

Apocalypse 893

Chapter 893 Posting Missions 2

Jason and the others were genuinely surprised; it had taken less than an hour, yet the evaluation was already complete. The support-type awakened ability user had not only appraised each mission but also compiled them into neatly formatted, comprehensive mission notices far more organized and detailed than what they had submitted.

While Jason and the others were reviewing the mission notices, the receptionist also received the digital copies on her computer. This allowed her to easily upload the missions into their official database once Jason confirmed which ones he wanted to post.

With this system in place, any time a team accepted a mission, the receptionist would simply register the group's name under the corresponding listing. This streamlined the tracking process, making it easier to monitor the progress of each mission, see how many teams had already taken it, and update any new information about the mission target directly from their end.

Currently, the four mission notices were graded between C and B. Out of the four, three were assessed as Grade C, while one was Grade B. They weren't exactly easy, but they weren't overly difficult either, missions that a capable team like Fred's could reasonably handle.

However, since both Jason and Adam were new to this process, they didn't have a clear idea of how challenging these grades truly were. Still, with the assessments complete and the cost within their means, Jason didn't hesitate. He counted out 17 crystal cores from his stash and placed them on the counter.

The receptionist smiled as she glanced at her computer, a recent addition that had significantly streamlined her tasks. With a few quick clicks, she entered the new missions into the listings and set their status to "OPEN."

This marked them as available and visible to other receptionists. Once a group accepted a mission, the status would automatically change to "IN PROGRESS," along with a number indicating how many teams had already taken it.

Following the details in his notebook, Jason carefully counted out 50 crystal cores as the bounty for each mission, amounting to a total of 200 crystal cores. Just like that, half of their prepared budget vanished.

With reddening eyes and a reluctant sigh, Jason handed over the crystal cores to the receptionist. It had taken them days of effort and risk to gather that much, and now it was gone in mere minutes.

The receptionist swiftly updated the system, officially listing the four new missions and marking them as "OPEN." Once everything was confirmed, she accepted the payment, counted the cores meticulously, then gave Jason a nod of acknowledgment, signaling that everything was in order. As she did, another staff member approached, took the printed mission notices, and walked over to pin them onto the mission board.

Jason turned to leave, his shoulders slumping and steps heavy, as if a part of his soul had been spent along with the cores. His teammates, noticing the drained look on his face, quickly pulled him aside to rest while Adam and his team stepped forward to begin posting their own mission and go through the process.

"Don't worry about it, boss. Once those mutated zombies are cleared out of our hunting grounds, we'll earn back those crystal cores in no time," one of Jason's teammates said with a reassuring grin, trying to lift his spirits.

Unfortunately, it didn't work.

Jason still looked devastated, on the verge of tears, really. They had just over 200 crystal cores left, and that wouldn't get them far, especially with how expensive supplies were. Worse, he was almost out of the special Cure Meat with added effects... and that stuff wasn't cheap.

"Ah!" Suddenly, one of his teammates shouted, snapping everyone's attention toward him. "Boss! Come here—hurry!" he called out, waving him over urgently.

Jason dragged himself forward like a zombie, slouched and defeated.

"What is it now?" he muttered, voice flat as he shuffled over, looking like a man whose soul had been drained.

"Look at this! There are actually some doable missions here!" the guy exclaimed, eyes wide with surprise. "We won't get any crystal cores, but we'll be rewarded with supplies instead! Check this out, this mission just needs us to help eliminate zombies outside the wall in a designated zone to prevent a horde from forming near the base. And the bounty? One sack of flour, twenty kilograms of potatoes, twenty kilograms of cabbage, one hundred eggs, five kilos of pork, and five kilos of beef!"

He practically shouted the last part, unable to hide his excitement.

“That’s way more than what we could buy from the marketplace using crystal cores! And it even says we can keep all the crystal cores we collect from the zombies we kill, as long as we clear the area, everything we find is ours!”

Unlike the other missions on the board, which had strict hiring requirements and were often limited to base residents, this one was open to outsiders, too. That meant they could take it, no strings attached, and claim the entire reward for themselves.

Seeing the mission notice, Jason trembled with excitement. Without hesitation, he pushed his teammates to search for more missions like this, ones that weren’t restricted to residents only. As they looked around, they quickly realized something: the smaller mission board was reserved for tasks exclusive to base residents.

These missions involved important internal work like transporting goods from the Supply Center to the Workshop or handling clerical duties. Interestingly, none of these had difficulty grades, which meant they were likely posted directly by the base or department heads.

In contrast, the larger mission board held all the more dangerous missions, and it was here that Jason’s team had found the one offering generous food rewards. The mission had a label at the top corner indicating it was issued by the Base itself, which gave them confidence that the reward was legitimate.

Feeling a surge of hope, Jason eagerly took the pinned mission notice off the board while his teammates continued scanning for more opportunities.

“Boss, that mission was graded B, so I think it’s going to be tough,” one of Jason’s teammates voiced his concern. “Since we’re just regular humans without awakened abilities, I doubt we can handle it alone. What if we talk to Adam’s group and team up? We can split the reward evenly between us.”

He suspected that with such a generous bounty, the mission wouldn't be easy. It might involve a mutated zombie, or worse, a large horde, something their team might struggle to handle on their own.

"Hmm." Jason fell into a thoughtful silence as he stared at the mission notice in his hand. He had gotten too excited and almost overlooked the potential danger. Thankfully, his older teammate had reminded him, otherwise, they might've walked straight into a mission they couldn't handle.

"Alright," Jason finally said, pinning the mission notice back where he took it, "let's look for missions graded D or E instead. We'll test the waters first and see what we can handle. If things go well, we'll gradually take on harder missions from there."

His teammates all nodded in agreement as they turned back to scan the mission board.