

## **Apocalypse 518**

### Chapter 518 Hidden Mission

"Host, it's not me, okay?" 008 quickly distanced itself from the main system that had issued the mission.

Even 008 seemed at a loss for words at the over-the-top Mission Failure penalties.

But deep down, it knew the system had always been this ruthless—after all, they wouldn't have faced repeated deaths otherwise.

Kisha, after her initial burst of anger, managed to calm herself.

This wasn't the first time the system had been outrageous, and she knew there was little she could do about it.

However, the severity of the mission failure also confirmed one thing: the incoming storm wasn't ordinary. It would undoubtedly be deadly.

If the storm was catastrophic enough to be labeled the beginning of the end, a chilling thought crossed her mind—how would the other survivors scattered across bases and shelters around the world possibly endure it?

"Doesn't this look like what they call Ragnarok?" 008 suddenly remarked.

"Well, that's why it's called the apocalypse—it's the end of the world. And it seems the Gods are truly determined to wipe us out," Kisha replied, her face darkening as she glanced up at the ominous sky.

'Maybe it was a good decision to buy a second City Shield. Who knows how long this storm will last or how strong it will be?' she thought, her gaze drifting toward the direction Duke and the others had gone.

Her heart pounded louder with unease.

Shaking off the growing tension, she turned her attention back to the territory interface and quickly sent a message to Keith.

[Kisha: Baby Brother, can you help me broadcast a message to any open channel?]

The sudden appearance of a chatbox startled Keith, making him stumble slightly.

But as soon as he realized it was from his sister, he quickly steadied himself, read the message, and replied.

[Keith: I can! Eagle mentioned that the base has a satellite radio room. It can connect to multiple radios and open channels out there.]

[Kisha: Perfect. I need you to issue a public warning about the storm—and make it as dramatic as possible. Describe it like this: tornadoes with thunderstorms striking one after another, rain mixed with hailstones the size of fists, tsunamis swallowing the shores, mudslides tearing down mountains, and flash floods sweeping away anything near rivers or lakes. Emphasize the danger to ensure everyone takes it seriously.]

[Keith: Sis, is it really that dangerous?!]

[Kisha: Probably even worse...]

[Keith: Damn! I'll get on it right away!]

[Keith: What's the timeline?]

[Kisha: An hour or two—maybe even less.]

[Keith: We're screwed. I'll get Eagle and Hawk to help me out spreading the word.]

[Kisha: Thanks, Baby Brother.]

Ding...

[Hidden Mission Unlocked]

Kisha smiled brightly at the sight of this notification.

It reminded her of a similar mission she had before the apocalypse began—one where she had to warn as many people as possible.

Back then, her reward was based on the number of lives she managed to inform and save.

Reflecting on the impending storm, she figured it was worth trying again.

Even if no hidden mission appeared this time, it wouldn't hurt to warn others.

Though her heart had hardened over the course of the apocalypse, she still didn't wish for humanity's complete extinction—it wouldn't serve her any purpose.

As long as people stayed out of her way, there was no harm in helping them survive.

Who could have guessed she'd be right? Her efforts triggered a hidden mission once again, proving that her instincts were spot on.

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[New Mission Available!]

[Hidden Mission: S Class "The Saint"]

[Description: The role of a saint is to inspire hope and save lives, regardless of the methods employed. As long as the saint chooses to warn and protect as many lives as possible, they serve as a beacon for humanity, ensuring that the people of this world continue to survive and persevere.

Mission Requirements: Warn as many people as possible about the impending Geostorm, set to occur within the next one and a half hours. Each person who survives because of the warning will be worth 1,000 points.

Mission Completion: Weather Satellite with Radar Blueprint (Origin: World 453683), 10 Gachapon Coupon, 5 crates, and System points equivalent to the number of lives saved (1 person = 1,000 points)

Mission Failure: Automatic failure Sudden Hidden Mission: SSS Class "Survivor of God's Wrath!"]

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Kisha decided not to dwell on the daunting consequences of mission failure any longer.

Instead, she focused her attention on the mission's completion rewards, which were undeniably generous—even for an S-Class mission.

'I've really grown used to seeing S to SSS-Class missions,' Kisha mused, her thoughts trailing off.

Missions that once felt insurmountable now seemed almost routine, their frequency dulling her initial apprehension.

'Since when did S-Class missions start feeling as common as cabbages sold on the street?' she thought dryly, a faint smirk tugging at her lips despite the situation.

"Greater risk equals greater rewards," 008 chimed in, its tone a little awkward as it attempted to lift her spirits.

"I'm not sad," Kisha replied, her tone steady but laced with a hint of defiance.

"As you said, this is my last chance. If I fail and die again, that's it—no reincarnation, no second chances. My soul will be erased for eternity. Knowing that your constellation is working so hard to throw one brutal mission after another at me has only fueled my resolve. If they're testing me, then I'll grit my teeth and survive. How could I let them down now?"

Her gaze hardened, a quiet determination replacing any trace of despair. She had accepted her reality—there was no running from it.

Yet, a lingering question gnawed at the edges of her thoughts: 'How long will this continue? Until I die for good? Until I grow old and too weak to fight back?'

She exhaled softly, shaking off the thought. For now, survival was her only goal.

With Eagle and Hawk's technical expertise, Keith and the team successfully connected to the satellites orbiting Earth.

While Eagle and Hawk worked diligently behind the scenes to set up the broadcast, Keith, holding his pre-prepared speech in hand, stepped forward.

He took a deep breath, his hand steady as he lifted the radio connected to their apparatus and began speaking in clear, confident English.

"Hello, everyone. This is Keith, broadcasting from a base in the City A survivor camp. We've received critical information about an incoming storm, and I urge everyone to take immediate precautions."

His voice grew firmer as he outlined the dangers:

"For those near coastal areas, move to higher ground or as far inland as possible. This storm will bring tsunamis as tall as skyscrapers, capable of engulfing the shoreline. The movements of the ocean floor are unpredictable, and the effects may vary, but the risk is real."

He continued, his tone serious yet calm:

"To those living near rivers or lakes, evacuate immediately. Flash floods are expected and could sweep away anything in their path. Mudslide-prone areas are especially dangerous; avoid them at all costs to prevent being buried under cascading debris.

"Additionally, thunderstorms with hail and tornadoes are imminent. Be prepared for hailstones large enough to cause fatal injuries on impact. This is not an ordinary storm—it is life-threatening, and everyone must act quickly to ensure their safety."

Keith paused for a moment, letting the weight of his words settle, then added, "Please share this information with as many people as possible. Together, we can save lives."

His determined tone left no room for doubt or hesitation, and he hoped his message would reach those in need before it was too late.