

Apocalypse 879

Chapter 879 Truth Serum

Still, she kept her expression composed and remained silent, choosing instead to let the Commander General continue.

She needed to hear everything.

“The President believed what happened to our planet was the foretold ‘Judgment Day’ from the Bible,” the Commander General said, his voice thick with disbelief. “He sounded maniacal... unhinged. He claimed those who failed to mutate were sinners, and those who survived were still undergoing judgment. The ones who awakened powers? He said they were the chosen, blessed by God.”

Kisha felt a chill run down her spine. She totally agreed that the man had really lost his mind.

“The Generals and I saw firsthand how much agony the test subjects were going through. And what we witnessed... that was just one of the experiments. We’re sure there’s more happening behind closed doors.” He paused, grimacing.

“One of the Generals even suspected the President was trying to find a way to control the zombies. And judging by how unhinged he had become, it didn’t sound impossible.”

He exhaled sharply, like he was reliving it all again.

“Eventually, the Generals gave up hope on him. Instead of following orders, they destroyed the control room and locked away all the test data stored in the mainframe. They took a handful of researchers, mechanical engineers, and professors with them... and brought with them the only keys to both the control room and the mainframe vault inside the lab.”

“They all left with their families and subordinates. I was supposed to go with them but... unfortunately...” His voice broke again, choked by another sob. His jaw clenched, and the veins on his forehead throbbed as painful memories surged forward.

“When I was on my way, after stalling the soldiers who were about to corner them, I saw him, my son. He was in the President’s arms.” His whole body trembled. “And the moment he called out ‘Daddy’...” He closed his eyes tightly; the image was still too vivid to escape. “My blood ran cold. I froze. And I felt like time stopped, my heartbeat, my breath, everything. I was terrified the President had found out about my betrayal and would use my boy to punish me.”

His voice turned raw, heavy with guilt and helplessness.

“We had such a hard time conceiving... he’s our only child. My everything. And in that moment, I just couldn’t move. I didn’t have the courage to fight anymore.” He let out a shaky breath, defeated. “Just like that, the President pulled me in. He had me restrained and implanted those cursed microchips in me. Made me his loyal puppet.”

He looked up, eyes red and pained.

“But I’m not the only one. I know others were implanted, too. That’s why I couldn’t even think about defecting, literally. Even a stray thought would’ve triggered punishment. I was trapped.”

The Commander General wept openly now. Even Cole, who had remained skeptical, felt a pang of sympathy. He never knew the truth behind the man's silence, only what he had seen on the surface.

"I'm even afraid... afraid that my wife and son might have microchips implanted too." His voice broke again, barely a whisper. "I live every day terrified, terrified that one wrong move from me will get them killed. Please... please help me save them. I'll do anything you ask. Anything."

The Commander General's plea was raw, desperate, so much so that even Kisha, who had tried to steel her heart, found herself wavering. She clenched her fists, but her chest tightened with empathy.

If it were her family... if it were Duke who was taken hostage like that... Would she have done any differently? Would she have swallowed her pride, broken her own morals, just to keep them safe?

The answer made her heart tremble.

And yet, a seed of doubt lingered.

What if this was manipulation? A carefully constructed performance to win her sympathy and break down her defenses? She couldn't let herself be blinded, too much was at stake.

Just as her thoughts tangled into a knot, a voice echoed in her head.

“Host, maybe we could try a truth serum?” 008 chimed in casually.

“Wait, that actually exists?” Kisha asked mentally, startled.

“In your world? No. But in other worlds? Absolutely. Want to buy one? Just 2,000 system points.”

“Alright, buy me one,” Kisha said calmly, masking the swirl of thoughts in her head.

A moment later, 008 completed the transaction, and a small, glass vial appeared in her system inventory. Kisha reached into her pocket, pretending to retrieve something she’d had all along. It was a sleek, bullet-shaped vial with a long, narrow tip, completely colorless, like water. Anyone watching might have assumed it was nothing more than a medicinal tonic.

She snapped the tip off with practiced ease.

Without giving him time to react, Kisha stepped forward and gently but firmly pinched the Commander General’s chin. His breath hitched, but he didn’t resist. Tears still wet on his cheeks, he opened his mouth obediently. He knew the truth, his life, and more importantly, the lives of his family, rested in her hands.

He swallowed the serum.

Kisha waited. Thirty seconds passed in silence. The room seemed to hold its breath.

Then, in a level voice, she asked, "Everything you just said, do you swear it was all true? Not a single lie?"

She wasn't interested in hearing the story all over again. If the serum worked, then this was the simplest, most efficient way to confirm everything.

"Yes," the Commander General said firmly, without hesitation. "I swear on my own life, and even on my family's, that I told the truth. Not a single word was a lie."

Kisha's gaze narrowed, watching his expression for even the slightest shift.

"Then tell me this," she continued, voice steady. "Why did the President want to use the broadcast satellite from the City A base?"

The Commander General's eyes darkened. "He wanted to draw more survivors into the Capital, gather as many as possible, and test them. He was hoping to find more superhumans... and if he could, he planned to control them, maybe the same way he controls me."

Kisha went quiet, her fingers curling slightly as her thoughts raced.

Then, reaching out to her system, she asked silently, "008, is the truth serum active? Or is he just answering on his own?"

She didn't want to rely on assumptions. Two thousand system points wasn't a small expense, even if she had plenty to spare, it was still a calculated investment. And she needed certainty, not guesswork.

"Yes, Host. The truth serum is working perfectly. He wasn't lying." 008's confirmation came without delay.

Only then did Kisha truly allow herself to believe the Commander General's story. Her jaw clenched, the weight of the truth settling in.

"What about the other officers?" she asked sharply. "Are they in the same situation as you? And what determines who gets implanted with microchips and who doesn't?"

The Commander General shook his head, his expression dark. "Not all of them, no, many were complicit. Most of the officers who knew the truth... they've either escaped, died, or—" he paused, voice tightening, "—been sent in for experimentation. But that's just my suspicion.

"As for the criteria..." he continued, "it wasn't just about rank. The President evaluates usefulness, leverage, how much someone has to lose, and how predictable they are. Those with families, deep loyalties, or reputations to uphold were easy targets. And loose cannons? He couldn't risk letting them act freely."