

Apocalypse 53

Chapter 53 Examination

"All of you, halt!" a commanding voice boomed.

Upon entering the gate, Kisha and her group were confronted by armed soldiers, their guns trained on them as they were surrounded. They were carefully directed to the side to make way for the approaching vehicle, ensuring it could pass through the gate smoothly before it closed behind them.

None of the survivors dared to cause a commotion, fully aware of the potential danger if the soldiers decided to open fire. Fear gripped them all, immobilizing them, each one refraining from moving a muscle unless instructed to do so. Even Kisha and her group concealed their weapons and raised their hands to their heads, moving slowly to the side as directed.

As Kisha and the others stood to the side, the rumble of engines grew louder, accompanied by the intensifying cacophony of gunfire as more people joined the defense against the incoming hordes.

Soon, military trucks began to pass by, one after another, until the fourth truck approached. The people behind the gate wasted no time; they began to push it shut before the vehicle could fully pass through.

Kisha and the others didn't have a moment to spare as they were immediately subjected to interrogation.

"Who are you? Where did you come from?" demanded the person leading the soldiers surrounding them.

Despite Kisha's attempts to evade attention and focus solely on survival, she and Duke found themselves unable to ignore the situation. The imminent threat of the incoming zombie horde made it clear that avoiding engagement was no longer an option. If they didn't take action, they risked being surrounded by zombies before receiving assistance from the soldiers stationed on the walls.

Even if they tried to avoid reaching the gate and sought refuge from the horde first, Kisha wasn't certain they could hold out for long or avoid being overrun.

Kisha gritted her teeth, her mind racing as she searched for a way out of the tense situation. Uncertain of whether these people were allies or adversaries of Duke's family's aggressor, she found her options severely limited. Her focus was abruptly drawn to the man leading the interrogation; he seemed vaguely familiar, but she couldn't place where she had seen him before.

"I demand answers! Who are you? Where did you come from?" the man reiterated, the soldiers surrounding them tightening their grips on their weapons, their tension palpable.

"Rose Brigget! Special Agent from Security Division 1," the woman leading the second group declared firmly as she stepped forward to address the soldiers. "The majority of these survivors are civilians we've gathered along the way, along with some of my colleagues from Division 1." She kept her hands raised in the air, demonstrating compliance.

"Fred Archer from S.W.A.T team 2 from City A," Fred announced as he stepped forward alongside Rose.

The soldier leading the interrogation craned his neck, directing his attention towards Kisha, Duke, Sparrow, and Vulture. "What about those individuals at the rear?" he inquired.

"They are my colleagues from Division 1 extension," Rose asserted, her gaze unwavering as she fabricated the story seamlessly. "They're relatively new, and tend to keep to themselves, but rest assured, they're highly skilled."

Though Kisha was surprised by Rose's quick cover-up, she maintained her stoic expression, offering no hint of her inner thoughts. Despite the worn and injured appearance of most of the soldiers facing them, none of them matched the intimidating and gory appearance exuded by Kisha and her group.

'I think, I've overdone our disguise?' Kisha thought to herself as she silently observed the people surrounding them, the whole place was still noisy due to the gunshot echoing from the walls

This was a little different from what she had experienced in her previous life, but she only attributed it to the notification she had asked her brother to send to alert as many people as possible. But now that she thought about it, she has yet to check how much she had earned from that mission.

"008, is that mission completed?" Kisha queried.

"Host, are you referring to the mission to notify as many people as possible before the apocalypse strikes? I'll check on it immediately," came the swift response.

The soldier then redirected his focus to Fred, inquiring about the whereabouts of the other S.W.A.T personnel.

Fred's expression saddened as he shook his head. "They didn't make it. I barely managed to bring some survivors with me when we were besieged by zombies."

The soldier's expression darkened, his lips forming a tight line. "My condolences," he uttered solemnly.

Fred remained silent, his gaze fixed on the ground, his eyes reddening with grief.

Shortly after, a few medic personnel approached, prioritizing the soldiers disembarking from the military truck. They swiftly assessed their condition and directed them towards nearby tents for further treatment and examination.

Though the soldier ceased his interrogation, he remained vigilant, not fully lowering his guard. However, he instructed the soldiers to lower their weapons and directed them to guide the survivors to the nearby tents for thorough examination before granting them access to their base.

Witnessing Kisha and the others' formidable combat skills firsthand, the soldier couldn't help but admire their proficiency. He acknowledged his own limitations in close combat, realizing he couldn't match Duke's explosive strength, capable of killing zombies with mere kicks.

Considering the potential of these individuals if they were indeed working in the government like himself, they would surely be a great addition to the base. However, he remained vigilant, fully aware that if they harbored hidden motives, he would not hesitate to take decisive action, even if it meant eliminating them.

The survivors were divided into two groups based on gender and escorted to separate tents. Inside, they were instructed to disrobe completely, including removing their inner garments. While many women

felt uncomfortable with the idea of exposing their bodies in front of strangers, the stern warning that refusal would result in being sent back outside compelled them to comply.

Reluctantly, they shed their clothing, placing them in the baskets provided, and proceeded cautiously toward the female medics conducting the thorough body checks.

They approached the checking process with unwavering diligence, understanding the grave consequences of any oversight. The memory of a past incident haunted them—a slight neglect allowed an infected individual to enter the evacuation center, leading to widespread chaos and casualties.

Aware of the severity of the situation, they remained vigilant, knowing that even the slightest scratch could warrant a stringent three-day quarantine before release was considered.

"Host!!!" 008's excited voice echoed inside Kisha's head. "We garnered exactly 500,000 points from the mission you inquired about!!! And you have 10,000 points from another previous mission that you have completed early on but we failed to check because a lot of things happened."

Kisha's eyebrows shot up after hearing 008's report. "Did the system finally gain its conscience after giving me little points before?" Kisha said to 008, her statement was laced with sarcasm and a hint of indignation.

"Host, you have to understand that this has nothing to do with me." 008 cowered.

[Ding...]

[New Mission acquired!]

Kisha's eyebrows twitch, feeling that something must be up and she's not feeling good about the mission that came in.

[S Class Mission "Taking nest for 30 days"]

"008 what does this mission mean?" Kisha asked, her brows knitted tightly.

"Next!" Kisha's attention was jolted back after being nudged by the person behind her multiple times.

Kisha stepped into the partition, clutching the basket containing her belongings tightly. As she entered the designated corner, she obediently placed the basket down. Her exposed, curvaceous figure appeared unscathed, in stark contrast to her face, which bore numerous wounds and cuts. The incongruity between her pristine body and her visibly injured visage raised suspicion.

Even Kisha found herself taken aback by the requirement to disrobe. In her previous life, she was accustomed to arriving late to bases, by which time superhumans had already emerged. Back then, possessing her own abilities, she had bypassed the need for thorough examination; the immunity of superhumans to the virus had been widely acknowledged.