

Apocalypse 875

Chapter 875 What They Are For

Kisha nearly shot up from her seat in shock. If she wasn't mistaken, these foreign objects could only be one of two things: either metal brackets implanted due to severe injuries sustained during service... or the chips she feared.

But seven? Seven chips? That number was far too high, no matter how she tried to rationalize it.

Her eyes drifted to the window. The Commander General looked like he was hanging on by a thread; one more blow, and he might not survive. Kisha strode over, pushed the window open wider, and called out in a firm, icy voice, "Fred, that's enough. Drag him back in."

Outwardly, she was composed and cold. But inside, her mind was spinning. She was deeply rattled.

As Fred dragged the Commander General back inside, Kisha pressed the "See More" button on the scan results. Immediately, a series of detailed X-ray images and diagnostic reports appeared before her.

She began with the X-ray. Her eyes narrowed as she examined the screen. There were metal nodes clearly visible: one at the center of his head, another at the back of his neck, one directly above his heart, one embedded in each shoulder, and one in each knee. The positioning was surgical, almost calculated. Most alarming of all, some appeared to be fused into the bone itself.

She switched to the more detailed scans. The results confirmed it, seven chips in total. What surprised her was their size; they were larger than she had anticipated. The chip in his head wasn't embedded in the brain, but nestled beneath the scalp, just behind the skull.

The one at the back of his neck was dangerously close to the spinal cord. The chip over his heart was placed directly atop the beating organ, while the ones in his shoulders and knees were lodged deep into the bones themselves.

Kisha couldn't determine exactly what each chip was meant for, but one thing was clear: their placements were not only invasive but potentially lethal. The more she studied them, the more uneasy she became. Whoever did this... knew exactly what they were doing.

"008, can you disable those chips?" Kisha asked. "Or better yet, can you analyze their functions first?"

She didn't want to make any reckless moves that might alert the Capital. The exact purpose of the microchips was still unclear, and acting without understanding could be catastrophic. Based on their placements, especially the one near the heart and spine, there was at least an 85% chance they were designed to be lethal, possibly miniature bombs that would trigger if the Commander General tried to speak out.

But that wasn't the only possibility.

Kisha considered the other possibilities. The chips might be linked to his neural pathways, allowing the Capital to transmit or receive data, maybe even allowing him to send out an SOS if tampered with. Worse still, they might be surveillance tools, letting the President see, hear, or feel everything the Commander General did. Or they could be suppressing vital functions, restricting his ability to think freely, speak, or even maintain stable heart activity.

Whatever they were, one thing was certain: none of it sounded good.

“I can do both, host... but it won’t be cheap,” 008 chimed in, its voice practically oozing smugness. Kisha could already picture it, grinning mischievously, virtual hands rubbing together like a greedy merchant waiting for payment. She rolled her eyes inwardly but gave a resigned nod. Of course, she agreed.

“Alright. But first, analyze what those microchips are capable of before we even think about disabling them,” Kisha instructed, her voice cold and sharp. “Randomly shutting them down might trigger an alert on the President’s side. Also, run a full scan on every officer and soldier who entered our territory.”

Her expression darkened. She didn’t know exactly what the Capital was planning, but with this level of control and caution, it was clear they were hiding something big, something dangerous.

In a blink, over a hundred thousand system points were deducted. Though Kisha still had billions in reserve, the sheer cost for just a body scan stung more than she’d like to admit.

While waiting for the scans to be completed, she turned her attention back to the others. Fred and his team were ordered to tie up the remaining prisoners and place them behind bars. They repurposed one of the unused rooms in the barracks to keep a close watch on them. Meanwhile, the defecting soldiers were quarantined, just as Kisha had instructed.

The young officer watching all of this unfold looked pale and uneasy. He still didn’t understand what was truly happening, and for a moment, he feared Kisha might betray them and order their execution.

“No need to worry about it,” Kisha said calmly, “but I need to make sure none of you have any foreign objects implanted in your body.” As she spoke, she tapped her temple meaningfully.

The younger officer would have to be a complete fool not to understand what she was implying. Still, he couldn't quite grasp why Kisha suspected they were bugged. But Kisha offered no further explanation. Soon after, the soldiers were led away, not to be punished, but simply separated.

Unlike the Commander General's harsh treatment, the defected soldiers were handled far more humanely. They were fed generously: large bowls of rice, two meat dishes, vegetables, side dishes, soup, and drinks. The spread left them delighted, and they eagerly devoured their meals while waiting. With food like that, none of them felt like they were being imprisoned or quarantined.

As for the Commander General and the other high-ranking officers, they remained tied up under strict watch. To ensure the Commander General didn't die from his injuries, Eric Gilberts was sent to treat his wounds. He administered anti-inflammatory medication and other necessary drugs before leaving him under heavy guard.

Eric felt no sympathy at the sight of the bruised and bloodied Commander General. He knew Kisha wasn't the type to inflict pain without reason. So, he simply carried out what was asked of him, no more, no less.

He didn't speak to the Commander General either. Frankly, there wasn't much point. The man couldn't even open his mouth without coughing up blood that might splatter across Eric's face.

After nearly two hours of scanning the remaining two dozen soldiers and officers, 008 finally completed the analysis. Fortunately, only three soldiers were found to have microchips implanted, but unlike the Commander General, their chips were located only at the base of their necks.

Among the officers, two were also tagged. The younger officer was clean, no foreign implants detected, and even the outspoken officer from earlier turned out to be chip-free. However, the two who had remained silent both carried three chips each: one at the back of the neck, another at the back of the head, and a third directly over the heart.

Now Kisha understood. The silence from those two wasn't just out of fear or loyalty; it was self-preservation. They knew they were bugged, and likely any wrong word could cost them their lives. On the bright side, the younger officer's clean scan meant he was still safe to be used moving forward.

With the scan completed, Kisha instructed Fred and Rose to isolate the tagged individuals. They were relocated to the same secured room where the Commander General was being held.

As for the younger officer, he was escorted back to Kisha's office, he glanced around nervously. "Ma'am, what's going on?" he asked the moment he saw her.