

Apocalypse 392

Chapter 392 It's Starting

"Is it really that amazing?!" Kisha asked, surprised, her hand pausing mid-air just as she was about to take another bite. After hearing 008's explanation, she felt incredulous.

She hadn't even realized she'd gained a new skill, and it sounded almost overpowered.

"Absolutely! If you were in the Murim world, you'd be treated as an esteemed guest, even in the imperial palace! Mastering a skill like this is just as difficult—and as highly revered—as becoming an alchemist!" 008 responded with conviction.

"So, imagine if anyone else tried cooking spiritual crops—they'd either end up with just regular food, or worse, have it explode in their faces. You're basically working miracles here." 008 teased before falling silent again.

Kisha was left reeling from the information.

'Why didn't you tell me this earlier?' she questioned, but was met with silence. It seemed 008 had no intention of answering her at all.

'I didn't even know the food almost exploded in my face!' Kisha thought, her face paling at the thought.

She could vividly imagine the chicken blowing up right into her face, or worse, turning into an inedible lump of charcoal when she was starving enough to eat a whole cow.

The thought of her meal becoming unrecognizable sent a chill down her spine.

'Or was this kid actually expecting me to run this experiment blindly and just see what happens? Tsk.'
For some reason, Kisha had started thinking of 008 as a kid—not because of its voice, but because it just felt right to her.

Maybe it was because 008, as a system, seemed relatively new. It had been sent to the lowest realm to begin its endeavors, unlike other systems that were more experienced and knowledgeable, with broader skill sets and more extensive resources.

Duke watched as a dozen expressions flickered across Kisha's face in just a few seconds, amused by how lively she looked while enjoying her food.

Despite all the stress and looming challenges, he was glad to see that Kisha could still find moments like this to be herself.

'I'm really glad I stayed with her right now,' Duke thought to himself, burying his head in his bowl while quietly keeping an eye on Kisha.

Watching her go about her tasks had become his quiet form of entertainment, a small joy in the midst of all their struggles.

Crack!

Crack!

A sharp cracking sound jolted them back to reality. Their eyes met for a brief second before darting forward, locking onto the crystal ice in front of them.

Small fractures began to spiderweb across its surface, frost seeping from the cracks and spreading across the ground.

Mist curled out from within the fissures, swirling around as the air grew colder.

Kisha quickly waved her hand, storing everything in front of them into her inventory in an instant.

She and Duke stood up, slipping into defensive stances, weapons at the ready.

Their grips tightened, bracing themselves for whatever was about to emerge, prepared to attack or defend at a moment's notice.

Kisha's heart pounded in her chest as the cracks slowly spread across the ice.

With each sharp crack that echoed, the weight in her chest grew heavier, mirroring the rising tension.

The air around them grew colder with every fracture, sending a chill deep into her bones.

The frost crept toward Kisha and Duke's feet, creeping over their shoes and sending an icy chill up their legs.

Realizing the danger, they took a few quick steps back, the numbing cold threatening to frostbite their toes and hinder their mobility.

Just as they took a step back, the crystallized ice shattered explosively, sending sharp shards flying in every direction like deadly projectiles.

Fortunately, Kisha and Duke were ready. Duke instinctively stepped in front of Kisha, shielding her from the onslaught of ice fragments that exploded outward like a bomb.

Duke gripped his spear tightly and spun it rapidly, creating a temporary shield to deflect the razor-sharp debris.

The fragments sliced through the air, leaving shallow cuts across his body from when he had stepped forward to protect Kisha.

"Duke!" Kisha gasped, her eyes widening in horror as she noticed the blood trickling from his arms and torso, the price he paid to shield her from the onslaught.

"I'm fine," Duke replied, his voice steady and resolute, as if the pain was nothing more than a fleeting annoyance.

He kept spinning his spear in front of him, creating a protective barrier until the last of the debris finally ceased.

However, just as they caught their breath, the mist from within the ice erupted, engulfing the entire flower field and obscuring Kisha and Duke's vision.

Kisha swiftly summoned all the swords and daggers from her inventory, her mind focusing on the blades as they floated into the air around her.

With her enhanced mental capacity, she could deftly wield nearly fifty weapons, primarily daggers due to their smaller size and lighter weight.

Although she could manage more, she knew that her control would be compromised since she was still honing her skills.

Kisha commanded the swords and daggers to form a protective barrier around them, creating a shield that ensured they were safeguarded from attacks.

With this formation, she could defend against any incoming threat and prevent any surprise assaults.

However, there was still enough space for them to see beyond the protective formation of her daggers and swords.

"Ugh!" Duke grunted as he felt the frost advance once more, now only half a foot away from his feet.

This time, it felt colder and more powerful than before, sending a shiver through their bodies.

Despite being an ice-type himself, the frost emanating from where the crystalized ice earlier seemed to be spiraling out of control, as if it had a mind of its own.

Duke considered countering the frigid force with his own ice abilities, but a wave of hesitation washed over him.

If he unleashed his powers now, the temperature would plummet further, transforming the air and any lingering moisture in the air into deadly crystals that would only complicate matters.

He could visualize the chaos: the once vibrant flower field succumbing to a frozen wasteland, devoid of life and color.

'No,' he thought, 'that wouldn't solve anything.'

They needed to find a way to contain the frost, to push it back without unleashing more ice ability into the mix.

Glancing at Kisha, determination ignited within him; he couldn't let Kisha suffer in this cold.

Rather than relying on his ice abilities, Duke made a quick decision to harness the opposing element: fire.

While Kisha focused on protecting them, he conjured two fireballs in his hands, their heat radiating intensely.

With a determined crouch, he slammed the fireballs into the ground, unleashing a wave of flames that surged outward to combat the encroaching frost.

The ground beneath him sizzled and scorched as the flames licked at the ice, creating a sharp contrast between the two elements.

Duke skillfully controlled the fire, ensuring it only targeted the advancing frost and leaving Kisha unharmed.

As the fire devoured the frost, the mist around them thickened, swirling like a living entity as the heat caused the ice to evaporate into steam, rising in ethereal tendrils.

The heat was invigorating, a stark reminder of the warmth in the face of overwhelming cold.