

Apocalypse 806

Chapter 806: Who Started It?

'Oh shit!' Kisha cursed inwardly as a grenade was hurled into the building by the opposing group. If the system was going to make her choose, then didn't that mean she couldn't let either side die before making a decision? And what if she failed to intervene—would that count as an automatic failure?

If she had to help, she'd rather help the right people. But the underdog wasn't always the just side—it should be based on the moral compass of the people. The problem was, she didn't have the time to check each party's values with her 'Eye of Truth'. There was no such luxury right now.

Without hesitation, Kisha sprang into action. She leapt off the roof and dived through the window, arms shielding her face as she crashed through the glass. In one fluid motion, she spotted the grenade, snatched it mid-roll, and—like a gust of wind—hurled it skyward before it could detonate.

BOOM!

The deafening sound of the grenade reverberated through the area. Everything happened so fast that no one could fully register what Kisha had just done. By the time they came to their senses, she had already thrown the grenade out of the building.

Stunned, both sides froze. No one had expected anyone to be reckless—or brave—enough to grab a live grenade and hurl it away. It could've detonated at any second. The fact that someone had taken that risk left everyone speechless.

Inside the building, Kisha found herself surrounded by raised weapons—barrels of rifles, shotguns, and pistols all aimed squarely at her face. She scanned the room. The people surrounding her looked travel-

worn, with patchy beards, overgrown mustaches, gaunt faces, and weary eyes. Despite their exhaustion, they held their weapons with the steady hands of seasoned fighters.

They regarded Kisha with the suspicion reserved for enemies—but hesitated. When they realized she was a girl, their fingers loosened on the triggers, if only slightly.

But tension hung in the air like a live wire—until it snapped.

Someone, trembling from nerves and adrenaline, flinched. Their finger jerked, and a shot rang out—aimed straight at Kisha’s head.

Bang!

Thanks to her quick reflexes and the assistance of her skill Perception, time seemed to slow for Kisha. She saw the bullet approaching in slow motion, and with a swift flick of her head, narrowly dodged it. The round embedded itself in the wall just inches behind her. Her hands remained raised in a non-threatening gesture to show her surrender.

Gasps rippled through the room. Shock turned into heightened alarm.

“Who are you?! Are you one of them?” demanded a woman gripping a shotgun, her voice sharp and unyielding. She threw a scathing glare at the woman beside her—the one who had accidentally fired the shot.

The younger woman's face drained of color. Trembling, she dropped her weapon to the floor, eyes wide with guilt and fear. She hadn't meant to shoot, especially not at someone who had just saved them.

But confusion and uncertainty still lingered. Kisha had helped them—but she was still a stranger.

Kisha, now calm and composed, raised her voice just enough to be heard. "No, I'm not with them."

Her tone was steady, giving nothing away. As she scanned the tense faces around her, her skill quietly activated—'Eye of Truth'. A quick read told her what she needed to know: some of them carried strong moral compasses, while others hovered in the neutral zone. None of them were outright malicious.

Still, her words were met with suspicion.

Few members of the group frowned. Skepticism hung heavy in the air. After all, they were in the heart of a massive city once teeming with millions—now overrun by zombies. For a lone woman to wander through it unscathed seemed nearly impossible. Her story didn't add up, and their instincts told them to stay wary. To them, it was more likely she was with the armed group outside.

From what Kisha could tell, that hostile group outside had six people. The group in front of her had five—but judging by the extra two dead bodies outside and the lingering sorrow in their eyes, she guessed they used to be seven or maybe more.

Before they could press her for answers, Kisha beat them to it.

“Did they attack you with the intent to kill?” she asked bluntly.

The question hit a nerve.

The woman who had accidentally fired at Kisha dropped to her knees, covering her face in shame as she trembled. “I’m sorry! I’m so sorry—it’s all my fault...” she cried, voice cracking with helplessness.

The others exchanged tense looks. One man let out a bitter snort, another clenched his jaw tightly. Kisha could sense it—something was off here. Tension. Guilt. Something unspoken.

“Mind telling me what happened?” she asked, her voice steady.

“Why the hell should we trust you?” one of the men snapped, stepping forward and jamming the barrel of his rifle closer to her. His distrust was loud and clear.

But Kisha didn’t flinch. She kept her hands raised and her expression calm. “You don’t have to trust me,” she said coolly. “I have no reason to hurt you. But I might be able to help.”

Bang! Bang!

“Come out, cowards! You started this—and killed some of my brothers!” a furious voice roared from outside.

Kisha’s eyes narrowed. With the help of her system’s map, she pinpointed the source: the opposing group was in the building across from them, just one floor above. Thanks to the recent gunfire, their shattered window had exposed their position, making them more vulnerable to any zombies prowling the streets outside.

Reacting quickly, the group sprang into action, ignoring Kisha entirely as they pushed a heavy cabinet against the broken window. Another small shelf was dragged over to block the door. Once that was done, they retreated upstairs, moving to the second floor in tense silence.

One woman, however, didn’t forget Kisha. She grabbed her arm and pulled her along before disappearing into one of the rooms.

The angry shout from across the street echoed in Kisha’s mind. Whoever those people were, it was now obvious—they had also lost someone.

So... this wasn’t just a random shootout.

Something must have happened between these two groups.

Kisha turned her gaze toward the woman who had accidentally fired at her earlier. The woman was still curled up in the corner, hugging herself tightly, her face pale and eyes clouded with fear and guilt. Then, a flicker of realization crossed Kisha’s mind.

“Wait... Don’t tell me,” Kisha said, breaking the tense silence. “Did you accidentally fire at one of their people, starting this whole gunfight?”

Her voice was calm, but the weight of her words dropped like a stone in still water.

The woman flinched visibly. Her body tensed, and her arms wrapped tighter around herself. She didn’t answer—but she didn’t have to. The guilt in her eyes said enough.

The others shifted uncomfortably. No one jumped in to defend her. Their silence was deafening, laced with unspoken guilt and quiet frustration. Some averted their eyes. Others clenched their jaws or fists, expressions twisted in restrained anger.

Kisha pieced it together quickly. If her hunch was right, then the opposing group hadn’t attacked first. They had retaliated after one of their own had been mistakenly killed. From their perspective, it must have looked like a deliberate ambush. Maybe they believed this group was trying to eliminate them to hoard the truckload of supplies for themselves.