

Apocalypse 55

Chapter 55 Team

Following the introduction and clarification of expectations, the soldier directed them to the central hall for registration. Once Kisha and the others completed the registration process, they were directed towards the mission board. There, they were informed that they had the freedom to select the type of work or mission they wished to undertake in exchange for their food or supplies.

Additionally, there was an option for group registration for those interested in forming a permanent team to tackle more challenging tasks. Among the postings on the bulletin board, Kisha noticed a reconnaissance mission that had been untouched since it was posted two days prior.

Recognizing its better compensation and relatively easier nature for their group, she promptly selected it for their group.

After selecting their mission, Kisha and the others proceeded to register their group, which comprised herself, Duke, Sparrow, and Vulture.

"What will your group be called?" inquired the lady handling the group registration.

"The Northern Arctic," Kisha blurted out.

"And the names of the Leader and Vice Leader?" the lady asked.

"Leader 'D'," Kisha replied, without hesitation or further inquiry.

"Vice Leader Kisha," Duke announced, following Kisha's lead. Knowing she had appointed him as the leader to sidestep undesirable tasks, he reciprocated by designating her as his vice leader, relishing the opportunity to assert authority over her. With a taunting smirk, Duke glanced at Kisha.

Gritting her teeth, Kisha shot daggers at Duke, who met her gaze with a glance that seemed to say, 'You brought this upon yourself because you started it.'

"Alright! Your team, The Northern Arctic, has been successfully created. You'll now have access to group missions. Simply check the bulletin for available tasks, register them here, and upon completion, come to me to claim your rewards.

If there's anything you're unclear about, please don't hesitate to ask," the girl stated, her demeanor reminiscent of someone reciting from a policy booklet, addressing Kisha and her team.

"We understand," Kisha replied calmly before handing over the mission she had just taken from the bulletin board for their team.

The girl behind the group registration desk took the paper, her eyebrows shooting up in surprise as she scanned its contents. She glanced back at Kisha with concern. "Miss, are you certain you want to undertake this? It's a highly dangerous mission typically assigned to groups of 10 or more participants with military experience."

Kisha nodded confidently and added, "We're government-trained special agents with extensive experience in this field."

Sparrow and Vulture turned to Kisha simultaneously, their expressions revealing a mix of surprise and skepticism at her bold claim. Meanwhile, Duke merely raised an eyebrow, casting a curious glance at Kisha but refraining from comment.

Upon hearing Kisha's declaration and recalling rumors of survivors who arrived at the evacuation center on foot, bravely battling at the gate like emissaries of Death, the girl behind the desk wasted no time. Without hesitation, she swiftly approved the mission and informed them of the rewards awaiting completion.

However, Kisha paid little heed to such concerns; their supplies were plentiful, and they were undertaking the mission primarily to avoid suspicion of where their supplies were coming from.

"More importantly," she continued, "where can we find accommodations? Do we have assigned housing or are we provided with tents? We need a place to rest."

Unfamiliar with the initial stages of the base's procedures and management, Kisha found herself completely clueless about their next steps, relying solely on the guidance of those around her.

"Alright, regarding accommodations," the girl began. "There are two ways to obtain lodging in the evacuation center. First, you can wait for our staff to assign you a tent number. In this case, you'll share the tent with other survivors. Each tent houses 20 individuals, as we provide 10 double beds in each.

Additionally, each bed comes with a pillow and blankets," she explained, pausing briefly before continuing.

"The second option is to acquire better accommodations, such as a three-bedroom house, by exchanging a specific quantity of supplies. In this world where money holds no value, supplies are our currency. We utilize essential resources like food and medicine as a means to obtain goods and services.

The evacuation center is prepared to furnish a house for you and your group since we don't know how long the supplies in the warehouse will last.," explained the girl.

The girl's words spilled out, more like a frustrated rant to Kisha and the others. She painted a grim picture: the scarcity of full meals and the controlled flow of food supplies meant that some people could only eat once a day.

In the midst of this discourse, Kisha cut in with a practical question: "Where can we find accommodations?"

"Oh, once you step out of the central hall, you'll notice another large building to the right. That's the house and allocation management office. You can obtain your accommodations there," the girl explained cheerfully.

With a nod, Kisha handed the girl a chocolate bar before taking her leave. Grateful for the rare treat in a world where chocolates were scarce, the girl's eyes lit up with joy. Inspired by this act of kindness, she resolved to treat Kisha and her group with greater warmth upon their return.

However, as she savored the chocolate, her mind couldn't help but drift to the mission they had undertaken. A wave of worry washed over her. "I might not receive another chocolate," she mused, her optimism clouded by doubts about their mission's success.

But Kisha and her group were unaware of her thoughts and honestly, she did not care.

Upon arriving at the house and allocation management office, she noticed the familiar faces of the people they had been with for the past few days, patiently lining up to secure their accommodations. With no other option, Kisha and the others resigned themselves to wait in line as well.

Kisha turned to Duke and the others, suggesting, "Why don't we send Sparrow and Vulture to scout around and gather information while we wait here?" Duke simply nodded in agreement, recognizing that there was little else to do besides standing in line.

Sparrow and Vulture set off to fulfill their task while Duke and Kisha took their place at the end of the line. Duke's towering figure and imposing presence made him stand out conspicuously at the rear of the line, his intimidating demeanor drawing attention.

He resembled a formidable pirate with a rugged appearance, sporting a missing eye as he stood there with arms crossed. Despite the loose and tattered clothing he wore, his muscular biceps remained subtly visible, hinting at his underlying strength.

"008, as we'll be spending some time here in this base, keep an eye on Kieth and my grandparents from the territory pack. Inform me immediately if anything occurs," Kisha instructed, mindful not to overlook the need to check on her grandparents, especially during these busy periods far from her family.

"Should we inform our people back at the base about the possibility of us staying here a little longer?" Kisha inquired, meeting Duke's gaze as she sought his opinion. Though they were initially in a rush, their current circumstances left them uncertain of their next steps. Without knowing where to look or who their enemies were, they found themselves navigating blindly.

Duke's gaze flashed with a hint of menace, but he quickly masked it with a nod in response to Kisha. "I'll make an effort to contact them later and inform them," he assured her.

"Hawk and Eagle are more than capable of managing the base, and if any urgent matters require my approval, we'll address them accordingly." His hand instinctively reached out, lightly brushing against Kisha's cheek as he spoke.

Both Duke and Kisha stiffened, their gazes darting away as a jolt seemed to course through them at the contact. There was no embarrassment, but rather a sensation akin to electricity wherever their skin met. A flurry of butterflies danced in their stomachs, and Duke even felt his throat go dry momentarily.

Duke clenched his jaw, struggling to control his breathing as he felt the familiar warmth stirring in his lower half. He couldn't help but feel annoyed with himself for losing control, especially in a public setting like this.

"Next!"

Their attention was brought back to what they needed to do, so the pink atmosphere around them cleared up as if nothing ever happened. Both of them are so good at masking their emotions and keeping an indifferent face so no one even notices that something is going on.