

Apocalypse 839

Chapter 839 Leaving

It made sense now: sold vehicles probably passed through that route to refuel with a few liters before being handed off to their new owners, ensuring they had enough gas to reach the nearest station before the new owners drove away with their newly purchased cars.

This also meant that once someone was sent out to pump the gas, Fred and Rose could cover them, keeping watch and protecting them while they drained as much fuel as possible from the shared storage system. The main fuel reservoir was probably located elsewhere, but they didn't have a scout available to search for it. Not that it mattered much — they could still empty the shared supply by siphoning fuel from the dock positioned near the exit.

Fred and Rose continued fighting for a few more minutes before hearing movement behind the door — the rattle of a doorknob turning. Fred turned just as Reeve peeked out through the narrow opening.

“We found a few gas canisters used for refueling the cars, along with some empty drums and containers we could use. Will that work, Captain?”

Fred only took a second to consider before giving a firm nod. As soon as he did, Clyde stepped out, accompanied by one of the Space-Type Awakened Ability Users. Fred led the way, cutting down one zombie after another with swift, precise movements. Rakan joined them moments later to provide additional support for Clyde, while Reeve quickly shut the door behind them.

As Clyde, Rakan, and the STAU moved toward the fuel dock, Fred and Rose continued fighting off the waves of incoming zombies through the open door, keeping a close eye on the others to make sure they remained protected.

Rakan kicked a zombie away from the dock, pinning it to the ground before slamming his spiked bat down onto its head. Nails stuck out in every direction, but even after several brutal strikes, the zombie still writhed. He kept hitting it until the nails were bent and dull from the force.

“Damn,” he muttered, inspecting the now nearly useless weapon. “What the hell are these zombie heads made of?”

“Here—use this,” the Space-Type Awakened Ability User said, tossing him a 12-inch machete.

“Oh! Now this is a good one!” Rakan exclaimed, immediately tossing the battered spiked bat to the ground. He gave the machete a few experimental swings—first in front of him, then to the sides—testing its balance and weight. “Perfect,” he grinned, clearly satisfied.

With a thumbs-up to the Space-Type Awakened Ability User, he charged forward, intercepting an incoming zombie and cleanly decapitating it in a single stroke. The head hit the ground with a thud and rolled away, but Rakan just looked back at Clyde and the others with the enthusiasm of someone who’d just been handed a new toy.

Seeing that Rakan was clearly enjoying himself, Clyde let him have his fun while keeping an eye on their surroundings. Meanwhile, the STAU focused on the task at hand. He brought over the gas canisters they had recovered from the storage near the warehouse, set one in front of the dock, then inserted the nozzle. He pulled the trigger and locked it in place, watching closely as the numbers on the meter began to rise.

When a zombie managed to slip past Rakan, Clyde quickly stepped in to handle the stray. He activated his awakened ability, manipulating gravity in a tight radius around the zombie and slamming it into the ground with crushing force. By isolating the gravity field, he ensured his control remained precise, avoiding any risk of harming his allies. "Keep collecting the fuel. I'll cover for you," Clyde told the STAU.

The STAU gave a brief nod and focused on the nozzle. When the fuel level in the canister neared the top, he released the trigger to stop the flow, sealed the container, and placed it into his Spatial Storage. Then, he pulled out the next canister and repeated the process.

They had found at least ten gas canisters, along with several large plastic containers that had previously been used for storing smaller items. Reeve and the others had emptied those containers, wiped out the dust inside, and repurposed them to store fuel, doing whatever they could to maximize the haul.

Since the fuel storage system was a shared one, it meant there was a substantial supply available. The STAU couldn't help but worry whether their small collection of containers would be enough to take it all. If only they had access to a fuel truck nearby, this would've been far less of a concern.

While Rakan, Clyde, and the STAU focused on gathering fuel, Reeve and the others continued searching for usable containers. Even Adam and Jason's teams joined in the effort, combing through the area with them. The two Space-Type Awakened Ability Users also checked their spatial storage for anything that could serve as a makeshift container, pulling out anything potentially useful.

"Give the other containers to Clyde outside," the STAU instructed.

Evelyn grabbed a stack of containers while Reeve cautiously turned the doorknob and peeked outside. When he saw no nearby zombies, he opened the door wider to let Evelyn pass. She stepped out quickly, delivered the containers to Clyde, and then returned inside to help protect the regular humans.

Outside, Clyde and the STAU kept fueling up and storing as much gas as possible. Rakan stayed close to guard them, while Fred and Rose held their ground by the open warehouse door, silently eliminating any approaching zombies. The only sounds filling the air were the snarls and roars of the undead.

After more than an hour, the STAU had gathered several dozen containers of fuel, amounting to a few thousand liters. Finally, he pulled out the large drums and began filling them too. But as he reached the third drum and it was halfway full, the gasoline suddenly stopped flowing from the nozzle. He pressed the trigger a few more times, but nothing came out.

“I think that’s it. We’ve drained all the available gas in their reserves. Probably wasn’t much left to begin with—might’ve been waiting to be refilled,” he said, signaling Clyde over and showing him the nozzle as he pulled the trigger again. Still dry. With a nod, he stored the partially filled drum into his spatial storage.

Clyde turned and called out, “Brother Fred, we’re all clear here!”

But he must’ve shouted louder than he realized.

A sudden roar echoed from the warehouse, and within seconds, zombies began pouring in by the dozens through the open door.

“Shit,” Clyde muttered as he saw the surge.

It seemed like the zombies might have been gathering near the main entrance all along. Maybe the showroom's glass panels had shattered, or the main doors were left wide open—either way, the horde had found its way in.

“Call everyone over! We’re leaving!” Fred shouted to Clyde. He wasn’t angry—he knew Clyde hadn’t meant to draw the horde—but that didn’t change the fact that they had a serious problem now: how to get out alive.

Clyde didn’t waste a second. He sprinted back toward the door, signaling Rakan and the STAU, who immediately started backing up toward the exit. Meanwhile, Fred and Rose continued holding off the approaching zombies, cutting them down to buy time.

As soon as Clyde burst through the door, he shouted, “We’re moving out! Grab everything you need—we’re leaving now! A swarm of zombies is coming in from the other building!”