

Apocalypse 835

Chapter 835 - Reaching The Target

"Me too, all set on my end," Rose said, dusting off her hands before glancing back at her launcher, which was securely fastened between the metal railings. But it wasn't just the solid setup that made her feel a bit smug—she had gone the extra mile. Not only had she secured the launcher, but she had also reinforced the railing and launcher base with her Ice Crystal, extending the crystalline support all the way to the ground. This ensured the structure wouldn't buckle under any weight.

Seeing her work, Fred gave her a nod of approval and gestured toward the other three launchers. "Rose, can you reinforce the rest too?"

With her Ice Crystal fortifying all the anchors, they could rest assured that no one would fall from that height due to any accidents with the launchers.

After Fred brought it up, Rose simply shrugged and made her way to each launcher. With a touch of her hand on the railing, Ice Crystals began to materialize from thin air, gradually encasing the railing and the base of each launcher, extending all the way down to the ground. Once she was done, she straightened up and looked back at Fred and the others.

"All secure," she said calmly.

Fred then turned his gaze to Evelyn. Though unsure why he was looking at her, Evelyn stepped forward without hesitation. "What do you need me to do?" she asked.

"Could you use the cocktail table legs and reshape them into hooks—something we can grip onto and slide down the metal cables to the other side?" Fred asked. He didn't go into much detail, but everyone quickly grasped what he had in mind, including Evelyn.

She nodded and got to work. Walking over to the cocktail tables, she used her metal manipulation ability to reshape the legs into sturdy sliding hooks. Each hook was crafted with a secure handle, allowing a person to hold on tightly while gliding across the steel cables. It took Evelyn a little time to finish, but her timing lined up perfectly with Jason and the others returning after collecting the crystal cores—and recovering from their vomiting.

Once everything was ready, everyone took a hook. Fred and Rose went first. They clipped their hooks onto the steel cable, jumped, and slid across to the rooftop of the car dealership. When they landed safely in under a minute, the rest of the group gained confidence.

Clyde and Reeve followed, then Jason, Adam, and their teams. The STAU and Rakan's group came next. Evelyn went last, acting as the rear guard. She was like a moving steel fortress—if anything went wrong, she was the best choice to hold the line and protect the launchers. Covered in armor-like metal, she was the least likely to get injured and could defend everyone in case of an ambush.

Once she confirmed that everyone had crossed over safely, Evelyn clipped her own hook onto the cable and slid across, landing on the other side without a hitch.

Jason and the others, though unsure where the grappling hook launchers came from, stopped asking questions. Everything they were witnessing felt mind-boggling and life-changing. Compared to the struggles they'd faced before—fighting their way through and relying on makeshift strategies just to reach safety—this method of infiltration was by far the easiest. With the presence of so many superhuman individuals in the other group, they decided to stop overthinking and simply follow their lead.

Once everyone had crossed over safely, Clyde walked up to Fred and said, "Brother Fred, this isn't the building with the Jeeps. We're in the second building. The Jeeps are in the middle one—we'll need to jump over one more rooftop, and then the next rooftop after that would be the building where the Jeeps are located." He pointed toward the next roof, which was separated by a one-and-a-half-meter-high wall.

After realizing they were on the wrong building, Fred effortlessly leaped onto the top of the wall separating them from the next rooftop. From his higher vantage point, he quickly scanned the area for any signs of zombies—though he hadn't noticed any earlier when they were still on the previous building. The reason they had used the grappling hooks to reach this building in the first place was because it was the only one within the 300-meter range of the metal cables.

Once Fred landed on the other side of the rooftop, the others began climbing up the wall. Rakan was boosted by one of his subordinates, using him as a springboard. Another subordinate followed, and once the three of them were on top, they reached down to help those who couldn't climb up on their own, such as the STAU members and Jason and Adam's teams.

Clyde and Reeve also made the jump easily, but instead of proceeding ahead, they followed Rakan's example—helping others up and speeding up the process so everyone could get across the wall quickly and safely.

After reaching the next rooftop, they were met with yet another wall separating them from their actual target building. So, without delay, they repeated the same process to cross it. However, once they finally arrived at the rooftop of the Jeep car dealership, they were met with an unexpected surprise—there was no stairwell exit or rooftop access door. The roof was completely bare.

From their earlier vantage point, they hadn't noticed this detail. The angle of the car dealership had been slightly slanted from their position, and the surrounding walls had blocked their line of sight. Only now did they realize that the rooftop had no visible entry or exit; they only assumed that there would be a rooftop access door.

"Well, if there's no entrance... should we make one?" Rakan suggested nonchalantly, hands on his hips as he looked around. Strangely enough, his casual remark actually made sense. But the question remained—who among them could create an entrance?

Unfortunately, they didn't have an Earth-type awakened ability user who could manipulate the properties of the concrete and carve out a hole in the roof. The awakened individuals exchanged looks, silently asking each other who would take the lead.

Since no one stepped forward, Clyde did.

He was the closest thing they had to brute force capable of the task.

Everyone instinctively stepped back, giving him space. Clyde then activated his 'Gravitational Impact' skill at 30% strength. Dust lifted from the roof surface, but no significant damage occurred. He pushed it to 45%, which created a shallow crater—still not enough. With a grunt, he ramped it up to 70%. This time, cracks began to web across the surface, dust rising in thick clouds as the roof started to groan under the pressure.

Still, the structure held.

So Clyde gave it one final push, raising his output to 80%. Focusing the force within a one-meter radius, he narrowed the skill's area of effect and intensified the gravitational pressure. With a sharp rumble, the rooftop finally gave way, crumbling inward to reveal the space below.

They waited for the dust to settle. Once visibility cleared, Fred cautiously leaned over the edge and looked down at the floor below.

It was a lounge.

"Roar!"

The sudden guttural sound made Fred instinctively tense, and it just so happened that the exact spot Clyde had broken through was directly above a zombie shambling around in the lounge—still dressed in formal wear.