

Apocalypse 854

Chapter 854 The Territory Pack's Origin

After Kisha finished placing restrictions around the cultivation room, she added several cautionary rules to maintain order. One of the most important: no fighting inside the cultivation room. Any disturbance during meditation or cultivation could damage someone's meridians, something she wouldn't tolerate.

To enforce this, she implemented a punishment system. Anyone who dared to start a fight would be struck by lightning, an immediate consequence that Kisha considered an ingenious way to deter troublemakers and ensure everyone respected the rules.

While most of the base's residents were good people, Kisha understood human nature. When personal interests were threatened or when someone felt shortchanged, even the most reasonable individuals could turn disruptive. She put these restrictions in place as a preventive measure.

She also banned loud noises. If anyone shouted and disrupted the room's atmosphere, they too would be punished with a lightning strike and a mute status for the rest of the day.

All of this was possible thanks to her Territory Pack's upgraded interface, now at level two. The upgrade gave her access to more restriction options, penalties, and environmental controls, making it easier to enforce her will within her space. In Kisha's eyes, securing this Territory Space had been an absolute bargain.

What Kisha didn't know was that the original owner of the Territory Space, its current one before Kisha, was living in silent horror. The space had been a parting gift from her beloved master, who had poured his lifetime of cultivation into creating that dimension. It was his legacy, his final offering before he ascended to Nirvana.

But in a moment of drunken impulse, she had lost it.

One fateful night, lured by a traveling merchant who presented her with an item that clearly did not belong to their world, she was captivated. Possessing little of value, she hastily offered her most prized possessions, including the Territory Space itself, as collateral to obtain the mysterious object. The next day, the merchant had vanished without a trace... and so had her master's inheritance.

What she had traded away wasn't just a cultivation treasure; it was her only connection with her master, her guiding light, and her only chance of ascending to Nirvana, the realm of the Gods and Goddesses.

The Territory Space was meant to be her sanctuary, a hidden world where she could quietly nurture spiritual herbs and raise rare spiritual beasts, far from prying eyes. It was designed to help her grow stronger in silence, without drawing attention from the power-hungry cultivators around her.

In the brutal world of Murim, a lone talent without a powerful clan's protection was nothing more than prey. Those who feared being overshadowed would often strike first, eliminating potential threats before they had a chance to rise. Her master had known this all too well, and out of deep love, like a father doting on his daughter, he had entrusted her with the Territory Space to shield her from such dangers.

But now... she had lost it. A priceless gift, her future, and her master's final wish, all gone in a moment of drunken impulse and fleeting desire.

Now, stripped of that path, she was left desperate. Ever since, she had been scouring the world in a frenzied search for the traveling merchant, like a woman possessed, consumed by regret.

"Fuck! What should I do?!" the girl shouted, tugging at her hair in frustration as she paced back and forth inside her room at the inn. "Master said that dimensional territory was a growth-type! Ahh!"

She had already scoured multiple towns and cities, chasing the faintest rumors, hoping to stumble upon the traveling merchant, but no one had seen her. No one even knew who she was talking about. It felt like she was chasing a ghost. She was already at her wits' end.

"With that dimensional territory, I could cultivate and train ten times faster than other cultivators..." she muttered bitterly. "It's why they called me a genius, a prodigy. But without it? Even if I work harder than anyone else, I won't be able to keep up. The difference in my speed will be obvious. They'll know something's wrong..."

The thought made her chest tighten. She didn't even want to imagine the reactions of her sectmates, or worse, the Elders. They would notice the change instantly. That was part of why she kept moving from place to place, desperately searching.

In truth, this frantic hunt wasn't just about recovering the treasure; it was her way of running. Running from the disappointment, the shame, and the fear of being exposed.

But at the same time, she couldn't just go around telling everyone about the Territory Space. A treasure like that, an evolving dimension, was beyond rare. If word got out, others would surely covet it. Instead of helping her recover it, they might steal it for themselves. So she kept the truth hidden, even as she wandered the roads crying, searching like a madwoman.

As for the traveling merchant, she sought?

Gone.

Vanished without a trace, already off to another realm.

Unbeknownst to her, the merchant wasn't just some peddler of trinkets. She was a collector of great treasures, passing them on through her mysterious sales channel, believing that each item would find its rightful owner through destiny. She let fate guide her path, trading not by gold or value, but by karmic resonance.

And how could she travel from world to world with such ease?

Simple, because that traveling merchant was no ordinary being. She was a Constellation. The Goddess of Wealth and Destiny.

A wandering deity. A small fish in the vast ocean of existence, without a home, moving wherever fate carried her. Each place she visited became her temporary shelter, and each trade she made, a piece of destiny fulfilled.

And as for 008? It had no idea just how lucky it had been.

After a brief exchange with the Constellation, it unknowingly secured not one, but two extraordinary treasures. The first was the Territory Pack, which mysteriously appeared in the discounted section, an

item far too valuable for such a casual listing, which only cost them 50,000 system points. The second was Bell's Cocoon, a legendary and possibly final specimen of its kind.

Looking back, it could only be said that the Goddess of Wealth and Destiny must have truly favored them. By selling those two rare treasures to 008, which eventually ended up in Kisha's hands, she had perhaps nudged fate itself onto a path that even the stars might envy.

Who knew when the Goddess of Wealth and Destiny would next make a transaction with 008 to bless Kisha with another treasure? But for now, Kisha focused on what was in front of her.

After finishing the arrangement of the cultivation room, she began surveying the rest of the empty rooms in the building. The former offices were spacious, and without all the clutter of chairs and desks, the wide floor area and high ceilings made them perfect for transformation. One particular room caught her eye, large enough to be repurposed as an indoor sparring area, just like in martial arts studios for Judo, Taekwondo, or Muay Thai.