

Apocalypse 829

Chapter 829 Sending them Back

The sudden blast jolted Jason and the others awake. They sprang out of their beds, eyes red and still dazed. Spotting Clyde wielding the megaphone, they just stared blankly, their minds still catching up.

Clyde looked back at Rose and explained with his tongue playfully sticking out. “My military instructor at university used to say that to us all the time. I just copied him. Tehe!”

Rose shook her head in exasperation, placing her hands on her hips as she watched Clyde’s antics. Still, it was effective—his words had snapped everyone out of their daze and got them moving.

Once they came to their senses and noticed Fred and the others waiting for them, they began to freshen up. Not far from where they stood was a large drum of water, set up for communal use. A plastic dipper rested on the side, allowing people to scoop water without contaminating the rest.

Jason and the others rushed over to wash their faces, the splash of cold water combined with the crisp wind making them shiver—but also sharpening their focus. When they were done, they all walked toward the nearest gate, now wide awake and ready.

Fred approached the gatekeeper and handed over a permit. “Hello. Here’s our permit to go out. We’ve been assigned to assist our base’s guests in finding a working vehicle outside so they can drive back home.”

After glancing over the permit, the gatekeeper nodded and gave a signal to the guards stationed above. In response, soldiers dropped to their bellies on the wall, preparing to open fire, while the awakened ability users conjured their abilities, energy flaring in their hands.

As two soldiers began to pull open the gate from the side, Fred and his team tensed, ready to move. The moment the path cleared, the sound of gunfire and the rumble of shifting earth echoed around them. Earth spikes shot up from the ground as Earth-type awakened ability users launched their attacks to thin out the horde.

Fred raised his assault rifle, took aim, and fired a single round. The bullet struck deep into the mass of zombies and exploded like a grenade, sending bodies flying.

“Go!” Fred shouted, leading the charge as his team sprinted through the open path. Outside the wall, abandoned vehicles were scattered across the road—once part of a barricade meant to slow down the undead. Most were already stripped for parts and fuel, their tanks emptied by previous teams to power the base.

Now, with the path open and the horde stirred, the mission began.

So, Fred and his team had no choice but to head farther out in search of a sturdy truck they could use. After all, they couldn’t just lend out the armored trucks and vehicles from the base—those were specially made using rare, reinforced metals that Kisha had acquired from Duke. They were valuable and not easily replaceable. With no access to similar resources, their only option was to find a viable alternative elsewhere.

“Let’s head to the car dealership not far from here!” Clyde shouted, running a few steps behind Fred. Since his family used to be in business, he had visited City B multiple times and was familiar with the

area. In fact, some of his sports cars had been purchased here, as the city was close to the port where imported vehicles arrived.

While they weren't looking for sports cars now, Clyde remembered that there was a stretch of car dealerships lined up next to each other—and among them were brands like Hummer and Jeep. As far as he recalled, one of the dealerships had a 'Jeep Gladiator' in stock. It wasn't quite the same as the military trucks used back at the base, but it was tough enough to help these survivors get home safely.

Fred glanced back at Clyde before firing another shot toward the approaching zombie horde. The bullet exploded on impact, releasing sharp projectiles—more like miniature arrows than shrapnel—that pierced through the rotting flesh of the undead.

A second, smaller explosion followed, blasting through their bodies and leaving gaping holes where the projectiles struck. Some zombies were hit in the head and dropped instantly. Watching the scene, Jason let out an impressed whistle, his eyes fixed on Fred's assault rifle.

He couldn't help but want one just like it—though what he didn't realize was that the rifle's devastating power wasn't due to its make alone. The real secret was Fred's awakened ability, which allowed him to charge each bullet with spiritual energy.

While Fred focused on clearing a path ahead, Rose kept a sharp eye on the rear, ensuring no zombies could sneak up on those running behind. Evelyn supported Fred on the front line, specializing in close combat.

Acting as the group's shield, she encased her entire body in metal and plowed through the horde, buying Fred time to reload while simultaneously taking down one zombie after another.

Clyde and Reeve served as the long-range attackers. Reeve unleashed powerful sound waves using his 'Siren's Call', blasting zombies' heads from a distance, while Clyde wielded his 'Gravity Impact' to crush the surrounding undead. With their flawless teamwork and the added boost from Reeve and Clyde's 'Group Synergy', the squad moved like an unstoppable force.

Witnessing this level of coordination and power, Jason and Adam's team could only watch in stunned silence. Just one member of Fred's team was strong enough to easily annihilate both their groups combined.

"Don't fall behind!" Fred called out to Jason and his group as they began to slow down, distracted by their awe. Although they were being protected and positioned safely in the middle of the formation, they still had a role to play—fighting the stray zombies, and when they are needed to collect crystal cores and, more importantly, not becoming a burden to the team.

In truth, Fred and his squad could have easily gone ahead on their own and left Jason's group behind at the base to wait for the vehicles. But if they had done that, the mission would no longer be a simple escort. Worse, it might have planted the wrong idea in Jason and the others' minds: that Fred's team was strong enough to take on everything alone, and that others could simply sit back and rely on them.

That wasn't the message Fred wanted to send.

At HOPE Base, everyone was expected to pull their weight. No one should expect help without contributing. That's why, despite the added risk and inconvenience of bringing Jason's group along, Fred insisted they come. They needed to understand the hardship, face the danger, and realize that nothing should be taken for granted.