

## Apocalypse 841

### Chapter 841 Incoming Danger

Evelyn's gaze quickly scanned the area until it landed on a metal pole nearby. Without hesitation, she grabbed it and focused her control on its metal properties, reshaping it until it melded seamlessly into the doorframe. She made sure the door was securely shut before turning back to Reeve and the remaining people still making their slow way out, boarding the cars waiting outside.

"We need to move fast. The showroom's glass panel broke," Evelyn said urgently as she strode toward Reeve. Behind her, the STAU jogged along, his expression heavy with guilt.

Hearing her words, Reeve's face drained of color, but he didn't hesitate—he urged everyone to hurry as they climbed into the cars, already hotwired and ready to go. Rakan, having just finished hotwiring the vehicle he'd been working on, quickly moved to assist his other subordinates.

He noticed some of them trembling and zoning out under the mounting pressure, so he stepped in to steady them and speed things up. Adam and his team were already settled in the backseat of the very car Rakan had just prepared. Suddenly, one of Rakan's men shouted out excitedly, as if he'd just hit the jackpot.

"This one's done!" he called out, stepping down from the driver's seat, sweat dripping from his brow. He urged Jason's team to start boarding the off-road vehicle as well. Just then, Evelyn and Reeve emerged from the warehouse.

Evelyn quickly locked the door behind them, then gathered as much metal as she could find and placed it against the door. Using her awakened ability, she melded and reinforced the metal into the door, strengthening it to keep the zombies from breaking through easily.

Outside, Fred, Rose, and Clyde were struggling—zombie waves coming from the other building were relentless, leaving them exhausted. Clyde glanced back and noticed that only two cars were available for escape, while Rakan and the others were still working on the rest. He also heard the loud banging on the warehouse door they had just locked. Although they had cleared the building as a fallback exit, that option now seemed blocked too.

With no other choice, they had to wait for Rakan and his team to finish hotwiring the remaining vehicles. While Rakan and his subordinates worked frantically on the cars, a STAU member, who had retrieved all the keys from the storage room, searched for the specific keys to the vehicles, preferring to prepare and stay busy rather than stand idly by.

As if sensing their desperation, the surge of zombies pouring out from the other building intensified. Clyde, who had been relentlessly using his awakened abilities to take down hordes of the undead, felt his spiritual energy draining at an alarming rate. With urgency, he reached for the vial of black liquid in his belt bag and drank it, hoping to replenish his spiritual energy enough to keep fighting.

But deep down, he and the others knew they couldn't sustain this pace for long. The faster they consumed the vial of black liquid, the greater the risk of them suffering from a dangerous backlash during battle, one that could leave them vulnerable. If that happened, even a moment's weakness could open the floodgates for the zombies to overwhelm them, swarming endlessly until they were torn apart alive.

Clyde kept track of how many vials of black liquid he had already consumed. Fred and Rose were doing the same, carefully monitoring their own limits. Then, without hesitation, Rose summoned a series of massive 'Ice Crystal Spikes' from the ground, creating a barricade to halt the relentless advance of the zombies. It gave the group a rare moment to catch their breath.

They watched as wave after wave of undead were impaled by the sharp crystals, their bodies piling up as more tried to climb over, only to be skewered in the attempt. The mound of corpses was growing quickly.

Seizing the opportunity, Fred raised his assault rifle at a 45-degree angle and fired a single shot. Rather than flying straight, the bullet arced in a parabolic curve. When it reached the center of the zombie horde—just beyond the barrier—it detonated like a grenade. The explosion tore through the zombies on the far side of the crystal wall, sending limbs flying and halting their momentum.

Fortunately, Rose's Ice Crystals were as tough as diamonds, completely unaffected by the blast. The explosion didn't even leave a scratch, making the wall a perfect shield for the three of them.

As the zombies began to pile up again beyond the crystals, Fred calmly loaded a few more of the special rounds and fired, each shot exploding with brutal efficiency, thinning out the horde, one calculated blast at a time. And still, the undead kept coming, relentless and endless...

