

Apocalypse 784

Chapter 784 - Income Report

Kisha smiled, understanding their perspective. These were people who had known hardship from a young age. To them, death wasn't something to fear—they had already lived through worse. They had watched their loved ones suffer and die from hunger, powerless to help, burdened by the cruel weight of helplessness.

They knew that the true terror wasn't death itself, but the agony of being unable to protect or provide. In that sense, the idea of this contract didn't seem so different from the life they'd always known—one shaped by dependence on the whims of the rich and powerful. To them, this was simply another step in the ongoing fight to survive.

One by one, starting with Hugo, they agreed. There was no fear in their voices, only a quiet resolve. They knew the price of loyalty, and in the end, they would choose to follow Kisha—come what may.

Without hesitation, Hugo declared, "I agree!" His voice rang with conviction, as if he were making a solemn vow to himself. The moment he spoke, one of the slave contracts floated into the air. Then another voice followed: "I agree." One by one, three more joined him, each echoing the same words.

As the fifth person spoke, golden, serpentine text slithered out from the floating contract, stretching toward those who had accepted. Thanks to Kisha's growing proficiency in inscription—now at the intermediate level—she could bind up to five individuals with a single contract. This not only allowed for greater control but also saved her valuable magical parchment and ink.

The observers stood frozen, holding their breath as the golden script wrapped around Hugo and the others. The text seeped into Hugo's chest, and then, with a faint hiss, a wisp of flame emerged from his forehead, drifting toward the floating contract. The same occurred with the others. One by one, their

names slowly etched themselves into the glowing parchment, appearing in the order they had accepted the pact.

From beginning to the end when the contract activated, a glowing magic circle appeared beneath each person's feet. As the final step of the process completed, the contract burst into flames and crumbled into dust. Even after it was all over, Hugo and the others stood frozen, stunned into silence.

It took them a while to fully grasp what had just happened. When they finally came to their senses, they began patting themselves down, their eyes wide with disbelief. None of them knew what to feel—confusion, awe, fear—it was all jumbled together.

People like Hugo, who spent their days on hard labor, had no background and never even know anything about fantasy, anime, wuxia, or manhua. They had no reference point for the kind of magic they'd just witnessed. All they knew was that it was real—and powerful.

They instinctively turned to Kisha, silently begging for an explanation. But she said nothing, merely observing them with calm patience, as if waiting for something. Realizing she had no intention of speaking until they gave her an answer, the others in the conference room slowly began to nod in agreement, one after another.

"I agree..."

"I agree."

"I agree!"

...

Soon, multiple contracts were floating in the air as everyone in the conference room began undergoing the binding process. As the magic circles beneath each person activated, a blinding light engulfed the entire room.

Hugo and the others who had already been bound by their contracts had to shield their eyes, squinting and raising their hands to block the intense blinding light. All they could do was wait until the rest completed the ritual.

When the final contract burned to ash, the room finally dimmed. Everyone turned to look at Kisha, still dazed from the surreal experience. The magic they had just witnessed felt otherworldly, and they were desperate to understand what had just happened.

Left with no choice, Kisha began to explain—from the very beginning. She spoke first about awakened abilities, then detailed the nature of the contracts they had signed and what they entailed. Since she was already on the subject, she went on to reveal the truth about their world: the rise of the zombies, their terrifying evolution and what lay ahead.

In essence, it became a crash course in the reality they never knew existed. With every passing revelation, their eyes widened, their expressions shifting as everything they once believed was steadily dismantled and replaced by a far more dangerous and extraordinary truth.

Kisha gave them half an hour to process all the information she had shared, letting them sit in silence as the weight of reality settled in. Meanwhile, she turned her attention to the holographic map of her territory—specifically, the HOPE Base—to check if everything was running smoothly.

At that moment, a report came in from 008: everything in their store had sold out, and the full sales report was ready. Her eyes scanned the numbers, and when she saw the total income—over one million system points—her hands trembled.

It was her first time earning a million purely through the system's trading function. This marked a turning point: a reliable source of income that didn't depend on the dangers of missions.

After all, mission rewards weren't always including high system points, and some missions were so dangerous that she would need to spend a fortune just to prepare adequately. Even with a few billion system points in her account now, how long could that really last?

But now, with a stable income stream from the system's sales channel, the pressure eased. For the first time in a long while, she didn't feel anxious about what lay ahead. A small grin spread across her lips.

[Store's Sales Income report: 1,230,000 system points]

[Current System Points: 199,972,130,000]

Kisha felt a thrill of excitement, but she kept her expression composed, quickly schooling her expression and retracting the grin that had crept onto her lips. As she scrolled through the store's five-star reviews, a sense of satisfaction bloomed quietly within her.

Beyond the reviews, she noticed several private messages sent to the store—messages from users across different worlds and dimensions. Many were inquiring about her products, asking when new items would be released. Some had even initiated trade offers, listing goods they wished to exchange along with the items they hoped to receive in return.

[Monkey Emperor wants to trade "Divine Bangle" for "Scarlet Honey x1000"]

Kisha's brows shot up in surprise, and she blinked a few times at the trade request. A thousand bottles of Scarlet Honey was no small amount.

While Bell's scarlet bees had multiplied and the honey production had seen a steady rise, fulfilling such a large order would still require her to temporarily scale back the supply given to her warriors.

That was risky, especially now that she needed 1,500 new recruits to train and prepare for battle within the next nine days. Without enough Scarlet Honey to support their physical development and awakening, the entire training schedule could be affected.

Still, the offer intrigued her.

Kisha tapped on the description of the 'Divine Bangle' the Monkey Emperor was offering in exchange. If the item proved valuable enough, it might just be worth the sacrifice.