

Apocalypse 406

Chapter 406 In The Sewers

Once one soldier mentioned the possibility of the noise emanating from the walls, the others quickly reached the same conclusion.

City B had long been a hub for merchants, with many families residing there for decades.

Given the nature of their work, these families often faced constant threats to their safety, as someone was always lurking, ready to rob them of their wealth.

It was likely that many families had constructed their own bunkers, hidden rooms, or compartments in their homes as a precaution against such threats.

Therefore, it wouldn't be surprising if zombies had become trapped within the walls of these houses.

Once they settled on this explanation, the soldiers began tapping on the walls, searching for hollow spots or hidden switches.

It took them two long hours to inspect just five houses. Fortunately, these homes were not large, typically accommodating only a middle-sized family.

However, despite their thorough search, they couldn't locate any hidden rooms or compartments. Yet, all the tenants reported hearing zombie growls.

It might not have been noticeable during the day, as the streets were alive with hustle and bustle, drowning out the sounds of zombie growls.

However, at night, when everyone was settling down to sleep, the eerie growls became painfully clear, often leaving them with nightmares.

They also tried to investigate any potential hiding spots where zombies could be lurking before making a report.

Like the soldiers, they initially suspected that they were just hallucinating, hearing things as a result of their traumatic experiences.

The weight of their pasts often played tricks on their minds.

However, after hearing similar accounts from others in their neighborhood and even from coworkers living farther away, their concerns grew.

This prompted them to report the issue to the soldiers so they could investigate the source of the zombie growls echoing through the night.

Now, the soldiers were stumped. Despite their thorough search, they found nothing.

As they headed back to their office through a small alleyway to discuss the matter, they heard something.

Rawr!

Grrr!

They froze, exchanging uneasy glances. The growls were unmistakable this time, yet doubt still lingered.

They wondered if their minds were playing tricks on them after hours of fruitless searching and hearing the same eerie sounds repeatedly.

They all laughed at themselves, shaking off the tension and joking about being paranoid. What started as playful banter quickly escalated into a friendly scuffle.

But in the midst of their roughhousing, the supervisor accidentally shoved one of the soldiers too hard. He slipped, his arm catching on a sharp piece of metal protruding from the street.

Blood began to drip steadily, more than expected, as the wound was deeper than it first appeared.

His blood trickled down the pavement, forming a trail that led ominously toward the gutter.

Grahhh!

Suddenly, a louder, more guttural growl echoed through the alleyway—this time unmistakable, almost like an excited scream.

Everyone froze, jolted by the unmistakable sound. It wasn't their imagination.

One of the soldiers quickly rushed to the injured man's side, using a handkerchief to wrap his wound, tying it firmly enough to stem the bleeding but not too tight.

As they steadied themselves, their eyes slowly followed the blood trail, now leading ominously toward the gutter.

An uneasy silence settled over them as they realized something was lurking just beneath their feet.

They exchanged nervous glances, their unease palpable. Not far from where they stood, a manhole caught their attention, and without a word, all eyes fixed on it.

For a full minute, no one moved, just staring at the cover, the weight of realization settling over them.

Then, as if by silent agreement, they stepped forward. No words were needed; their expressions said everything.

Each of them had heard the same thing, and they all knew what had to be done.

With deep, heavy breaths, they worked together to lift the manhole cover.

As it shifted, the growls grew louder, clearer, and more pronounced, leaving no room for doubt — they weren't imagining things.

The supervisor inhaled sharply, steeling himself before leaning into the opening.

His upper body was lowered cautiously, while the others held onto him, ready to pull him up quickly if anything went wrong.

He peered into the abyss below, nerves tightening as the growls echoed up from the depths.

As the supervisor leaned in, with half his body inside the manhole, his eyes widened in horror.

Below him was a densely packed horde of zombies, so tightly crammed together that they could barely move, only able to growl and swivel their heads, scanning their confined space.

The sheer number of undead below made his body tremble involuntarily, his eyelashes fluttering with fear as he took in the terrifying sight.

One of the zombies below noticed the supervisor's presence due to the noise he made, its rotting eyes locking onto him before it let out a menacing growl.

Panic surged through the supervisor, and he quickly tapped the hands gripping him from above, signaling them to pull him back up.

Once on the surface, his face was ashen, and his body trembled with terror. For a solid ten minutes, he stood there in shocked silence, staring blankly.

Finally, he snapped back to reality and ordered the other soldiers to cover the manhole.

"Don't let this information slip to the public," he warned in a hushed, shaky voice. "We can't risk creating panic or chaos. People might do something reckless if they find out."

After ensuring his men wouldn't act out of line, the supervisor took off, running as fast as he could toward Aston's quarters to report their findings. And that's how Aston came to hear the disturbing news.

Once there, the supervisor recounted everything—how they investigated, the complaints from the survivors, and ultimately, their horrifying discovery of the zombies in the sewers.

As he spoke, Aston's face grew pale, matching the same horror-stricken expression as the rest of the team when they found out.

Aston didn't wait for the supervisor to finish processing his fear or the thoughts racing through his mind.

Without hesitation, he took off toward Kisha and Duke's villa, the supervisor trailing close behind.

By the time they reached Kisha's home, it was already 10 a.m. Kisha had just finished her breakfast, while Duke had left for his duties earlier that morning.

Kisha was the only one remaining in the villa.

No one wanted to disturb Kisha's rest, giving her some time to relax.

So, when Marcus spotted Aston charging toward the villa after returning from the back garden, he initially moved to stop him.

However, the urgency and fear etched on Aston's face stunned Marcus for a moment, making him step aside and allow Aston to enter the villa without protest.

"City Lord, we have a problem!" Aston nearly shouted as he burst through the door.

Kisha, sipping her juice after breakfast, choked in surprise. While she sensed his approach, she hadn't anticipated that his first words would be so ominous so early in the morning.

"What's wrong?" Kisha asked, quickly wiping her mouth.

Despite being a battle-hardened veteran, Aston felt a wave of fear wash over him as he recalled what his subordinate had reported.

With a deep breath, he began to relay the unsettling information to Kisha, choosing his words carefully.

As Aston continued, Kisha's eyebrows furrowed deeper with concern. The sewer system they were discussing was vast, sprawling beneath the entire city and extending almost everywhere.