

## Apocalypse 867

### Chapter 867 Negotiation?

“And what do we get in return?” Kisha asked bluntly. This was supposed to be a deal, after all, so it shouldn’t be one-sided. She had no intention of agreeing to anything without something tangible in return. Her question clearly caught the Commander General off guard; he hadn’t expected her to push back.

“W-What do you mean? Contributing to the government’s cause is every citizen’s duty...” he began, but Kisha cut him off before he could finish.

“You’re not wrong,” she said, her tone sharp but calm. “But it’s also the government’s duty, and the military’s, to protect the civilians, ensure their safety, and provide proper supplies and support to survivors. Isn’t that why people have been breaking their backs paying taxes every chance they get?” She gave him a pointed smile, her next words laced with biting amusement.

“I’m sure the government has a few remote warehouses packed with decades’ worth of emergency supplies for situations just like this. Funny thing is... we’ve never seen even a glimpse of that so-called help.”

The officials in front of her flushed red with embarrassment, clearly unable to come up with a response.

“But weren’t the Minister of Defense and Commander Aston sent to provide assistance?” the Commander General asked, as if suddenly recalling the presence of those high-ranking officials. He seemed to think he’d found a crack in Kisha’s argument, a way to regain control of the conversation. But instead of backing down, he watched as Kisha’s smile turned cold, almost sinister.

“Yes, they were here,” she replied, her tone calm but cutting. “And what did the Minister of Defense do? Instead of helping civilians or reinforcing the base’s defenses, he chose to indulge in a woman’s embrace while the people under his command starved.”

“Meanwhile, someone else was lording over the base, kidnapping civilians to be used as sex slaves, hoarding supplies, and leaving the rest to slowly die of hunger.”

She leaned forward slightly, voice still steady, but now carrying the weight of hard-earned authority. “It was only after the people rose up and overthrew those so-called leaders that things began to change. As for Commander Aston... once he realized the government wasn’t coming, that there was no support, and people were dying like flies, he made the only choice he could: he prioritized the survival of this base.”

She hadn’t laid out the full story, but she didn’t need to. The six officials seated before her had gone pale. Her message was loud and clear: if the current government operated like the old one, this base would never fall in line. And if necessary, the people here would overthrow any official who threatened their peace, because everything they had now was earned, not given.

After all, the Commander General and the other officers had seen it for themselves, the abundance of resources in this base. The people, though busy with their tasks, looked lively, healthy, and well-fed, even the children.

More strikingly, they noticed a significant security presence that wasn’t part of the official military ranks. That alone spoke volumes. This base clearly had the capacity, not just to survive, but to defend itself... or even wage a turf war against any other base if necessary.

In that moment, they realized Kisha's words weren't just a veiled threat. They were a warning, one backed by real power and preparation. If pushed, this base would fight back. And it wouldn't fight fair.

After all, not everyone inside this base was a mere civilian; they had Commander Aston on their side. And Aston wasn't just any soldier; he was a good one. The fact that he wasn't present to back the Commander General or help persuade Kisha made one thing clear: Aston's loyalty was firmly with her. Whatever Kisha decided, he would support and carry out without hesitation.

It was painfully obvious now, every soldier in this base had defected. Their allegiance belonged solely to the woman standing before them. Earlier, the Commander General couldn't quite grasp what it was about Kisha that drew such unwavering loyalty, why people followed her without question. But now... he was starting to understand.

Kisha wasn't just a woman. She was a blade, sharp, unflinching, and deadly. Whether she was the sharpest sword around, he couldn't say. But he was certain of one thing: if she wanted him dead, she could do it without batting an eye.

And though he was a coward, it was that very cowardice that kept him alive. His instincts, honed by fear and self-preservation, were screaming at him now. Every fiber of his being recognized the danger standing before him. Kisha wasn't someone to reason with or manipulate. She was someone to respect... or fear.

The Commander General no longer knew how to proceed. He had come to deliver the President's orders, but now, just the thought of speaking them aloud made his throat tighten. A deep, primal fear gripped him, irrational yet impossible to shake. He couldn't say where the thought came from, but he was certain: if Kisha wanted to, she could make him disappear without a trace. His hands had started to tremble.

Fortunately or perhaps unfortunately, one of the officers he'd brought along didn't share his sense of danger. Oblivious and confident, the man stepped forward and spoke.

"Miss, being skeptical of the government won't help anyone right now. And for the record, we didn't come here to beg for your supplies; this is an order."

His voice carried the weight of authority, shaped by decades of barking commands and commanding respect. He was in his late forties, seasoned and hardened by years of military service. Though he could somewhat imagine what these people had endured, his worldview remained unshaken: orders were orders, and the government, along with the military, was the only real force capable of restoring order and saving what was left of the world. That was his belief. And he clung to it like a lifeline.

"Oh? An order?" Kisha raised an eyebrow, her tone light, almost amused. "And if we don't follow it... what then? You'll force us? Use force against us?" she asked casually, as if the idea didn't concern her in the slightest.

"Don't make us resort to that," the middle-aged officer snapped through gritted teeth. "Our soldiers are in desperate need of supplies." His patience was wearing thin. If negotiation was off the table, then in his mind, coercion was the only option left.

After all, they had Kisha, the base's leader, right in front of them, and Commander Aston was nowhere in sight. If it came to it, they could take her hostage and use her to bring the base to its knees and force them to comply. Or so they thought.

Kisha simply shrugged, entirely unbothered by the rising tension in the room. "And we need these supplies to keep our civilians fed... and alive." Her calmness only made the officer more agitated.

“Then cut their rations in half and send the rest to us! Empty your warehouses if you have to. This is for the greater good, the future!” he barked, growing more desperate. He knew returning empty-handed wasn’t an option. Their soldiers were starving. They’d gambled everything on this mission, believing that this base was still under the control of the Minister of Defense, so they came here.