

## Apocalypse 223

### Chapter 223 Unexpected Gain And Challenges

"Fuck you, Duke!!!" Alex screamed as he was shoved into the dirty cell, overwhelmed by the awful smell that made him feel dizzy and nauseous. He had never been in the dungeon himself, always sending someone else to handle his dirty work and get someone down there to satisfy his desires.

"Let me out of here while I'm still being nice!!!" Alex shouted with urgency, his face paling as he tried to hold back puking while trying to look intimidating.

Duke ignored Alex's empty threats and turned to Bald Eagle. "Find me a suitable torture chamber nearby in the dungeon. Make sure everyone can hear what's happening to each of them," he commanded. Duke glanced around at the men in the cells, who had visibly paled and now showed fear. They knew Duke was serious, and what awaited them was nothing short of hell.

"Yes, Master, leave it to me. I'll find the tools we need!" Bald Eagle saluted eagerly and dashed outside to scrounge up whatever tools or materials they could find. If necessary, he'd organize his men to craft tools from scratch, having done so before and confident in their ability to improvise. Several others joined Bald Eagle to assist in the search.

Once Bald Eagle and his team had gathered the necessary tools and materials, they swiftly transformed them into instruments of torture. They cleared out a cell for the purpose, fortunate that the Coltons' Young Master had amassed nearly every tool they required, sparing them the need to create new ones from scratch.

Bald Eagle found a grim satisfaction in knowing that these tools, originally owned by Alex, would now be used against him, giving him a taste of the suffering he had inflicted on others.

They converted a centrally located cell into a torture chamber, strategically ensuring that all other captives could witness what unfolded inside. Despite their attempts to block out the sounds by covering their ears, the close quarters ensured that the screams and cries permeated the entire dungeon, leaving no one untouched by the horror unfolding within.

After making some arrangements and instructing his men, Kisha and Duke turned to the captives.

"You're all safe now. My men will escort you outside, back to where you were living before," Duke declared with a tone of detachment, conveying both his lack of personal interest and a desire not to foster false hope among the now mentally unstable men and women.

He knew some saw him and Kisha as saviors and potential love interests, but he couldn't allow them to cling to illusions that he and Kisha would rescue them from their pain and suffering and be their support or whatever.

He didn't want to invite unnecessary trouble into his own home or anger his wife. 'No way!' he thought. Duke could practically see the women looking at him with reverence, their eyes turning into metaphorical hearts, while the men gazed at Kisha with admiration. This was precisely why he hadn't let Kisha out of his sight since his arrival. 'Damn it, wolves are everywhere.

She shouldn't have saved these people,' Duke thought, resolute in guarding Kisha by his side.

When they finished, Kisha held onto Duke, preparing to lead him out so they could start the new briefing. However, before she could take another step, a loud series of system notifications echoed in her head, and the system interface appeared before her.

Ding!

[Congratulations for Completing the Hidden Mission: C-Class "The Saviour"]

[You have received 20,000 points for completing the Hidden Mission: C-Class "The Saviour"]

[Congratulations for Completing the B Class Mission "Taking Down the Local Power"]

[You have received 50,000 points for completing the B Class Mission "Taking Down the Local Power"]

[Congratulations for Receiving the Title "City Lord"]

Kisha abruptly stopped in her tracks, trying to make sense of what was happening. Just moments ago, their mission progress for B Class Mission "Taking Down the Local Power" was at 2 out of 3, indicating they were still missing one target. She hadn't even figured out who the third force in the power struggle was. Was it the Winter's faction, automatically added as completed?

Or was it Aston's faction against the Minister of Defense? Or could it be someone else entirely?

Regarding the sudden hidden mission, this wasn't the first time Kisha had encountered such surprises. However, receiving notification only after completing the hidden mission raised suspicions.

"Host, I didn't delay this one! I only postponed the other one because the punishment for mission failure was frustrating, and I didn't want you to get upset again." 008 hurriedly explained, hoping to clarify the situation before Kisha could get angry or misunderstood. 008 was uncertain about the delay in the Hidden Mission's notification, but thankfully, it had resolved itself.

Kisha didn't get angry; instead, she felt relieved that things had gone smoothly. She had a suspicion that the Constellation behind the system might be playing tricks on her or acting with hostility, so the delay seemed plausible and not something she could blame on 008.

Luckily, the B Class Mission "Taking Down the Local Power" had been resolved with minimal issues. If it had failed, Kisha couldn't even imagine what the punishment for failing her seemingly straightforward S Class mission would be. Now that a chain mission had emerged, she was certain there would be more interconnected tasks ahead linked closely to completing the S Class mission.

Ding!

[New Mission available!]

[C Class Mission "The Philanthropist"]

[Mission Description: As the new City Lord, it was crucial to demonstrate compassion by ensuring the people were well-fed and that no one would suffer from hunger in the next 20 days.

Mission Requirement: feed the 5,000 survivors at least 2 meals a day and make sure none would die from hunger

Mission Completion: 100,000 points, stats increase of 1, and Title: The Philanthropist

Mission Failure: Automatically failing the A Class Mission "Planting and Harvesting" and S Class Mission "Taking nest for 30 days"]

Kisha took in a deep breath as she stared at the system interface before her, her eyes widening with a mix of anger and frustration. Now, she was absolutely certain that the system was deliberately making things difficult for her, and one thing was clear.

This S-Class mission would compel her to establish City B as her base and guide its people towards the system's objectives, whether toward prosperity or doom. However, this didn't mean she would abandon her and Duke's base in City A. That place was closer to her dream safe haven, unlike City B, which required substantial work before it could be deemed safe.

"Are you alright?" Duke's concerned voice brought her back from her reverie. Kisha's expression had shifted multiple times in a short period like she had eaten a fly. He couldn't discern if she was uncomfortable, tired, or simply angry, but if it was anger, he couldn't fathom the cause.

He glanced at the cell where Alex was held, and Duke speculated that Kisha must have been angered by Alex's behavior toward her during their meal or perhaps because of how he looked at her or anything along the way. 'That must be it,' Duke concluded to himself.

Without Kisha knowing, she just pushed Alex further into hell and Alex could only cry bitter tears from then on.