

Apocalypse 870

Chapter 870 Infighting

A carefully plotted ambush designed to eliminate her people outside the safety of the base, where the blame could be conveniently pinned on a zombie horde.

But Kisha's warriors weren't just ready—they were waiting.

"Looks like the City Lord was right," Rose said dryly, shrugging her shoulders as if the guns aimed at her didn't concern her in the slightest. "This old man won't stop until he's staring at his own coffin."

To the Commander General, her nonchalance was just an act, either a bluff to buy time or a quiet signal to alert her allies for a rescue. What he didn't realize was that it wasn't Rose who needed rescuing.

No, it was them.

Because the warriors accompanying her were itching for a fight. After spending hours inside the Military Academy cultivating, training, and absorbing the effects of Scarlet Honey and Spiritual Water, supplemented now and then with rare spiritual fruits, they were brimming with power. The squad Rose brought wasn't just any group either; they were the top of their class, the best of the best.

Kisha could only imagine the extent of their growth. After all, while only hours or days had passed in the outside world, it had been over a month inside the Academy. Their physical conditioning, combat skills, and spiritual strength had skyrocketed thanks to the Academy's accelerated training system. These were no longer just students; they were weapons honed and ready.

Then, as if on cue, the Commander General noticed Rose's subordinates grinning eerily, each of them cracking their knuckles and rolling their necks like wolves ready to pounce. It was clear, they were itching for a fight, and not the restrained kind.

The Commander General couldn't help but burst into laughter, his cackles so intense they ended in wheezing. 'How ridiculous,' he thought. Why would he let his men engage in a brawl when a simple pull of the trigger could end this? Shaking his head, he muttered inwardly, 'I was worried for nothing.'

He raised his hand to give the signal to fire, only to be interrupted.

"Sir," the younger officer spoke up, the same one who had intervened earlier, "I don't think this is a good idea. We should just do as they asked and try to convince their City Lord to help us. We really do need assistance, and there's no shame in accepting aid from civilians—"

Crack!

The officer's words were cut off as the Commander General punched him hard across the face, sending him stumbling back before he could finish his sentence.

"And who do you think you are to lecture me?" the Commander General sneered, his voice laced with contempt. "You're nothing but a mutt dragged here to boost the headcount, nothing more."

But rather than humiliating the younger officer alone, his words rippled through the ranks like a slap in the face to every soldier present. For those who had proudly stood as shields and swords for these so-

called leaders, it was a bitter reminder of how little they truly mattered. Most of them hadn't even been privy to what was said at the negotiation table; they were just expected to follow orders without question.

Disposable. That's how it sounded. That's how it felt.

And if there was anyone Kisha could bring herself to pity in this entire confrontation, it was them, the rank-and-file soldiers. Many had joined the military out of desperation, true, but just as many had signed up out of loyalty, out of a desire to serve and protect their homeland. These were the brave, selfless hearts who truly embodied the spirit of service, hearts that the high-ranking officers had long since trampled beneath their ambition and greed.

And why did Kisha allow all this to unfold? Why let them conspire against her people without interference? It wasn't just to test the strength of her warriors after a month of intensive training at the Academy; it was also to expose a deeper truth.

She wanted the soldiers, those following the Commander General and the corrupt government in the Capital, to see for themselves. To witness that the people they served weren't protecting the weak, but exploiting them. That they were being used, not as heroes, but as disposable pawns.

Kisha knew that in time, those soldiers with a conscience and a good heart would either be cast aside or quietly eliminated, used as cautionary tales to keep the rest in line. And those who remained?

They'd slowly become numb. The spark of compassion in their eyes would fade. Eventually, they'd stop flinching at the sight of civilian suffering. Even when someone died right in front of them, they wouldn't bat an eye.

They'd become dull. Robotic. Like living corpses following orders, soulless instruments of a crumbling regime.

