

Apocalypse 405

Chapter 405 The Sewer Is Flooded

The man could sense the elements coursing through their veins and gauge the strength of their abilities based on the intensity of the energy flowing within them.

However, unlike Kisha, he didn't see any panels in front of him. Instead, the information he needed appeared in his mind, similar to what Kisha sees in her status window.

At that moment, the man was astonished by his own ability, his mouth forming a perfect 'O' that could fit a duck's egg.

He didn't care how he appeared; all that mattered was the joy of realizing he wasn't useless after all.

"Alright, now that you've confirmed your ability and its applications, you will be responsible for registering the awakened ability users. Ensure that the information they provide is accurate."

"This assessment will apply to newly awakened individuals, and moving forward, you'll manage the registration of new survivors. This way, we can identify who to keep an eye on and ensure our base is secure, not only from the zombies but also from potential threats within our ranks," Aston explained, his expression a mix of surprise and determination.

Although he wasn't as quick-witted as Sparrow, the betrayals he had experienced—along with countless others—had shifted his perspective.

Now, he was determined to safeguard what he had within this base, including all the hard work Kisha and the others had invested in building it.

Initially overwhelmed by the weight of the responsibility entrusted to him, the man felt a mix of fear and exhilaration.

This newfound role signified not only trust from others but also recognition from their City Lord—something that meant the world to him.

If Kisha hadn't recognized the true potential of his ability, he would have faded into obscurity, stuck in a corner of the base doing menial tasks and feeling useless.

Watching other awakened ability users strive to make a difference would have only deepened his sense of inadequacy.

In many ways, Kisha had given him a renewed sense of purpose and a reason to take pride in himself, steering him away from a miserable existence.

With a determined nod, he accepted the responsibilities laid out for him before heading to the medical facility to assist in identifying the abilities of the newly awakened.

Once Aston finished his tasks, he planned to conduct a morning inspection around the base.

"M-Minister! Minister!" A soldier came sprinting in from outside just as Aston was about to step out.

Aston recognized one of his trusted soldiers, who appeared visibly rattled and concerned.

He attempted to speak, but his heavy panting made it difficult for him to form words. Aston stepped forward and placed a reassuring hand on the soldier's shoulder.

"Take a deep breath. Once you've calmed down, we can talk."

"B-but!" the soldier stammered.

"Breathe," Aston urged, gently guiding him to sit down. He refrained from asking questions until he saw the soldier making a genuine effort to steady his breathing.

Once the soldier appeared calm, Aston finally spoke.

"What's going on? Is there another zombie raid?"

"N-no."

The soldier's denial eased Aston's heavy, anxious heart slightly, prompting him to ask patiently, "Then what is it? What's making you so rattled that you had to run here urgently?"

"We... we found out that the sewers are flooded."

"Oh!" Aston responded with a hint of nonchalance before adding, "Then let's find a way to drain it."

"N-no, we can't," the soldier replied, still steadying his breath.

"Why? Did you discover a problem? Is the sewer clogged?"

"N-no, sir. The sewers are flooded with zombies."

Aston gasped in horror. This meant they were currently standing on top of those zombies.

If things took a turn for the worse and the ground beneath them caved in, they would all plunge into the sea of zombies and become their next meal.

A shudder ran through Aston's body at the thought.

"Have you been able to assess how many zombies have made their way into the sewers?"

"N-no, it's just..." The soldier paused, his face paling as the grim memories of their findings resurfaced.

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Two hours ago...

"Sir, we've received complaints from the survivors about hearing zombie growls in the vicinity. Should we escalate this to the Minister of Defense?"

"Did you investigate the source of the noise?" Aston's soldier asked, skepticism evident in his expression.

"We did," replied the reporting soldier. "We even suspected that someone might be hiding a family member who had been infected within the walls. We took it seriously and conducted a thorough inspection of the entire neighborhood, but found nothing."

"Since you already conducted the inspection, why are you still suggesting that we inform the Minister of Defense? All the leaders are busy with important tasks around the base," Aston's soldier snapped, frustration evident in his tone.

This issue should have been a minor one that they could handle on their own.

With the results coming back negative, there was no reason to escalate it and waste the Minister's time.

"Sir, we received multiple complaints from different individuals, which prompted us to inspect the entire neighborhood. However, reports of zombie growls have surfaced in various parts of the base, which is unusual," the soldier explained.

"At first, we believed these reports were merely the result of paranoia stemming from fear or PTSD. That could be expected if only a few individuals in the neighborhood were triggered by something, leading them to imagine threats due to their anxiety."

"But it is highly unusual for such reports to be coming from multiple locations within the base. Given our current atmosphere and security measures, it's unlikely that these individuals are merely paranoid."

"While PTSD and nightmares could explain some of their fears, the sheer volume of complaints indicates something more concerning."

"We have conducted our checks and found nothing, yet the persistent reports demand our attention. This is a serious matter, especially when it involves zombies."

If this issue wasn't addressed properly, it could endanger everyone. They couldn't afford to ignore it, as it was a matter of the base's safety.

However, uncertain about the situation, they couldn't determine whether to escalate the matter to higher-ups.

Instead, the other soldiers chose to report to their supervisor first before making a decision.

"Alright, it's still early, and even if the Minister of Defense is awake, he's likely busy with important tasks. We can't disturb him without fully understanding the situation."

"We should investigate this matter further to uncover the cause of these reports before escalating it, so they won't have to shoulder all the work themselves."

"Understood, sir!" the other soldier replied, saluting before leading the way to the locations where the reports originated.

The soldiers patrolled the area where the reports had originated, moving systematically from tent to tent and house to house.

They meticulously inspected every room, searching for any hidden spaces.

The survivors residing in those tents and homes offered no resistance, understanding that the soldiers were simply performing their duties and trying to get to the bottom of the situation.

"Sir, do you think the noise might be coming from within the walls?" one of the soldiers suggested. He pressed his ear against the wall, closing his eyes to concentrate.

He speculated that there could be hidden compartments within the houses where the original owners had concealed themselves during the initial zombie attacks, only to end up trapped and transformed into zombies themselves.