

Apocalypse 882

Chapter 882 Won Over With Food

For now, she entrusted the first batch of pills to Cole. To make things easier and more secure, she gave him a 'Heart Gu Pill' as well. Though Cole knew what kind of pain the parasite could cause, especially after witnessing the officer's torment earlier, he accepted it without complaint. He was a soldier, after all. He understood the necessity of her caution.

Kisha didn't know them well enough to gamble on trust alone. Even if they had offered information and sided with her, she couldn't afford to rely purely on goodwill. Human nature was too unpredictable, too fickle. She needed a safety net, and the Demonic Insect served that purpose perfectly. With it in place, she could finally breathe a little easier.

As for the Commander General, he was clearly reluctant, but he had no choice but to swallow the pill. To his surprise and relief, he felt no pain. Not even a twinge. He let out a quiet sigh, realizing that as long as he remained loyal and kept any rebellious thoughts at bay, he'd be just fine. All he had to do was remember one thing: betrayal was no longer an option.

After settling matters with those who held insider information, Kisha sent them to the cafeteria to eat. Like everyone who arrived at HOPE Base for the first time, they were stunned by the abundance of food available. The sheer variety and quantity were a stark contrast to what they were used to, and it left a lasting impression.

Seeing such prosperity, many of them couldn't help but reconsider their stance. Maintaining a good relationship with Kisha now seemed not only wise but beneficial. Some began to entertain the idea of relocating their families to the HOPE Base for a better life. Others hoped they might earn enough favor to bring back food supplies to share with those still struggling in the Capital's Base.

No one showed any embarrassment as they eagerly ordered to their heart's content and devoured their meals. As seasoned soldiers used to physical labor and grueling tasks, their appetites were large. Many asked for extra servings of meat dishes and three more bowls of rice.

After all, it had been a long time since they'd last tasted meat or felt the warmth of a hearty, filling meal. Some were so overwhelmed by the flavors that they nearly teared up, chewing slowly, as if afraid the taste would disappear. To them, it was the most delicious food they had ever eaten in their lives.

What Kisha didn't realize was that the food in the Communal Cafeteria had already done half the work for her. These people, moved by the rare luxury of a proper meal, had easily made up their minds to follow her. If she had known earlier how powerful food could be in winning people over, she might've simply let them eat first to make the process smoother.

She had clearly underestimated humanity's weakness for good food, especially now, when survival often meant tasteless rations or empty bellies. A warm, flavorful meal had become a true luxury, one worth fighting for.

While the soldiers ate, Kisha joined a conference call with all the leaders through the system to share her findings. Duke, who was still inside the Territory Space working on the biogas farm, excused himself from Hugo and the others and moved to a secluded area to ensure no one could overhear the conversation.

As he listened to Kisha's report, his expression darkened, his brows deeply furrowed, and a scowl settled on his face. They were fortunate that Kisha had uncovered the plan in time. Had she not, the consequences could have been disastrous, especially for the hidden base in City A.

After hearing Kisha's proposed strategy, all the leaders unanimously agreed. In fact, they voted to give her full authority to decide how to proceed, including how to deal with the President. Everyone knew it

was only a matter of time before the man made another move against them. Avoiding the conflict forever was impossible, and war with the Capital Base seemed inevitable.

Sending spies now was the smart move; it would allow them to monitor the Capital's movements closely and give them enough time to prepare for whatever was coming.

They talked a few more times until the officers from the Capital finished eating. At that point, Kisha emerged from the alley and met them halfway. Since these individuals were now under her control thanks to the Demonic Insect, she no longer needed to hide anything from them. There was no point in secrecy anymore, especially not with people who already knew bits and pieces about the apocalypse and awakened ability users.

Instead of explaining much, she led them straight to the newly established Military Academy. At first, the officers didn't notice anything strange; they just felt a wave of dizziness as they crossed the border, where the spatial distortion was set, but it quickly passed, and they carried on without questioning it. Though they didn't understand why Kisha brought them there, they were smart enough not to ask and simply followed her lead.

Soon, Kisha guided them to a classroom where they quietly observed from the back. What they saw appeared to be an ordinary class, but the lesson itself was anything but ordinary. The subject matter was entirely new to them; it covered the various types of awakened abilities and their classifications, as well as information on mutated zombies and their known strengths.

The lesson included compiled data on the different classes of mutated zombies that had been encountered or slain by HOPE Base's warriors or leaders. The goal was to equip future fighters with enough knowledge so that, when they ventured outside on missions, they wouldn't panic. Instead, they would learn to assess their opponents, whether they were facing ability users or mutated zombies, and apply their knowledge to develop strategies to survive and win.

“W-What are they talking about? Awakened ability users? Mutated zombies?” the General Commander whispered to Kisha, his voice low and shaken. His expression was pale, clearly rattled. Despite having come this far, they hadn’t encountered any mutated zombies, not even once. In hindsight, that could be seen as either incredible luck or terrible misfortune. Because now, hearing about these terrifying creatures for the first time felt like a bombshell.

If they had crossed paths with one without knowing what it was, they wouldn’t have stood a chance. Perhaps some of their comrades had encountered mutated zombies before, only to be wiped out before they could ever report back. The thought sent a chill down his spine.

And now, learning that the “Blessed Ones” the President often mentioned weren’t just real, but existed outside the Capital too, right here in HOPE Base, was another shock altogether.

“You’ll see soon enough,” Kisha replied with a smirk, her answer deliberately vague. She led them down the hall to one of the larger training rooms with high ceilings. Inside, another class was in session, this one made up of the top rankers. They were in the middle of practical training, focusing on controlling their awakened abilities.

To their surprise, the instructor was someone quite young, Clyde.