

Apocalypse 808

Chapter 808 - Face Off

Although Kisha had already decided to mediate, she knew she needed to understand the other party involved first. After all, it was possible that the fatal shot, which triggered the conflict, was just an unfortunate accident. But it was also possible that the group was truly as ruthless as the system had warned—using the death of one of their own as a pretext to launch a violent assault on the others.

With that in mind, Kisha became even more determined to uncover the truth. She had no intention of punishing the innocent or allowing herself to be manipulated into serving someone else's hidden agenda.

Hearing Kisha's words, everyone fell silent. They couldn't refute her logic—and she didn't give them the chance to try. Not that they had the luxury of time anyway. The pounding of the zombie horde against the doors and windows was growing louder, more urgent. The barricades could give way at any moment.

Just as panic began to rise, Kisha moved without warning. She strode to the window of their floor, flung it open—and jumped.

Their hearts leapt into their throats.

For a long, breathless moment, no one could speak. The leader rushed to the window, forgetting the threat of snipers from the opposing group in his shock. But even the enemy, watching through their scopes with hawk-like focus, was momentarily stunned. They too had seen her leap—and none of them could believe it.

"Is she trying to commit suicide? Is she insane?" someone from the opposing side nearly shouted, eyes wide as he leaned out the window to see what had happened.

But what they saw next left them speechless.

Kisha hadn't fallen into the middle of the horde. Instead, she landed on a zombie's head—and then sprinted, her feet barely touching the ground as she used the undead as stepping stones. Agile and lightning-fast, she moved like a phantom through the chaos.

The zombies Kisha used as stepping stones flailed their arms wildly, trying to grab at her ankles and drag her down. Some even lunged upward, snapping their jaws in desperation. But Kisha's agility was unmatched—none of them could touch her.

Each time her foot landed, it wasn't just a step—it was a death blow. The force she exerted cracked necks and crushed skulls, though the gruesome sounds were quickly swallowed by the deafening chorus of growls and roars from the horde below.

Before they could fully process it, she reached the wall of the neighboring building. With a powerful leap, she kicked off a lamppost, caught the edge of a windowsill, and used the momentum to launch herself directly toward the open window where her stunned enemies were still peering out.

"Ah!" the man watching Kisha shouted in surprise, instinctively jumping back from the window. In the next instant, Kisha pulled herself up and crouched on the windowsill like a cat, her eyes scanning the room. The people inside, startled by her sudden appearance, didn't hesitate—guns were raised in an instant.

Then came the gunfire. One shot, then another, as panic took hold. They didn't know who she was, only that she'd come from the other side. To them, she could be an assassin sent to take them out. In their eyes, it was kill or be killed—no questions asked, no time for introductions.

A series of gunshots erupted from the building across the street, echoing sharply in the air. Everyone on the side where Kisha had come from felt their hearts freeze in dread. The leader of the group clenched his fists, sorrow flickering in his eyes—he had feared this.

Kisha had only been trying to help, and that's exactly why he didn't want her getting involved. The people inside the other building weren't likely to listen, let alone forgive. There was no time to talk, no room for negotiation. He had already anticipated that the moment she was spotted, she would be shot on sight.

But Kisha was prepared. The moment she crouched on the windowsill, she had activated her 'Perception' skill. As the first bullet was fired, time seemed to slow for her. She could see the trajectory of the bullet spinning through the air, inching toward her face.

Her eyes tracked it calmly. Just as it was about to reach her, she tilted her head slightly to the side—only the bare minimum movement, graceful and effortless. To the onlookers, it seemed surreal, as though the bullet had missed her on its own.

A flurry of gunshots followed, each bullet slicing through the air with deadly intent. But Kisha remained calm, her eyes sharp as she tracked every trajectory in real time. With fluid, cat-like grace, she spun through the air, twisting and flipping across the room. Gunfire roared around her, but not a single bullet touched her.

The shooters tried desperately to keep up, fingers locked on their triggers, chasing her movements as she danced between the hail of bullets. She was a blur of motion—untouchable, relentless.

Then—

Click.

Click.

"Shit! I'm out of ammo!" one of them shouted, panic cutting through his voice as his gaze locked on Kisha—standing completely still, not a scratch on her, staring them down like a predator toying with her prey.

"M-Me too! Fuck!" another blurted, his hands fumbling as he reached for a spare magazine.

One by one, they scrambled for their reserves, but their eyes never left Kisha. Six men had unleashed a storm of bullets—dozens each second from fully automatic rifles—and yet, not a single shot had grazed her. No wounds. No blood. Nothing.

Their hands shook.

Their minds reeled.

She hadn't just dodged bullets—she'd danced through them.

Gulps echoed in the silence that followed, their confidence cracking beneath the weight of disbelief.

Then—

Clank!

Someone dropped his magazine.

The sound hit the floor like a gunshot, loud and damning in the thick tension.

"Shit!" the man yelped, scrambling to crouch and grab the fallen magazine. But it was already too late.

Kisha was in front of them in a blink.

Before they could react, she moved—fast and precise—striking each of them with calculated blows that left them black and blue. One by one, she took them down, disarmed them, and tied them up with whatever restraints she could find. Their weapons were piled in the center of the room like discarded toys.

But the noise had drawn attention.

Groans and snarls echoed from outside as zombies began clawing at the doors and windows. The barricade wouldn't last long. Kisha knew she had maybe a minute or two before the undead broke in.

No time to waste.

The men, groaning in pain, were now silent and obedient—watching her with a mix of fear and awe. Kisha had made sure to hold back, using only the bare minimum of strength to avoid killing anyone. But even restrained, her blows hurt like hell.

One of the men winced, trying to adjust his position against the wall. "Damn... she wasn't even trying..."

Kisha stepped forward, her eyes sharp. "I don't have time to repeat myself," she said coldly. "Start talking. Now."

"Why are you so desperate to kill the people in the other building?" Kisha asked, her tone calm but firm.

One of the men groaned, wincing as he shifted against the wall. It was clear every breath hurt, but he forced out the words through gritted teeth. "Stop pretending... You attacked us the moment you saw us. Wasn't it because you wanted to monopolize the truckload of goods?!"

His breath came in short, pained gasps, his eyes filled with a mix of anger and disbelief.

