the countryside who aired their frustrations for all to hear.

For some reason, Kisha found it both refreshing and amusing. After all, this was a woman who used to be a refined socialite, yet she had no reservations about reprimanding Kisha for making things difficult for them.

Still, despite her endless complaints and the stream of sharp words directed at Kisha, she never once refused to work. Every single day, she showed up and did her part. In fact, she even made sure her daughter took breaks in the shade while she took on the heavier tasks herself.

For some reason, Kisha developed a favorable impression of them. Initially, she had little trust in them and assigned them to this position as a test of character.

However, after observing their perseverance and dedication, she found herself willing to place her trust in them. Now, she was ready to move them to a different department—one where they could work at a steadier pace, explore new opportunities, and develop skills in areas they were genuinely interested in.

All while entrusting this labor-intensive work to those truly skilled in it. After all, she planned to have them work under Marcus—there was no better person to understand their struggles than someone who had lived a hard life himself.

Having spent a month living with Kisha and Duke, Marcus not only knew them personally but also understood their expectations and work ethic, making him the ideal mentor for their transition.

She hoped that Hugo and his people would learn everything they wanted to know about her through Marcus—someone they could speak to openly without fear of judgment.

This way, they would gradually grow closer to her without even realizing it, allowing trust to develop naturally.

Once that trust was strong enough, she could have them sign a Magical Contract, securing their loyalty and enabling them to work within the territory space. Marcus needed more hands to expand the farmland, and he could no longer manage it alone.

She also planned to enlist the Winters' men for plowing and harvesting when they weren't focused on their training, but that was before.

Now that there are more hands available, she could let the Winters' men ensure they remained prepared for the increasingly difficult missions the system was bound to send their way in the near future.

Because of this, manpower was essential. She also needed to provide support for Mike and Gant, as the twins were still just teenagers who required assistance in caring for the aquatic animals and livestock—just as Marcus needed help managing the farmland.

As Kisha looked at the Blythes, her mind was already racing a thousand miles per second, mapping out everything that needed to be done as soon as possible—without anyone even realizing it.

"Don't worry, Mr. Blythes. As a businessman, I'm sure you understand the importance of work efficiency and proper skill distribution to maximize productivity. Previously, I assigned you and your family to farm and livestock duties out of necessity—we lacked manpower and had no other choice. But now that we do, it's only right to entrust these tasks to those with the right expertise, while allowing you to focus on work that better suits your skills and comfort.

The same applies to your wife and daughter. As compensation for your hard work and dedication, you can expect a redistribution of supplies for your family."

"Additionally, if you're interested in strengthening yourself for your family's protection, you're welcome to train with the Winters' men. I'll ensure that you and your family receive the necessary resources to support your growth. If you've made your decision, you may report directly to Hawk or Eagle—they'll handle the arrangements."

Kisha delivered her instructions rapid-fire, like a machine gun, barely pausing for breath. The Blythes stared at her, wide-eyed and slack-jawed, struggling to process what they had just heard—until cheers erupted from Hugo's group, snapping them back to reality.

"Ma'am, are you really letting us work here at your base? You're not planning to drive us away?" Hugo asked, his eyes widening in surprise. His mouth twitched as he struggled to suppress a smile.

"You heard me right," Kisha replied smoothly. "Since you've already chosen farm work, being hired to work at our base isn't much different from your original plan. Plus, you'll be provided with housing, work points to spend as you see fit, and three meals a day."

"Really?!" one of the women shrieked with joy upon hearing Kisha list everything they would receive. It sounded like the kind of compensation and benefits a major company would offer—far more generous than any of their previous jobs.

The realization hit her like a wave. Having such generous provisions for working in the fields meant they would have food on the table every single day—three full meals—without the constant worry of stretching every bite.

No more going hungry.

No more rationing their own portions just to feed the children. They could finally work without feeling exhausted or powerless.

All they had to do was put their strength and endurance to use—their greatest assets. In this arrangement, they weren't losing anything; in fact, they stood to gain.

Without hesitation, everyone agreed, their faces lighting up with relief and determination. Hugo, too, looked at Kisha with newfound respect and reverence, recognizing her fairness and wisdom in the way she handled things.

"Yes, be ready to start work tomorrow," Kisha said with a smile. "The Blythes will show you the ropes, though I believe it will be an easy transition for you. You'll just need to familiarize yourselves with the farmland and livestock pens."

She was confident that while she had tasked the Blythes with guiding them, there wouldn't be much to explain. All they really needed was to be shown where to work, and from there, everything would naturally fall into place.

"We will definitely exceed your expectations and do our best to fulfill any request!" Hugo declared, bowing at a full 90 degrees to show his gratitude. The people behind him followed suit, mirroring his gesture.

Though Kisha had received countless bows and gestures of submission since the start of this 100th life, she still wasn't used to it. Having witnessed the ugliest sides of human nature, she had long believed that most people were beyond saving. If not for her missions, she wouldn't have even considered helping anyone outside of Duke and his people.

Yet now, as she watched this display of genuine gratitude, experiencing firsthand the good in human nature, she couldn't help but feel... strange.

Not long after, the Blythes happily struck up a conversation with Hugo and the other newcomers, getting to know each other better. They even offered to give them a tour of the base's buildings since it was too late to explore outside.

At this hour, only the Winters' men remained outside, either training or patrolling the perimeter, while most others had retired to their quarters to rest or tend to their respective duties.

Seeing this, Kisha quietly departed, leaving them to their own devices.

Since Duke was still occupied with training alongside Keith and her grandfather—while her grandmother watched from the sidelines with a smile—Kisha decided to head straight to her room.

She deliberately avoided the hallway where Melody and her family might be, not wanting to encounter them at such a turbulent time. Their family was already dealing with enough drama, and she had no interest in being dragged into it.

The moment she stepped into her room, she collapsed onto her bed, exhaustion taking over as she drifted off to sleep.