

Apocalypse 892

Chapter 892 Posting Missions

While Kisha was occupied, the guide assigned to Jason and Adam led them back to the medical facility to bring the child to Dr. Eric Gilberts. Upon arrival, the mother and son were left in the doctor's care for a check-up. With that settled, Jason and Adam's team returned to the marketplace, which was now bustling with even more activity than before. The area was filled with warriors and their families, many of them eager to spend their crystal cores on the wide array of goods for sale.

In addition to basic supplies, new items had appeared: children's toys, beauty products, and even cold weapons were now being offered. Though only a week had passed since their last visit, both the number of stalls and the crowd had noticeably grown, a sign that business was thriving. The variety available was impressive; it seemed like they could find almost anything they needed.

Naturally, both teams grew more eager to explore the marketplace, but before they could fully dive in, Jason suddenly remembered the mission he wanted to post on the Central Hall's mission board.

"Can we stop by the Central Hall for a bit?" Jason asked the guide.

Adam looked at him, slightly puzzled. "Why do you want to go there?" he asked curiously.

Jason replied, "Lately, we've noticed an increase in mutated zombies appearing near our hunting grounds. Because of that, the safe area for hunting is shrinking, and I'm worried they might eventually reach our camp. So I want to post a mission to eliminate them."

"To make it easier for anyone who might take on the task, we've gathered as much information as we could about the mutated zombies, their locations, behavior, and habitats, so the mission takers can decide if they're up for it."

"Whoa, that's actually really helpful. We had the same idea and noted down some information too, but it looks like you guys were more thorough than us," Adam said with a grin. "Let's head over together and post the mission, hopefully some of the warriors here at HOPE Base will find it interesting."

With that, he urged the guide to take them to the Central Hall. When they arrived, they went straight to the right side of the building, which was nearly deserted; there weren't many mission takers around at this hour. As a result, they were the first in line when they approached the receptionist.

"Hello, sir. How may I assist you today?" the receptionist asked with a polite smile.

"Hi," Jason replied a bit nervously, placing a worn notebook on the counter. "We'd like to post a mission. Do you accept elimination missions for mutated zombies? We've gathered detailed information about them, their locations, types, and behavior, and wrote everything down here."

"Of course!" the receptionist replied warmly. "We just need the location of the mutated zombies and an estimate of their threat level. That way, mission takers can assess if they're strong enough to take it on, which helps prevent unnecessary casualties. The more details you can provide, the better."

"Additionally, there's a posting fee, and you'll need to pay the full bounty reward in advance. The more generous the bounty, the more likely it is that capable teams will take interest in the mission."

Jason's face lit up. "That's great! How much does it cost to post a mission on the board?" he asked eagerly.

"The cost depends on the difficulty of the mission," the receptionist explained with a polite, unwavering smile. "More dangerous missions tend to stay on the board longer, taking up space and requiring more attention, so the posting fee increases accordingly."

"Missions are classified by difficulty, starting from Grade E as the lowest, then D, C, B, A, followed by S, SS, and SSS as the highest. Once we review the details of your mission, we'll assess its level and let you know the corresponding grade and cost."

"As for the rates:

Grade E costs 2 crystal cores

Grade D is 3

Grade C is 4

Grade B is 5

Grade A jumps to 10 crystal cores

Grade S requires 20

Grade SS is 30

And Grade SSS, the most dangerous, is 50 crystal cores."

"The steep increase for higher grades is due to the extreme risk involved—S-level missions and above are often considered near-suicidal."

"Then why even accept missions that are so dangerous? Is there anyone actually capable of handling them?" Adam asked, frowning. The required payment was no small amount, and the way the receptionist described it made it sound like anyone who took on such a mission would be walking straight to their death.

"Well," the receptionist replied, still smiling politely, "if no one steps up, our City Lord or Vice City Lord might take the mission themselves."

Jason and Adam exchanged thoughtful glances. They had witnessed firsthand how powerful Kisha was, and they'd overheard whispers among the survivors about the sheer strength of both the City Lord and Vice City Lord. While they couldn't tell whether the rumors were exaggerated or not, one thing was certain: they couldn't yet gauge the true limits of their strength. But deep down, they believed it: if anyone could take on those missions, it would be them.

Truth be told, it was Kisha who had given these instructions to the receptionist regarding the acceptance of missions posted by outsiders. She wasn't short on crystal cores, after all, most of the cores brought in by outsiders ended up in her treasury.

But the real reason she allowed and personally took on these seemingly impossible missions was strategic. By doing so, she could support the smaller allied bases and encourage them to lean more heavily on HOPE Base for protection and strength. In turn, this would tighten their alliance and ensure those bases would be more willing to offer their support when HOPE Base needed it most.

Hearing this, both Adam and Jason felt relieved, as if a weight had been lifted off their shoulders. With renewed ease, Jason handed the receptionist his notebook, which contained details of the missions he wanted to post.

So far, he had documented four elimination missions targeting mutated zombies that had taken over their hunting grounds and were dangerously close to their base. He considered these the top priority. The rest of the missions, he set aside for now, knowing that he and his team didn't have enough crystal cores to post them all at once.

The receptionist then took the notebook to the back, where a support-type awakened ability user with an ability for data processing and appraisal scanned through the missions. In just a few seconds, he reviewed all the details, assessed the threat levels, and printed out formal mission notices.

These documents contained refined summaries of each mission along with their corresponding difficulty grades, neatly printed on A4 sheets. Once done, he handed them back to the receptionist, who returned to the front desk to proceed with the next steps.

When the receptionist returned to where Adam and Jason's team was waiting, she held Jason's notebook in one hand and the printed mission notices in the other. She handed the notebook back to Jason, then carefully laid out the printed mission notices on the reception desk in front of them.