

Apocalypse 840

Chapter 840 Leaving 2

While Clyde was busy calling everyone out, the STAU pulled out six off-road vehicles from his space storage. The problem was, they didn't have time to check which key matched which car. The STAU had seen and taken the stack of car keys in the storage room earlier, but he hadn't noted which belonged to which vehicle, and trying to match them now would waste too much time.

Breaking into the cars seemed like the fastest solution, but doing so would defeat the whole purpose of coming to the dealership to get new vehicles in pristine condition.

Noticing the STAU's conflicted expression, Rakan raised a brow and jumped down beside him. "You got a screwdriver and some pins in that magic storage of yours?" he asked. "Hand 'em over. I'll pick the lock and hotwire it."

He gave a lopsided grin. "Relax, I won't break the windows—though I might mess up the panel under the steering wheel a bit."

It wasn't an idle boast. Before all this, Rakan had lived the life of a mafia thug. Hijacking a car was second nature to him, practically child's play.

"Oh—and call my brothers out," he added. "We'll each work on a car. We don't have time to waste."

The STAU nodded absentmindedly before heading back inside to call for Rakan's subordinates. When they heard that Rakan was picking a car lock without a key, they came out grinning—clearly excited by

the familiar task—and immediately requested the same tools he had asked for. With their daggers already drawn, they got to work.

While the group was busy hijacking the vehicles, Fred and Rose continued fighting off the incoming zombies. The noise from the battle was drawing even more undead through the open door, turning the situation into a ticking time bomb.

Rakan and his crew exchanged glances with the growing horde before focusing back on the cars. Working quickly, they jammed pins into the key slots, hands moving with practiced ease.

Fortunately, these off-road vehicles weren't like high-end sports cars or electric models that lacked traditional keyholes. If that had been the case, they would've had no choice but to break the door or smash a window just to get in. Thankfully, with standard locks, they could still work their magic the old-fashioned way—no need for brute force.

Although the off-road vehicles had traditional keyholes, they also used a dual locking mechanism—both automatic and manual. This made lock-picking more difficult, and Rakan and his crew had to be extra cautious, which slowed them down. The pressure mounted as they worked; sweat dripped down their temples, and the weight of the situation pressed heavily on their shoulders. A growing horde of zombies approached from one side, and none of them knew how much longer Fred and Rose could hold the line.

Despite the mounting tension, Rakan remained composed. With a final click, he successfully unlocked the car door, quickly slipping into the driver's seat. He then began prying open the module beneath the steering wheel to hotwire the ignition.

While Rakan and his crew were busy hijacking the cars, the group inside the warehouse prepared to move out—everyone except one. As Reeve did a headcount to confirm everyone was present, he suddenly froze.

“Wait... I think one of the STAU members is missing,” he said, his voice tight with worry as he turned to Evelyn, his heart lurching into his throat.

Evelyn immediately looked up and saw the horror etched on Reeve’s face. She gently tapped his shoulder. “I’ll find him. You guide everyone out. Once the cars outside are ready, have them buckle up so we can leave immediately.”

Reeve nodded and began leading the others outside. Evelyn glanced back at the door leading to the showroom on the first floor and headed that way without hesitation.

When she reached the door, she took a deep breath and slowly opened it, crouching low as she slipped inside. There, she spotted the missing STAU member, crouched behind an off-road vehicle, quietly storing cars into his spatial storage one by one. He moved carefully from one vehicle to the next, starting near the glass panels closest to the zombies outside.

So far, the zombies hadn’t noticed him; their attention was focused on the building with the shattered glass and open door. Evelyn stayed low and silently crept closer to him.

As she reached his side, he nearly yelped in surprise, so she quickly clamped a hand over his mouth. “Shh!”

“Uhmp!” The STAU gently tapped Evelyn’s hand away from his mouth, signaling for her to let go, and she complied. He patted his chest, still feeling like his heart was about to leap out of it after being grabbed so suddenly. Luckily, Evelyn had muffled him just in time.

In his startled state, he didn't notice that they'd accidentally knocked over a signpost displaying the specs of one of the cars, positioned right beside the vehicles in the showroom.

Clank!

The sound of the metal sign hitting the floor echoed sharply through the silent showroom. But it wasn't the noise itself that mattered—it was where the signpost landed: right in an empty space visible through the glass windows to the outside.

The zombies outside immediately noticed it. Several halted, eyes fixed on the fallen sign, and then Evelyn heard a heavy thump as one zombie rapped its palm against the glass.

There were still five cars left in the showroom, including the one the STAU was hiding behind. More zombies pressed closer to the glass, pounding against it with growing intensity.

“Shit!” the STAU cursed under his breath, glancing at Evelyn.

By now, the six cars behind the building had been successfully pried open. Reeve and the others waited anxiously to get them started, while Clyde joined Fred and Rose to hold off the surging horde of zombies at the door.

“We need to get back inside the warehouse,” Evelyn said firmly, and the STAU nodded in understanding.

But the commotion around the Jeep was drawing more and more zombies—there was no way they could linger there any longer. Without wasting a second, Evelyn and the STAU sprinted toward the door, crouching low to avoid detection.

As they moved, the STAU quickly stored the cars they passed into his spatial storage one by one until the last was secured. They stayed low, but because the STAU stored all the cars inside his spatial storage, they no longer had anywhere to hide and were now standing in plain sight, while the zombies outside grew increasingly agitated after seeing them standing there.

Evelyn's brow twitched in frustration—she wanted to kick this stubborn man's ass for risking so much just to save those cars. The STAU glanced at her with an apologetic look, silently saying he couldn't just abandon such valuable resources.

"Sorry," he croaked quietly.

Suddenly, behind them, the glass panel began to crack.

"Shit! Run!" the STAU shouted, dropping his crouched posture and breaking into a full sprint. Evelyn was right behind him.

They barely made it to the door before slamming it shut. Almost immediately, the glass shattered completely.

Evelyn focused her awakened ability on the metal in the door frame, bending and strengthening it with her control to manipulate the metal properties to her will to hold back the oncoming zombies for a little longer.

“What happened?” Reeve asked as he guided everyone outside, his head snapping back toward the noise behind him. His eyes caught sight of Evelyn and the missing STAU, both looking panicked.