

## Apocalypse 707

### Chapter 707 Phase 2 Starting

Then, after exploring the Underground Level 2, Duke led Kisha down to Level 3, continuing until they reached the final underground level. As Duke guided her through each area, Kisha's hoarding instincts kicked in before her brain could process it.

Absentmindedly, she stored away everything she saw into her inventory, barely realizing what she was doing.

By the time Duke finished the tour, the bunker had been completely cleared out, yet he remained blissful as he shared his treasure with the one he loved, grinning as he proudly led her around. When they finally emerged from the bunker, not a single item was left behind.

Afterward, Duke registered Kisha's retina, fingerprints, and voice into the system, ensuring that she, too, would have full access to the bunker—no longer just his domain but hers as well.

Although the bunker no longer held Duke's stored supplies, its true value remained in its structure. Built to withstand a nuclear bomb, it was an impenetrable safe haven. Now that Kisha had full access, she could use it whenever needed in the future, without any restrictions standing in her way.

"Wifey, now that you've taken all my assets and left me completely broke, I have nothing to my name anymore," Duke said, playing with Kisha's hand, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "That means I can only stay with you—no take-backs! I belong to you now, and you're not allowed to leave me."

It was then that Kisha realized—this had been Duke's plan all along. This was why he had been so eager to hand everything over to her from the very start.

Kisha wasn't about to turn down all these valuable assets, especially since Duke was offering them so freely. Besides, she wasn't losing anything in the deal. With a small smile, she nodded.

"Alright, now that we've got everything settled, let's talk about who will be heading to the farm to meet Sparrow's new recruit."

Hearing Kisha refer to the newcomer as a "new recruit," Sparrow couldn't help but feel a sense of accomplishment, as if he had achieved something significant. A small smirk tugged at his lips, but his satisfaction only served to aggravate the other three, who were still plotting ways to get back at him.

Despite their lingering grudge, they were eager to tag along. They saw this as an opportunity to gain more combat experience—after all they felt like, wherever Kisha and Duke went, action was sure to follow.

Sparrow, on the other hand, also seemed to attract chaos, but for entirely different reasons. Unlike Kisha and Duke, whose encounters always felt like missions sent their way, Sparrow's experiences were purely a result of his terrible luck.

And that was exactly why they hesitated. It wasn't that they doubted his abilities, but there was always the nagging fear that his misfortune might rub off on them. Or perhaps... it was just their own prejudice.

Either way, Sparrow had to come along since he was the one Dracon was familiar with. However, Duke was adamant about Kisha staying behind—he didn't want her exhausting herself any further.

His plan was simple: bring back the man and the supplies she needed while she took the time to rest.

Duke knew just how much Kisha had been pushing herself these past few days. The weight of countless responsibilities had fallen squarely on her shoulders, and though he had once given her the position of City Lord as a playful gesture—to prove that she could, quite literally, rule over him—he now regretted it. What was meant to be a symbolic title had instead become a heavy burden.

Now, all he wanted was to lighten that load. If there was anything he could do to ease her burdens, to handle the work in her place, he would do it without hesitation.

What Duke didn't realize was that even if he took on the title of City Lord of HOPE Base, the system would still assign Kisha missions that would ultimately push her to reclaim control.

The system had always intended for her to lead—it was why she was forced to stay at the base in a certain timeframe in the first place, tasked with overthrowing the Coltons and dismantling their tyranny.

No matter how many detours they took, the outcome remained the same: Kisha needed to be the City Lord. In the end, Duke handing her that position had only streamlined the process.

Instead of having to navigate political maneuvering or manipulate the system to claim her rightful authority, she was able to step into the role effortlessly, exactly as the system had intended all along.

Kisha could sense Duke's genuine intentions—he really wanted to lighten her burden and make things easier for her. The issue was that the system had no such intentions to give her the easy route.

In her experience, the system seemed determined to throw the most grueling and demanding missions at her, ensuring that nothing ever came easily.

Ding!

Just as that thought crossed her mind, a familiar notification popped up.

[Welcome to the second phase of The Beginning of the End!]

[New Mission Available]

Seeing the familiar text pop up in front of her, Kisha immediately knew—her brief moment of rest was over. Whatever the system had planned for her next, she had no choice but to participate.

It seemed like the second phase of missions would come one after another, leaving her little room to breathe. She wouldn't even be surprised if it was another exhausting chain mission like before. But despite her growing anticipation, a lingering nervousness settled in her chest.

How much harder would this phase be compared to the first?

That same first phase that had killed her repeatedly—99 times, to be exact—before she finally managed to clear it.

If the first phase had been brutal enough to kill her dozens of times, she could only imagine how much worse the second phase would be.

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[S-Class Mission: "Commander of a Thousand 2"]

[Mission Description: As the hope of humanity, you are tasked with building a safe haven for survivors. However, a place is not truly safe without its protectors. Only the strongest, those born to lead, can create a refuge that ensures the safety of thousands. This shelter needs warriors who can brave any danger and lay down their lives to protect the weak.

Mission Requirement: Recruit 1500 brave warriors and train them as fiercely as a lion trains its cubs. Ensure they are fully prepared within 10 days.

Mission Completion: Healing Potion Recipe: Low Quality and Title: "Commander of a Thousand" x1

Mission Failure: Failing to meet the requirement would lead to death]

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"008, what's the meaning of having the same title twice? I already have the 'Commander of a Thousand' title—are they just recycling rewards but cranking up the difficulty?" Kisha nearly hissed in frustration.

Not only was the reward a repeat, but the time limit had been slashed from 15 days to just 10. And, as expected, the mission's difficulty had only increased.

"Host, I believe we can synthesize the duplicate titles to enhance their effectiveness," 008 explained. "For example, if the current title boosts warriors' experience gain by tenfold, then after synthesis, the effect might double—or additional effects and stat boosts could be unlocked. We'll only know the exact outcome once the synthesis is complete."

Despite providing this explanation, 008 itself was baffled. The second phase's mission didn't make much sense, and it was merely offering the best possible reasoning it could come up with at the moment.

"Tsk! Is your constellation messing with me, or is it just looking for a fight?" Kisha thought to her mind as she tried not to blame 008 for this blunder, irritation creeping into her mind as she scanned through the mission details.

No matter how much she checked, the rewards felt insultingly cheap compared to what she had received before. This was supposed to be an S-Class mission, yet one of the rewards was a Low-Quality Potion recipe—how was that even acceptable?

"Host, while it may be a low-quality potion recipe, its true value depends on how you use it," 008 interjected. "If you have an alchemist in your ranks, there's a high chance of refining it into something much more potent. Remember, recipes like these are nearly impossible to come by, no matter how

much one is willing to pay. Only true geniuses can develop such formulas. Healing potions, in particular, are among the most coveted items in existence—people would kill just to get their hands on a single recipe."

But even after 008's explanation, Kisha still couldn't shake off her disappointment. She had just finished the grueling first phase and earned countless valuable rewards from the missions of the same rank, yet now, the second phase was kicking off with this?

The reward and the timing felt almost mocking—right when she had been stressing over the need for more combatants, this mission conveniently appeared.

However, if she forced herself to think positively, this was exactly what she needed. Strengthening her base's combat force was a priority, and if this mission could help her do that, then maybe—just maybe—it was worth it. That was the only thing keeping her frustration in check, the small silver lining consoling her irritated heart and mind.