

Apocalypse 894

Chapter 894 Mission Registration

By the time they finished scouring the mission board, they had picked out three Grade E missions and four Grade D missions.

The Grade E missions mainly consisted of scouting assignments in areas outside the base, places that the base's warriors hadn't been able to check recently, especially with most of Kisha's people tied up in training. Kisha herself was running out of time, as her S-Class mission, "Commander of a Thousand II," was nearing its deadline.

The warriors were all tied up with training, leaving them short on manpower for external scouting. This routine mission was essential to monitor zombie activity around the base, to track the zombies' movements, prevent a nearby horde from evolving into a full-scale zombie wave, or detect the presence of any mutated zombies preparing to gather more zombies and attack.

Regular scouting helped them catch subtle shifts early and prepare accordingly, so they wouldn't be caught off guard. But with limited personnel, the base had no choice but to hire outside help.

To ensure the job wasn't done half-heartedly, the base assigned a few of their own to accompany the outsiders. While it was officially a scouting mission, it functioned more like an escort operation, reinforcing Kisha's team and reducing the risk to her people.

Meanwhile, the Grade D mission was primarily an elimination task. Although it was similar to the initial mission, Jason and his teammate encountered a threat level that was much higher. It simply involved clearing out a few stray zombies lingering near the base.

Since the base wasn't lacking in supplies, only manpower, they didn't want to waste bullets or pull guards away from the walls. Instead, they offered these low-risk tasks to outsiders. This way, the base didn't need to lift a finger, and the outsiders would be introduced to the mission board system at the same time.

It served a dual purpose: not only did it handle minor threats without burdening the soldiers, but it also encouraged outsiders to engage with the mission board, take on more assignments, or even post their own. In a way, it was a smart investment on Kisha's part, laying the groundwork for a more efficient, self-sustaining system.

Before Adam and his team even finished posting their missions, Jason and his group had already made their selection. They chose missions clustered in the same area to avoid scattering in different directions, which would only waste time and energy.

They opted for a mission on the eastern side of the base. After the tsunami swallowed Port City, swarms of zombies, mutated rats, and other creatures fled inland, many of them now congregating in City B and nearby towns. This led to a surge in zombie activity in the eastern area.

Although the mission on the eastern side was of the same grade as those on the west, it offered a slightly lower reward. Still, it was considered relatively safer. Missions on the western side involved the same types of tasks, elimination and scouting, but with higher bounties. As the saying goes, the greater the risk, the greater the reward.

But Jason preferred to play it safe, especially since he wasn't yet familiar with how mission grades were truly determined. For now, he could only test the waters. If he and his team handled the eastern mission well, and the higher-tier missions or the same tier were still available afterward, then he could consider taking one on, armed with a better understanding of what they were up against.

Now that a new system had been established at the HOPE Base, outsiders were allowed to stay for a few days, so long as they didn't remain for an entire month. If people overstayed, especially with a continuous influx of outsiders, the base's population would quickly spiral out of control.

And with overpopulation came inevitable problems. To prevent this, the base had put strict population control measures in place.

But as long as they stayed within the permitted timeframe, Jason and his team could take their time completing missions before returning to the base for more. It was the perfect opportunity to grind for bounty rewards, whether in the form of supplies or crystal cores. That way, by the time they returned to their own camp, they'd have stockpiled enough resources to make a difference.

Before leaving, Jason had checked their current storage and confirmed that his people had enough supplies to last until the next month, provided they continued strict rationing. If everything went according to plan, the next time he came back with a new haul, everyone at camp could afford to eat more comfortably.

Hopefully, by then, the mutated zombies lingering near their hunting grounds would also be eliminated. If so, they could finally begin expanding their borders and trade more crystal cores for defensive and offensive equipment, further strengthening their chances of long-term survival.

With a solid plan now forming in his mind, Jason felt more confident, like everything was finally falling into place. After selecting two Grade E missions, one scouting and one elimination, he made his way to the registration counter to officially accept them.

"Hello there, how can I help you?" the woman behind the counter greeted with a polite smile.

"We'd like to take these missions, please," Jason said, handing over the mission notice. Behind him, his team nodded enthusiastically, like chickens pecking at rice, their excitement barely contained.

"Have you registered your group yet?" the woman asked. "If not, I'll need the identification card of all your members. Also, please provide a name for your group."

Jason blinked. "A group? Is that required?" he asked, a little confused by the unexpected formality.

"Hm, technically, you can take on a mission solo," the woman explained, "but for safety reasons, it's strongly recommended to go as a group, especially if you're not an awakened ability user. As for registering your group, yes, it's required by our system. It helps us track which teams are currently assigned to which missions."

She tapped her screen and continued, "Once a group is registered, we can easily view its members. That way, if something unfortunate happens during a mission, we can monitor casualties, keep accurate records, and include everything in our reports. It's all part of our updated tracking and safety system."

So far, only a handful of groups had been registered in the new database, mostly remnants from the time when the base was still under the jurisdiction of the former Minister of Defense. After the restructuring and the launch of a more systematic approach, the staff transferred and re-coded all existing records into the updated system.

Among them was the 'Northern Arctic' group, still active in the registry, composed of Kisha, Duke, Vulture, and Sparrow.

"All right, please register our group as 'Blazing Wolf,'" Jason said excitedly. After all, what man didn't like giving his team a cool name? His subordinates nodded in agreement, their enthusiasm mirroring his as they handed over their identification cards, issued upon entering the base.