

## Apocalypse 813

### Chapter 813 Leading Them Back

With her body on the verge of a complete shutdown, Kisha had no other choice. She allowed her spiritual energy and mana to churn violently inside her, using the collision of the two forces to generate raw power—enough to jumpstart her system. Her plan was risky, but simple: let the clashing energies surge through her veins and reach her energy core.

Since her awakened ability had been forcibly locked, the energy core housed in her brain had become unresponsive, dragging her whole body toward collapse. Normally, her energy core regulated both her awakened powers and spiritual energy flow. Now, it was almost as if both her brain and core were shutting down together since they are interconnected.

So, Kisha did the only thing she could—force her energy through that dormant core, pumping it like a failing heart. She couldn't use her awakened ability, but if she could keep the core semi-functional, she could at least stay conscious. Because if her energy core went dark, everything else would follow.

She wasn't just powering her core—she was keeping herself moving.

It seemed the clash between her two energies had started the moment her awakened ability was forcibly sealed. Her body had instinctively reacted to protect her—activating a backup system the moment the main one shut down.

After diving deep into her own consciousness and examining the state of her body, Kisha began to understand what was happening. Though the response had been weak due to it being an unconscious survival mechanism, the concept was clear now—and with that knowledge, she consciously took control and amplified the force behind it.

As she guided the process intentionally, her aura played a critical role, stabilizing the two clashing energies, directing them along the proper paths, and shielding both her brain and energy core from being overwhelmed or overheated.

With all three energies working in unison, Kisha finally began to feel a bit more stable—but it was far from easy. Pain wracked her body; it was as if her bones were being fractured and realigned simultaneously. She felt like she was being gutted from the inside out. It was excruciating—but Kisha didn't stop.

“Sigh...” She drew in a long, shaky breath, forcing her mana heart to absorb more mana, pushing it into her system. At the same time, she felt her mana heart tremble—strained from overuse. Being only at the second circle, her mana pool was still limited, and it couldn't keep up with her demands. Fortunately, her passive skill ‘Healing Dome’ was working in the background, gradually replenishing her energy and keeping her from collapsing entirely.

After repeating the cycle several times, her body finally began to feel lighter. She could move like a normal person again, without dragging herself across the ground. Not only that—she could even coat herself in a thin layer of aura, forming a protective membrane over her body and adding lethal precision to her attacks.

But while she had been stabilizing her internal energies, the situation around her had worsened. Adam and Jason's ground was nearly overrun, with zombies pouring in from every direction. Thankfully, Kisha emerged from her meditation just in time. Without hesitation, she reached for the same weapon she had used earlier—a rope tipped with a dagger.

“Everyone down!” she called out.

Without questioning, her allies ducked. Kisha swung the rope in a wide arc. The movement was sudden—too fast for the zombies to react. Her aura surged through the rope and into the dagger's blade, turning it into a deadly whip. With a single swing, she sliced through the undead like a hot knife through butter. Heads split in half or rolled across the ground as her weapon struck with lethal precision.

Though she was still in a weakened state, Kisha had calculated each move carefully—infusing just enough aura to amplify the weapon's power while conserving her physical strength.

Of course, unlike her usual self—where something like this would've been a walk in the park—this time it truly pushed her body to its limits. After the flurry of attacks, Kisha was left panting, her limbs heavy and unresponsive.

She was too exhausted to continue fighting, so Jason and Adam's group picked up the slack while she took in the time to rest. They took down the remaining zombies, claiming the crystal cores from their kills. The rest of the cores were handed over to Kisha without hesitation.

She didn't stand on ceremony—she accepted them gratefully. At this point, she had no strength left to argue, and she knew she needed every bit of energy she could gather.

After weighing the pros and cons earlier, she had already decided to abandon her first system mission in favor of completing the next one. It meant suffering now, but only for a few days—and to her, that was a more bearable option.

Besides, Kisha wasn't heartless. She wouldn't sacrifice someone from the group just to make her own path easier.

What she didn't realize, though, was that she herself had changed—little by little. Maybe it was because the system missions in this life were harsher than those in her past lives, but oddly enough, this life was also moving in a better direction. She had more people around her that she could trust, and that trust was slowly chipping away at the layers of trauma she had carried from life to life.

Her emotional scars—paranoia, trust issues, even the shadows of depression—had started to heal, not because they were resolved, but because she was simply too busy now. Her focus was consumed by strategy, survival, and protecting those beside her. And for the first time in a long time, she wasn't surrounded by people looking to manipulate or use her.

Now, the people in her life offered support, not betrayal—and maybe that was why the kindness she thought she had lost forever was quietly returning to her, without her even realizing it.

But of course, she wasn't the same as before—no longer overly kind to the point of foolishness or helplessness. Now, Kisha stood firmly in the grey, walking the line between good and evil. She wasn't bound by simplistic notions of morality anymore. She made decisions based on survival and necessity, with little sentiment.

“Boss! You're amazing! Just lead the way—we'll handle the zombies! We just need to keep moving so we don't get cornered!” Jason said optimistically, trying to boost morale.

But reality was far from easy. Every street in City B was swarming with hordes of zombies, and none of them had fewer than two dozen. Kisha knew she couldn't leave everything to Jason and Adam—not if they wanted to survive.

Thankfully, she had an advantage: her system map. With it, she could track the concentration of zombies and identify safe paths. And since she knew the layout of City B better than anyone—its alleys, shortcuts, and deserted streets—she carefully plotted a route through the least-traveled areas, where the undead presence was thinner.

However, stealth was crucial. If they wanted to avoid attracting more zombies, they couldn't afford to use firearms. Kisha ordered them to lock their gun triggers, and anyone visibly too nervous wasn't even allowed to hold a gun, especially after one person had already fired by accident. Even if no one got hurt, the noise alone could draw a swarm, and that would spell disaster.

Earlier, when Kisha made her way here, she hadn't taken the safest path—just the fastest. That's why she'd encountered so many zombies below her. But now that she had a group to lead, retracing that same route wasn't an option. They'd need to take a longer detour, but it was the safer choice—slower, yes, but far more secure.

“Alright, I'll lead the way,” Kisha said firmly. “Don't use your guns unless absolutely necessary—we don't need to attract more zombies. If you have to defend yourselves, use your gun like a club or a bat, anything to keep them from biting you. Stick to melee as much as possible. If it gets too much, I'll step in.”

With that, she took off again—this time with steadier strides. Unlike before, she wasn't swaying or stumbling. Her body still ached, but she moved with purpose and control.

“We understand,” Adam responded without hesitation. He immediately locked the trigger of his rifle and drew a dagger instead. He grasped Kisha's intent and had no objections.

Although his team seemed a bit hesitant at first, they had no real choice but to comply. This was their only shot at reaching safety and gathering supplies—and they were running low on ammo.

If they burned through the rest of it and found themselves cornered by a zombie horde, they wouldn't stand a chance. They'd die here, likely without even leaving behind a corpse.

"But Miss," Adam continued, taking the opportunity to be honest now that they'd chosen to follow Kisha, "we came across a supply truck around this area. It wasn't just any stash—there's a large amount of goods inside."

He figured that since they were putting their trust in her, there was no point in hiding it. If her people ended up trying to take it from them, well... that would be on him for misjudging her character. Better to be upfront than paranoid.

Kisha, sensing exactly what he was thinking, gave him a small nod of acknowledgment.

"Don't worry," Kisha said calmly. "I'll mark the truck's location on the map later. Once you've traded your fair share of supplies at my base, I'll send a team to help you retrieve the truckload and escort you safely to the outskirts. Just consider it part of the service for doing business with us."