

Apocalypse 393

Chapter 393 It Started To Move

With every flicker of flame, Duke felt a surge of confidence, knowing he was actively pushing back the icy threat that surrounded them.

The air crackled with energy, a blend of steam and heat creating a surreal atmosphere as the battlefield transformed before their eyes.

With unwavering focus, Duke expertly controlled the flames, ensuring they would not harm the beautiful flower field behind them.

His fire targeted only the encroaching frost, which he instinctively believed was emanating from the direction where Rose was located.

As the mist thickened around them, visibility dwindled, transforming their surroundings into an ethereal, swirling haze that obscured everything beyond a few feet.

In this fog, Kisha had to rely on her heightened senses, attuned to the subtle shifts in the air and the faintest sounds around them.

She closed her eyes for a moment, honing in on the warmth of Duke's presence beside her and the cold tendrils of frost creeping ever closer.

Simultaneously, she activated the system's radar-like map, which displayed their immediate surroundings and highlighted any potential threats.

However, an unsettling thought crossed her mind: 'What if Rose had acquired super agility, allowing her to move with blinding speed and evade detection?'

With that possibility weighing on her, Kisha decided to adopt a more cautious approach.

She carefully arranged the floating daggers and swords around them, creating a protective barrier reminiscent of a turtle's shell, ensuring that they were shielded from any unexpected attacks.

The formation allowed her to maintain visibility while keeping their defenses intact, preparing for whatever might emerge from the mist.

She and Duke stood poised and ready, hearts pounding in synchrony, aware that danger could materialize at any moment.

Duke looked around the mist as he tried to assess the situation, but they couldn't feel any movement from the other side aside from the earlier explosion of the ice projectiles.

Kisha squinted at the radar, her heart racing as she focused on the grey dot indicating Rose's presence.

The status remained uncertain, but it was evident that Rose was still standing in the same position where the crystal ice was.

Time seemed to stretch endlessly as they remained locked in this standoff. Kisha and Duke exchanged wary glances, each lost in their own thoughts, uncertain of how long they had been waiting.

The stillness was almost oppressive, amplifying their anxiety.

Despite being on high alert, neither Kisha nor Duke had detected any movement from Rose's side. It was as if time itself had frozen alongside the ice.

Kisha couldn't shake the feeling that Rose was waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

The notion sent a shiver down her spine; the intelligence required to strategize in silence suggested that Rose had not only retained some semblance of her former self but had also gained an unnerving level of cunning as a zombie.

Kisha's grip tightened on the hilt of her long and short katana as she considered the implications.

If Rose was indeed observing them, calculating her next move, then Kisha and Duke had to be prepared for anything.

It dawned on her that this situation was not merely a physical confrontation; it was a mental battle as well.

"Stay sharp," Kisha whispered to Duke, her voice barely audible above the thickening mist. "If she's watching us, we can't let our guard down."

Duke nodded in agreement, his expression grim but resolute.

The quiet tension between them was palpable, a shared understanding that they needed to outsmart Rose before she could outmaneuver them.

They both knew that a single misstep could spell disaster.

As they braced for the unknown, Kisha's thoughts raced through potential scenarios.

What if Rose had developed new abilities? What if she could manipulate the mist or even control the frost? The more she contemplated, the more determined she became to protect her and Duke at all costs.

Kisha gulped, anxiety tightening her throat as she felt her Spiritual Energy steadily depleting while maintaining the defensive formation of swords and daggers.

Each second that passed felt like an eternity, and the strain of controlling so many weapons was beginning to take its toll.

However, she couldn't ignore the notifications from her passive skill appearing before her eyes, confirming that it was actively in effect.

The relief was palpable, knowing that while she was expending significant energy to keep her defenses intact, her passive skill was alleviating some of the strain.

Yet, even with this assistance, it wasn't enough to offset the relentless drain on her energy reserves completely.

Kisha's mind raced as she considered her options, grappling with the realization that the situation was becoming more dire.

Just as she began to worry, a familiar warmth surged within her—a reminder of her title's effect, which shared similarities with her healing dome skill.

It was a comforting presence, subtly replenishing her energy as she fought to maintain her composure.

"Come on, Kisha," she muttered to herself, pushing down the rising panic. She reminded herself of the importance of staying focused.

Every ounce of her strength mattered right now. "Just a little longer."

With renewed determination, she concentrated on the blades swirling around them, adjusting their positions to create an even more formidable barrier.

The mist thickened, and her senses heightened, sharpening her awareness of the impending danger.

She had to remain vigilant, not only for her own sake but also for Duke, who stood resolutely by her side.

In the back of her mind, Kisha silently calculated how much longer she could sustain this defensive stance.

Each breath felt heavier, each heartbeat resonating in time with her dwindling Spiritual Energy. But she was a fighter, and she refused to yield to despair.

"Let's show her we're not afraid," she said softly, her voice steady despite the uncertainty that loomed around them. "We'll outlast this."

With that thought anchoring her, Kisha steeled herself for whatever was to come, ready to face the storm alongside Duke.

As Kisha's heart finally settled, she and Duke caught sight of a shadowy figure inching closer, the mist around it beginning to dissipate.

At first, the figure appeared faint and hazy, almost ghost-like, but as it drew nearer, its outline solidified, becoming darker and more ominous against the thinning fog.

An unsettling tension hung in the air, urging Kisha and Duke to tighten their grips on their weapons, steeling themselves for the unknown threat that loomed before them.

Just as the figure seemed poised to step fully into view, Duke's expression shifted with determination.

In a sudden motion, he plunged his spear into the ground, anchoring himself in place, his focus unwavering.

The sharp sound of metal striking earth echoed in the stillness, amplifying the gravity of the moment.

With practiced precision, he conjured another fireball in his hands, the flames dancing energetically as they illuminated his resolute face.

Kisha could feel the warmth radiating from him, a flicker of reassurance amid the encroaching danger.

With perfect tacit understanding, Kisha opened a narrow path among the swirling swords and daggers that surrounded them, creating a clear channel for Duke's impending attack.

Her heart raced as she watched him prepare, knowing the stakes had risen dramatically.

"Now!" she urged silently, her thoughts aligning with his in their unspoken understanding.

With a swift and deliberate motion, Duke released the fireball toward the shadowy figure.

The fireball streaked through the gap she'd created, illuminating the mist as it flew, leaving a trail of warmth in its wake.