

## **Apocalypse 24**

### Chapter 24 Danger!

"Dad, I'm still hungry."

Grayson Blythes sheepishly smiled at his twenty-three-year-old daughter. "I'm sorry my princess, endure it for a little while. Okay?"

Gretha Blythes and her mom, Anna Blythes felt worried and sad. They were just having a great time spending time with the Evans yesterday morning and now. Everything has changed, they couldn't even eat a full meal and they are in constant fear of being eaten.

They've seen how the Dexters turned out after their car was besieged by the mob of zombies, they thought that it would be as easy as a walk in the park if they stayed at the back but the pressure was more than they could handle.

They are compelled by the idea of continuing on the dangerous road but are afraid of going back, they are in a great predicament.

But Grayson has an unwavering resolve to continue, not for himself, but for his wife and daughter. He has a gut feeling that they would be fine if they followed the Evans out. He doesn't believe that they would survive if they stayed in the East District and waited for the government to save them.

He is in politics so he was more familiar with politician's train of thought and he was sure that they had already fled. He was not as naive as those who stayed.

He and his family decided to persevere. But was it that easy in the apocalypse?

Guess not, they were still munching on their food when Kisha quickly stood up with a grave expression. "We're leaving!"

Startled by her cold loud voice, everyone peeked at each other's faces. Meanwhile, The Aldens, Evans, and Duke's men speedily organize their things ready to set out at any second.

They understood the dire situation they were in, and based on Kisha's alarmed expression, they could already imagine the incoming danger. The Aldens and Duke have complete trust in Kisha's judgment and they know of her experience so there is a basis for their trust. But even without knowing it, they would still trust her with all their heart.

They did not wait for the slow poke to move, they left them and headed to their respective vehicles. The Blythes followed closely, but the servants and bodyguards were still clueless and a little taken aback by their behavior.

Melody was also indignant with Kisha's sudden order and was planning to take her time organizing the bread and peanut butter on the floor when her brother, Eric swept everything to the bag and hauled her like a chick, stuffing her in the passenger seat like a sack of potato and drove off as soon as his butt reached the driver seat.

She did not have time to process and put her seatbelt on, that's why when Eric drove like a maniac, she was slammed back on her seat before she could open her mouth to protest.

The passengers of the Mercedes-Benz G-class and Porsche Cayenne Coupe were heading in their vehicle when they heard a deafening roar and blaring marching sound. Their heart was on their throat with the realization that they were fucked up.

They entered their car in a hurry and drove off. Kisha and the four others were already a few meters away from them, and the distance kept getting bigger. They tried their best to speed up to get as close as possible.

But no one would have thought that the Porsche Cayenne Coupe would jolt and come to a sudden stop. The Mercedes-Benz G-class crashed on the back of the Porsche. The driver cursed through his breath as he created a distance between cars and drove off, leaving the Porsche.

The people inside the Porsche were distraught as they grimaced with their misfortune.

The driver noticed the fuel gauge. "The fuck?!" He was seething in anger as he looked at the man sitting in the passenger seat. "I asked you to refill our tank!" It is out of fuel and they are now stuck. They couldn't even see the tail of the Mercedes-Benz anymore.

Grasping the mistake he made, he could only tremble in fear as he awaited his death. "No! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" He mumbled over and over again.

The female servant from the back screamed. "I don't want to die! Do something!"

They are all on their wit's end. The three women at the back hysterically cried as their doom was getting closer.

The driver hits the steering wheel in frustration. He inhaled some air, trying to calm his nerves. He has been a bodyguard for years so his fortitude is better than the four others, the young gardener and three young maids are still in the middle of their panic attack and despair.

He glances at them and said. "Either you guys come with me or die here." He pulled a tactical knife from his back trouser.

"What?! We're going to die out there!" The young maid said in anger.

"You can only choose to either die later or die now. Your choice." He did not wait for them to answer and ran as fast as he could on the road.

He already saw the army of zombies marching the street to where they were. The numbers are a dozen times bigger than the ones they saw on the road earlier. He was sweating buckets out of nervousness and his hands were trembling. He couldn't find a way out. All the cars parked outside don't have keys and he didn't have time to hijack one.

The young maid who had made up her mind ran after him while the three were undecided. But time waits for no one when they have finally made up their mind. It was already too late for them. They were surrounded and there was no way for them to get out of the car.

The two maids hugged each other as they wailed and the gardener put both his hand on his ears as he curled to make himself smaller on the passenger seat. The zombies pounded on the windows which made the three despaired even more. They could see the red-eyed zombies that looked like they crawled out of a nightmare.

The bodyguard and maid ran across the road, almost every road had zombies roaming around and in considerable numbers. They were cornered and when they thought everything was over, a voice called over to them in a hushed voice. They looked around to find the owner of the voice and saw the middle-aged man hanging on the fire exit, signaling for them to climb up.

The bodyguard helped the maid to reach the ladder by making her step over his shoulder. He stabbed a few zombies in the head to give himself some room to maneuver.

Once she was at the third-floor balcony, he took a few steps back, jumped as high as he could, used the wall as leverage to reach the ladder, and relied on his upper muscles to pull his weight up slowly, he then heard an ear-piercing scream.

During his struggle to climb up, the car's window has been broken. The zombies raced to get inside and bit the struggling people. When he got up to the third floor, he looked down from where they came from and saw that it was crowded with zombies, the car was shaking so much from being pounded from all sides. He could only sigh in relief and at the same time, in fear.

If he dragged it a little longer, he would be one of them.