

Apocalypse 880

Chapter 880 New Objective

He paused, then added without hesitation, "The young officer behind me, Cole, he wasn't implanted. He's too new to his position. Naive. The President saw someone who still believed in him, who would follow orders without question. That alone made him valuable. He didn't want to ruin that blind loyalty with control, at least not yet. He thinks the kid might awaken powers in the future, so he plans to raise him like a loyal dog..."

The words were cold, blunt, and unfiltered. The Commander General didn't bother softening the blow for Cole's sake; he was a soldier. And if this truth hurt, it was pain that would open his eyes.

Kisha, hearing all of this confession, fell into deep thought. It was true, not all soldiers had microchips implanted in their bodies. And it was also true that Cole looked like an unsuspecting golden retriever, someone who could be treated like a harmless, obedient companion, a breath of fresh air in that suffocating place.

Raising him like a loyal, useful puppy was far better than breaking him too early. If the President pushed him too soon, Cole might even do something reckless.

Suddenly, a memory from her past life surfaced: her visit to the Capital. She remembered how the soldiers there felt... off. Robotic. Emotionless. Inhuman. Back then, she thought they had simply been worn down by years of witnessing corruption, watching their fellow soldiers die one after another, silenced or assassinated.

But maybe... they didn't become heartless on their own.

What if they had been experimented on, turned into human dolls instead? Stripped of emotion, programmed to obey, and incapable of rebellion.

What if they weren't loyal by choice, but simply incapable of defiance? Obedient tools who would follow orders without question, removing any need for their superiors to fear defection or resistance?

And what if those comrades that was taken away hadn't died at all?

What if they'd been dragged onto operating tables, turned into lab rats for research experiments?

Just thinking about it made Kisha shiver involuntarily.

In her past life, the Capital had indeed risen to become the most powerful stronghold, boasting unmatched firepower and an army of superhumans. But that strength came at a cost.

To live there, people had to pay exorbitant taxes, just for the privilege of stepping inside the base, let alone securing a place to stay. While ordinary civilians were drained dry to keep the city running, the elites were busy playing politics, manipulating the surrounding bases and shelters like pieces on a chessboard, all while hoarding resources for themselves.

Now that Kisha had a clearer grasp of the situation, a pounding headache began to settle behind her head. She could feel it, that familiar weight of responsibility creeping back in, as if the world was once again about to dump a massive problem into her hands and expect her to fix it.

It wasn't that she minded helping others. She just wanted to do it on her own terms, at her own pace. Her base wasn't ready yet, neither in power nor in resources, to challenge a big stronghold like the Capital. Yes, she had promised the Commander General that she would help rescue his family, but that plan required time, coordination, and, more importantly, cooperation.

They would need to return to the Capital and act as her eyes and ears. It would be like tossing rabbits into a lion's den, but they had no other choice. Kisha needed time to build strength, not just for herself, but for her people.

And if the rumors were true... if the President was truly trying to force a mass awakening, or worse, attempting to control the superhumans and zombies alike, then he was far more dangerous than anything they'd faced before.

Charging into his territory blindly would be suicide. It would be riddled with traps, manipulations, and unseen dangers. She had to be patient. Careful. Strategic. Because this time, one misstep could mean the end, not just for her, but for everyone counting on her.

Ding!

[Mission Complete: Sudden Mission - Class A: "Whack-A-Mole"]

[Reward Locked — Dispensing After Chain Mission Completion]

[New Mission Unlocked!]

[Chain Mission - Class A: "Whack-A-Mole II"]

[Description: After uncovering the truth behind the government's covert operations, the threat has become clear: humanity's last hope, the superhumans, are in grave danger. Simply knowing the enemy's plan is no longer enough. Their twisted agenda must be stopped before it reaches the point of no return.

It's time to turn the tables.

Infiltrate the Capital. Lay the groundwork. Set the traps. And wait, because when the opportunity comes, you must strike fast and hard. The future of the human race may depend on it.

Mission Objective: • Infiltrate the Capital. • Establish hidden traps and surveillance. • Wait for the right moment to expose or dismantle their operation.

Mission Completion Criteria: Unknown Mission Failure Consequences: Unknown]

'Oh? So the system and I are on the same page,' Kisha mused as she thought with a hint of amusement. 'Send a mole into the Capital Base... and who better mole could there be other than the Commander General himself?'

Let him play the role of a double agent. She'd feed the President carefully crafted false information, controlling the flow, setting the narrative, and steering events from the shadows. That way, she

wouldn't have to recklessly rush into enemy territory just to sabotage their operations. Charging in now would be suicide.

She didn't even know how far the experiments had progressed. What if they were already testing ways to amplify a superhuman's power output? That would be catastrophic.

Picking a fight before she was fully prepared wouldn't just get her killed, it would drag everyone around her into the abyss.

Now that she had a new objective, Kisha needed to devise an entirely new plan. Since she intended to send the Commander General back into the Capital, that meant the other soldiers under his command would have to return as well. She had to prepare every single one of them thoroughly and ensure that nothing about their behavior raised suspicion.

As for the high-ranking officers and soldiers who had died or those still under captivity, she'd need to either find a way to cover their absence or persuade other officers to defect. Winning them over to her side would be a gamble, but if successful, it could tip the balance in her favor.

This mission was dangerously high-risk. Sending people back into the Capital Base meant exposing them to potentially being discovered at any moment. They'd have to be extra cautious; every move would surely be watched, every word measured. But that constant pressure would be a heavy burden, and the more it weighed on them, the more likely they were to slip up. One mistake could unravel everything.

With that thought, Kisha turned to look at the Commander General, her gaze sharp and unwavering, testing just how far he was willing to go to save his family and escape the President's grasp.

"Are you willing to risk your life to ensure your family can live in safety and abundance?" she asked, her voice serious, her eyes piercing.

The Commander General didn't flinch or hesitate. He had spent most of his life as a coward, making more wrong choices than right ones. Because of that, he had endangered his family and compromised their safety. But maybe now, it was time to stop running, to start making things right.

With a renewed sense of resolve, he gave a firm nod.

Seeing his determination, Kisha gave Rose a signal. Without a word, Rose moved forward and released him from his bindings.

"Then, are you willing to become a double agent for me?" Kisha asked, her voice calm but firm as she watched Rose unbind the Commander General.

"I'm willing," he answered without hesitation. "Just tell me what to do. As long as you can save my family, especially my son, I'll do anything."

Moved by the exchange, Cole stepped forward and stood in front of Kisha. "Please," he said, voice steady, "entrust me with a mission too. I'll carry it out no matter the cost, even if it means my life."

He had seen enough: his brothers-in-arms being suppressed, their spirits slowly withering, while civilians were treated like disposable pawns. He wanted change. And for some reason, he believed Kisha could lead them into a new era. Maybe he wasn't wrong.

After all, he had seen it with his own eyes, the people in this base were different. They looked genuinely happy, hopeful, and content. Unlike the survivors in the Capital or other shelters who lived in constant fear of the apocalypse, the people here radiated trust in their leaders. It was as if they truly believed a day would come when they no longer had to fear the zombies.

He, too, longed to live in a place like this, a place where people supported one another, where they worked together to build a better future, even if it meant starting from scratch. A sense of regret tugged at him. He wished he had left sooner, had followed Commander Aston McMillan the moment the transfer order came through.