

## Apocalypse 805

### Chapter 805 - Hidden Mission Triggered

Ding!

Kisha had already traveled five kilometers from the base, leaving a trail of decimated zombies in her wake. She didn't aim to wipe them all out—just thin their numbers enough to keep the area manageable.

After all, the remaining ones would serve as live training dummies for her warriors. As she weaved through the undead with swift precision, she made sure not to linger. Her speed kept the zombies from catching up, and once she was out of their sight, they would eventually lose interest and return to their aimless wandering.

In the midst of her controlled cleaning, a sudden system notification chimed in her ear, pulling her attention.

[New Mission Available!]

[Hidden Mission Triggered – Class B: "Save the Damsel or Be the Villain"]

[Description: Approximately 10 kilometers ahead, two opposing groups are engaged in a fierce battle over a truckload of valuable supplies. Both groups hail from separate, smaller settlements located dozens of miles away from City A. They ventured into the area to scavenge resources and investigate the rumored base in City B.

Their intentions remain unclear—whether they seek alliance, refuge, or conquest—but the power dynamic between the two groups is evident. One side is significantly weaker and on the verge of being wiped out. Tensions have reached a breaking point.

Mission Objective: Choose a side and assist them in securing the truck. One group must be eliminated. Your decision may shape future relations—or fuel future conflicts.

Mission Completion:

1,000 Monster Blood

1,000 Goblin Blood

1,000 Fiery Flower Essences

1 Used Essence Extractor Machine

Mission Failure: Awakened Ability will be locked for 3 days]

"Wait! Isn't this just cruel? Why do I have to kill an entire group—just for a truck of supplies?" Kisha's heart pounded violently in her chest, her eyes widening in shock as her footsteps came to an abrupt

halt. She had assumed this new mission would be like the others—dangerous, yes, but straightforward. Maybe if she failed, she'd die, like before. But this... this was different.

The system was forcing her to kill humans.

Sure, Kisha wasn't someone who clung to fragile ideals of righteousness. She could kill when necessary, and she'd never lost sleep over ending the lives of those who truly deserved it. But this? Choosing a side, eliminating the other—whether innocent or not—felt like something entirely different.

After all, in a world already on the brink of collapse, human survivors were a dwindling number. If she started killing people like they were pests, wouldn't that just accelerate humanity's extinction? The thought made her stomach twist.

Kisha felt a chill run down her spine—the so-called second phase of the system's missions was clearly becoming more ruthless. Her expression darkened instantly. Still, she had no choice but to check it out. The mission had already been issued, and according to the details, one group was clearly at a disadvantage and could be wiped out at any moment.

Of course, this kind of scenario wasn't new in the apocalypse. She herself had died more than once in past lives over something as simple as supplies. In a lawless world where survival reigned supreme, people turned violent easily—killing each other for a truckload of food or medicine was tragically common.

She had just momentarily forgotten how brutal the outside world could be. Her current base had more than enough stockpiles to last decades, giving her a false sense of stability. But what really unsettled her wasn't the idea of fighting or killing—it was that the system itself was now pushing her to take sides.

To choose who lives and who dies.

The mission didn't just assign her a task; it forced a moral dilemma on her. Worse, the system even hinted that her choices now could affect future relationships and consequences. It was eerily similar to how choices work in a game—branching paths, consequences, morality systems.

Except this wasn't a game.

This was real life. And the cost of a wrong choice wasn't a bad ending—it was real blood, real death.

Kisha took a deep breath and took off running—but the zombie-infested streets were too crowded to maintain her speed. Thinking quickly, she leapt onto the hood of a nearby sedan, using it as a springboard. In one fluid motion, she jumped toward a metal pole jutting out from the second floor of a building. Grabbing it, she let her momentum carry her upward, swinging herself higher before kicking off a window ledge to propel herself onto the second-floor rooftop.

Without pausing, she dashed forward, leaping across to the next building. She caught the edge of a third-floor window, dangled for a brief moment, then hoisted herself up with practiced ease. Climbing higher, she began darting across rooftops, moving swiftly and gracefully from one building to the next.

When she reached a wide street that separated two structures, she didn't hesitate. With a flick of her wrist, two daggers appeared from her inventory, hovering midair. They floated in front of her like stepping stones. Without losing speed, Kisha ran across them—light on her feet, balanced, and focused.

Thanks to her creative maneuvering and relentless pace, she reached the designated location on her map in just ten minutes.

Sure, she could have just used her telekinesis to fly, cutting her travel time down to no more than seven minutes, but she chose not to. Her mind wasn't ready yet. She needed the run, the motion, the rhythm of her own breath and footsteps to help her center herself.

The system's sudden mission had shaken her to the core, more deeply than she cared to admit. What if it happened again? What if, next time, the system forced her to choose between people she cared about—her friends, her family? The very thought chilled her.

So she ran.

Leaping from rooftop to rooftop, she focused on the wind in her ears, the thud of her boots on concrete, the stretch and strain of her muscles. She needed clarity. Control. Composure.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gunshots rang out in the distance, snapping her focus back to the present.

"Hurry up, hide in there!" someone shouted, urgency sharp in their voice.

A group of people, rifles in hand, rushed into a nearby building. Hot on their heels came another armed group, their expressions cold and ruthless as they advanced. The air was thick with tension—and gunfire. Behind both groups, the growing sound of groaning and shuffling marked the approach of a zombie horde, drawn by the noise.

Two bodies already lay on the ground, blood pooling beneath them from gaping gunshot wounds. Kisha didn't need to check if they were still breathing—her 'Eye of Truth' told her everything she needed to know. Their status windows were already grayed out, the word "DEAD" stamped across them in stark, unforgiving red letters.

But the gunfight hadn't stopped.

Bullets still flew between the two sides. From the looks of it, the team that had retreated into the building was out for vengeance, driven by the deaths of their comrades. The pursuing group, on the other hand, looked like they were there to eliminate, ruthless and unyielding.

Kisha narrowed her eyes. She didn't know the full story. It wasn't as if she could press pause, sit them down, and demand an explanation. The chaos was unfolding in real time—and decisions had to be made.