

## Apocalypse 883

### Chapter 883 Early Signs

“Don’t rush it,” Clyde barked as he walked past one of the students whose veins were bulging with strain. “Feel the flow of the Spiritual Energy in your body. Focus. Visualize how you want your ability to manifest. Only then can you control it.”

It looked like the student was trying too hard, his stance rigid, as if forcing something unnatural to emerge, possibly triggering the wrong power altogether.

Then, out of nowhere, a loud fart echoed through the room, followed by an awful smell that quickly spread. Clyde’s face darkened instantly. Unfortunately, he was standing far too close to the culprit for his own comfort.

A beat of silence passed, then the entire room erupted into laughter.

“I knew it,” One of the warriors muttered, pinching the bridge of his nose. “You’re channeling your energy into the wrong place, man. Ease up!”

Another warrior chimed in between laughs, “Forget awakening your ability, you just unleashed a dark power. And it reeks!”

Kisha was dumbfounded. She had planned to impress the officer from the Capital by showcasing the strength and discipline of her warriors, but what she walked into made her feel a pang of secondhand embarrassment instead.

Clearing her throat loudly to announce her presence, she silently hoped her warriors would snap out of whatever foolishness had just taken place. The moment they heard her, all heads turned, and suddenly, the atmosphere shifted. Even the one who had been making everyone laugh straightened up, face turning serious in an instant.

Clyde gave Kisha a respectful nod before returning to his task, continuing to guide the group with calm authority. Soon after, one of the trainees managed to conjure several dark tree roots from the ground. The roots twisted and writhed like octopus tentacles, an eerie but impressive sight.

At first, the warrior looked startled by the results, but as he realized the roots were responding to his will, a wide grin spread across his face. The quantity and control told him one thing: he was getting stronger.

Clyde gave an approving nod but offered a stern reminder. "Don't get complacent just because your ability is improving. Use this as motivation to keep going."

"Understood, sir!" the warrior responded with renewed focus, his gaze sharp as he directed the roots with growing precision.

Then, one trainee managed to conjure fire, and another successfully formed a ball of water, only for it to unexpectedly shoot straight toward Kisha's face. The young man who conjured the water hadn't realized he wouldn't be able to hold it for long. The moment he lost control of its trajectory, it launched itself across the room, splashing right at her.

Though they were among the top rankers in the academy, they were still inexperienced when it came to wielding their awakened abilities. They belonged to the last batch of awakened individuals before the first wave of awakening had stopped.

At the time of their awakening, recruitment for the warrior force had already ended, and most of them had day jobs or responsibilities that kept them from joining immediately. On top of that, they hadn't received much training, and most of the senior instructors and leaders had been too busy focusing on the first generation of warriors.

But now, with the Academy finally established and the second wave of recruitment just finished, they were finally getting the chance to train seriously and develop their awakened abilities.

But because he still didn't have full control over his ability, the warrior couldn't stop the water ball from flying off. He shut his eyes in horror, bracing himself for the inevitable disaster, certain that he'd just drenched the City Lord and ruined his chance to show his progress.

Gasps echoed around the room.

When he cautiously opened his eyes, expecting to see Kisha soaked and furious, he was instead met with an astonishing sight. The water ball was floating harmlessly in midair, just inches from her face.

The officers standing beside her were frozen, their expressions caught somewhere between awe, surprise, and confusion.

Then, with a casual flick of her fingers, Kisha broke the water ball into several smaller orbs. They hovered in front of her for a second, then shot out like bullets, each one hitting a different student on the forehead.

She had controlled the force perfectly, just enough to give each of them a playful flick and leave their faces wet, but their pride intact.

Laughter and applause filled the room.

“City Lord, wait, can you control water too?” one of the warriors asked, eyes wide with admiration. “Are you a water type?”

Kisha shook her head with a small smile. “I’m still a ‘Mental Type – Telekinesis’.”

She paused, then continued with a thoughtful explanation. “Telekinesis is the ability to control objects, but with a deeper understanding of the power you possess, it becomes so much more. The way you perceive your ability shapes how far you can take it.”

“Take mine, for example. Telekinesis isn’t just about moving things; it’s about manipulating matter, molecules, anything that can be seen, touched, or even felt. That’s why it falls under the ‘Mental Type’ category. You could say my version of Telekinesis has reached a high-class level.”

“Telekinesis is already considered a high-class ability because it falls under the ‘Mental Type’ category, but the way I’ve developed and used it has elevated it even further.”

“But if you limit your perspective, you’ll think Telekinesis is only about bending spoons or floating small objects, nothing too impressive. However, if you broaden your understanding, you’d realize it can be powerful enough to crush a person’s skull without ever laying a finger on them.”

Her words left the room in stunned silence. The warriors looked as if a light had gone off in their minds, each of them suddenly deep in thought about their own abilities. Even Clyde stood still, quietly reflecting with a new sense of clarity.

Kisha glanced back, only to find the group she brought with her staring at her as if she were a rare creature in a zoo, or an ancient artifact on display.

Then Cole finally broke the silence. “Ma’am, y-you have powers too?!” he asked, his voice nearly squeaking with excitement.

None of them had ever imagined that the calm, composed woman standing before them all this time was actually a superhuman, someone who could kill them in seconds without even lifting a finger.

And she’d just casually mentioned she had Telekinesis, the kind that could crush skulls without touching them. It was equal parts terrifying and insanely cool. A few of the officers even turned pale at the thought.

Kisha offered a faint smile. “There are currently several hundred awakened ability users stationed here at my base. Most of them serve as warriors, protecting the base, and especially the walls, twenty-four hours a day.”

Hearing this, the Commander General snapped back to reality, his eyes wide with disbelief.

In the Capital, superhumans were rare, and those who had awakened abilities were often taken away, kidnapped, and brought to the secret lab for experimentation. The President viewed them as humanity's last hope and sought to control them at all costs. Because of this, only a select few even knew about the existence of awakened abilities, and even fewer understood them.

Yet here was Kisha, speaking of these powers not just with familiarity but with authority, as if she had grown up surrounded by them. She wasn't just using her ability; she was teaching others how to see beyond the surface of their gifts, to unlock deeper potential and expand their understanding.

The Commander General felt something twist in his chest. Conflicting emotions took root: shock, awe, maybe even a little envy. For a moment, he was simply... speechless.

But Kisha continued, her tone calm and composed. "Although the first wave of awakenings has already passed, the longer we're all exposed to the virus, the greater the chance that more people will undergo a second wave of evolution."

Cole's eyes widened in realization. He quickly pieced it together. "So what you're saying, ma'am, is that we've all already been exposed to the virus, and now our bodies are evolving? Whether we awaken or not depends on our individual potential?" He looked at her, waiting for confirmation.

Kisha gave him an approving smile. "Oh? I didn't expect you to catch on so quickly. You're sharper than I thought." She nodded. "Yes, during the time of the first Blood Rain, most humans were already infected by the virus. It originated in the far north, buried and dormant in the ice for millions, possibly even billions of years."

“But thanks to global warming, the ice melted and released the virus into the ocean. That water then evaporated, joined the atmosphere, and came back down as rain, infecting nearly everyone.”

She began to explain further, diving into the origins of the virus and the knowledge she had gathered so far.

“Oh! Now that you mention it, it’s true, we’ve received reports for years about strange behavior among marine animals. Some even showed signs of evolution, growing abnormally large or developing unusual features. Each country that encountered such anomalies did its best to cover them up, trying to prevent public panic.”

The Commander General paused, his expression darkening with realization.