

Apocalypse 874

Chapter 874 Another Possibility

To think that everything they had been told was a lie, crafted by the very people they trusted, was a hard truth to swallow. Lies meant to brainwash them and turn them against their comrades, the same friends who had once stood beside them, now branded as traitors simply because they fled with the Generals.

But what if those Generals had uncovered something horrific? Something the government was desperate to keep hidden?

Kisha couldn't shake the thought. According to her current mission, the Capital had been conducting human experiments. If the Generals had discovered this and tried to stop it, it would explain why they were forced to flee, to regroup, survive, and eventually return to expose the truth and fight back.

In contrast, those who stayed behind became the so-called "victors", with the power to twist the truth, manipulate narratives, and indoctrinate the remaining soldiers. Lies became doctrine. Doubt became treason.

Kisha suspected that in her previous life, none of this had ever come to light. If that was true, then those Generals, and the loyal soldiers who fled with them, had likely perished in exile. Or worse, they'd been quietly assassinated by the government to ensure their silence and erase the truth from history.

A heavy sense of unease settled in Kisha's chest. She had to find those Generals before the Capital did. It would be a tragedy if they were killed before the truth could be revealed.

But from what she could gather, no one here seemed to know the Generals' whereabouts yet. Perhaps they were planning to use satellite feeds to track them down, but something was clearly preventing them from doing that, aside from their control room and satellite dish being broken.

Kisha suspected the Generals had taken a crucial control key or did a system override when they fled, blocking the President from accessing certain feeds or systems. Another possibility was that they had abducted someone vital, someone the President needed to regain full control of the system.

Whatever the reason, it was clear the Generals hadn't just run away; they were stalling the Capital, buying time. That meant something far bigger was happening behind the scenes. And if her assumptions were correct, then the experiments might only be the surface of a much deeper and darker secret.

Even in her past life, Kisha had never uncovered anything like this. Whatever was happening now... it had been buried well.

"Then, aside from the Generals and the plan to take over a base in City A, is there anything else you know? Maybe... a hidden experiment?" Kisha asked casually. Her tone was light, as if she were asking in passing, but in truth, she was carefully watching for any signs of deception, subtle shifts in expression, muscle tension, even the flicker of hesitation in the officer's eyes.

But the officer only looked genuinely confused. His brows furrowed as he tried to recall anything else of importance, clearly racking his brain to give her an honest answer.

That's when Kisha understood, these people really didn't know about the experiment.

Just as her mission file had suggested, the truth about the human experiments wasn't common knowledge. Her only viable lead, the one who might actually hold the answers, was the Commander General.

But he was proving to be a tough nut to crack. Despite his cowardice, he clearly held back from saying something he shouldn't. That could only mean one thing: he was more afraid of crossing the President than dying at her hands.

Why?

Kisha's mind raced through the possibilities. Could the President be holding his family hostage to ensure his silence? It wouldn't be out of character, after all, the man was both power-hungry and dangerously cunning.

Another possibility was even more disturbing: what if the Commander General had a chip implanted in his body, one that could kill him the moment he uttered certain trigger words? Considering the kind of experiments the Capital was conducting, and how little she knew about their full extent, nothing felt too far-fetched anymore.

"008, do you think you can perform a full-body scan on the Commander General to check if he has any chips implanted?" Kisha asked calmly.

Although she had capable people around her, they lacked the advanced equipment necessary for such a scan. Worse, if they conducted a hasty physical check or used crude methods, it might trigger a remote alert, possibly tipping off the President. That risk was far too great. Losing her lead now was not an option, especially when she had no idea what punishment awaited her if she failed this mission.

“Yes, Host. I can. That will cost 5,000 system points,” 008 replied cheerfully, its voice rising with enthusiasm.

Kisha groaned internally. ‘Money grubber...’ But despite the frustration, she approved the scan. There was too much at stake to hesitate.

[System Prompt: Do you wish to initiate a full-body scan?]

[Cost: 5,000 system points]

[Confirm: YES] [Cancel: NO]

Without hesitation, she tapped the ‘YES’ button.

Almost immediately, a new prompt appeared on the screen:

[Please select the target for scanning.]

Then she let 008 handle the rest. There was no need for her to manually operate anything, after all, 008 was her personal assistant. Aside from major decisions or anything involving the expenditure of system points (which 008 wasn’t authorized to do), it could take care of almost everything else.

Kisha sank back into the leather chair, arms folded, as she watched the scan progress. All she had to do now was wait for the results.

Her silence, paired with the quiet efficiency of her actions, only deepened the tension in the room. The officers, still gasping for breath on the floor, kneeling from the earlier strike they received, now felt an even more suffocating sense of dread. The one who had spoken earlier and collapsed was yanked upright by Rose, who lifted him by the collar like a ragdoll and forced him to kneel again.

They trembled in pain, struggling to suppress their whimpers. None dared to cry out, not when they knew that even a sound might draw unwanted attention and earn them another jolt of pain. So, they endured it in silence, all while hearing the distant, brutal sound of the Commander General being punished in the backyard.

Kisha made no move to stop Fred. She wanted to break the Commander's will, to make him question who he should truly fear: the President he served or her.

Because a man like him only submitted to the greater monster. And if fear was the only language he understood, then she would become the biggest devil in his eyes.

But before she could proceed with any interrogation, she had to confirm one thing: that there was no chip implanted in his body, no hidden device that would kill him the moment he dared to speak.

If he was truly worried about his family, if the President was holding them hostage to keep him obedient—then Kisha would find a way to save them. She'd be willing to negotiate, even help him, if it meant uncovering the truth.

But if he was only staying silent out of fear for his own life, then he was nothing more than a coward. A scumbag who didn't deserve her pity. And if that was the case, she'd have no qualms about breaking him piece by piece until he talked.

Just then, a notification popped up:

[Scan Complete]

[Foreign Objects Detected: 7]

[Full body scan results ready. Reviewing all findings...]