

Redemption

By : [aworldofexplosions](#)

A soldier named Donathon Higgs survives the viral outbreak along with few others at Detcon Military Base. Fearing for his wife and sons lives, he battles waves of infected and groups of bandits in the local town searching for his wife and son. The question is, will he make it out alive?

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Klaxons blared loudly, telling security teams to move to Level 2 and contain the outbreak. Infected growled and wailed, sprinting towards what remained of the third security team here. Bullets whizzed down the corridor, slowing the infected, but not stopping them. What went so wrong? It was just a simple milk run, or at least that's how Sgt. Compton described it. We were supposed to deliver one of the bio-bombs from Level 6 to Level 3. That's when everything went to hell. One of the bombs pre-maturely exploded on Level 3. Most of the team was dead in seconds, only a few of us quickly put on our gas masks, including me. Our team turned in a matter of minutes, along with any personnel killed in the blast. We took a couple of potshots and ran for the elevator. Now we're here, fighting the hordes of the dead. Three teams have already been sent here, all killed. This the third, and they're barely holding up. "Higgs, move!!" a soldier yelled, pissed at my ignorance. I turned just in time to see an infected scientist sprinting towards me, toppling objects over to get to me. Suddenly a gunshot sounded, and the thing lost its balance, toppling over. "You gotta watch out, Higgs, these things would NOT hesitate to rip your face off." said PFC Kentley, an old friend of mine. Bastard got me drunk before formation last week. "Thanks for the heads up. Maybe that would have been useful before it was 20 inches away from me?" I said, joking around. Kentley smiled, or at least I think it was, I couldn't tell behind the gas mask. I looked at highest ranked trooper in the room, Major Fonstrom. "What do we do now? We've been sitting here for hours, our guns don't have the ammo!" I yelled over the radio. "We sit tight and wait until reinforcements arrive!" he yelled back, clearly annoyed. "Sit tight? We've been--" I was about to yell back, but a large explosion interrupted me midsentence. "What the hell?!" Major Fontstrom yelled. "Sir, the fire has reached the alternative fuel cells on Level 5! That explosion could level the whole base!!" one of the security guards said, checking his handcom. Just then, a loud roar came from the end of the corridor. An infected began signaling others to his location, as infected began pouring out the double doors. The guard began punching numbers into the elevator, desperately trying to open it. As the corridor flooded with infected, I thought, it's amazing how much shit can happen in 2 hours, and raised my gun.

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