

Apocalypse 834

Chapter 834 - Ways To Get To The Other Side

Seeing him falter, Clyde stepped up and placed a firm hand on Reeve's shoulder. "I got this," he said, then raised both arms wide.

With a deep breath, Clyde began manipulating the gravity in front of them. Fred hadn't even lifted his rifle yet when the effect took hold—the leading wave of zombies suddenly froze mid-step, then collapsed to their knees with heavy thuds. The force was too much for some; bones cracked, knees shattered, and a few zombies crumpled with grotesque snaps as their limbs gave out under the crushing pressure.

But Clyde made sure to control his 'Gravitation Impact' skill. After all, they were on the sixth floor—if he used his full power, he might end up collapsing the entire building. Well, maybe he wasn't quite that strong yet, but with his current level, it was definitely possible to break through the floor beneath them. So, he carefully adjusted his strength, applying just enough force to immobilize and crush the zombies without causing structural damage.

Everyone watched in tense silence as the zombies began to collapse, their bodies slowly contorting under the pressure. Bones cracked, and limbs buckled as Clyde's gravitational field methodically crushed them with eerie precision.

Snap!

Squash...

"No matter how many times I see it, his ability is terrifying," Jason muttered under his breath to Adam.

Adam nodded, his face pale as he turned his gaze away. Neither of them wanted to watch the gruesome sight any longer. Strangely enough, despite everything, they found themselves almost feeling sorry for the zombies—it looked less like a battle and more like a slow, calculated execution, a torture.

Roar...

The zombies couldn't even growl properly anymore. The crushing gravity weighed down so heavily on them that even their throats seemed paralyzed. What were once fearsome roars now came out as weak, pitiful purrs—until finally, all the sounds from the horde faded into silence.

Unlike the usual aftermath of Clyde's attacks, where zombies were reduced to flattened, indistinguishable smears of blood and bone, this time their corpses remained grotesquely intact. Twisted limbs, snapped bones at unnatural angles, and skulls split open like watermelons painted a far more horrifying picture. Somehow, seeing them like this—still recognizable, still human-like in form—was even more disturbing than the quick, mosquito-like squashing they'd seen before.

"Uweh!" Jason gagged, then stumbled away, unable to hold it in. He rushed to the edge of the rooftop, gripping the railing as he emptied his stomach over the side of the building.

Unfortunately, his vomit didn't just vanish into the wind. It splashed downward—landing squarely on a zombie wandering the street below. The creature paused, lifting its head slowly, joints creaking like rusted gears. It couldn't quite look up fully, but the splatter had caught its attention.

Jason groaned, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, reluctant to turn around and face the aftermath of the massacre behind him.

Fred and his team, already used to this level of brutality, simply scrunched their noses in disgust. The stench of rotting flesh had worsened now that the zombies' carcasses were torn open, releasing even more putrid odor into the air. Carefully, they stepped around the pools of blood and mangled bodies, circling the scene without getting too close. They left the task of harvesting the crystal cores to Adam and Jason's team.

Unfortunately, that team was having a hard time. Almost every member was gagging, some outright vomiting, others tearing up as they struggled to suppress their nausea while prying cores from the crushed corpses.

While the two groups were preoccupied, Fred, Rose, and Clyde stood near the edge of the rooftop. Clyde was pointing toward a building located two streets away. Though it seemed distant, the first street was barely more than a narrow alley. The real obstacle was the second road—a wide delivery route with only one entrance and one exit, meant for trucks bringing in new batches of vehicles to the car dealership.

"That's the building I was talking about, Brother Fred," Clyde said, pointing toward the target.

Fred narrowed his eyes and nodded. "Hmm... it's quite a distance."

Then he turned to Rose. "Rose, do you think you can make a bridge using your Ice Crystal ability?"

Rose looked up at the building in the distance, tilting her head slightly as if mentally calculating the span. Her Ice Crystal ability was strong, sturdy as a diamond, so creating a bridge wasn't the issue. Still, she shook her head.

"I can make the bridge," she said, "but the distance is too far. It would take a lot of time—probably half the day—and I'd need several breaks so I don't overwork my energy core."

Her gaze shifted between Clyde and Fred as she explained. Fred lowered his eyes, rubbing his chin thoughtfully as he considered her words. After a moment, he looked back up toward the gap between the buildings. The one they were standing on was currently two floors higher than the car dealership across the way.

"Hmm, let me give it a try then," Fred said as he pulled out one of the STAU members with him. "Didn't the City Lord give you guys those large grappling hook launchers before?"

The grappling hook launcher he referred to was slightly bigger than an assault rifle—closer in size to a grenade launcher. One of the STAU members nodded and quickly retrieved four of them, setting them down on the ground.

Fred picked up one, while Rose, Rakan, and one of the subordinates each took another. They were all familiar with how to use the launchers, so they carefully inspected the mechanisms before moving to the edge of the rooftop.

"After launching the grappling hooks," Fred continued, "make sure to secure the end of the line to something sturdy—something that can hold an adult's weight."

According to the specs, the grappling hook launcher had a maximum range of 300 meters, which was more than enough for what they needed. From their vantage point, they could clearly see the rooftop of the car dealership and the stairwell exit they needed to target.

"You guys ready?" Fred asked, glancing at Rose, Rakan, and the subordinate. When they all nodded in confirmation, he raised his grappling hook launcher and fired the first shot.

Pop!

The hook shot out like an arrow, trailing a steel cable behind it. It flew through the air with precision and embedded itself into the wall near the stairwell exit of the car dealership's rooftop. Fred felt the tension pull tight at his end and quickly secured the launcher to the rooftop railing, ensuring it was firmly anchored.

He tested the line by putting his weight on it—when it held steady without budging, he gave the others a nod.

Next, Rose fired her grappling hook, followed by Rakan, then the last member. Each waited until the person before them had successfully landed their hook before taking their shot. Once all four hooks were securely in place, they fastened their ends to sturdy structures capable of supporting adult weight.

"All set," Rakan announced as Clyde and the others watched them finish setting up the launchers.