

## Apocalypse 814

### Chapter 814 Kickstarting The Trade

Hearing this, both Jason and Adam looked visibly relieved. Jason's team didn't hesitate—they locked their guns as instructed and led the way, swiftly taking down the approaching zombies.

Adam's group, not wanting to fall behind, quickly followed suit. Now that they understood crystal cores were the currency in Kisha's base, they knew they needed to collect as many as possible. They had no idea how much each one could get them, but the more they gathered, the better their chances of securing what they needed.

"Incoming from three o'clock! Be ready!" Jason shouted as he slid his rifle onto his back and pulled a dagger from the strap on his right leg. Lowering his stance in preparation for close combat, two of his men mirrored his movements, stepping to his sides to set up a flanking position against the approaching zombies.

Those less skilled in melee quickly scanned the street for improvised weapons. One spotted a fallen traffic sign; another found a steel bar still crusted with a big chunk of cement. As the first wave of zombies charged at them, the man with the steel bar braced it over his shoulder and used the momentum of his entire body to deliver a wide, arcing swing.

He timed it perfectly—just as the zombie lunged forward, the bar came crashing down, splitting its skull like a watermelon. A spray of black blood and brain matter splattered across his face, making him instinctively shut his eyes.

Fortunately, the man with the traffic sign was right behind him. Noticing his vulnerable stance after the wide swing, he stepped in and swung the sign like an axe. The post struck the second zombie in the side of the skull with a sickening crack. However, since the sign wasn't sharp and he relied purely on brute

force, it got lodged in the zombie's head. Without hesitation, he stomped on the creature's head for leverage and yanked the post free.

As the battle raged on, Jason's team continued to provide seamless support for one another, each member covering their teammates and maintaining a tight formation. They repeated this rhythm of coordinated movement and mutual backup until the wave of zombies was finally cleared.

Though Jason's team looked rough—more like street thugs—they were far more coordinated and combat-ready than Adam's group, which was mostly made up of civilians, many of them former office workers before the apocalypse. Naturally, Jason's team took the lead in combat, while Adam's group focused on support roles, doing their best not to get in the way.

The girl who had fired the earlier shot now crouched behind Kisha, trembling in fear. She was so visibly shaken that Kisha couldn't help but wonder why someone like her was even out here in the first place. But she quickly pushed the thought aside, redirecting her attention to the ongoing fight. Using her sharp consciousness, she scanned their surroundings, ready for any surprise threats.

More than once, Kisha instinctively tried to use her telekinesis—reaching out with her mind to hurl nearby debris at the zombies—only to be frustrated when nothing moved. Each time, she was forced to remember that her awakened ability was currently sealed, leaving her to rely on her physical prowess alone.

Whenever someone was on the verge of being bitten by a zombie, Kisha would swiftly hurl one of her daggers like a dart, the blade finding its mark with precision. A rope was tied to the hilt, allowing her to pull it back with a quick tug, ready to strike again. This routine continued as they fought tirelessly, maintaining their formation and roles.

After nearly half an hour of relentless combat, exhaustion began to take its toll. The group retreated into a nearby building to catch their breath. Some collapsed onto the floor, gasping for air, their chests tightening with every breath, sweat streaming down their faces. In contrast, Kisha stood tall and composed—her face dry, her breathing steady, as if the entire fight had been little more than a warm-up.

More than a few people silently wondered how much stamina this woman possessed. But the truth was, Kisha's endurance was nothing short of exceptional. A skirmish like this barely scratched the surface of her limits—especially since she hadn't been on the front lines but had only been providing cover for the others.

Aside from feeling awful, everything else was under control. If something went wrong and a powerful zombie appeared, she would have to rely on her aura, the Rainbow Cube, and the Silver Flame—along with her close combat skills—to fight. Fortunately, these trump cards weren't dependent on her Telekinesis, and for that, she considered herself lucky. At least she still had some reliable means of defense when it truly mattered.

"Boss, is it still far?" Jason asked, peeking outside after hearing growls and snarls. Sure enough, a few zombies were already lurking nearby.

Judging by the distance they had covered—no more than three or four kilometers—they were still far from their goal. According to what Kisha had said earlier, it would take more than a dozen kilometers before they'd encounter any allied forces.

But given their slow pace and the fact that they were deliberately taking the most deserted routes, it was likely the actual distance would be even greater. By the time they arrived, the people Kisha spoke of might have already retreated back to the base. If that happened, they'd be forced to fight their way all the way to the base.

Kisha was thinking the same thing. If her awakened ability hadn't been sealed, she would've chosen to cut straight through the danger and forge her way back using brute force. But in her current state—feeling terrible and using most of her strength just to suppress the symptoms ravaging her body—she had barely any energy left for combat. That's why she didn't even try to use her other offensive skills, even the ones not affected by the loss of her Telekinesis.

"Yes, it is," Kisha replied curtly, offering no further explanation. She knew they had already realized they might have to fight their way in. But at the same time, this detour could become an opportunity—to collect as many crystal cores as possible. With those, they could begin trading for supplies the moment they arrived at the base.

After that brief exchange, Jason seemed to understand the unspoken implication. His expression turned serious as he pulled out a cloth bag filled with the crystal cores they had collected from the zombies along the way. He began counting them silently. Noticing this, Adam followed suit.

"I have 49 crystal cores," Adam said softly.

"And I have 57," Jason added, then turned to Kisha. "Boss, is this enough to buy some supplies from your base? And what exactly can we get with this?" he asked, clearly concerned. After all, their camp was in dire need of essentials—medicine, food, and other basic resources.

Kisha glanced over and took a moment to think. The base hadn't set fixed retail prices yet—all transactions still operated under a work-point system, and the marketplace was still in development. They hadn't anticipated survivors from other settlements arriving this early. Still, if she relied on her memories from her previous life, she could estimate a rough value—though only vaguely.