

Apocalypse 838

Chapter 838 Fuel Storage System

Adam nodded in agreement. “There should be fuel drums around here, or at least some gas canisters.”

“It wouldn’t be stored out here,” one of the men on Adam’s team added. He used to be a mechanic and had a bit more knowledge about car dealerships. “For safety reasons, the fuel is usually kept in a dedicated fuel storage system, separate from the main building. It would be too dangerous to store it here with the vehicles.”

“But it shouldn’t be far from here either,” the mechanic added. Hearing this, Rose gave a thoughtful nod.

“Alright, we’ll look for it later. For now, let’s wait for Fred and the others to return. We can’t leave our post just yet—there could still be hidden dangers nearby,” she said as she followed behind the group. Besides, it was better to wait for Clyde since he might know exactly where the fuel storage system was. That would save them the time and effort of searching blindly.

While Fred and the others continued clearing the warehouse of any remaining zombies, the Space-Type Awakened Ability Users methodically stored the Jeeps in their spatial storages, carefully ensuring that each vehicle was properly secured. Rose and the rest of her group moved at a slower pace behind them, maintaining vigilance.

Halfway through the car collection process, Fred and his team returned, signaling that the area was secure. That was the cue for Jason, Adam, and their group to begin gathering crystal cores from the fallen zombies. By now, they had grown accustomed to the task—no longer flinching at the stench or the squishy sensation. Their extraction process had become much quicker and more efficient.

When Clyde and the others returned, Rose wasted no time and went straight to the point. She approached him and relayed what the mechanic had mentioned.

“Clyde, one of the mechanics from Adam’s team said there might be a fuel storage system nearby, where they stored the gas for all these vehicles. Do you know where it might be?”

Clyde paused mid-step, arms crossing over his chest as he fell into thought, considering her question seriously.

As Clyde thought deeply, he tried to recall the time he and his father had visited the area to buy a car. Then, as if a lightbulb went off in his head, he turned to Rose with sudden excitement.

“I remember now! The property management that leased this place to all the car dealerships on this street actually built a shared fuel storage system. Each dealership used the same system, and the management would just measure how many gallons each store used and charge them accordingly based on the market price. To make it easier, every dealership had its own fuel dock connected to that shared storage.”

“If I’m not mistaken, all the dealership buildings here followed a similar layout—only the showrooms were different. So, based on that, the fuel dock should be right outside that door over there...”

Clyde pointed toward a double door at the far end of the warehouse. If Rose and Fred weren’t mistaken, that door led straight to the one-way entrance and exit road they had already planned to use for their departure.

It just so happened that the double door Clyde pointed to was also the same one used to drive out sold vehicles and bring in new inventory. While the others were still busy, Fred quietly approached the door. He and Rose took position on either side of it, exchanging a glance to signal they were ready.

Fred crouched slightly, then carefully reached for the knob. To his relief, it wasn't locked. He slowly pushed the door open just a crack, trying to get a look at what was on the other side.

But just as he was about to push it wider so he could peek outside, an eye suddenly peeked through the gap from the other side.

"Woah!" Fred recoiled, slamming the door shut as his heart jumped in his chest. A second later, the sound of frantic banging echoed from the other side.

He looked up at Rose, concern flashing in his eyes. He hadn't even gotten a proper look outside—but one thing was clear: if they let the zombie keep pounding on the door, it could draw the attention of nearby undead. That would be a disaster.

Thinking quickly, Fred turned to Clyde and gave him a sharp hand signal, silently instructing him to keep an eye on the others as they continued storing the remaining Jeeps and collecting crystal cores. When Clyde returned a swift "OK" sign, Fred and Rose nodded at each other.

Without another word, they threw the door open and leapt outside in perfect sync. Just as they cleared the threshold, Reeve, who had followed closely behind, pulled the door shut behind them, locking it tight to prevent any zombies from slipping through.

After leaping outside, Fred rolled onto his back and swiftly drew his dagger. In one fluid motion, he slashed at a zombie's ankle, sending it crashing to the ground. Without wasting a second, he plunged his blade into its temple. As more zombies crowded toward him, he swept his leg out to knock them off balance, stabbed another in the head, and then stomped down hard on the head of a third, crushing it under his boot. Glancing up quickly, he scanned the area and frowned.

"There are definitely more zombies out here than we saw earlier," he muttered, eyes narrowing as he turned to Rose.

Rose, already in motion, had conjured twin blades forged from her Ice Crystal ability. She was slicing through the undead with deadly precision, severed heads tumbling across the ground like soccer balls as she danced through the chaos. At Fred's words, she paused for a brief moment and looked around. She had been so focused on eliminating nearby threats quickly and quietly, trying to avoid attracting more attention, that she hadn't taken stock of their surroundings.

Now that she looked, she saw it too. The number of zombies along the road had clearly increased, and more were steadily heading their way.

Fred and Rose exchanged a tense glance, both silently asking the same question: 'Where are they all coming from?'

Then they spotted the source—one of the nearby car dealership warehouse doors was wide open, and a steady stream of zombies was pouring out from inside. The entrance was only about 10 to 15 meters away—not close enough to pose an immediate threat, but definitely too close for comfort.

Fred moved toward the door they had come from, which was fully shut. As he kicked away an approaching zombie, Rose stayed close, covering for him with her blades. Fred knocked on the door

three times in a steady rhythm. A few moments later, the door cracked open slightly, and he saw Reeve peeking through.

“Find some gas canisters or drums inside,” Fred instructed quickly. “Then send someone out to start pumping the fuel out here.”

Reeve gave a sharp nod and quietly closed the door again to carry out the task.

Fred turned back toward the field and scanned the area again. That’s when he saw it—the fuel dock Clyde had mentioned. It was positioned just to the left of the double doors, conveniently located for the dealership’s operations.