

Apocalypse 842

Chapter 842 Evelyn In Danger

"Alright! One more to go!" Rakan shouted, relief and urgency in his voice as he confirmed the first car was finally up and running.

Just then, Evelyn heard the warehouse door rumble again—this time more violently, like an earthquake was slamming into it. Her heart dropped. Reinforced or not, the door wouldn't hold much longer. The force behind those blows was monstrous.

"I think I found the key—the key!" one of the STAU members suddenly cried out. His voice was shaking as he rushed toward Rakan, trembling as he handed over the small piece of salvation. Rakan, who had just been about to shove his subordinate aside and hotwire the remaining car himself, snatched the key with a sharp nod.

Meanwhile, Adam, Jason, and their people were already piled into the car behind, supposedly safe—but their nerves were shot. Watching Rakan and the others scramble while danger loomed just a breath away made their muscles tense and their hands grip the seats. It felt like they were sitting on hot coals.

Even from inside the vehicle, the growls and guttural roars of the zombies echoed all around them, coming from the neighboring building and from behind the warehouse door they had just escaped from. The sound of fists—or claws—slamming against metal grew louder, angrier.

Time was almost up.

Dust and bits of debris began to fall from the doorframe as another deafening thud echoed through the open space, a grim reminder that time was running out.

After the STAU member handed Rakan the key to the Jeep Gladiator in front of him, Rakan wasted no time. He turned to the rest and barked out orders, ushering the STAU members and his subordinates into the second and third cars. The only ones still on foot were Fred, Rose, Clyde, Evelyn, and Reeve.

Rakan signaled for his team to start moving. His subordinate hesitated, clearly torn between getting to safety and concern, but Rakan's voice snapped like a whip.

"GO!"

That was enough. Without another word, the drivers buckled up and the convoy began to roll out, first the two lead vehicles, then followed closely by the three reserved for Jason and Adam's teams. They followed the pre-planned exit route without delay.

Once they were gone, Rakan took a deep breath and pressed the automatic start button on the key the STAU had given him. For a moment, the world seemed to pause—then the engine roared to life.

A flood of relief washed over him.

If the STAU had been wrong, or worse, if the key hadn't worked and he'd let the others drive off, it would've meant death for everyone left behind.

Rakan glanced through the window and yelled, "Everyone, get on!"

He revved the engine for good measure, the sound loud and urgent. Fred and Rose turned at the sound, drenched in sweat, eyes wide. Seeing the others already gone and only one vehicle waiting, they didn't need to be told twice.

Rose pivoted sharply, raising both hands. She conjured a storm of Ice Crystal hail overhead—not carefully shaped spears or crystalline needles, just raw, ragged chunks of ice crystal meant for damage, not beauty. The ice crystals rained down violently on the approaching horde from behind the defensive barrier she had earlier constructed.

Reeve dashed for the Jeep and jumped into the back. Clyde climbed into the front passenger seat, ready to provide forward cover if needed. Thankfully, the Gladiator had a retractable roof panel—an added advantage if they needed it during the escape.

Fred, Rose, and Evelyn sprinted toward the Jeep. But just as they were halfway there, the warehouse door, silent for a beat, suddenly groaned.

Evelyn skidded to a stop, eyes flicking back.

Something wasn't right.

She had taken only two steps away from the warehouse's door when—

CRASH!

RUMBLE...

The wall beside the warehouse door exploded outward, sending chunks of concrete flying. A monstrous, tank-like zombie burst through the rubble, its massive frame framed by swirling clouds of cement dust. It clutched its right arm—clearly the limb it had used to ram through the wall.

The sheer force of its exit had obliterated the structure, and a thick curtain of debris now filled the air. If not for the hulking silhouette towering over the wreckage, Evelyn, Rose, and Fred might not have even seen it in time.

Inside the Jeep, Rakan, Clyde, and Reeve stared in wide-eyed horror as they watched the scene unfold behind them. Their blood ran cold.

The others were too close—far too close to the gaping hole in the wall where the creature had emerged.

"Shit! Shit!!" Rakan cursed as he slammed his palm against the steering wheel and revved the engine hard, trying to grab Evelyn, Rose, and Fred's attention. "Run! Get in—now!"

