

## Apocalypse 735

### Chapter 735 Being Merciful

He scratched his head, thoughtful. "It's kind of like the mutated snakes—just like they evolved, we humans are evolving too, and these powers are part of that. We call it awakening. I can't explain all the details—only my sister might be able to explain it properly. I just know the basics."

"Oh! That's amazing!" Abby clapped her hands together excitedly, her eyes lighting up as she eagerly chatted with Keith about the awakened ability he mentioned.

Meanwhile, at the front of the truck, Duke cast a thoughtful glance at Kisha. After a moment of silence, he turned to her and asked,

"Wifey, you were ready to let that vicious woman off the hook, right? What changed your mind?"

His tone was gentle but curious, as if he already had a sense of what was going through her mind—yet still couldn't fully grasp her reasoning. He was baffled. If it were up to him, he wouldn't have hesitated to deal with Lisa himself, just to make sure she never got the chance to climb back up and cause more trouble in the future.

Hearing Duke's words, Kisha's smile froze. A tight knot formed in her throat, her heart skipping a beat with nervousness. She didn't know how Duke figured it out, but the truth was—he was right.

It was her intention to let Lisa taste the despair of abandonment, to let her struggle alone in the dark and feel what it was like to crawl out of hell.

The truck Lisa was given was barely functional, and all she had was a dagger. By any measure, it was a hopeless situation. If Lisa was unlucky, she'd likely die before making it far. But if she used her brain—and if luck was on her side—she might just survive.

Either way, Kisha didn't care. Unlike her, who had died and started over more than once, Lisa only had one life. That fragile, singular life would be tormented by despair—and to Kisha, that was enough. That despair was her revenge for the pain her past self endured.

But then, something changed. The angry red emoji floating above Lisa's head, marked "Bad," suddenly darkened. It turned black. The symbol became a devil, and the text shifted to "Evil." Kisha's breath hitched. Lisa's hatred had reached its peak. If she survived... she would come back. And this time, she'd return for blood.

That alone wasn't enough to faze Kisha or scare her. She had been through too much in life to be easily shaken. Even when she left, she remained confident she could handle Lisa if it came to it.

In fact, she'd even left Melody behind—because unlike Lisa, Melody hadn't crossed the line beyond redemption.

Risky? Yes.

Foolish? Maybe.

But Kisha wasn't heartless.

So why hadn't she left Lisa a way out?

Why had she gone so far as to use a 'Beast-Attracting Talisman,' effectively sealing Lisa's fate?

The answer was simple.

Her 'Eye of Truth' had just reached Level 2, and in that very moment, like a jolt to the brain, a vision flashed before her eyes—a glimpse of the future.

In it, Lisa returned... but not alone. She came back with a powerful new faction, a group of deadly individuals who attacked without mercy. Kisha saw her people fall. She saw her family bleed. She didn't know how Lisa had survived—only that she did, and that she returned more dangerous than ever.

The vision was only a flicker, barely a second long, but it was enough to stop Kisha in her tracks. Just for a heartbeat, she turned around and looked back at the helpless, broken woman she was leaving behind.

She didn't know what means Lisa would use to survive that place, or what kind of power she might gain to reach her family and tear down all the protections Kisha had painstakingly put in place. But one thing was certain—Kisha wasn't willing to gamble on it.

It reminded her of a dream she once had—a vivid and unsettling vision where she sat in the center of a ruined courtyard while a woman calmly showed her the downfall of her clan. Bodies were everywhere. The air was thick with burning smoke of the houses, blood and grief.

At the time, she thought it was just a nightmare. But now, the memory echoed too perfectly with the glimpse her 'Eye of Truth' had just shown her. It might not just be a dream. It might have been an interpretation or a warning. A premonition of what could come to pass. And that terrified her more than anything else.

She didn't know how to fully control this new ability or what triggered it, but what she glimpsed felt too real—so real that cold sweat soaked her back and her feet turned icy. The terror rooted deep inside her, and she knew she couldn't afford to take chances.

Why was she so afraid? It wasn't far-fetched to consider that someone might have helped Lisa escape, but who could have been powerful enough to challenge Kisha's strength and her fortified base?

The answer was clear: a Constellation. Kisha realized during her last battle in City B that the missions given by Constellations could significantly alter the environment, even controlling the zombies. So, what was stopping a Constellation from intervening on Lisa's behalf?

Kisha's thoughts sharpened, the pieces of the puzzle falling into place. The vision she had seen—of Lisa and a faction threatening her people—suddenly made more sense.

It was no longer far-fetched to think that Lisa wasn't the only one receiving aid from a Constellation. If there were others involved, they could unite, becoming a powerful force that could easily challenge Kisha and her people.

The aid from a Constellation was like granting Lisa and her faction access to a system—or perhaps it was a powerful awakened abilities. Either way, preventing Lisa from growing stronger was her top priority.

She needed to find those others in the faction, though she had no idea who they were or where to look. One thing was certain, however—they would be coming for her.

But why was the Constellation continuously making Kisha's mission harder, even aiding her enemies? It only solidified her belief that the Constellation truly wanted her dead. This was her final life, and if she died again, her soul would be erased for good.

So, without hesitation, she ordered 008 to find a way to lure the mutated beast toward Lisa. That way, Kisha wouldn't need to dirty her hands, and Lisa would be left thinking she still had a slim chance of survival.

It was a cruel mercy—leaving behind a flicker of hope in a hopeless situation. But it was exactly that hope, combined with hatred, that would fuel Lisa's survival instinct. After all, they say evil grass doesn't die easily.

Still, Kisha had made her choice. She no longer wanted to gamble with fate. This decision served two purposes: it eliminated Lisa, and it redirected the mutated snake's attention away from their group.

That's why, when she heard Lisa's final scream and 008's cold confirmation of her death, a strange peace settled over Kisha—like she had just narrowly rewritten a doomed future.

Not only had she avenged her past self, but she had also prevented a future disaster from striking her family. Yet, despite doing everything in secret, the fact that Duke still saw through her carefully maintained facade left Kisha feeling exposed—and just a little helpless.

"Don't worry, wifey. I think you did the right thing," Duke said gently, trying to lift Kisha's spirits. "This way, we won't give her a chance to crawl back and stir up trouble in the future."

Though Kisha's expression remained composed, Duke could sense the sudden shift in her mood. Her eyes seemed distant, gazing far beyond the horizon, her aura dimming as if weighed down by invisible thoughts.

Hearing his words, Kisha's mind stirred.

'Even he knew that? Was it really that obvious—that being too merciful only invites future disaster? Then... what about me? Were all my deaths in my past lives a result of my own mercy? Of giving enemies a second chance, only for them to return stronger and strike when I least expected?'

Kisha smiled wryly, feeling as though she'd just lost a battle she didn't even know she was fighting. A wave of helplessness washed over her, and she slumped in her seat, her mood sinking even lower.

Seeing this, Duke was at a loss. He had hoped his words would lift her spirits, but instead, they seemed to have the opposite effect. Not wanting to say something that might make things worse, he chose silence.

Quietly, he reached over and took her hand in his—large, warm, and steady—and gave it a gentle squeeze. It was a simple gesture, but it carried his unwavering support.