Kisha knew there were still soldiers like Aston and his unit, men and women who remained true to their mission and their oath to protect the people. She also knew that not all high-ranking officers were corrupt; some were still fighting silently for what was right. That was why she hadn't written the military off entirely. She believed that these brave individuals could become allies in her greater cause, to protect humanity from extinction.

And now, it seemed her gamble was starting to pay off.

The moment the Commander General spat out those demeaning words, a ripple of unease passed through the ranks. Though their weapons remained aimed at Rose and her team, some soldiers exchanged uncertain glances. One platoon captain in particular turned to look at the younger officer who'd just been struck, someone he knew well, someone he'd trained alongside back at the academy. He trusted him.

The officer's warning echoed in his mind.

Something about this mission suddenly felt off. Why were they being ordered to execute people without question? Why the secrecy, the haste? They had been told they were acting in the nation's interest, but now, doubt was spreading like wildfire.

And that doubt, Kisha hoped, would be the spark that changed everything.

"Sir, please... tell us what's going on," the platoon captain asked, turning to the younger officer, his voice calm but firm.

Before the younger officer could respond, the older officer, just as hot-headed as the Commander General, barked furiously, "In what capacity do you think you have the right to question your superior?!"

The platoon captain didn't even flinch. "In the capacity of a leader whose men follow him into battle with their lives on the line. They trust me, just as I trust those I choose to serve under. That makes me responsible for their safety, their honor, and their conscience. We're not disposable mutts."

He glanced around at the soldiers behind him, then continued. "Right now, your safety is in our hands. So yes, I believe we do have the right to know what's going on, because I can live with taking down enemies of the state. But civilians? That's where I draw the line. I swore an oath to protect this country and its people, not blindly follow orders that reek of something rotten."

"Ha!" The Commander General scoffed, his voice dripping with disdain. "The only people you're sworn to protect are the high-ranking officials and your superiors. That's common sense, boy."

Then, without warning, he pulled out his sidearm and fired.

A deafening shot rang out.

The platoon captain crumpled to the ground with a choked grunt, clutching his bleeding leg as stunned silence fell over the ranks. No one had expected the Commander General to go that far. Not yet.

But now, a line had been crossed, and the men knew it.

"Captain!"

"Captain!"

"Hue!"

As the soldiers scrambled toward their fallen leader, chaos broke out, but not among Rose's team. Watching the internal fracture unfold, Rose and Fred exchanged a knowing glance. The mission was a success, far beyond the simple goal of killing zombies.

That had only ever been a smokescreen.

The true objective was this: to spark unrest within the enemy's ranks, to force their hand, and expose who among them would act rashly without orders. By pushing them to the brink, Rose's team had drawn out the bad seeds, those who were too dangerous or too blind to follow reason.

Now, the Commander General's grip on power was slipping. Fear had begun to settle in his men's eyes, and the arrogance he wore like armor cracked under the weight of his own actions.

Intimidation complete. Targets exposed. The next step was clear: bring them back to Base, and let the real reckoning begin.

The soldiers rushed to stop the bleeding from their captain's leg, but the Commander General wasn't finished yet. Consumed by rage, he pointed his gun at the younger officer who had spoken out, completely forgetting that Rose and her team were still present.

Before he could act, the wounded captain raised a trembling hand and signaled his men.

In an instant, the barrels once aimed at Rose's team shifted, now all pointed squarely at the Commander General.

"Pull that trigger," the captain said through clenched teeth, groaning in pain, "and I swear, you won't even have a corpse left for burial."

Rose had to resist the urge to applaud him for such boldness. Even injured, the man radiated authority.

"You dare rebel against your superior?!" the older officer roared, eyes wild, but his body remained still as he scanned the sea of guns now aimed at him.

"They're the enemy! Can't you see what they're doing?" he shouted, pointing desperately toward Rose and Fred, who stood calmly behind the soldiers. "They're trying to divide us, make us turn on each other!"

A few confused soldiers began to glance back, uncertain... but the tension in the air was thicker than ever.