But the massive zombie was fast—and worse, smart. It crouched low, muscles bulging as it turned its body sideways, bracing its massive right arm like a battering ram. Everyone instantly recognized the posture—it was preparing to charge.

"Move, move, move!!" Rakan muttered under his breath as he pressed on the gas, inching the Jeep forward just enough to avoid getting bulldozed.

Fred, Rose, and Evelyn didn't need any more warning. They broke into a full sprint, moving at supernatural speed thanks to their awakened bodies.

Behind the charging brute, more zombies poured from the ruined wall like a flood. Time was running out.

Rakan cracked the window. Fred was the first to reach the Jeep, leaping up just as Clyde extended a hand. Their palms slapped together—Fred caught hold and clung to the door as Clyde yanked him inside.

Fred barely caught his breath before sticking half his body out of the window again, reaching toward Rose, who was sprinting on the other side.

"Jump!" he shouted.

Rose launched herself off the ground with perfect timing. Fred caught her arm and hauled her closer with a grunt, just as Reeve stretched across the back to reach Evelyn on the opposite side.

All while behind them, the earth-shaking charge of the tank-like zombie was only seconds away behind Evelyn.

"Ugh! Don't let go!" Fred grunted, his muscles straining, veins bulging along his arms and neck as he hauled Rose closer to the Jeep.

Rose managed to grip the edge of the window, her feet scrambling against the side step of the Jeep's door until she got a firm hold. As she steadied herself, she glanced over her shoulder, and her heart dropped.

Evelyn was still running, lagging just a few steps behind. Unlike Rose, most of Evelyn's stats were in defense, not speed.

And right behind her—barreling forward like a runaway tank—was the hulking zombie, relentless and terrifyingly fast for its size. The rest of the horde poured out behind it like a wave of death.

"Shit! That big guy's way too fast—and stubborn!" Rose cursed, quickly raising her hand and conjuring another volley of Ice Crystal Hail. The sharp projectiles rained down on the brute, but it barely flinched.

The monster shielded its face with one massive arm, revealing only its glowing eyes through the gaps. The crystals shattered uselessly against its thick hide.

BUMP!

The Jeep jolted slightly as Rakan adjusted course, keeping them just ahead of the stampede.

"Holy moly!" Rose yelled, nearly losing her footing as the Jeep suddenly launched off the ground, bounced midair, then slammed back down. The off-road suspension took most of the impact, but the jolt was enough to rattle everyone inside.

Evelyn, still sprinting behind, staggered slightly as the Jeep surged ahead. The gap between her and the vehicle widened, and the massive zombie was gaining fast.

"Evelyn, behind you!" Rose screamed.

Without hesitation, Evelyn activated her ability, coating her body in metal just in time. She dodged to the side as the hulking zombie's arm came crashing down like a sledgehammer. It grazed her left shoulder, and even with her reinforced body, the impact left a deep dent in the armor.

Evelyn gritted her teeth. That strike had nearly thrown her off balance—and worse, it proved something terrifying.

Even in her metal form, the zombie's strength was enough to leave a mark.

With her body fully armored, Evelyn's defense had increased, but it also made her heavier. She was now a metallic force charging forward, but if that thing caught up, she wasn't sure she could withstand more than one or two direct hits. One glance at the damage on her shoulder told her everything: this zombie could break through her defenses.

And it was right on her heels.

Evelyn was falling behind.

Bit by bit, the distance between her and the Jeep widened. Her armored body, though powerful, was heavy—and it was costing her speed. From her spot half-hanging out the window, Rose could see it clearly: Evelyn was struggling, and the tank-like zombie was closing in fast.

Rose's heart pounded. She couldn't just watch this happen.

"I have to go," she muttered, ready to leap out of the moving vehicle.

But just as she shifted to jump, Fred grabbed her wrist and pulled her back. "No," he said firmly, shaking his head.

Her face twisted in frustration, her eyes flaring with barely contained fury. "She's not going to make it!" she shouted.

Fred didn't argue. Instead, he gave her a small, confident smile—then reached for the control panel on the car's roof. He hit a button.

Rose blinked, confused, until she realized what he was doing.

At the front, Rakan kept his eyes on the road, tense and laser-focused. But even in his state, he flicked quick glances into the side and rearview mirrors, tracking Evelyn's position with a clenched jaw. He looked like he was sitting on a bed of nails—ready to act, but waiting for just the right moment.