

Apocalypse 810

Chapter 810 Making Them Work

Sensing their hesitation, Kisha continued calmly, ready to earn their trust.

“If I really wanted to harm you, I wouldn’t need to lure you into a trap,” Kisha said calmly. “You’ve seen what I can do. Even if you outnumber me, I can still take you on head-to-head. There’s no need for tricks or schemes. Besides”—her tone shifted slightly—“we’re not offering charity. It’s a trade, not a handout.”

The leader frowned, uncertainty still lingering in his eyes. “Then... what exactly could we offer in return? As you can see, we don’t have any supplies or resources on us.”

“Of course,” Kisha said, glancing at their meager belongings. “I can see you’ve got nothing on you except a few rifles, a couple of spare magazines, and some snacks. Hardly anything worth trading.”

She paused, her eyes narrowing as a cold smile curved her lips—one that made everyone instinctively tense.

“But maybe there’s something else you can offer...” she mused aloud, pretending to think, drawing out the suspense.

Then her tone sharpened. “I’ll show you later. Just know this—we don’t hand out supplies for free. And if I’m being honest, you’ll soon understand why.”

She took a step closer, her voice dropping into something more mocking.

“You said you wanted to fight the other group to the death, right? Sounds to me like you’ve already made peace with dying. So why not come with me instead? See what I have to offer. That way, if you end up dead, at least you’ll die doing something a little more meaningful than chasing revenge. Doesn’t that sound better?”

Her sarcastic smile widened, and the leader of the group clenched his fists, clearly resisting the urge to hit her. If she hadn’t been a woman, he might’ve already swung at her. But Kisha knew exactly what she was doing—provoking them on purpose. Pushing just hard enough to get them to follow her, driven by pride and impulse.

That was the only way she’d get them back to her base willingly.

“Alright,” the leader growled through gritted teeth, “but if I find out you’re lying to me—even if it means my death—I’ll make sure I take you down with me.”

Kisha had already turned around, distracted for a moment by the heavy thuds echoing from downstairs. But at his threat, she paused and glanced back over her shoulder, a slow, mocking grin spreading across her face.

“If you get the chance,” she replied coolly.

That single line struck deeper than any insult. It was condescending, dismissive—an outright challenge. The leader’s jaw clenched, fury flaring in his eyes as Kisha casually trampled over his pride, treating him like a reckless fool rather than a real threat.

And that was exactly what she wanted.

“Alright then, release us,” the leader said grimly. “If we’re overrun by the zombie horde, we might not even live long enough to make that trade.”

Kisha gave a small nod of agreement, then casually drew her dagger. With a smooth motion, she cut through the ropes binding them. One by one, they stood up, rubbing their sore wrists. Her knots had been tight—tight enough to leave red marks on their skin—but after a bit of massaging, they began rearming themselves with quiet efficiency.

As for Kisha? She didn’t wait.

With the same ease and confidence as before, she leapt out the window. But this time, instead of heading to the other side, she drew her new weapon—dagger attached to a length of rope—and began spinning it with deadly precision, like a gymnast performing a ribbon routine. Only, instead of art, it was carnage. Zombies fell one after another, cut down in brutal elegance.

From the windows above, both groups stared down in stunned silence. No one moved. No one spoke. The display was shocking, terrifying—even mesmerizing.

But deep down, they all understood one thing: you don't mess with Kisha. If they wanted to survive, they'd better cooperate—because crossing her meant ending up like the shredded corpses she left in her wake.

It took Kisha only twenty minutes to wipe out the entire zombie horde outside—relying purely on her physical combat skills. She hadn't used her awakened ability even once. After all, her main reason for coming out in the first place was just to break a sweat.

But now, she realized something troubling.

If she chose to go down the trading route, she'd end up abandoning her primary mission. That would mean immediate failure—and the consequences wouldn't stop there. Her awakened ability would be sealed, leaving her without it for the next three days. In other words, she'd have to rely solely on raw skill and endurance for survival.

And now that she was already outside, she had no idea when the system would decide she had officially failed. The clock was ticking—and every move she made from this point on had consequences.

After finishing off the last of the zombies on the street, Kisha raised her voice and called out loudly, "Hey! You from both sides of the building—get out here!"

When no one moved, she narrowed her eyes and switched tactics. Coaxing wasn't working—and threats, as she'd learned, were far more effective. Especially now that they'd seen what she was capable of.

Her voice turned colder as she added, “If you don’t come out on your own, I’ll drag each one of you out—and I won’t guarantee you’ll be in one piece. Don’t even think about sneaking off. I’ll hunt you down.”

A devilish grin curved on her lips as she delivered the warning, her tone laced with dangerous confidence.

Sure enough, her words did the trick.

The people from both buildings scrambled out in a panic, rushing to reach her before she made good on her threat. They had all witnessed her take down hundreds of zombies single-handedly, not to mention surviving a close-range shootout. Her threat wasn’t just empty words. If they pissed her off, she could wipe them out without breaking a sweat.

And if that happened, who would they even complain to?

It didn’t take long before Kisha heard the thunder of footsteps as both parties hurried down the stairs. Soon after, they began removing the barricade they had stacked against the door, cautiously inching it open. But the moment their heads peeked out, their boldness from earlier had vanished. They now looked timid and jittery—like frightened little bunnies—which made Kisha feel both exasperated and amused.

She couldn’t help but raise her voice and tease them openly, “A moment ago, you were all so eager to fight each other to the death—so fearless! And now that I’m just asking you to come out, you’re acting like I’m the big bad wolf?!”

Kisha didn't know whether to laugh, scold them, or shake her head in disbelief. Honestly, she felt like doing all three.

"B-Boss!" The first group—those who had just received a beating from Kisha—were the first to react. One of them stepped forward hesitantly. If earlier their leader had the air of a cornered wolf ready to lash out, now he was more like a subdued golden retriever. After all, they had just witnessed Kisha single-handedly take down a zombie horde capable of overwhelming dozens of armed soldiers.

Seeing them, Kisha beckoned for the group to come closer.