

## Apocalypse 783

### Chapter 783 - Signing A Slave Contract

They weren't combatants; their strength lay in farming and handling odd jobs around the base. But they still carried old notions—ideas rooted in status, power, and wealth—and being surrounded by people from influential families made them feel small in comparison. Kisha saw this clearly, but chose not to comment on it.

"Would you please come with me for a moment?" Kisha said, turning toward the conference room. When she glanced over her shoulder and saw only Hugo trailing behind, she added, "I mean all of you—there's something I need to discuss."

At her words, Hugo stiffened, and the rest of his group grew visibly tense. The last thing they wanted to hear was that they were being kicked out, or that they weren't contributing enough to justify the food they'd been given.

With anxious hearts and bowed heads, they followed her silently. A few people in the entertainment room noticed and glanced their way, but none dared to follow—this was Kisha's authority as the leader of the base.

Even Duke remained behind, knowing his wife was handling official matters. He could only guess what she intended to do, but for now, his job was to keep an eye on things and make sure no one disturbed her work. He stationed himself by the door, watchful and ready.

Kisha, without a word, walked straight into the conference room, her steps calm and deliberate. Hugo and the rest followed closely behind, their nerves tightening with each passing second.

When Kisha took her seat at the head of the table, they all hesitated for a moment before quietly finding seats of their own. The room was thick with tension—they sat rigidly, barely breathing, as if even the sound of an exhale might provoke her.

Their silence wasn't just out of respect—it was fear. After all, back in Port City, they had served under leaders like Victor and his team, men with short tempers who seemed to delight in punishment and cruelty. They couldn't help but worry that Kisha might be the same.

Kisha wasn't one for idle talk—she preferred action over chatter—so she got straight to the point. "Here's the deal," she began, her voice steady and firm. "I want each of you to sign a contract. It states that no matter what happens, you will not betray me—for any reason. You'll follow my instructions."

"In return, I promise I won't ask you to do anything unreasonable—no dying for me, no killing—just focus on your assigned tasks: farming and anything related to it. You'll also be expected to keep everything you see and hear confidential unless I personally say otherwise."

Her eyes swept across the group, her expression unreadable. "If you agree, stay. If not, you're free to go back to the entertainment room. You'll still be expected to tend the farm, so don't worry about being kicked out." Her cool, detached demeanor left them all uneasy—unsure if this was a test, a warning, or something else entirely.

Since Kisha wasn't asking for anything excessive—just a contract—they all nodded silently. No one left. Deep down, they believed this might be Kisha's way of testing their loyalty and worth.

If they hesitated now—refusing to sign or questioning her orders—they feared she might see them as unreliable, maybe even dispensable. That thought alone was enough to push them into agreement.

After all, if they wanted to truly belong to the base, to prove they deserved the food and protection they were given, then they needed to show their commitment. So, they chose to gamble on Kisha's leadership and follow whatever she asked of them.

Soon, a stack of parchment appeared out of thin air, covered in unfamiliar symbols no one could decipher. Despite the unease bubbling inside them, each person rose from their seat to take a copy, trusting Kisha's word even if they couldn't understand the contract's contents.

What caught them off guard, however, was Kisha's warm smile as she watched them approach. After all the tension and uncertainty, her gentle expression left them stunned and slightly confused.

To Kisha, the fact that these people were willing to sign a contract they couldn't even read—trusting only her word—was proof enough of their loyalty. It showed they were ready to place their lives in her hands, and that meant a lot.

These were hardworking individuals who had grown up at the bottom of the food chain. Their ideals were simple, but that didn't mean they were foolish.

They understood who held the power in this base, and they had no desire to make things difficult for themselves or for her.

They didn't entertain thoughts of rebellion or try to leverage power they didn't have. Instead, they chose to submit and follow, not out of fear, but because they respected the structure and sought stability.

The thing about these people was that they had always worked hard for as long as they could remember. It was the only way they knew how to live.

With their hard work came rewards—compensation for their efforts. The more they were given, the more they put in, and with that, their lives improved. They appreciated the stability it brought, knowing that as long as they had food on the table and their families weren't going hungry, they were content.

Kisha saw the value in them. They were like Marcus—simple, not greedy, yet deeply appreciative of what they had. That kind of sincerity made her feel more at ease, lessening her worries.

With a soft smile, she hoped to ease their nerves, knowing how tense they must be. "Now, now," she began, her tone gentler than before, "there's no need to get a copy of the contract just yet. All I need to know is whether you are willing to sign a slave contract with me."

"The terms are simple: no betrayal, complete dedication to your assigned tasks, and confidentiality about sensitive matters. In return, I, as the initiator of this contract, will ensure your well-being and take care of you, helping to improve your lives from this moment forward. Should I act unjustly toward you without cause, I too will bear the consequences of breaking the contract. If you agree, simply say 'I agree,' and the contract will be complete."

Her gaze softened as she looked at their weathered faces, showing that, despite the gravity of the words, she genuinely cared for their well-being.

However, Kisha knew she couldn't leave out the consequences of violating the contract. Before anyone could speak, she added, her voice steady and unwavering, "And as for the consequences of breaking the contract—those who betray me will suffer a painful death."

"Anyone who harbors intentions of disloyalty or tries to act behind my back will also be punished. The contract will bind you, and any thoughts of betrayal will cause you to suffer, ultimately leading to your demise. But as long as you uphold the contract, you will be treated fairly, and nothing will harm you. This is a lifelong contract, so think carefully before you agree."

Kisha noticed their initial surprise when they realized the contract they were signing was a slave contract.

Their expressions shifted as they processed the content: the promise of fair treatment seemed to ease their worries, and some even appeared touched by her words.

But when they heard the violation clause, their faces drained of color. Still, there was no hesitation in their eyes—only determination, and, surprisingly, a hint of fearlessness.