

## Apocalypse 862

### Chapter 862 Putting Him In Place

The Commander General couldn't even form a proper sentence. How could he possibly endure the full weight of Kisha's suppression? He wasn't like Aston, who had endured brutal training, spilled blood on the battlefield, and stared death in the eye more times than he could count. Aston had earned his rank through pain, sacrifice, and discipline.

The Commander General, on the other hand, climbed the ranks using connections and political favors. That reliance on influence had made him arrogant, blind to his own shortcomings. It was no wonder Aston, despite following military decorum, held no real respect for him. He knew the man's nature, hollow authority wrapped in self-importance, and they never truly got along.

So when the Commander General had the gall to question Kisha's ability to lead, Aston found it laughable. The very idea was absurd. If this man were placed in Kisha's position, under the same dire circumstances, Aston was certain the base would've crumbled. In fact, it would likely be in worse shape than it was under the Coltons and the Minister of Defense.

Now, as Kisha allowed the full pressure of her aura to descend upon him, the Commander General looked like he was about to choke on his own tongue, from fear alone.

"So? Are you telling us or not? We could just toss you back outside without bothering to hear a word." Kisha's voice was cold, unbothered, sharp enough to cut.

The Commander General bristled instantly, his anger flaring at what he saw as blatant disrespect from a mere civilian. His earlier fear evaporated, replaced by wounded pride. He didn't even realize the irony that his rage stemmed from having his authority questioned, all while being completely blind to his own lack of ability and the reality of his situation.

“You have no right to disrespect me! I am a messenger sent by the President himself, and it is your duty to listen, for the greater good!” the Commander General barked, voice full of self-importance. He then threw his hand into the air and shouted, “Men!”

At his signal, his soldiers raised their weapons and pointed them at Kisha. The Commander General straightened, the weight of the firearms behind him making him feel bold again. Power surged through his posture as he gave Kisha a smug, menacing glare.

“Woman, know your place,” he growled. “This is about national security and the survival of this nation’s people. This is far beyond your comprehension. So I suggest you stand down and follow orders.”

The last line hissed through clenched teeth, his pride still stinging from being shaken by her aura alone. But just as he began to revel in his false sense of control, the air shifted.

From the top of the walls to the base interior, every soldier stationed at HOPE raised their weapons, not at Kisha, but at him and his men. Even the civilians, still lingering in the area, took defensive stances, gripping whatever tools or weapons they had. No one had to speak; the message was loud and clear.

If the Commander General so much as touched a strand of Kisha’s hair, the entire base would descend on him with unrelenting force. Aston, standing just feet away, had already drawn his pistol, its barrel aimed directly at the General’s head.

Seeing the unwavering resolve in everyone’s eyes, the Commander General’s chest heaved with fury. His gaze flicked upward, and there it was. One of the soldiers stationed on the wall had an RPG missile launcher aimed directly at them. One wrong move, and they’d be blown to pieces.

He knew, logically, they wouldn't dare fire. Not with Kisha and Aston standing so close. It had to be a bluff, an intimidation tactic. But even knowing that, it worked. It worked well. Because the truth was, he didn't know these people.

He didn't know just how far they were willing to go. And judging by the way Aston's soldiers held their ground with zero hesitation, it was painfully clear that they had already defected, at least in spirit. Their loyalty no longer belonged to the chain of command. It belonged to Kisha.

These weren't soldiers anymore. They were wolves protecting their own.

And that terrified him more than any horde of zombies ever could.

With that grim realization settling over him, he scanned the sea of hostile faces one last time. He wasn't welcome here, and he knew it. Swallowing his pride, he raised his hand and gave the signal. His men lowered their weapons.

But those standing with Kisha didn't budge.

Not a single weapon was lowered. Not until Kisha herself gave a single nod. Only then did her people relax and return to their tasks, though their eyes remained watchful.

What the Commander General didn't know was that even if the soldier on Kisha's side had fired the RPG, she would have survived. Her aura alone was powerful enough to shield her, and with her

telekinesis, she could have deflected the blast entirely. He, on the other hand, would have been reduced to ashes.

Kisha had faced this man before. She knew his type: loud, arrogant, posturing like he held all the cards. But underneath that façade was a coward, terrified of death, more so than anyone she'd ever met. That's why she didn't panic when he raised the stakes. She was counting on him to fold the moment he realized he was outmatched. And just as she predicted, the second he saw himself cornered, he backed down.

Still, Kisha knew better than to let her guard down.

This man didn't value respect; he valued opportunity. He would follow orders when forced, only to scheme behind closed doors when no one was watching. And now that he had been publicly humiliated, he'd be twice as dangerous in the shadows.

Seeing him step down, Kisha gave the signal for their guest to be escorted to his temporary quarters. But she didn't assign Aston to the task. She had already summoned Tristan. She knew Aston couldn't tolerate the Commander General; there was no trust or diplomacy between them.

And the last thing she needed was for tensions to escalate behind closed doors. Tristan, on the other hand, could handle the whining, the power plays, and the subtle manipulation with a calm she trusted.

"Young Madam, I'm here—what do you need?" Tristan called out, still slightly out of breath as he jogged up to Kisha.

He'd been on his way to the Central Hall to discuss a few administrative matters with Mr. Winters when a sudden chat interface blinked into view. Kisha had pinned a location with an urgent flag. With a quick tap, a translucent green arrow appeared in front of him, visible only to him, guiding him through the corridors like a waypoint system. Without hesitation, he followed it.

The trail led him straight to Gate #2.

The moment he arrived, the tension in the air was unmistakable. A thick crowd had gathered, some civilians had already dispersed, but the number remaining was still sizable. The atmosphere buzzed with unease. Soldiers stood tense, weapons drawn and pointed toward the heart of the commotion. On top of the walls, sharpshooters kept steady aim. And parked nearby were several unfamiliar military trucks, clearly not from HOPE Base.

Tristan's eyes narrowed. Something was off.

He maneuvered through the crowd quickly, recognizing a few startled faces along the way. And then he saw her, Kisha, calm but firm, standing at the epicenter of the tension.

And across from her?

His least favorite person in uniform: the Commander General.

As soon as Tristan arrived, he stepped in front of Kisha, positioning himself between her and the Commander General with quiet but firm authority. He knew exactly what kind of man the Commander General was, an arrogant, old-school misogynist who still believed women existed solely to serve men

and satisfy their physical needs. Tristan wasn't about to let that kind of energy reach his Young Madam, though judging by the hard glint in Kisha's eyes, he'd already arrived a little too late.

"Tristan," Kisha said coolly, "I'm leaving these people in your care. Settle them somewhere, then bring the Commander General to my office when he's ready. It seems he has something to say."

With that, she turned and walked away without another glance, her heels clicking decisively against the ground. Aston, who had remained behind her the entire time like a silent storm, shot the Commander General a glare sharp enough to pierce steel before following after Kisha. Together, they headed toward the medical facility to check on the inventory for non-awakened humans and monitor for signs of a second wave of newly awakened ability users.

Back at the gate, Tristan's expression remained unreadable, stone-cold and composed. Without a word, he gestured for the Commander General's men to hand over the keys to their trucks. His own soldiers stepped in to park the vehicles in the designated lot.

At first, the Commander General bristled, unwilling to take orders from someone he considered beneath him. But Tristan was no pushover, and certainly not someone to be tested. His reputation alone carried enough weight, and when he gave orders, people followed. Eventually, the Commander General caved, biting back his pride as he fell in line.