

## Apocalypse 871

### Chapter 871 When The Dam Broke

"Sorry to burst your bubble, old man," Rose said with a shrug, flashing the soldiers a playful, almost mocking smile. "But we only provide supplies to decent people. We don't take kindly to intimidation tactics, especially when someone tries to rob us of the supplies we worked hard to secure."

The platoon captain winced in pain, gritting his teeth as one of his men stuffed a cloth into the deep wound on his leg to slow the bleeding. It felt like his flesh was being torn open all over again. With effort, he was hauled upright by two of his soldiers, standing on one leg as he faced Rose and Fred.

"We didn't come to rob you, ma'am," he said, voice strained. "We were ordered to seek help from the Minister of Defense. There are too many people in the Capital, too many mouths to feed. Civilians are starving. Dying. We need those supplies."

"Sorry for the late introduction," Rose began, her tone even but firm. "I'm Rose Brigget, Special Agent from Division 1. This is Fred Archer, a former S.W.A.T. operative. We're both captains of this squad, as you can see."

She didn't hesitate to reveal her former role in the government. Establishing that connection might serve as a bridge, a way to reason with them. After all, saving good people wasn't against their mission. Kisha never said they had to kill everyone, only that they needed to let the rotten ones turn on each other and bring back the valuable ones. The bad seeds had to be rooted out. But one thing was clear: the Commander General had to stay alive for interrogation.

"As for your request," Rose continued, her eyes narrowing slightly, "I doubt the lower-ranking soldiers were told the whole truth. But let's be honest, your superiors didn't come here to ask for help. They came to take what they wanted. They've been trying to bleed us dry, demanding so-called taxes in the form of supplies, leaving us with barely enough to keep this base alive."

She took a step forward, her voice rising with restrained fury.

"We don't even know how many survivors you have left in the Capital Base, but here, we're sheltering over five thousand people. Their survival depends on us, on these supplies we risked our lives to gather and protect. Our City Lord has no issue helping others, but your leaders should act with decency, not like daylight thieves, stealing what isn't theirs and even demanding future supply pick-ups as if we're some kind of distribution center. Is that reasonable to you?"

Her gaze shifted to the Commander General, sharp and unforgiving. "We sow the seeds, so basically, we should be the ones harvesting them. But your men act like pigs and want to eat them."

That last word struck a nerve.

The Commander General's composure snapped. Enraged, he reached for his pistol, but before he could lift it, a dagger whistled through the air and buried itself in his hand. With a shout of pain, he dropped the weapon, blood dripping from his clenched fingers.

Rose didn't even blink.

If he thought Kisha was the only one to be afraid of, then he was sorely mistaken.

Rose was just as fierce, maybe even more so, when it came to dealing with arrogant fools. She had no patience for people who acted high and mighty without knowing their place. But what she hated even

more than that was corruption. Especially when it came from those who had once sworn to serve the people.

She may have come from a different branch of the government, but their mission was supposed to be the same: to protect and serve. Watching people twist that oath into a weapon for greed and exploitation made her blood boil. Hopefully, some of the soldiers in front of her still had a conscience and enough backbone to make the right choice before things went too far.

On the other side, Rakan leaned casually against the hood of a rusted-out car, the image of a reformed gangster slipping back into old habits. He crossed one leg over the other, lit a cigarette, and exhaled slowly, unbothered by the tension crackling in the air. His old crewmen who had followed him from Port City to City B flanked him, forming a tight circle just like the old days. One lit his cigarette for him without a word.

Meanwhile, the warriors from the Academy formed a barrier, surrounding the soldiers with grim, unblinking stares. Their presence was like a storm on the edge of breaking, silent, but impossible to ignore. A few of the military officers shifted nervously, their assault rifles still trained on the warriors, though their hands had begun to tremble ever so slightly.

The message was clear: one wrong move, and things would spiral out of control.

"Listen here, Mr. Military Man," Rakan said with a smirk, his tone calm but laced with threat. "I used to be a Mafia boss, I don't flinch at the sight of a few guns. I've taken lives without blinking, so don't go testing my patience."

He exhaled slowly, sending a smoke ring drifting above him before continuing, voice smooth but sharp like a blade.

"If you think you can push us around just because most of the people here at HOPE Base are civilians, then you've got the wrong idea. We bled for every bit of those supplies. Fought through hordes of zombies just for a single can of sausage. So tell me, do you really think it's fair for you to point your guns at us now, just because we dared to ask you to prove yourselves before we hand over what we've earned?"

He chuckled lowly, tapping ash from his cigarette. "Hell, even I, an ex-Mafia, feel embarrassed watching the so-called soldiers act more lawless than I ever was."

Rakan wasn't just speaking, he was playing a mind game, one he had mastered long ago. These kinds of intimidation tactics were second nature to him. Stall for time, keep the pressure rising, and let the silence settle like a noose. The longer it dragged on, the more nerves frayed, the more hands began to tremble.

This was no longer just a standoff.

It was a battle of mental endurance, and the first one to crack would lose.

"What the hell are you waiting for, you maggots?!" one of the officers barked, his voice sharp with frustration. "Just take down these ruffians already! Then we'll grab the supplies and head back to the Capital!"

He growled through gritted teeth, eyes blazing as he continued, "Remember your families, people are starving back home! You've seen their base. Everyone here looks well-fed, cheeks rosy, stomachs full. They clearly have more than enough to spare. So what's the harm in taking a little for ourselves and our people?"

The officer's annoyance wasn't just about the supplies; it was personal. As a military man, seeing someone like Rakan, a known former mafia boss, standing his ground with confidence was infuriating. To him, men like Rakan represented everything the military stood against. They were oil and water, two forces that could never mix peacefully. One had to be eliminated for the other to breathe freely.

But Rakan?

He didn't flinch. He just shrugged, calm and unbothered, as if the officer's words were nothing more than a breeze passing by.

"Let me guess—the government is hoarding the supplies, aren't they?" Rakan began, his voice calm but laced with cutting edge. "Rationing just enough to keep the people alive... barely. Just enough so they can keep working like horses and oxen for the system, all for a measly loaf of bread in return."

He tilted his head slightly, studying the soldiers' faces with sharp eyes. "But tell me this, aren't there emergency bunkers stocked with food and medical supplies? You expect me to believe none of those were tapped into? That you couldn't retrieve even one?"

His lips curled into a faint smirk. "So why are people still starving to death? Unless—" He paused, letting the silence stretch before finishing, "—the government is treating supplies like weapons. Keeping control. Hoarding what should be shared. Because even they don't know how long this apocalypse will last... or how to end it."

Rakan wasn't expecting his words to break their discipline, but he knew one thing: doubt could be more dangerous than bullets. These soldiers weren't clueless. They were the ones risking their lives in the field, hauling crates of supplies day in and day out. And yet, their people remained hungry.

They had seen too much. Sacrificed too much. And Rakan's words planted a question that was hard to ignore:

'Where did all those supplies really go?'

They were trained to follow orders, loyal to the nation and their superiors. But now, for the first time, some of them started to wonder if that loyalty had been misplaced.

Seeing the soldiers begin to waver, the officer snapped. In a desperate attempt to reassert control, he raised his gun and shot one of his own men in the head. The shot rang out like a warning, a brutal message meant to force obedience, to remind everyone that their only job was to follow orders, not to question them.

But that one act of violence had the opposite effect.

And it didn't just happen in Rakan's group. Similar scenes played out all across the city. Each squad under Kisha's command had been instructed to sow discord within the ranks of the military, and the seeds they planted had taken root. In every team, one life was lost, either executed or wounded, for hesitating or asking questions.

And with that, the dam broke.

