

Apocalypse 811

Chapter 811 Their Currency

Not long after, the second group emerged as well, but unlike the first, they were far more cautious. They hadn't seen what had happened earlier and didn't know what Kisha wanted from them.

Suspicion lingered in their eyes, and Kisha could clearly sense their wariness. They probably thought she was there to intimidate or manipulate them into doing something against their will, so they watched her closely, their eyes filled with guarded vigilance.

"What are you waiting for? Come here," Kisha said, relishing the role of the bad guy. It was a refreshing change—after all, she had spent so long being the one who took orders. She hadn't realized how easy and effective it could be to take control like this.

If she'd known sooner, she might have tried it ages ago. But deep down, Kisha knew this wasn't truly who she was. It was fun to step into the role now and then, but not all the time—the novelty, she figured, would wear off soon enough.

Hearing Kisha's commanding tone and seeing her dominant posture, the other group didn't even try to protest. Silently, they stepped forward, wary and uncertain. The way the opposing group had called her "boss" only added to their anxiety, and dark thoughts swirled in their minds about what might happen next. It felt like they had no choice but to surrender to whatever fate awaited them.

Before they could fully process what was going on, Kisha gave another order.

“Now that everyone’s here, watch what I’m going to do—then follow my lead, got it?”

She glanced at them, clearly expecting a response. The two opposing groups stood side by side, eyes on Kisha, and slowly nodded. They didn’t even think about going after each other—not now. All their attention was on her. At this moment, Kisha was the biggest threat to their safety.

And if the enemy of their enemy was a potential ally, then maybe, just maybe, if she tried anything funny, they could set aside their differences and team up to deal with her. The rest could be sorted out later.

However, what happened next was nothing like what any of them expected. After seeing the groups nod in agreement, Kisha crouched in front of a zombie corpse sprawled on the ground. Without hesitation, she drew her dagger and drove it into the creature’s forehead. Then, she twisted the blade, widening the hole with practiced ease.

Some of the onlookers felt their stomachs churn at the sight—and worse, the sound. The sickening squelch of brain matter being stirred echoed in the silence, wet and slimy, as Kisha methodically searched for something inside the skull. When her blade struck something hard, she carefully maneuvered the dagger’s tip to pry it loose.

A glint of something shiny emerged, slick with black blood and gray matter. Kisha extracted the object, wiped her blade on the zombie’s tattered clothes without a second thought, and then cleaned the shiny item with a handkerchief, calm and unbothered.

After completing her unsettling display, Kisha stood and addressed the group.

“I have a proposal for both parties,” she began, her voice calm but firm. “I already explained this to the other group I last met earlier, but since the others weren’t present, I’ll repeat it now.”

She took a moment to look each of them in the eye before continuing.

“I’m Kisha Aldens from HOPE Base in City B—the only large-scale settlement in this city. We have manpower, stability, and, most importantly, resources. From what I can tell, you’ve all come here in search of supplies. Well, my base has what you need, and I’m inviting you to come and trade.”

She paused briefly, then held out her palm, revealing the small object she had just extracted.

“But since you came here with nothing to trade, you can use this.”

In her hand was a crystal core, glistening faintly despite the grime that still clung to it.

“This is a crystal core,” Kisha explained. “It’s formed when the virus inside a host crystallizes. It’s a concentrated energy source—used by both humans and zombies. At HOPE Base, we’ve adopted it as one of our currencies.”

As Kisha explained, the mention of “currency” immediately caught everyone’s attention. It made sense—currencies are typically items of value, like gold or silver. But in this apocalyptic era, such metals had lost their practical use. Gold and silver were now little more than decorative scrap, no longer worth what they once were.

However, this “crystal core” Kisha spoke of seemed different. If her base was using it as currency—and if, as she implied, these cores existed not just in zombies but also in humans—then its value might extend far beyond HOPE Base. Even though they didn’t yet understand the full range of its uses, Kisha had just handed them a critical piece of information.

Interest rippled through the crowd. The realization dawned: this core might be more than just a tool for trade—it could be a key to survival, power, or something far greater.

The fact that Kisha was willingly sharing this information with them spoke volumes—it showed sincerity and a genuine attempt to extend an olive branch. They couldn’t be sure if she was trying to deceive them, but as she had pointed out, they had nothing of real value to be scammed. Even their weapons had limited ammunition, barely enough to be worth stealing. Their food supplies were meager—just some energy bars and biscuits. Not exactly a prize.

Which meant one thing: Kisha was likely being honest. Her openness and the lack of any apparent gain on her part suggested she was serious. And if she was showing them this level of trust, then maybe they should at least try to meet her halfway.

After a brief moment of silent consideration, they slowly nodded and began to crouch down. Their task now was clear—extract the crystal cores. Even if the zombies at their feet had been killed by Kisha herself, they knew better than to take something they hadn’t earned. These cores belonged to her.

They would help for now. But later... they’d hunt their own.

Soon, one of the rougher-looking men from the group Kisha has beaten up, clearly unnerved and disgusted, let out a startled shout. He hadn’t wanted to do it, but with no other choice, he followed Kisha’s instructions. Still, a part of him was skeptical, suspecting that maybe she had planted some glass shard in the zombie’s head just to fool them.

But when he cracked open a zombie's skull and dug in, he actually found it—a real crystal core buried deep inside. His eyes lit up with excitement, and he couldn't hold back a triumphant yell.

That is, until a pebble struck him square on the forehead.

"Seems like you're tired of living," Kisha said sharply. "You want to call more zombies over here?"

Only then did the man realize what he'd done. He quickly slapped a hand over his mouth—only to freeze in horror as he remembered: that same hand had just been wrist-deep in decaying zombie brain. A thick smear of gore now stained his lips.

He let out a choked noise and immediately began gagging, retching violently as he cried and scrubbed at his mouth, desperately trying to wipe it clean.