

Apocalypse 843

Chapter 843 Cheat Death

Looking utterly confused, Rose watched as Fred suddenly opened the roof of the car and turned to Rakan. “When I give the signal, hit the gas. Got it?” Fred said firmly.

Rakan nodded, eyes narrowing with determination. He had no idea what Fred was planning, but he understood one thing: when the time came, his job was to floor it—get them the hell out of there and leave whatever monster was behind them in the dust.

With the confirmation he needed, Fred stood up through the open roof, positioning himself in the center of the car. He braced his legs carefully to keep his balance. With practiced ease, he uncoiled the rope that had always been draped around his shoulder—something most people assumed was just a part of his rugged style.

But Fred, a former S.W.A.T. officer, had formed certain habits that never left him—even in the apocalypse. His training taught him to always be prepared for worst-case scenarios, and this rope was one of his constants. It had never been truly necessary until now, thanks to their grappling hooks and gear from the STAU. But today, the odds had turned viciously against them—and now, finally, the rope had a purpose.

Fortunately, Fred had his rope. Once he found his balance, he quickly fashioned one end into a large loop, just like a cowboy’s lasso. As he worked, the others—Rose, Rakan, Clyde, and Reeve—began to realize what he was about to do. Then Rose’s eyes snapped back to Evelyn, who was still struggling to outrun the monstrous, tank-like zombie barreling after her.

Without thinking, Rose shouted over the chaos, her voice nearly drowned out by the growls and snarls of the horde, “Evelyn! Hang in there! Don’t you dare stop running!”

Luckily, after their awakening, their senses had sharpened—eyes able to see farther, ears attuned to fainter sounds, and reactions just a bit faster. That small boost was enough. Despite the noise, Evelyn caught Rose’s words, nodded through gritted teeth, and forced her legs to move even faster, determined not to slow down.

“Ugh!” Evelyn grunted, forcing her legs to move faster, but the massive, tank-like zombie was still right behind her—too close for comfort. She didn’t need to look back to know it was an evolved one; its oppressive aura and heavy footsteps were enough to tell her that much.

Meanwhile, Fred had just finished his preparations. He glanced ahead, noticing that Rakan would need to take a sharp turn soon—something Rakan seemed to pick up on too, as he checked the side of the road a few times. Wasting no time, Fred spun the rope in a wide arc, then hurled it toward Evelyn.

Evelyn’s eyes locked onto the incoming rope. Understanding Fred’s intention instantly, she lunged forward and grabbed it midair. With a quick motion, she slipped the oversized loop over her head and down to her waist. It was so wide that if she let go, it would slide right off—but she didn’t have to wait long.

Fred gave the rope a sharp tug.

The loop cinched tightly around her waist, just in time.

The evolved zombie trailing behind roared in fury, realizing that its prey was about to escape, with help from the other humans.

“Rawhhhhh!!!”

The zombie let out a deafening roar, then began thrashing wildly, swinging both of its massive arms in a frenzy as it tried to strike Evelyn. Rose watched with bated breath, her heart pounding so hard it felt like it was caught in her throat.

“Now!” Fred shouted.

The moment Rakan heard the cue, he slammed his foot on the gas, and the jeep shot forward like a bullet. The uneven road, littered with debris, made the vehicle jolt violently, bouncing everyone in their seats. Thankfully, it was an off-road vehicle built for this kind of chaos.

Evelyn barely had a second to react before she felt a sharp tug on the rope, so sudden and strong it felt like her soul was about to leave her body.

“Pull!” Fred yelled again, realizing that with Evelyn’s metallic armor, her weight was too much for him alone. At once, Clyde and Reeve popped up through the open roof, each grabbing hold of the rope.

“Pull!” Fred shouted again, more urgently this time.

They yanked together with all their might, and Evelyn, sensing the momentum, quickly deactivated her awakened ability and shed her armor. The sudden loss of weight made a huge difference—like a switch flipped, she shot toward the vehicle, her body lifted off the ground like a rag doll.

At that exact moment, the evolved zombie slammed its massive hand into the spot where she had been just seconds before, missing her by a breath. As Evelyn glanced back midair, she could see the force of the blow crush the ground behind her. Her body soared a few meters up before gravity yanked her toward the safety of the speeding jeep.