"Shit! My rifle's barrel is done for—I can't use it anymore," Fred cursed, inspecting the end of his weapon. The barrel had split open like a blooming flower, its metal warped and twisted from the strain of firing too many spiritually charged rounds.

With Fred temporarily out of commission, Clyde stepped forward without hesitation. He activated his 'Gravity Impact' skill, sending shockwaves into the horde on the far side of the barricade. The impact crushed dozens of zombies beneath the intense gravity. Their bodies slamming into the ground. But the sheer volume of the undead was overwhelming—their numbers only seemed to grow with each passing second.

Meanwhile, Rose's 'Ice Crystal Spikes' held firm, their diamond-like structure still piercing through the flood of bodies. But the real threat wasn't the ice—it was the ground beneath it.

Cracks began to form.

The relentless pressure from the mass of zombies, now piling on top of the other fallen zombies, was causing the ground itself to splinter and give way. The more that got impaled, the higher the mound of bodies rose, until the spikes were nearly buried under rotting flesh.

Still, the undead surged forward.

Crack...

Crack...

The ground trembled.

One more push, and the entire barricade might collapse.

"If this keeps up, they might just push the entire block of Ice Crystal and ram it right into us," Rose muttered, her brows furrowing in concentration. Dropping to one knee, she slammed her palm to the ground and channeled her awakened ability again. The ice crystal responded, spreading outward like jagged veins, freezing the ground beneath the horde and locking the zombies' feet in place. It slowed them—barely.

It was a temporary fix at best.

A fresh wave of undead could emerge from the nearby buildings at any moment. Time was running out.

Rose, Fred, and Clyde glanced toward the fleet of vehicles parked nearby. Only three engines were running—the deep, uneven rumble was a reminder of how little they had left to work with. Three cars, and more than a dozen people; they have at least more than two dozen. It wasn't enough.

Even if they clung to the hoods or roofs and drove off just to buy time, it was a risky move—one misstep, and someone could fall right into the swarm.

"Rakan! How much longer do you need?" Rose shouted, her voice strained over the chaos as she turned toward the fourth off-road vehicle.

Rakan was hunched beside the dashboard, helping his subordinate hotwire the engine. Sweat dripped down his temple, and his companion's trembling hands fumbled with the wires, failing to make contact—the necessary spark refusing to ignite.

Hearing Rose's voice, Rakan leaned out of the vehicle's open door and shouted back, "At least five more minutes!"

He raised his hand in a wide gesture for emphasis, just in case they hadn't heard him over the noise.

But before anyone could respond, a deep, echoing thud rang out from the door they had come through—loud and solid, like something massive had slammed against it.

Everyone froze.

Whatever was behind that door... was coming fast.

Although frustration simmered beneath the surface, Rose and the others knew better than to rush Rakan and his subordinates. Applying pressure now would only rattle them further, and nerves were already fraying. So they held their ground, weapons ready, eyes locked on the only entrance and the Ice Crystal Spikes that were now serving as a barrier to keep the zombie horde on the other side.

Evelyn moved toward the door, positioning herself as the first line of defense. The heavy thud from earlier still echoed in her ears, and she could feel the doorframe tremble beneath her fingers. Her eyes narrowed, a shadow of tension flickering in her expression.

"Little Reeve, take a few steps back," she instructed firmly, her tone leaving no room for argument.

Reeve hesitated but obeyed, retreating to a safer distance. Evelyn exhaled slowly, planting her feet. If the door gave in, she would be the one to hold it, using her own body as an anchor if it came to that.

But Reeve didn't stand idly by. His eyes quickly scanned the area until they landed on some loose metal debris nearby. Without hesitation, he grabbed the pieces and brought them to Evelyn.

The moment Evelyn saw what he was holding, she understood. Without a word, she took the metal and began reinforcing the door, melding and bracing it into the frame to make it sturdier, more resistant to the force building on the other side.

Crash!

Rumble...

The sound of impact roared through the open space as something slammed against the other side again, shaking the walls and floor beneath them. Dust fell from around the door frame. The barricade wouldn't hold forever.