

## **Apocalypse 872**

### Chapter 872 Sowing Discord Successful

The soldiers, no longer willing to be treated like expendable pawns, turned their weapons not on civilians, but on their own corrupt superiors. Questions turned to outrage, and outrage turned into rebellion. Those officers who had known the real reason for the supply raids, those who had tried to maintain the illusion of authority, found themselves cornered by their own men, who demanded answers.

When none were given, the soldiers made their decision.

They defected.

One by one, the corrupt officers were overpowered, apprehended, or killed by the very men they once commanded. These soldiers weren't mindless machines built for obedience. They were people, thinking, feeling individuals who had simply needed the right push to wake up.

And that push had come.

On Rose and Fred's side, the older officer who had ordered the violence was killed. The younger one, shaken but spared, stepped forward as the spokesperson for the remaining soldiers. Those who had resisted the change and continued to support their corrupt commanders were swiftly dealt with, either subdued or eliminated.

Kisha's people didn't interfere.

They simply stood and watched, cold and silent. Compassion had its place, but weakness could be fatal. They had learned that from Kisha, learned that survival meant knowing when to be kind... and when to be ruthless. If they showed softness to the wrong people, they wouldn't just be taken advantage of; they might not survive at all.

This was the world now. And if they wanted to protect their people, their families, and themselves, they had to let others learn the same lesson.

After the successful mission to eliminate the bad seeds, Rose and the others returned home. They brought back those who were still alive but had been apprehended, individuals who refused to change.

Most of the survivors were high-ranking officers from the capital, including the now-disgraced Commander General. The truly problematic soldiers had been dealt with on-site; their bodies were left in the streets, stripped of their dog tags.

These dog tags were collected in case the young officer, now acting as the leader of the reformed soldiers, just in case they needed proof for the capital to show just how many had been lost in the operation.

Not long after, those same officers were brought into Kisha's study, but the dynamic had completely changed.

This time, only one officer stood tall and saluted Kisha with sharp discipline: the young officer who had chosen Kisha's side. The Commander General and the others who had survived now knelt in front of her,

hands bound tightly behind their backs. Rose and the other captains stood behind them, pressing them to the floor so they were forced to bow their heads, whether they wanted to or not.

And after witnessing what had become of the rest of their loyal men, those who had fought back and paid with their lives, none of these officers who witnessed it dared to speak a word. For now, silence was their only means of survival.

“Wow! That was fast! It only took you what, three hours to round up all the bad seeds and come back with everything sorted?!” Kisha exclaimed, clapping her hands with genuine delight as she looked around at her captains. All of them were grinning with pride, and none more than Rakan, who now stood among them, not just as a member, but as a captain in his own right. The fact that he had earned that title despite not being an awakened ability user spoke volumes about his strength and leadership.

“Don’t praise me too much, City Lord,” Rakan said, scratching the back of his head and chuckling. “I might choke on my own tongue from happiness.”

His face turned bright red, looking more like a flustered schoolboy than a seasoned street fighter. But the joy was unmistakable. For Rakan, standing here as a captain, leading people, not hurting them, felt like redemption. It reminded him of the power and presence he once had as a mafia boss, only now he wasn’t ruling through fear. He was protecting lives. And that gave his strength a new, deeper purpose. He couldn’t stop smiling.

Seeing Rakan act more bashful than even Clyde and Reeve, the younger captains, Kisha couldn’t help but chuckle. But her smile quickly vanished as her gaze settled on the Commander General. She walked over and stopped in front of him, and the warmth in her eyes turned cold.

“So... let’s begin. Why don’t you tell me why you’re really here? Instead of gathering supplies from the military warehouses and granaries like you should be, why come all the way to City B?” Kisha asked calmly, crouching down so she was eye-level with the bound Commander General.

They had no business being here, and if Kisha compared this moment to the timeline of her previous life, their presence now was beyond suspicious. Still, the Commander General remained silent, refusing to answer.

Kisha wasn’t in a rush. But the younger officer beside her clearly sensed the deeper meaning behind her question and was more than willing to help uncover the truth. Without hesitation, he pulled out an electric baton, poured water over the Commander General and the other kneeling officers, and activated the baton. A sharp buzz followed, then a scream as the first shock hit. The skin at the point of contact charred almost instantly.

“Oh! Kid, you’re feisty,” Rakan said with a wince, watching as the officer delivered another jolt that made the Commander General twitch violently, nearly wetting himself.

Still, there was silence. So the younger officer began shocking them at random, never letting them guess who’d be hit next. The unpredictability of the pain broke through their mental defenses like a battering ram.

Finally, after a few more cycles, one of the officers collapsed to the ground, convulsing from the pain. Through ragged breaths, he gave in and spoke.

“I... I’ll talk... I’ll tell you what I know...” the officer stammered, his voice shaking as he struggled not to bite down on his own tongue from the lingering pain. His body trembled, broken by the relentless shocks.

The younger officer stood firm, unflinching. He showed no hesitation, no mercy; he didn't care that the men he was interrogating were older or held higher ranks. From the moment he chose to bring justice to his fallen comrades, he had committed himself to this path.

Ruthlessness was necessary. He understood something simple and cruel: these weren't honorable soldiers, they were cowards dressed in uniform, men who had bought their ranks with favors and bribes, not earned them with loyalty or strength.

And men like them? They cracked easily.

He hadn't needed elaborate tools or drawn-out interrogations. Just one tactic: unpredictability. By shocking them at random, he planted the seed of fear, 'When will it be my turn again? Will the pain get worse next time? Will he switch to something more brutal?'

It was the not knowing that broke them.

Slowly but surely, their arrogance crumbled. Fear seeped into their eyes. The anticipation was more agonizing than the pain itself.

And now, one of them had finally broken.

Sure enough, they didn't last long under the pressure. Even Kisha was impressed by how sharp and quick-witted the young officer was; his tactics showed not only ruthlessness but foresight and strategy.