

Apocalypse 833

Chapter 833 Move Up!

The building they arrived at was another automobile shop, but this one was clearly a repair facility that also specialized in selling imported car parts—specifically for luxury vehicles. Judging by its size and structure, it likely had a partnership with the car dealerships just up ahead. The six upper floors were reportedly packed with imported parts, while the ground level served as a full-service repair garage.

As Fred and the others reached the entrance, they were immediately greeted by a horde of zombies—former mechanics still clad in what remained of their navy-blue coveralls. The once-dark fabric was now stained and faded to a grimy black, soaked through with oil, grease, and blood.

One particularly grotesque zombie lunged straight at Clyde. It had thinning, patchy hair and a gaping hole in its skull where maggots writhed, crawling in and out. Its face was half-rotted, with a slab of skin hanging from its cheek, exposing its jawbone and a row of yellowed teeth. One eyeball dangled loosely from its socket, swinging with each jerking movement.

Startled, Clyde reacted instinctively—activating his ‘Gravity Impact’ skill. The air around him pulsed, and in a split second, the zombie was crushed into the concrete with a sickening crack, its grotesque body flattened under the invisible force.

“Everyone, we need to get inside and make it to the roof!” Fred shouted, taking the lead as he charged forward. He drew his dagger just as a zombie lunged at him. With a quick sidestep, he drove the blade into its skull—but another one was already closing in on his flank, too close for him to react in time.

Realizing he couldn’t dodge or counter fast enough, Fred lifted his left arm, fully prepared to let it take the bite so he could kill the zombie in return. He braced himself, muscles tensed, ready to endure the pain and drive the dagger into the creature’s temple.

But the bite never came.

Evelyn burst through like a battering ram, her hand transformed into a gleaming, blade-like weapon. With one clean motion, she cleaved the zombie's head in half, saving Fred in the nick of time.

"Move, move!" Fred snapped back to his senses and barked the order, motioning for everyone to follow him closely.

Rose, holding the rear, summoned an 'Ice Crystal Spear'—not to throw, but to wield. She gripped the solid weapon and used it to stab and shove zombies out of her way. When too many swarmed her position, she unleashed a flurry of 'Ice Crystal Needles', efficiently piercing through skulls to prevent them from getting surrounded.

Meanwhile, Clyde and Reeve moved back-to-back, coordinating their attacks with precision. Their goal was to keep the horde's numbers in check and make sure the rest of the team wasn't overwhelmed. Both of them were mindful of their area-of-effect abilities—powerful enough to decimate waves of zombies, but dangerous if carelessly aimed. They made sure their strikes hit only enemies, steering clear of friendly fire.

As soon as they entered the building, they were greeted by rows upon rows of cars—some pristine, others half-disassembled. But the real threat was the swarm of zombies inside. Former mechanics in oil-stained uniforms, office staff in tattered business attire, and even clients now turned zombies filled the area. One zombie still clutched a wrench as it staggered toward them.

“Hurry, break open the door!” Fred shouted, his voice cutting through the panic as Jason and the others scrambled into the emergency exit. But the undead were relentless, pouring in from countless corners of the massive structure.

Luckily, Evelyn didn’t hesitate. She coated her body in gleaming metal, stepping back as Clyde and Reeve held the front line and Rose guarded the regular humans. Then, with a grunt, Evelyn charged forward and slammed into the emergency door.

The metal groaned and buckled under the force—hinges snapping, a massive dent warping the center. The door didn’t stand a chance. It burst open with a thunderous clang, barely hanging on as the team rushed through.

“It’s open! Everyone, get inside!” Evelyn shouted.

Fred dashed through first, signaling the others to follow. He slid his dagger back to his side and pulled out his assault rifle. Aiming quickly, he fired—but instead of the usual explosive impact, the bullet released a sticky, glue-like substance that splattered onto the approaching zombies. As it hit them, the viscous glue hardened, trapping their limbs and rooting them to the spot. The immobilized zombies struggled but couldn’t move, buying the team precious seconds.

Everyone sprinted through the emergency exit while Evelyn stayed behind to cover their retreat. Just as a group of zombies, not caught by Fred’s attack, surged forward, Evelyn slammed the door shut behind her.

Though battered and dented, the metal door was still intact. Using her awakened ability, Evelyn manipulated the metal, reshaping it into a deadly hedgehog-like barrier. Sharp spikes jutted out in every direction, deterring any zombie brave enough to approach. Meanwhile, the edges of the door were tightly anchored to the concrete frame, locking the entrance firmly shut.

When Evelyn finished, she quickly caught up with the others. By then, Clyde, Reeve, and Fred were at the front, cautiously making their way up the stairs while waiting for her return. As Evelyn rejoined them, Clyde and Reeve fell back to their assigned positions, with Rose covering the rear.

Once everyone was together, they broke into a sprint, ascending the stairs faster now. With only six floors to reach the rooftop, they hoped none of the emergency exit doors along the way were compromised—any open doors could let zombies on those floors rush in and overwhelm them.

As they sprinted up the stairs, Fred kept a vigilant eye on each floor's emergency exit door. Sensing his worry, Evelyn acted without needing a word, using her metal manipulation to seal the doors as they passed, locking them tight. Only then did Fred breathe a sigh of relief.

But that relief didn't last.

When they reached the sixth floor and kicked open the final door to the rooftop, they froze—an entire horde of zombies was already there, aimlessly shuffling about under the open sky. The noise of the door slamming open drew every undead's head toward them in unison.

“Shit!” Fred cursed, instantly raising his rifle.

Evelyn didn't hesitate. She stepped forward, taking point, her body already coated in reinforced metal, becoming their shield against the oncoming swarm.

Fred quickly scanned the rooftop and immediately understood the situation. The space was littered with tall cocktail tables draped in pink and purple cloths—remnants of what was clearly once a formal gathering. Shattered wine glasses, toppled chairs, and withered floral arrangements were scattered everywhere. Judging by the suits and formal dresses some zombies still wore, it must've been a meeting or party for clients and company executives.

Fred cursed under his breath. There had to be at least a hundred of them.

Reeve stepped forward from behind and took a deep breath. Then he opened his mouth and activated his 'Siren's Call'—his silent voice blasted across the rooftop as he swept his head slowly from side to side, bursting zombie's heads as many zombies as he could. But his power had limits, tied directly to his vocal cords. After a few more seconds, Reeve broke into a rough cough, his throat dry and strained.