

Apocalypse 807

Chapter 807 - Who's At Fault?

That would explain the rage.

And the chase.

And why two more of this group had died trying to escape, just outside this very building.

If she based things purely on her system's mission, then it was likely that several people had already died, all because of one critical mistake. Neither side seemed willing to back down, both blinded by their desire for vengeance. But at the end of the day, these were still just Kisha's speculations. If she wanted the truth, she had to go to the other building and hear their side of the story. Only then could she make a fair decision about which group to help.

With her mind made up, Kisha gave a slight nod to herself, formulating a plan.

She rose to her feet, but the moment she moved, everyone around her tensed and instantly raised their weapons toward her again. Kisha, unfazed, didn't even flinch. Her face remained calm, unreadable. In a blink, she disappeared from her original position—her agility blurring her motion—and reappeared beside one of the men, casually pressing down the barrel of his rifle with her hand.

"Don't waste your bullet," she said coolly.

The man froze.

A cold sweat broke out on his forehead as a chill slithered down his spine. For a brief second, it felt as if a predator's fang hovered at his neck—one wrong move, and it'd all be over. His eyes widened, pupils trembling as he tried to process what had just happened.

Not long after, the man's fighting spirit shattered completely—crushed under the weight of Kisha's silent threat. Yet, she hadn't let her own bloodlust surface; she remained calm, composed, her voice low and steady as she warned them not to test her. It was as if they all felt the presence of a predator lurking just behind their necks. Nervousness rippled through the room, fear tightening its grip on their bodies as, one by one, their weapons slowly lowered to the ground.

"It seems I was right—your mistake set all this in motion," Kisha said openly, her gaze steady. "I'm going to meet with the other party and try to mediate, if possible."

No sooner had she spoken than the man who appeared to be their leader stepped forward, eyes blazing with anger.

"You're an outsider—a stranger," he spat through clenched teeth. "What right do you have to mediate? To make us forget our duty to avenge our fallen comrades?"

"Yes, I am a stranger," Kisha replied coldly, her gaze unwavering. "But let's be honest—this mess started with your group. If you knew you were heading into danger, you shouldn't have brought someone who couldn't stay calm under pressure. That mistake cost a life."

She took a step forward, her voice cutting through the tension like a blade. "Your person fired first. What did you expect the others to feel? Gratitude? Forgiveness? No—of course they would retaliate. And if you continue down this path of revenge, more people will die. Maybe your people, maybe theirs—but either way, more blood will be spilled for a mistake that could've been avoided."

She glanced around at the others, letting her words sink in. "With limited ammo and dwindling manpower, how do you plan to make it back home? Or survive the swarm of zombies crawling through this city?"

Kisha wasn't speaking from pride or arrogance—just reason. She could tell these people weren't inherently bad. That was exactly why she bothered to say this much. But in her mind, the man before her might have charisma, enough to rally his group—but he lacked what truly made a good leader: the ability to think clearly, even when emotions ran high.

She was giving him a chance to change that.

It was only when Kisha calmly laid out the facts—dissecting the situation with cold rationality—that the others began to truly think. Her words hit harder than expected because, deep down, they knew she was right.

Right now, they were each carrying only what they could fit in their backpacks. How much ammunition did they actually have left? Would it be enough to fend off the countless zombies infesting the city? Probably not. And with fewer people now, they had fewer fighters—less defense, less support. It was a critical disadvantage.

Even if they managed to secure the supplies, what then? Would they have enough strength to make it back to their settlement? Or would they just end up dying here, buried under a wave of the undead—or worse, caught in another gunfight with the opposing group?

Kisha's words forced them to confront what they hadn't dared to consider until now: that their thirst for revenge might doom them all.

And besides, what Kisha pointed out was the truth. This entire mess started with their group. One of their own had accidentally fired the first shot—panicked and overwhelmed when someone from the opposing group suddenly appeared from the other side of the truck.

Startled, she pulled the trigger without thinking, without even seeing clearly. Before anyone could react, the man was shot in the head—a clean, instant kill. He hadn't even been given a chance to defend himself or be treated.

That one fatal mistake sent everything spiraling. The opposing group, who had only come to check on the truckload of supplies, were stunned to find their comrade lying lifeless in a pool of blood. Blinded by grief and rage, one of them retaliated without hesitation, shooting down someone from this side. And just like that, a full-blown gunfight broke out.

More than a dozen people had been caught in the crossfire on both sides. Now, only a handful remained.

But if Kisha's speculation was right—and there really wasn't a true villain between the two parties—then didn't that mean the system was forcing her to choose, to eliminate one side regardless of who was right?

After all, concepts like right and wrong were constructs made by intelligent beings. In the wild, there was no such morality—only survival. Predators didn't pause to consider the ethics of a kill; they acted

out of necessity. In that sense, these people weren't much different. They fought not because they were evil, but because they were trying to protect their lives, their resources, and their people.

If it turned out that neither side was truly at fault and she chose to mediate instead of eliminate, then she would technically fail her mission. But that didn't matter. The penalty was just having her awakened ability locked for three days. It wasn't a death sentence.

"I... We..." The leader of the group began, but the words caught in his throat. He couldn't bring himself to justify their actions or explain their circumstances—because deep down, he knew the woman in front of him was right. He had let his emotions cloud his judgment, convincing himself that the people chasing them were nothing more than ruthless villains. But was that really the truth?

What if their own group hadn't fired that first, fatal shot? Would the other side have attacked at all? Maybe not. Maybe there would've just been a tense standoff over the supplies—maybe even a compromise to split them evenly. But now, it didn't matter. That moment of panic had set everything ablaze. And no matter how he looked at it, he couldn't claim the moral high ground. They had made a mistake, and people on both sides had paid the price.