

Apocalypse 407

Chapter 407 Another Mission!

Kisha took a deep, shaky breath as she struggled to think.

She couldn't recall facing such a problem in her past life, nor had she ever anticipated it occurring in this one.

The mere mention of it sent a wave of horror through her, more terrifying than anything she had ever experienced.

If a cave-in were to occur, half of their base could collapse into the rubble and tumble into the sewers, where they would undoubtedly be consumed by the zombies lurking below.

This wasn't the time for her to fret about the wall or the looming second wave of zombies; even without those threats, their lives were perpetually at risk.

The constant fear of the undead in the city's sewer system was an ever-present danger.

She needed to come up with a solution quickly.

Ding!

[New Mission Available!]

[Sudden Hidden Mission: SSS Class "The Sewer's Pest Cleanup!"]

[Description: The sewers have always been a haven for pests in every city, where they lurk and thrive. However, in City B, rats are no longer the only creatures dwelling in the shadows; zombies and mutant rats have also taken up residence.

If the situation isn't addressed quickly, the mutant rats could launch attacks on the survivors, spreading diseases that could ultimately claim lives, even without a single bite.

Mission Requirement: Ensure that every single zombie and mutant rat in the sewers is eliminated to prevent this issue from arising again. It's crucial to guarantee that the sewers beneath the base remain secure and uncompromised. The mission needs to be completed within 7 days.

Mission Completion: 10 Gachapon Draws, 5 Resource Crates, 50,000 Points, a mass of Vanadium and Iron Meteorite, and a New Sewer System with Gas Preservation Blueprint from World 943746.

Mission Failure: Automatically failing the A-Class Mission "Planting and Harvesting," the C-Class Mission "The Philanthropist," A Class Mission "Commander of a Thousand", A Class Mission "Base's Expansion!" and the S-Class Mission "Taking Nest for 30 Days."]

Kisha's breath caught in her throat once more as another hidden mission emerged.

She sensed that any new task at this moment could only signal trouble, confirming that they were in an incredibly dangerous situation.

The system provided additional details that deepened their concern: not only were there zombies lurking in the sewers, but mutant rats as well.

From what Kisha recalled, mutant rats were among the deadliest of creatures.

Unlike their ordinary counterparts, these mutated pests posed a significant threat; their urine could cause deadly leptospirosis if it came into contact with open wounds or was ingested but that was only the issue with the ordinary rats.

Now, however, even without direct contact with or ingestion of their urine, prolonged exposure to the smell of their urine alone could be lethal.

With the mutant rats residing just beneath the base, everyone in the vicinity might have been exposed to these dangers.

The length of that exposure remained unknown, adding to the growing sense of urgency.

The longer they were exposed, the more their organs would begin to fail, ultimately leading to death from organ failure.

The worst part is that if the mutant rats decided to venture above ground, their bites could infect normal humans, turning them into zombies without them even realizing it.

Even the superhumans wouldn't escape unscathed, as these bites contain toxins that could lead to both short- and long-term paralysis.

Some of the rats could even mutate to develop toxins in their bodies that was deadlier than a black mamba's venom, depending on their environment.

However, the scientists in her previous life never managed to understand which specific conditions lead to the emergence of such mutant rats.

What was most disturbing was that these rats had grown larger than cats, nearly the size of small dogs.

This increase in size also doubled their ferocity; they would behave as if rabid, attacking anyone in sight like ravenous beasts.

The most alarming aspect of these mutant rats is that not all of them have grown larger; some have become faster.

This speed is more concerning than the size of the larger rats because they can strike without warning.

While the bigger rats tend to devour their victims entirely—an adult rat can consume a whole human—the smaller ones often attack in groups.

They can strip an adult down to the bones in minutes, overwhelming their prey.

Even if they can't consume someone completely, just a single bite can lead to that person turning into a zombie.

Regardless of how they mutate, they present a significant threat that must be addressed.

The weight of this crucial realization made Kisha's heart race. They had only seven days to devise a solution.

Although her mission focused solely on the sewers beneath their base, the entire sewer system of City B was interconnected.

This meant that securing the sewers below their base would require them to secure the whole city's sewer system.

To accomplish this, they would need to deploy a significant number of warriors and soldiers—perhaps even their entire defense force.

The enormity of the task ahead made Kisha's head throb. A migraine loomed as she contemplated the scale of the mission she needed to undertake.

'Wait, is this the second wave of zombies I've been expecting? Instead of attacking head-on, they've flooded the sewer system? FUCK it!' Kisha's mind raced with the shocking revelation, and she couldn't help but curse in frustration.

This realization didn't ease her mind; instead, it piled on more pressure.

Without even looking at her mission interface, Kisha knew she already had at least five ongoing missions, each one more challenging than the last.

She was doing her best to tackle each task with the support of everyone in the city, but even she recognized her limits.

Just the thought of the mounting missions hanging over her head was enough to make her feel exhausted.

"Call an emergency meeting with all department heads, including the Vice City Lord. We need to address this immediately, before the survivors catch on."

"I'm sure some have already sensed something is wrong, but if anyone starts investigating and uncovers the truth, it will cause mass unrest," Kisha said, her voice heavy as she drew a deep, weary breath, feeling the weight of the situation pressing on her heart.

"I understand, City Lord. I've already instructed the soldiers to keep our findings confidential for now and increased patrols around the base. This way, we can react quickly if anything arises while we formulate a strategy to handle the situation," Aston responded, his gaze lingering on Kisha.

Though her expression remained cold and indifferent, he could sense her stress—the subtle unease in her eyes gave her away.

Even Aston couldn't shake the fear and unease that settled in after hearing the report.

He was certain that once this information reached the public, the survivors would be even more panicked than they were now.

The urgency to resolve this issue weighed heavily on him, knowing they needed to act swiftly before things spiraled out of control.

After receiving Kisha's command and voicing his concerns, Aston saluted her before swiftly leaving.

He immediately contacted his trusted subordinates, the ones who had first uncovered the situation, and instructed them to summon all the department leaders for the emergency meeting.

Meanwhile, Kisha slowly ascended the stairs toward the study, her mind consumed with thoughts of how to tackle the growing problem.

No matter how hard she tried, Kisha couldn't come up with a solution to the sewer issue within the seven-day deadline.

Every plan she considered required more time, and failing to resolve this would mean jeopardizing the other critical missions as well.

The stakes were high, and the weight of the situation made her feel restless and frustrated.

She didn't want to blame her system again; she was simply exhausted from directing her anger at it.

008 remained silent, fearing it would be blamed once more.

Kisha couldn't bring herself to place blame on the little guy; after all, it looked just as devastated as she did whenever her missions kept piling up and growing increasingly dangerous.

While Kisha was lost in thought in the study, Aston and his subordinate acted as messengers, summoning the other leaders: Mr. and Mrs. Winters, the Patriarch, Vulture, Bald Eagle, and Duke.

Surprised by the call for an emergency meeting, their expressions shifted to one of solemnity and seriousness as they made their way back home.

None of them asked Aston or his subordinate for details.

The seriousness in Aston's expression, despite his attempt to appear indifferent, was enough for them to anticipate the worst once again.