

Apocalypse 782

Chapter 782 - Her Plan

"Alright, alright. Don't get upset—this is normal," Kisha said calmly to 008, who was sulking inside her mind. "Some people only care about profit, while others prioritize customer experience. It's clear that at least half of the buyers were genuine customers who came to see the product for themselves, while the rest saw it as a business opportunity."

"We can't blame them for that. What we need to do now is adjust our approach, stay patient, and wait for the buzz to grow. Once it does, our store will only continue to rise."

Kisha had also increased the price of her Scarlet Honey from 1,000 to 2,000 system points, now that many had tested it and realized how effective it was. She had started to see returning customers.

Over time, her proficiency in inscribing improved, and she reached the intermediate level. As a result, her Slave Contract skill had also advanced. What once cost 150 system points for the novice version now requires 1,500 points for the intermediate tier.

With this upgrade, she could begin using the contract to bind those around her, not out of distrust, but as an added layer of protection to ensure loyalty and deter betrayal.

Given all this—and with demand still running high—it was clear that her store was thriving. The consistent interest in her products proved that the quality wasn't falling short compared to larger or higher-level stores. In fact, her Scarlet Honey was something truly unique—it couldn't be found anywhere else.

As Kisha checked her store's inventory, she realized there was even more to be proud of. The spiritual crops, for instance, were a rare commodity. According to 008, very few shops offered spiritual crops from the Murim world.

That made sense; nurturing a spiritual tree that bore spiritual fruits was no easy feat. The same went for spiritual crops, rare ingredients with spiritual properties—whether it be fish, meat, or even spiritual spring water.

And now that she thought about it, her store had something special—something others didn't.

Now that the spiritual spring was flowing throughout her entire territory, nurturing all living things equally, it wouldn't be long before she could harvest spiritual fish and other seafood.

Once that happens, she can list them on the sales channel as well. Just thinking about it made Kisha grin even wider. Without realizing it, she was starting to think like 008—becoming a bit of a money grubber herself.

Then, Kisha remembered the slave contracts and glanced around the entertainment room. "This... this is perfect," she muttered with a smile. Now that she had more people in her hidden base, and since she'd already decided to make this her main base, the only ones who could stay here were those she trusted—her core members.

And for them, she would require them to sign the slave contract, especially Hugo and the others. After all, if they were going to process the manure into compost, it would take some time before the final product was ready.

If they followed the timeline outside, it could take days, and the animal waste inside her territory would only continue to pile up. The best solution, Kisha thought, was to let Hugo and the other farmers enter her territory to do the processing.

At the same time, while granting them access, she could limit where they could go and make them believe that the area they were entering was just a part of the hidden base, concealed by an illusory protective barrier.

With this explanation, it wouldn't be too surprising for them. After all, Keith's awakened ability was Illusion. If she told them that they were inside a protective barrier safeguarding the hidden farm, keeping outsiders from intruding and concealing their main food source to avoid attracting unwanted attention, it would make perfect sense to them.

Especially if they couldn't move around freely inside, they would likely believe that the mountain they saw from a distance, which they couldn't get close to, was simply an illusion. The reason they couldn't move beyond it would be that it marked the edge of the barrier.

'Yeah, I think this is the best solution,' Kisha thought, weighing her options. 'After all, I can't just let everyone know about the territory space. It would be like inviting trouble right to my doorstep. Even with the slave contract, things could still go wrong, especially if the Constellation decides to interfere. Who knows what it might do? The more people who know about my secret, the worse the consequences will be.'

As she contemplated her plan, Kisha realized that initially, she only wanted everyone to sign the slave contract so they could access her territory and other areas. She had intended to put restrictions on them, thinking that, by living in her territory, she'd have a leash on them, keeping control over them. But now, she knew it couldn't be that simple.

But then again, she remembered the Constellation—an unpredictable variable that always seemed to stir up trouble when she least expected it. Kisha hated not having complete control over a situation. Surprises and unknown elements only ever led to disaster, and she'd already learned that lesson the hard way.

Hearing Kisha's thoughts, 008 wisely decided to stay silent, pretending to be mute.

It didn't want to be mistaken for another extension of the Constellation—again. After all, it was true that most of the missions Kisha received came directly from the Constellation, and more often than not, those missions ended in her death.

008 understood why Kisha resented it so deeply and why she often lost her temper whenever the Constellation was mentioned. It didn't have any explanation either—just silent, aggrieved acceptance of her fury.

Kisha's moments of madness weren't surprising anymore. She had every reason to spiral—anyone would, after going through endless cycles of pain, betrayal, and death, only to be brought back again, each time worse than the last. Sanity, for someone like her, was a fragile thread—and it was a miracle she still held onto it at all.

Now that Kisha had a solid plan in mind, all that was left was to act on it. She rose from her seat with quiet determination, catching Duke's attention. He watched her intently, unsure of what she was about to do, until she walked over to where Hugo and his group were gathered.

They stood a bit apart from the rest, quietly observing the others enjoying themselves. Though they were being well cared for and had access to the base's resources and food, a lingering sense of unease and unworthiness kept them on the sidelines. They laughed along in silence when something funny happened, but never dared to fully join in the fun.

Then, out of nowhere, Kisha appeared beside Hugo.

"L-Leader! Young Madam!" Hugo nearly yelped in surprise, fumbling awkwardly. His hands twitched at his sides as he struggled to figure out what to do, eyes wide with reverence as he looked up at her.

Kisha understood why they felt this way, but she didn't offer them comfort—not yet. She knew that true comfort wouldn't come from words, but from purpose.

Only when they felt they were contributing to the base, when they had a sense of accomplishment and knew they were helping the community thrive, would they begin to feel at ease, to allow themselves the same joy and belonging that the others shared.