

Apocalypse 56

Chapter 56 Accommodation

"You must be one of the new arrivals. First, I want to apologize because we have no space left in the tents. So, you can't expect to have your own bunker beds. What we can do is give you a blanket and a pillow, and you can wait until we've built a new tent for the survivors," the soldier explained to Kisha, glancing at the booklet in his hands as he briefed her on the shelter's predicament.

Kisha remained expressionless throughout the soldier's explanation. Once he finished, she responded, "It's okay. My team and I were actually hoping for our own house. I'd like to know what steps we need to take to secure a house with four or more rooms."

The soldier was taken aback, as seeking separate accommodation was a luxury afforded only to high-ranking soldiers and officials in the evacuation center. For most, affording such accommodations was simply out of reach.

He was momentarily lost in thought before regaining his composure. "Perhaps they're unaware of the requirements or the amount of supplies needed to secure private accommodations," he mused, gathering his thoughts and retrieving the booklet detailing all available accommodations within the shelter.

He then passed the booklet to Kisha, expecting her to simply accept one of the options he had prepared in advance.

However, Kisha pointed to something in the booklet and remarked, "I would like to secure this villa. It seems to be one of the finest options available here."

He retrieved the booklet and observed that it depicted a 10-bedroom villa with a rose garden in the front, a swimming pool at the back, a spacious garage, a private gym, a helipad, and an expansive open area.

Duke glanced at the booklet and raised an eyebrow after seeing it.

"Are you certain you want this one? It's likely to be quite expensive," the soldier cautioned.

"What are the requirements?" Kisha inquired, her demeanor steady and composed.

"We'll need you to pay at least 50 kilos of rice and a box of canned goods or instant noodles for this much land and facilities," he informed Kisha straightforwardly.

"Hmmm," Kisha pondered, placing her finger on her chin as she considered how to procure the necessary supplies from her inventory. "We would like to secure this villa. Currently, we have four bags full of supplies. Although we lack the 50 kg of rice, we do have several gallons of mineral water, instant noodles, and canned goods."

The soldier was completely taken aback, as he had never encountered anyone willing to expend such a significant amount of supplies for accommodation. "Miss, in case you are not aware, this is a monthly rental."

Kisha nodded indifferently before she set down her heavy bag. Fortunately, they had come prepared.

Observing Kisha's readiness to exchange her supplies for the villa, the soldier eagerly led them to view the property before settling the payment.

Duke silently trailed behind them, his eyes narrowed ever so slightly, but no one could fathom what was going on inside his head.

As they strolled through the evacuation center, they traversed the rows of massive tents erected side by side in the expansive square near the gates. Numerous individuals roamed the area with hollow gazes and somber expressions.

Most of the survivors huddled inside the tents, grappling with their new reality and clinging to the hope that the apocalypse that befell the earth would soon be vanquished or fade away. Many preferred to avoid confronting the grim circumstances they now found themselves in. However, there were those who steeled themselves to confront the harsh truth of their once-peaceful homeland's transformation.

For the sake of their families and the prospect of a future, they tirelessly labored within the shelter, trading their efforts for essential supplies.

As they drew nearer to the heart of the shelter, the tents became filled with soldiers and government officials. Some bore heavy wounds, yet they continued to meticulously clean their firearms outside, their eyes harboring a sense of unease as if they were poised to spring into action at any moment.

As Kisha and Duke silently observed their surroundings, they trailed behind the soldier en route to the villa. "We've lost too many comrades in the 4 days it took to build this shelter," the soldier reflected. "Initially, we housed survivors within the building, but our superiors knew it wouldn't last for long. They feared siege and us being massacred with no way out.

So, we mobilized our forces to erect sturdy walls using cranes. Each day, we expand our territory to enhance our defenses," he elaborated as they walked along the road.

Kisha and Duke took in the scene without uttering a word. They observed the disproportionate ratio of tents to soldiers within the shelter, noting that some tents appeared unoccupied. Meanwhile, medics hurriedly moved between tents.

The atmosphere weighed heavy with gloom and tension, suffused with the distinct scent of blood and gunpowder.

Having experienced such scenes numerous times, Kisha no longer felt the same level of fear or concern as she once did. Her stomach had hardened over time, unlike the first instances where she was overcome with nausea and her insides twisted in every direction. Now, she could even tolerate being around rotting flesh if circumstances demanded it.

After passing through the mid-section, they entered a zone enclosed by heavy gates guarded by soldiers around the clock. Beyond these gates stood the large villas.

As they proceeded deeper into the central area, they reached Villa #1, the accommodation Kisha had set her sights on. Positioned at the heart of the shelter, it boasted a metal gate standing over three meters tall and its own guard house.

"We'll take this," Kisha declared as soon as they stepped beyond the gate.

A skeptical look crossed the soldier's face. "Are you not going to view every place inside?" he inquired.

"No need. We're tired from traveling outside and we just want to rest," Kisha replied calmly. "Two of our people might come to your office later. You can direct them here as we arrange for the supplies we have. Alternatively, you can check what we have now and return for the remaining once our people come back." With a deliberate motion, Kisha began to remove the backpack from her back.

"No problem, I'll gather the supplies all at once later. Then I can bring some people with me to carry the supplies to the warehouse," the soldier said, his tone tinged with excitement. He seemed eager not only because it would be counted in their inventory, but also because he would receive a bonus, much like a realtor.

"Then, if you don't have anything else for me, I'll be leaving you here," the soldier said before departing with lighter steps, heading back to the house and allocation management office.

Once the soldier had left the premises, Kisha and Duke approached the villa's entrance. The entire property was spacious and grand, reminiscent of a castle, but with a modern design. Approximately 30% of the structure was covered by floor-to-ceiling glass windows on the second floor, providing an expansive view of the surroundings from both the upper level and the area overlooking the swimming pool.

After walking for about a hundred steps, the soldier suddenly remembered that the villa was equipped with a smart lock, requiring either a fingerprint or a code if they didn't have the master key. It had taken them three whole days to successfully unlock the villa for future use.

He hurried back to Villa #1, realizing he had forgotten to provide Kisha with the access code or the key card. However, upon reaching the gate, he noticed that the lights in the villa were already on. Doubt

crept into his mind as he questioned whether he had already informed them about the access method and he had just simply forgotten.

With a shrug, he walked back to his office, scratching his head in embarrassment for his forgetfulness.