

Apocalypse 873

Chapter 873 The Truth

'Not bad,' she thought. 'He'd make a fine spy... or even one of my own.' A smirk tugged at her lips as she silently took a liking to him. She saw potential, someone worth grooming for her elite squad. But for now, she simply watched, curious to see how far he could go on his own.

"Then speak," Kisha said coolly after a long pause, watching the trembling officer on the ground as he finally found his bearings. Terrified that another moment of hesitation would earn him another electric shock, he scrambled to open his mouth.

"Don't you dare say a word, or you'll be executed! You know the code!" the Commander General barked, his voice hoarse but threatening.

Before he could finish, the younger officer, unflinching in his role, slammed the electric baton into the Commander General again, sending him writhing on the floor in agony.

The trembling officer flinched at the sight but didn't waste another second. Driven by fear and the sharp scent of burnt flesh in the air, he finally spoke.

"C-Coming here was just a cover," the officer stammered, his voice shaking. "We did need supplies, but as you said, the military warehouses and granaries back in the capital are still stocked. The real reason we stopped at your base was to assert control... to establish dominance, so in the future, we could use your base as a pawn to funnel more supplies to us while we stayed comfortable in the capital."

He took a shaky breath, speaking quickly, terrified that even a moment's hesitation might earn him more pain. "But our main objective wasn't City B. We were en route to City A. The other routes were either blocked off or too dangerous, and since City B has an active base, we believed this would be the safest path through."

Kisha's brows knit tightly together, her expression hardening. A shadow passed over her face. "Why do you need to go to City A?" she asked, her voice now ice-cold. Her bloodlust began to seep into the room, thick and suffocating, because she already had a dark suspicion about what they were after.

The officer visibly trembled under Kisha's oppressive aura, sweat beading on his forehead as he stammered, "T-There was an emergency broadcast, wasn't there? The one that went out nationwide, and maybe even to other countries, through satellite transmission? We detected—"

"Shut your mouth!!!" the Commander General roared, cutting him off with a furious glare.

But before he could go on, Kisha's cold eyes flicked to Fred. Without a word, she signaled with a slight nod. Fred understood immediately, he grabbed the Commander General by the collar and dragged him out.

"Take him to the yard," she said icily. "Teach him a lesson. I'll deal with him later." Kisha said as she thought. 'I still have questions about the experiments.'

Moments later, agonized squeals echoed from outside. Kisha had left the window slightly ajar on purpose, letting the sounds filter back into the room like a warning bell. The officers, still kneeling before her, went pale. The message was clear: hiding anything would only make things worse. And so, the frightened officer continued, no longer needing any more encouragement to speak.

“The capital detected satellite activity... and the people who sent the warning claimed to be from a base in City A,” the officer confessed through tears, his voice shaky and hoarse. “So we figured... if we could locate that base and seize control of their broadcasting room, we could tap into the satellite feed. Even if we couldn’t use it to spy globally, we could at least hijack it to spread propaganda, to make people follow us, pay tribute, fall in line... all without wasting manpower or force.”

His shoulders trembled as he spoke, his body already battered from the earlier beatings. Every movement sent fresh waves of pain through him, especially the burns from the electric baton. Being shocked while wet had made the pain unbearable, like fire crawling over his skin. He couldn’t take any more. He hated this, hated the pain, the fear, the helplessness. And that desperation finally broke his resistance.

Hearing the officer’s words, Kisha’s expression darkened. She remembered clearly, before the GeoStorm hit, she had ordered Keith to use the broadcasting room to send out a global warning through the satellite network, urging people to evacuate.

That decision had saved countless lives, earning her a large number of system points. But now, to think that others with twisted motives had taken notice of that act of goodwill, twisting it into a tool for manipulation, made her stomach turn.

Because of her actions, these opportunists had moved faster than they did in her previous life. They discovered something far more valuable than food or weapons: information, and the means to control its flow. In a world thrown into chaos, whoever controlled information could shape truth, sway decisions, and manipulate survivors.

If the capital succeeded in hijacking the broadcast system, they wouldn’t need force to control people. With just the right messages, they could mold public opinion, cloak their selfish ambitions in noble intentions, and make survivors willingly serve them, never realizing they were being enslaved from the shadows.

“But doesn’t the government already have access to the satellite system? Why go after another base for it?” Kisha asked, her eyes narrowing with suspicion.

“Unfortunately, during the early chaos of the apocalypse, a tank shell struck our satellite dish,” the officer explained, trembling slightly. “And... some Generals who didn’t agree with the President’s leadership and methods sabotaged the control rooms before fleeing. We’re trying to rebuild everything, but progress is slow. Finding a base with a functioning system, like the one in City A, would be a valuable backup.”

Kisha’s eyes gleamed with interest. “And those Generals... what happened to them?”

“They escaped,” he said, swallowing hard. “Took some loyal soldiers and a stash of supplies. No one’s seen them since.”

Kisha leaned back, thoughtful. ‘So there are still people in power who refused to follow the corrupt leadership... people with a spine and a conscience.’ She couldn’t afford to let that lead slip away.

“What...? The President said those Generals were traitors, power-hungry, and selfish. That they destroyed our only hope of restoring order...” the younger officer murmured, his voice trailing off. Then, he abruptly fell silent, as if something finally clicked.

The realization hit him like a punch to the gut.

'The President lied.'

He blamed the Generals to keep his own name clean, shifting the target onto their backs. And just like that, those who once led the military with honor were branded as enemies. No one even knew where they went after leaving the Capital, or if they were still alive. At the time, many were too injured, too confused to question anything. Some believed the official story. But not everyone.

After all, many had served under those very Generals. Some still believed they acted for a reason, that their defection was a desperate act of conscience, not betrayal. But voicing such beliefs was dangerous. Anyone who questioned the narrative was quickly silenced by the higher-ranking officers, all in the name of preserving military order and preventing chaos in the ranks.

So, one by one, the soldiers shut their mouths, and followed.