

## **Apocalypse 481**

### Chapter 481 The Sweeper

As time ticked on and uncertainty hung in the air, Kisha decided they couldn't afford to wait any longer.

She immediately sent Sparrow and the rest of the team to take positions around the wall, putting their work on hold.

Everyone was on high alert.

The flares had been scattered throughout the city, surrounding them from all directions.

If it turned out to be an enemy's signal to attack their base, they would be in serious trouble if they weren't prepared. Tension gripped the camp as they braced for whatever might come next.

Kisha stood atop the wall, scanning the horizon as the sun rose fully into the sky. All the snipers were peering as far as they could through their scopes, and machine guns were loaded, ready to fire at a moment's notice.

Some soldiers were preparing to deploy drones to survey beyond the blocked views caused by surrounding buildings. But just as they were about to take action, something unexpected happened.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom! Boom!

A series of explosions erupted across the city, distant at first but steadily growing closer.

The sound echoed in a relentless chain, like a massive serpent slithering underground toward the base.

One by one, manhole covers blasted into the air, propelled by each explosion. As the wave of blasts approached, each cover shot up higher, until the final manhole cover outside the base flew skyward, reaching above the ten-meter wall where Kisha stood.

Everyone watched in shock, their mouths open as they followed the cover's trajectory.

It hurtled back down and crashed onto the cargo trailer where Kisha stood, embedding deeply from the top and reaching the bottom. If it had hit anyone, it would have been an instant death.

But the explosions didn't stop there. The chain reaction continued, reaching underneath the base itself.

The ground trembled, and another blast sent the nearest manhole cover hurtling skyward, along with debris, torn zombie limbs, and splatters of dark blood.

Fortunately, everyone had already taken cover; the soldiers on the wall had spotted the approaching explosions in time to warn the people inside and made them take cover as soon as possible.

Thanks to their quick reactions, no one was injured, and the survivors inside the base were spared from a gruesome shower of the zombie remains raining down after the blast.

Some of the superhumans, like Kisha, reacted swiftly to protect themselves. Those with elemental abilities formed protective shields—water shells, earth barriers, and more.

Kisha, using her telekinesis, pulled a nearby truck over her head as a makeshift cover, shielding herself from the foul-smelling zombie blood and raining flesh.

Those standing close to her hadn't reacted quite as quickly, but they managed to find shelter in time under her makeshift cover, thanks to Kisha's quick thinking and resourcefulness.

Unfortunately, the less fortunate ones—Rakan, his men, and Vulture—had no choice but to endure the shower of black zombie blood.

Worse still, as they were looking up with open mouths, some of the blood and flesh landed inside.

Though they'd long since become accustomed to the zombies' foul stench, tasting it was another matter.

The moment the taste and smell hit, Rakan, his team, and Vulture couldn't hold back; they all began to retch, competing to see who could empty their stomachs fastest.

Sparrow snickered as he watched his partner, Vulture, looking pitifully covered in the zombie's black blood and bits of rotting flesh.

Reluctant to even touch him, Sparrow took clear satisfaction in Vulture's misfortune; after all, he'd been the one to bear all the bad luck in their previous missions.

'Like they say, share the blessings along with the hardships,' he thought with a silent laugh, watching the scene unfold before him.

Ding!!!

[Congratulations for Completing the Sudden Hidden Mission: SSS Class "The Sewer's Pest Cleanup!"]

[You have received 10 Gachapon Draws]

[You have received 5 Resource Crates]

[You have received 50,000 Points]

[You have received a mass of Vanadium and Iron Meteorite]

[You have received New Sewer System with Gas Preservation Blueprint from World 943746]

[You Gained the 'Sweeper' Achievement]

[You received 2,500 Achievement Points]

Kisha's attention was immediately drawn to the system notification in front of her. She raised an eyebrow, and as realization set in, a delighted chuckle escaped her, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

'Hmmm, my husband's been working hard, even earning me this achievement and finishing the mission two days ahead of schedule,' Kisha thought to herself, a smile tugging at her lips as she examined the items she'd gained from completing the sudden mission.

On the other side of the city, Duke had just ignited the entire sewer system with a single fireball, after his men had carefully poured truckloads of flammable gas into the sewers from various sections.

The flare in the sky signaled the start, and in an instant, all their work was made easier, the chaos unfolding in a blaze of destruction.

With one final, cold glance, Duke dispatched the Scarlet Bees to ensure that every manhole cover was securely back in place, preventing any more zombies from falling into the sewers.

He and his team only needed to wait for the Bees to complete the last checks before they could prepare to head back.

They loaded up the remaining gasoline from the city's gasoline stations, which had been siphoned dry and stored in the trucks they had brought along.

Duke made sure not a drop of fuel was wasted, ensuring that even if the city's sewer system was reduced to chaos, the remaining gasoline wouldn't go unused.

After Kisha discovered that the explosion had been Duke's doing, as indicated by the system notification, she swiftly directed everyone to resume their tasks and clean up the aftermath around the base.

It was only then that the survivors learned there had been zombies lurking beneath the sewers.

A wave of fear rippled through them, but it quickly dissipated once they realized the situation had already been handled before they could fully process the terror of it all.

While the survivors worked hard to clean up around the base, Vulture took charge, leading his team to continue their tasks.

"Alright, everyone! Back to work, no wasting time!" Vulture barked, his voice sharp, still clearly irritated after the unpleasant ordeal. He sent his people out with Sparrow taking the lead for a bit while he stepped away to take a quick shower. That "quick" shower, however, turned into a full hour.

When Vulture finally returned, he looked like a dried-out squid—his skin red and tight from long overexposure to hot water.

"What the hell happened to you?" Sparrow asked, barely able to hold back his laughter as he circled Vulture, clearly enjoying the sight.

"Fuck off!" Vulture snapped, his frustration evident as he returned to his work on the wall construction.

Despite his best efforts to scrub off the stench, his skin still has the lingering smell of zombie blood.

The smell had clung to him so stubbornly that he'd had no choice but to throw away the clothes he'd been wearing, the odor having seeped into the fabric permanently.

"Serves you right! Ha ha ha, to think you were laughing at my misfortunes earlier! Karma's a bitch!" Sparrow teased, laughing as he sprinted away, narrowly avoiding Vulture's enraged smack behind his head.

Vulture looked like he was about to pop a vein, his face flushed with fury.

The nearby workers overheard their playful banter and couldn't help but laugh along, turning the moment into a shared joke. But Vulture, red-faced and fuming, could do nothing but stew in his anger as the laughter echoed around him.