

## Apocalypse 809

### Chapter 809: Another Mission

Kisha raised an eyebrow—so her speculation had been right all along. But before she could respond, the man continued, as if finally airing the weight in his heart.

“You people killed our youngest... He was barely an adult, and just like that—he’s gone. He had siblings waiting for him back at camp, and now...” His voice broke, trembling with raw emotion. “Do you think we could just let that go?!”

His snarl was laced with grief, his red-rimmed eyes burning with sorrow. Earlier, when Kisha had hit him, he’d groaned but tears were coming out. Now, as he spoke of his lost brother, he broke down completely—sobs racking his body as tears and snot freely streamed down his face, reducing him to someone who looked far more like a heartbroken boy than a hardened fighter.

Kisha let out a shaky, heavy breath. As a leader herself, she understood the man’s pain and grievances all too well. His sorrow wasn’t just personal—it carried the weight of those who followed him. Before he even spoke, the subtle shifts in the others’ expressions—some looking away, some watching him intently—had already told her enough. They respected him. He was their leader, and his voice reflected the will of the group.

His words, paired with the description of the system’s mission, made things clearer: they had come here simply to gather supplies. But a single misfire had turned that goal into a blood-soaked vendetta.

And now, Kisha realized something that made her chest tighten. If she had blindly followed the system’s mission—if she had chosen a side after hearing only one version of events—she might have ended up killing innocent people. People who were simply trying to survive.

She would've been forced to decide who was morally right, but in this world, there wasn't always a clear answer. No real villains. Just desperate people, protecting their own. It was never as black and white as the system made it seem. It was kill or be killed—and both sides were just fighting to live another day.

"Listen, I truly feel for you and the loss of your brother—I can't even find the words to express how sorry I am," Kisha began gently, trying to reach their hearts. "But if you keep fighting here with the other group, you'll only waste more ammo and precious resources. You might even get trapped and killed by the zombies. Is that really the ending you want? What about the people waiting for you to come back?"

She paused, watching their eyes shift as her words sank in, then continued with careful reasoning.

"One of you dies, then you kill some of them in return. Then a few more of you fall—and this cycle keeps repeating until one side is wiped out. The bloodlust will only grow stronger, fueled by revenge. And what happens next? When you finally return to your camp, do you think you'll stop? Or will you attack the other group's camp to prove to your fallen brothers that you cared—and to exact your revenge?"

Everyone fell silent. They hadn't thought that far ahead, but the possibility unsettled them—could they really spiral into endless violence just to honor their fallen brothers? Just as doubt and unease settled in, Kisha didn't give them a chance to respond. She pressed on.

"And what about the innocent children who depend on the other group's return for food? What about the families still waiting for their loved ones? Yes, they fired the first shot, but you guys never had the chance to talk it through and find out what really happened."

Her words hung in the air, but before she could continue, the leader snapped back, feeling cornered.

“Stop talking! You’re just trying to manipulate us emotionally to make us back down, aren’t you? Afraid we’ll wipe out your group?” he spat, glaring fiercely at Kisha.

Kisha let out a weary sigh and slowly crouched down in front of him, her expression calm but serious.

“Look, sir. Maybe I am trying to appeal to your emotions—because let’s be honest, you have people waiting for you. Loved ones relying on you to return with supplies and food. But don’t you think it’s the same for the others? They have families too. They’re just trying to survive, just like you.”

She paused, then added in a quiet but firm voice, “And for your information, I’m not part of their group. I’m from City B’s HOPE Base.”

Her matter-of-fact tone and composed reasoning silenced the room. The men stared at her in disbelief.

“HOPE Base?!”

“City B’s HOPE Base?!”

They all exclaimed in unison, stunned by the revelation. But Kisha barely registered their shock—because just then, a system notification echoed in her mind.

Ding!

[New Mission Available!]

[Hidden Mission Unlocked – Class A: “Trading Is The Source Of The Economy’s Growth”]

[Description: The people you’ve encountered belong to different struggling settlements, each facing severe shortages of food and vital resources. Their survival hangs in the balance. As a merchant, your long-term preparations for a trade route now bear fruit. By revealing your affiliation with HOPE Base, you’ve confirmed the existence of City B’s stronghold, sparking a glimmer of hope and possibility among the desperate survivors.

It’s time to take the next step—open a trade route and forge new ties that could reshape the future.

Mission Objective: Safely lead the survivors back to HOPE Base and initiate your first official trade with an external settlement.

Mission Rewards:

+10,000 System Points

Title: 'The Merchant'

Mission Failure:

Trade routes will be locked for 1 month

HOPE Base's reputation among surrounding settlements will drop to 0

May trigger a territory war as rival groups attempt to seize HOPE Base's resources by force.]

...

Seeing the new mission appear before her, Kisha felt an even stronger resolve not to let these two groups destroy each other. This was more than just stopping a senseless conflict—it was a rare opportunity to open HOPE Base's gates to outsiders and establish a trade route.

Not only could this bring in much-needed resources, but it would also give her access to vital information about the world beyond City B. Through trade and diplomacy, she could begin forming alliances with other settlements.

Though this hadn't been part of her original plan, it was clear now that her attempt at mediation had borne unexpected fruit—and perhaps, with the right approach, it could even lead these two groups to lay down their arms and form a truce.

Thinking this through, Kisha gave a firm nod. “Yes, I’m from City B’s HOPE Base. If you’re looking for supplies, there’s no need to kill each other over it. Come with me—we’re open to trade. HOPE Base has enough resources to meet your needs.”

But after the initial shock wore off, the men exchanged wary glances, their expressions turning skeptical. Kisha could see the doubt in their eyes. From their perspective, this could easily be a trap—an ambush disguised as generosity.

After all, who would offer supplies so freely in times like these? If trade were that simple, they wouldn't have to risk their lives scavenging through dangerous cities like this. Resources were finite, and most settlements guarded them fiercely, stockpiling for the long haul. It was only natural they'd question her intentions.