

Apocalypse 54

Chapter 54 S Class Mission

Sensing the persistent scrutiny about her contrasted body with her wounded face, Kisha felt compelled to address the unspoken questions. "Please, don't concern yourselves with the injuries on my face," she offered calmly, aiming to alleviate any unnecessary suspicions. "They're from a previous mission—a longstanding injury."

Through Kisha's efforts to apply makeup to mimic bruises and scratches on her face and the others, the underlying wounds appeared aged, and the scratches resembled those from gravel, sharp objects, or projectiles, clearly distinct from zombie attacks. Moreover, their adept combat skills ensured that not a single zombie could land a scratch on them.

Despite the medic's initial skepticism, Kisha's explanation was ultimately accepted.

Having already heard about the recent events involving the new survivors and their formidable strength from the soldier they had examined earlier, the female medic ensured Kisha had no other injuries before allowing her to dress in the corner. Afterward, she directed Kisha outside to wait.

Despite herself, the medic couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy at Kisha's well-proportioned, curvaceous body with curves and contours in all the right places. Unfortunately, Kisha's face bore the marks of the ordeal, marring an otherwise enviable appearance.

'God is really fair.' The medic said under her breath as she watched Kisha slip out of the tent. "Next!"

As Kisha stepped out, she spotted Rose leaning against the military truck, its surface still smeared with ominous black blood. "Hey there," Rose greeted with a nod as Kisha approached. "I don't know much

about you or the folks you're with, but I hope my gratitude for saving me and my group extends to vouching for your credibility, so no one doubts you or your intentions."

Kisha narrowed her eyes, fixing her gaze directly on Rose, attempting to glean any insight into her thoughts. Of course, she wasn't a mind reader, but she couldn't help but try. Nevertheless, she nodded at Rose. "Thank you."

Rose departed with a playful smirk dancing on her lips, making her way to her waiting group on the other side.

"We're all clear," Duke's cold voice echoed behind her. She turned just in time to witness Duke pulling down his dirty, oversized jacket.

As Kisha caught a glimpse of Duke's alluring V-line and pronounced abdominal muscles, she couldn't help but feel a lump form in her throat. Despite swallowing hard, her mouth remained dry, and a wave of heat washed over her body.

Struggling to contain the surge of thoughts and emotions, Kisha maintained a blank expression outwardly. Yet inwardly, Duke's physique was undeniably captivating—an irresistible sight to behold.

This wasn't the first time Kisha had seen Duke's bare upper body. He often invited her into his study to discuss building plans, defense strategies, patrols, and various other matters. Given their busy schedules, these discussions typically occurred right after he had showered.

He would often pace around the room, clad only in a towel slung over his shoulder, leisurely drying his wet hair. During those moments, Kisha made a concerted effort to avert her gaze from his physique,

determined not to entertain any inappropriate thoughts about him, though it proved to be a considerable challenge.

However, during those encounters, his body bore numerous scars, each with its own story—some seemingly more fatal than others. Despite the scars, his muscles were more defined back then, his back rippling with every movement, and water droplets cascading down his alluring neck as his Adam's apple bobbed with each swallow of liquid.

For a fleeting moment, Kisha's eyes sparkled with desire, but she quickly masked the emotion, though her efforts were in vain. Duke, ever observant of her expressions, caught the subtle glint in her eyes. With a knowing smirk, he advanced towards her, fully aware of the effect he had on her.

At this point, Kisha was already engaged in a discussion with 008 regarding the mission that was released by the system.

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

[Mission Description: Spend 30 days in City B's base, immersing yourself in the community of survivors, understanding their way of life, and forging connections. Failure to complete the mission will result in immediate death.]

"Damn it! Not another one of these missions!" Kisha cursed silently. "And what exactly does this one entail?"

"Host, don't fret. We'll decipher the system's intentions together," 008 reassured, though inwardly nervous. Its host had perished multiple times on missions of this caliber, and while the task might seem straightforward, there was always a catch or trap lurking beneath the surface.

Kisha reminisced about her first encounter with an S-class mission. The excitement had been palpable, driven by the promise of a superior reward and the apparent simplicity of the task. However, she quickly discovered the perilous reality: one misstep and the consequences were dire—her head would explode in an instant.

She couldn't shake off the resentment towards the system, feeling as though its purpose was not to aid her but to set her up for failure. However, when she confronted 008 about it, she learned that the missions weren't issued by it either. They originated from the constellation above, and even 008 was clueless about the reasons for the mission, it was also equally disappointed and angry.

After pushing aside her annoyance at the back of her mind, Kisha and her companions moved forward to the designated area following their body checkup.

Once everyone had gathered, the soldier from earlier positioned himself on the platform, his hands clasped behind his back as he stood with an air of authority, his expression stern. "Welcome to City B's evacuation center," he declared solemnly.

The soldier's gaze swept over the faces of the new survivors before he proceeded. "Some of you may have arrived here with the hope of finding safety and relief supplies, thinking this evacuation center is a sanctuary. Allow me to clarify."

"This place is far from heavenly. The chaos and danger you see outside are not unique to this location; it's a global crisis. There's no safe haven left. We must all fight for our survival against the monstrous beings that were once human."

His words elicited gasps from the crowd, who found themselves swallowing hard as they trembled with a sense of defeat. From his announcement, they glimpsed a bleak future, already anticipating his next directives.

"We are faced with limited supplies and manpower," he continued, his tone grave. "Each of you must bear your own burden. Those capable of fighting will be tasked with accompanying us on supply runs and reconnaissance missions outside. In return, we will provide compensation in the form of supplies.

For those unable to fight—women, the elderly, and the young—your assistance will be needed within the evacuation center. Though the compensation may be less, it will suffice to sustain you."

"No! Isn't it your duty to ensure our safety?" The older man from Hera's group protested vehemently. "We've dutifully paid our taxes, and those taxes are meant to fund your responsibilities, soldier. Why are you now forcing us to work and defend ourselves? This is unjust, and it will only lead to our demise.

Are you trying to monopolize the supplies?" His indignation was palpable as he challenged the arrangements.

"Allow me to clarify: We're not compelling anyone to work. You're free to choose not to lift a finger."

Even as the old man began to muster a smile, the soldier's words pressed on. "Of course, we cannot distribute supplies indiscriminately. There are others in greater need," he explained calmly. "Those who risk their lives to secure additional resources, even if it's just one more grain of rice. There are also those tirelessly clearing the streets of zombies to prevent an overrun of our sanctuary.

And let's not forget those dedicating themselves to tending to the sick and injured." Though his voice remained steady, his point was unmistakable.

He implies that if anyone refused to work, they would be given the option to either leave or gather their own supplies, as the resources in the evacuation center were already allocated for others.

Duke and Kisha didn't harbor strong opinions on the matter, as this approach mirrored how they managed their own base and delegated tasks among their people. They understood the necessity of maintaining productivity and couldn't tolerate idleness. As long as individuals were fairly compensated for their efforts, they saw no issue with the arrangement.