The sudden pull launched Evelyn into the air. As she flew forward, she instinctively reached out and managed to grab onto the roof rail of the speeding jeep. At the same time, Reeve pulled Rose back into the vehicle, shielding her from being tossed around.

Evelyn clung to the roof for dear life, just as the jeep swerved hard to the left—Rakan taking the sharp turn without warning. The force nearly threw her off, her body flailing toward the side. Fred, steady in the middle of the jeep, shouted, “Reeve! Hit that pillar with your ‘Siren’s Call’—full power!”

Without hesitation, Reeve turned and unleashed his skill at the large pillar standing at the bend. The blast echoed like a siren splitting the air, and the pillar groaned under the force, beginning to tilt.

Meanwhile, Fred reached out toward Evelyn, whose grip was slipping. Her fingers clung to the roof as she fought to pull herself up. Thankfully, the rope still tied around her waist kept her tethered to the vehicle. Gritting her teeth, she inched her way forward over the roof, fighting the wind and momentum.

When she was finally within reach, Fred extended his hand. “I got you!” he called out.

Evelyn stretched with all her might, and their hands locked. With one powerful yank, Fred pulled her back into the safety of the jeep.

But there was no time to breathe. The evolved zombie came charging after them, both arms shielding its face, barreling straight into the side of the building they had just turned past. The pillar Reeve had struck let out a sharp crack and began to collapse, groaning as it leaned precariously toward the path behind them.

Creak... creak...

Rumble... rumble...

The building groaned as the evolved zombie barreled around the corner like a charging tank. Then—crash!—the weakened structure tilted and collapsed with a thunderous roar, slamming down right on top of the charging creature. Dust and debris exploded into the air as the massive weight crushed the zombie beneath, the entire structure slamming into the ground and blocking the road completely.

The rest of the horde, still chasing behind, skidded to a halt, cut off by the sudden wall of rubble, and some were crushed under the collapsed building.

No one knew if the collapse had been enough to kill the evolved zombie. But at that moment, it didn't matter. They were safe—for now.

The vehicle roared down the open road, bouncing over debris and broken pavement. Evelyn, finally inside, collapsed onto the back seat, gasping for air, her chest heaving so violently it felt like her lungs might catch fire.

“T-That was lit!” Clyde exclaimed, still wide-eyed from everything that had just unfolded. He blinked a few times, then looked around at everyone with disbelief and excitement. “Seriously, that felt like something straight out of an action movie!”

He couldn't believe he'd just witnessed it all firsthand—the daring save, the flying leap, the collapsing building crushing their monstrous pursuer. It was the kind of thing he'd only ever seen on screen. Luckily, Fred had acted fast, using perfect timing and the terrain to their advantage to lose the evolved zombie.

Even better, they were fortunate that the rest of their group had already gone ahead, meaning no one else had been caught or crushed in the chaos.

Once Clyde's excitement finally settled, he slumped back into his seat, the adrenaline rush slowly draining from his veins and leaving behind a wave of exhaustion. “That was close,” he muttered, almost to himself. “Thought I was gonna have a heart attack...”

Then, out of nowhere, someone let out a short laugh—sharp and breathless like a person who'd just cheated death—and it quickly spread. One by one, they all started chuckling, the kind of unhinged laughter that only came after surviving something insane. Even Rakan allowed himself to loosen up slightly, though his eyes remained focused on the road ahead, hands steady on the wheel.

Everyone struggled to catch their breath as they settled into their seats, the car falling into a heavy silence. The only sound was their ragged breathing echoing in the enclosed space. Each of them knew just how close they'd come to death. That evolved zombie—they could all feel it—wasn't just any evolved zombie. It had to be a high-level one.

Even Rose's Ice Crystals hadn't made a dent in its defenses. Sure, she hadn't shaped them into spears or spikes, but they should've at least left a scratch. The fact that they didn't meant only one thing: that zombie was far stronger than any of them.

None of them believed the collapsing building was enough to kill it. At best, they'd just slowed it down—bought themselves time before it came hunting again.