

## **Apocalypse 373**

### Chapter 373 Surprised Mission

As the tension finally dissipated, everyone sank to the floor, exhaustion evident in their expressions. Terror was painted across their faces as they processed the harrowing experiences of the night, each breath a reminder of the terror they had just endured.

Even the survivors sheltered within the walls trembled in fear, their anxiety heightened by the distant gunfire and the ominous echoes of the horde beyond.

All night long, they were gripped by dread, praying fervently for the battle to come to an end, each sound a reminder of the danger lurking just outside their fragile sanctuary.

As the sun rose in the east, a wave of relief washed over everyone, as if a fishbone had finally been dislodged from their throats.

The distant gunfire gradually faded, leaving behind an eerie silence, punctuated only by the sight of black smoke billowing from various points along the wall.

Though the aftermath lingered, they could finally sense their safety returning, a hard-won peace settling over the weary survivors.

Perhaps it was their unwavering trust in Kisha's leadership, or the absence of any breaches during the night, but a collective sigh of relief spread through the ranks.

As they gazed up at the sky, awaiting the sun's ascent on the horizon, the warriors and soldiers stationed atop the wall—including Vulture, Duke, Kisha, Bald Eagle, and the others—turned their eyes to the east, sharing a moment of quiet anticipation and hope as they stared at the sun rising.

Their relief was palpable, with some soldiers breaking into tears as the weight of their survival sank in.

It felt eerily reminiscent of their first encounter with the blood rain, when hordes of zombies had surged through the streets, mindlessly advancing as hope seemed to dwindle.

This time, however, they had triumphed against overwhelming odds, and the emotion surged within them like a tidal wave.

In that harrowing experience, they had faced several breaches at various points, resulting in the loss of many survivors and soldiers.

Now, the air was thick with resounding sighs of relief and the sound of quiet sobs. Kisha felt the tension in her body ease, her emotions swirling as she reflected on the moment. This was their first battle as a unified base against a sudden zombie assault, and its significance was profound.

It instilled a sense of confidence in everyone, bolstering their resolve for the challenges that lay ahead.

Ding!

[Congratulations on Completing the Surprised Hidden Mission: SS Class Mission "Surviving The Night of Death"]

[You have received 300,000 points]

[You have received a mass of Tunstens Steel]

[You have received 10 Stat Points]

[You have received the Title: "The Hope of Humanity"]

[You have received 3,000 Achievements Points]

[You Gained the 'Survival Of One, Survival Of Many' Achievement]

[You have received an Unknown Seed]

[You have received the blueprint of Advance Energy Cannon]

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The sudden ringing of the system notification jolted Kisha, and when she finally glanced at it, surprise washed over her. She hadn't realized that the system had issued a hidden mission, and the revelation left her momentarily stunned.

Her brows furrowed in confusion as she tried to grasp the implications of this unexpected development.

While the prospect of a significant reward excited her, it also confirmed her earlier suspicions: the zombies were drawn to the base for a reason, and it seemed her system played a role in this phenomenon.

This revelation made her realize that her system didn't just impact her directly; it could also influence external factors, creating the very obstacles she faced. The implications weighed heavily on her, stirring a mix of curiosity and unease.

Now that she considered it, everything began to click into place. The difficulty of her past missions and the relentless challenges she faced suddenly made sense.

If she included this incident in her reflections, the pattern was clear: her system seemed to be raising the stakes, deliberately increasing the hurdles she had to overcome.

It felt as if it were manipulating external factors, creating obstacles to make her journey all the more arduous. The realization sent a shiver down her spine.

008 sensed Kisha's menacing aura intensifying, her anger brewing as she began to connect the dots. It instinctively retreated to a shadowy corner of her consciousness, trembling in fear.

As much as 008 often reminded itself, it wasn't responsible for the system's daunting challenges. While it was the embodiment of the system, the missions came from higher authorities—forces beyond its control.

008 understood all too well that Kisha's survival was essential for its own, and it would never intentionally create obstacles that could jeopardize that bond.

But now that Kisha's suspicion and resentment toward the system grew, 008 felt a pang of anxiety—what if she turned that anger toward it as well?

It seemed as if Kisha sensed 008's unease; the moment their connection faltered, she steadied her breathing and wrestled with her emotions. Determined to regain control, she focused on the present, pushing aside the shadows of doubt swirling within her mind.

"008, as I've said before, I know you wouldn't intentionally put me in harm's way. I realize that my anger and suspicion have often exploded onto you, and I regret that. You've always explained that your existence is tied to mine—my death would mean your end as well. So, I don't blame you, nor am I angry at you. My frustration lies with your constellation."

After hearing her explanation, 008's tension dissipated, and it nodded to itself, reflecting on Kisha's words.

"Host, I genuinely don't understand why this is happening. We didn't receive any hidden mission notifications. The alert only appeared after you successfully defended the zombies from the Base. As you saw, it was merely a congratulatory notification. I'm just as perplexed."

008's voice was frail and tinged with embarrassment, caught off guard without any explanation at the ready.

This wasn't the first time such a situation had arisen, but previously, Kisha and 008 had brushed it off, as those missions were typically minor and didn't significantly impact her progress.

They had seemed more like opportunities to earn side rewards than substantial obstacles.

However, the magnitude of what had transpired was completely unexpected and perilously high-stakes. This was no ordinary challenge; it fell within the realm of an 'SS Mission.' Any mission classified as 'S' posed significant risks, capable of leading to Kisha's death with just a single misstep.

This incident only intensified her growing suspicion that 008's constellation was after her life. It wasn't merely a matter of higher stakes with greater rewards; it felt like a direct challenge to her very existence.

After her anger bubbled up, Kisha took a moment to clear her mind and rearrange her thoughts. Noticing some soldiers observing her somber expression, she realized it wouldn't be good to dampen their spirits after successfully defending their new home.

Gradually, she allowed a smile to surface, joining in their celebration.

She then began directing everyone to take a moment to rest. Once the fire outside the wall had dwindled, they would tackle the cleanup. The streets, strewn with charred bodies, needed attention, but for now, everyone was exhausted after a night of tension and fear.

They couldn't risk sending the civilians to help with the cleanup; once outside the wall, their safety would be uncertain. Everyone remained on edge, and Kisha herself was wary of another sudden mission springing up without warning.