

## **Apocalypse 877**

### Chapter 877 Silent Torture

"None of this is your fault..." Kisha said, her voice calm but unsure. She wasn't exactly good at comforting others, and it showed. After a moment of awkward silence, she cleared her throat and shifted the subject.

Without another word, she turned and walked out of the study. Cole, along with Fred, Rose, and Rakan, followed closely behind her as she made her way to the barracks where the high-ranking officers were being held. When they arrived, Cole and the others remained outside while Kisha entered alone.

Moments later, she gave clear orders: separate the officers, one per room, and assign Rakan and Fred to guard them individually.

Once the arrangement was done and only the Commander General remained in the room with her, Kisha signaled for Cole and Rose to enter. They took positions behind the Commander General, silent but watchful.

Now that she had her audience, Kisha got straight to the point.

"Well, let's start with this," she said coolly, her eyes narrowing. "Commander General, why was the Capital conducting human experiments?"

The question landed like a bomb in the room. The air grew heavy as the Commander General's eyes widened and his lips trembled in disbelief. Cole and Rose, too, exchanged startled glances, stunned by the unexpected accusation.

"I-I don't... I don't know what you're talking about..." the Commander General stammered, clearly shaken.

"Still playing dumb, are we?" Kisha's voice was calm, almost casual, as she slowly paced around the room, her steps deliberate. She made it clear, she was in no rush. Then, she dropped the real bombshell.

"Or are you just scared?" she continued, voice dropping slightly. "Scared that the microchip implanted in your skull might detect your brain's neural activity the moment you even think

about revealing a secret, triggering an instant kill command?"

The Commander General stiffened.

"Maybe you're more afraid it'll stop your heart the second you say a forbidden word," Kisha added, now circling him like a predator. "You do know those chips are loaded with whole sets of protocols, right? Slip up once, and boom, your knees and shoulders are gone. You'll be crawling before your heart finally gives out... or worse, your spinal cord explodes depending on what you revealed."

The room was dead silent. Even the seasoned officer like Rose looked disturbed.

"On top of that," she said, pausing just in front of him, "you've got a tracker embedded deep in your body. Nearly impossible to remove. Try tampering with it, and you'll set off a chain reaction. Best-case scenario? You're paralyzed. Worst case? You're dead."

She let the silence stretch.

"But here's the kicker, you're lucky. The Capital's control room? Fried. Completely offline. Which means the President doesn't even know where you are, and your precious SOS signals?" She smiled coldly. "They've been bouncing into the void since the moment you got here."

The color drained from the Commander General's face. He sat frozen, horror etched into his features. He had indeed been trying to send a distress signal, using the neural transmitter programmed into his chip. It also doubled as a leash, ensuring he'd never betray the President. But now? Now he realized just how trapped he really was.

The weight of Kisha's words settled heavily in the room, and Cole felt it deep in his bones. 'Human experimentation.' That phrase alone sent a chill down his spine. His entire body tensed with a mix of fear and fury. Whatever kind of experiments they were running, nothing about it could possibly be good.

His fists clenched so tightly that he heard his knuckles crack. Kisha caught the movement and gave him a calm, grounding look. Somehow, that look was enough to steady him. He didn't know why, but when Kisha was in the room, it felt like things were under control, even in the face of horrors he couldn't yet fully comprehend.

Of course, there was a reason for that. Before stepping into the room to confront the Commander General, Kisha had made sure everything was in place. 008 had already finished analyzing the microchips embedded in the General's body, and every word she spoke came straight from that report. She wasn't guessing. She knew.

Kisha had deliberately bought time for 008 to disable the microchips without alerting the Capital or the President. Ironically, the chaos caused by the rogue Generals had worked in her favor. With the control

room damaged and the system fried, any SOS signal the Commander General tried to send wouldn't be received, and the President wouldn't detect that someone was tampering with his plans.

The only reason Kisha revealed all that information to the Commander General was to scare him. She knew he was well aware of what those microchips could do, but also knew he had no way to remove or disarm them, no matter how much he wanted to. While her words served as a calculated scare tactic, 008 was silently and methodically dismantling the chips.

"Do you think we can use the microchip signals to breach the Capital's system?" Kisha asked 008 through their mindlink.

"Host, we can trace the signal and attempt to infiltrate their system, but at the moment, the control room is fried. That means the signal is disrupted, unreachable from both ends. Just as you suspected, their distress signal won't reach out, but we also can't access their network for now," 008 explained calmly as the dismantling continued in the background.

[Dismantling Progress: 45%]

The confirmation frustrated Kisha. She had hoped to exploit a hidden loophole through the microchip's signal and gain access to the Capital's systems, perhaps uncover more about the human experimentation. But with the control room down, that door was firmly shut. Clicking her tongue in irritation, she muttered, "Tsk."

Instead, she resorted to psychological warfare. Kisha circled the Commander General slowly, silently, letting the weight of his situation settle deeper into his mind. No words, just pressure. Just the suffocating realization that he was trapped.

[Dismantling Progress: 95%]

As the dismantling process neared completion, Kisha leaned in slightly and said, her voice calm but deliberate, "What if I told you I can dismantle every microchip in your body, without alerting the Capital, and even help ensure your family's safety? Would you talk then?"

She wasn't entirely sure if he had family being held captive in the Capital, but she was willing to gamble on the possibility. For most people, family was their greatest weakspot, and Kisha hoped he was no different. If he wasn't, she'd find another crack in his armor.

The Commander General's body tensed. His head snapped up, eyes locking with Kisha's, searching for any sign of deceit. But all he saw was confidence, unshaken and unwavering. For a moment, he hesitated, caught off guard, his thoughts racing as he weighed the odds and considered the cost of silence.

Then finally, his voice came, low and uncertain. "H-How long would it take you to disable it?"

Kisha gave him a slow, confident smirk, but inside her mind, she shouted, 'Got you.' She kept her expression perfectly composed, doing her best to suppress the satisfaction threatening to creep across her face. Then, in a calm, measured tone, she said, "You can try speaking now."

To the Commander General, her words struck like a thunderclap. No torture. No yelling. Just silence, followed by one bombshell after another, each one chipping away at his defenses until he could no longer maintain his composure.