

## Apocalypse 884

### Chapter 884 The Real Truth?

"Of course, every nation has its own classified divisions for handling the unnatural, like Area 21 in the U.S. Our country has something similar. In fact, we once captured an enormous shark that we believed to be a megalodon. Tracking and subduing it cost us thousands of lives; it took years and several casualties. And yet, we still didn't grasp what we were truly dealing with."

The Commander General let out a heavy sigh.

"In hindsight, all the signs were there. But we didn't understand the magnitude of the threat... and we kept it hidden from the public."

And so, everyone slowly began to realize that the apocalypse hadn't arrived out of nowhere. The signs had been there all along. But with governments across the world working to suppress news of the unnatural events and growing anomalies, no one truly understood what was coming... until it was too late.

Kisha, too, felt a deep certainty settle in her chest. This was the beginning. And judging by the reactions of the Gods watching her from above, it seemed they had known all along. They had simply been waiting for Earth to begin its struggle.

[The Goddess of Wisdom cheers you on, remarking that countless people had already recorded the world's abnormalities in writing—but most dismissed them as myths, hearsay, or the ramblings of madmen.]

[The God of Strategy and Warfare smirks, amused. "Humans are so eager to wage war among themselves," he muses, "yet they fail to recognize the true threat until it's far too late."]

[The God of Mischief and Deception cackles, finding delight in how humanity is only now beginning to piece the truth together, when the wheels of fate have already been set in motion, and there's no turning back.]

'What was about to happen?' Kisha wondered, her eyes staring blankly into the air.

The Commander General, watching her closely, assumed she was simply overwhelmed by the revelations, that she was silently processing the weight of everything they had just discussed. But he was wrong. Kisha's mind was elsewhere, lost in deeper, darker thoughts.

Based on what she had seen of the Gods' reactions, one thing was becoming disturbingly clear: the virus wasn't a mere accident. It had been deliberately placed on Earth long ago, just waiting for the right moment to awaken.

Just like the extinction of the dinosaurs, this virus could be the tool of a new cleansing. Perhaps the Gods intended to wipe out humanity, to reset the world once again, and allow a new, more deserving species to rise to dominance.

But why?

Was it because humans had brought nothing but destruction to the planet? Had the Gods finally lost faith in mankind and decided to end them... to give another species a chance to thrive and take the top of the pyramid?

And since she was the one with the system, she's become the only one who might be able to stop this catastrophe. Was that the reason the Gods were targeting her? To prevent her from saving humanity?

But that didn't make sense.

If the Gods didn't want her to interfere, then why give her the system in the first place? Why assign her missions that were clearly focused on saving lives and delaying the fall of humanity?

If they truly wanted the world to end, wouldn't it have been faster to make her the 'Destroyer' instead? Someone who could hasten the apocalypse and ensure mankind's extinction without hope or resistance?

Or was it all just a game to them? Was this struggle for survival nothing more than divine entertainment, watching humans fight fate, cling to hope, and flail in the face of annihilation?

Then what about her ability to reincarnate, again and again?

Was that also for their amusement? To stretch out the spectacle and see how many lifetimes it would take before she gave up, or triumphed?

None of it added up.

No matter how much she tried to reason it out, something deep inside her kept whispering, 'It's more than that... You haven't uncovered the real truth yet.'

But the voice was faint, so faint that it was almost drowned by the noise of everything else.

And so, they all fell into another deep discussion as Kisha continued to show them around the Academy, explaining everything she knew. Now that the group was bound to her by the life-binding contract, making betrayal impossible, their fates were tied to hers. The more they knew, the better prepared they would be for what lay ahead. Knowledge, after all, could mean survival.

As the Commander General listened, he felt as if he had been plunged into an entirely different world. Everything he had believed to be top-secret, information that people would kill or die to protect, turned out to be common knowledge here in HOPE Base. Not only were they aware of things he thought were hidden, but they were also far more advanced and rapidly progressing in ways he hadn't imagined.

Of course, this level of advancement wasn't achieved overnight. It took Kisha several lifetimes to piece it all together on her own. But one truth remained clear: once the second batch of awakened ability users began to emerge, there would be a massive spike in awakenings across the globe.

And when that happened, the first generation, the pioneers, would no longer have to live in fear or hide their powers. They wouldn't have to worry about being shunned, hunted, or treated with suspicion. In an environment like HOPE Base, awakened ability users were hailed as protectors, symbols of hope and strength for the survivors.

But in places like the Capital, the outcome would be far darker. Awakened individuals might be treated not as heroes, but as test subjects, research material to be dissected and studied in hopes of artificially replicating their abilities.

The lucky ones now live like kings, revered as leaders and protectors of their factions or shelters. But others still live like fugitives, scurrying in the shadows, terrified of being discovered and treated like outcasts or lab experiments.

However, once the second wave of awakenings begins, the number of awakened individuals will surge, far exceeding the first batch. But of course, their strength may not be as refined or powerful. Quantity will rise, yes, but the quality and control over those abilities will vary widely.

By then, awakened ability users would flood the streets, fighting zombies, waging wars, and especially battling over territory and scarce resources. It would mark the beginning of a darker era, where power dictated survival. Shelters with the highest concentration of awakened individuals would reign supreme, attracting even more people under their protection.

In the chaos, new hierarchies would emerge: rankings of the strongest awakened individuals, and lists of the most dominant shelters, all vying for recognition and control. Naturally, the Capital would participate, and survivors would begin venturing out of their shelters more frequently, traveling farther to exchange information and secure resources.

That moment, that shift, was exactly what Kisha had been preparing for. It would be her chance to grow HOPE Base's economy, expand its influence, and cement its dominance. She knew that with power came attention, both good and bad.

But hiding wouldn't save them. So, rather than wait to be challenged or schemed against in the shadow, Kisha planned to take the offensive, conquering and absorbing smaller shelters early on, forcing them into submission and establishing her strength. That way, others would think twice before trying to touch her people.

After the tour, Kisha discreetly provided the Commander General with a convincing cover story they could use once they returned to the Capital, one that would keep the President from suspecting that they had already defected or discovering Kisha's hidden base in City A. A few days passed in relative ease as the Commander General's entourage enjoyed the hospitality of HOPE Base, eating and drinking to their hearts' content.

Before their departure, Kisha arranged for a truckload of supplies to be sent with them, enough to prove to the President that they were fulfilling their duties and making progress.

She also made a false account about the Commander General coming to an agreement with the Minister of Defense that the HOPE Base would be paying the supposed tax and send supplies to the Capital so they could remain off the President's radar.

Kisha instructed the Commander General to immediately inform her if any news surfaced about the missing generals, and their supposed routine visits to HOPE Base would serve as a convenient pretext for reporting directly to her.

More critically, Kisha assigned Rose to accompany the Commander General, her presence intended to monitor the situation from within and ensure loyalty remained intact. With a solid background in covert operations and espionage, Rose, a former elite special agent, was the ideal choice.

If the Commander General publicly endorsed her before the President, gaining his trust would be swift and seamless. Coupled with her formidable awakened ability, which made her nearly impossible to defeat, Rose became Kisha's sharpest blade in the shadows, an invaluable asset in this delicate and dangerous mission.