

Apocalypse 394

Chapter 394 Got It Wrong

Once the fireball was on its trajectory, Kisha closed the partition of weapons, reestablishing their turtle-like defense in an instant.

She felt the pulse of energy around them shift, the air thick with anticipation as they braced for the impact.

The fireball collided with the shadowy figure, erupting in a dazzling explosion of light and heat that momentarily pushed back the mist.

For a heartbeat, everything was illuminated, revealing the figure's outline more clearly—a stark contrast to the encroaching shadow of the mist.

"Ah!!! FUCK!"

"Eh?!"

"Eh?!!!"

Duke and Kisha's eyes widened in shock as the fireball illuminated the area, momentarily dispersing the mist and revealing Rose's face in stark detail.

The sudden brightness seemed to catch her off guard, and they watched as the flames engulfed her.

With a startled cry, she tumbled to the ground, rolling frantically while unleashing a torrent of curses.

"FUCK!!! I thought I was in heaven! Why am I in hell?! FUCK YOU, GOD!" Rose shouted, her voice filled with raw emotion that echoed through the clearing.

Kisha and Duke exchanged wide-eyed glances, stunned by the unexpected display of vulnerability from the usually composed leader.

It was a stark contrast to the Rose they had known, who often kept her emotions tightly in check.

As the leader of her group, she had cultivated an image of strength and poise, commanding respect from her followers.

Kisha had rarely seen her let loose like this, aside from the occasional teasing banter. To hear Rose's unfiltered outrage was both shocking and oddly amusing.

"Is she really swearing at God?" Kisha whispered to Duke, struggling to stifle a laugh despite the tension of the moment.

Duke chuckled softly but quickly stifled it, realizing the urgency of the situation.

They both knew they had made a grave mistake by attacking her without fully assessing the transformation she had undergone.

"Water!" Kisha shouted, the heat from the fireball had intensified, and Rose was still on the ground, struggling against the flames licking at her skin.

Kisha's mind raced as she realized they needed to act fast.

Before she could even finish her thought, Duke seemed to sense her urgency.

Without hesitation, he conjured a few ice spears above Rose's head, their crystalline forms shimmering ominously in the dim light and flickering fire.

The air crackled with energy as he focused, a determined look etched on his face.

With a swift motion, he melted the ice spears using his fire ability, releasing a cascade of water that fell like a gentle rain onto Rose.

The cool droplets splashed against her, extinguishing the flames that threatened to consume her.

"Rose!" Kisha called out, her voice laced with worry as she approached the rolling figure. "Are you okay?!"

Duke followed closely, his brow furrowed. "We didn't mean to hurt you!" he added, as he watched Kisha help Rose up in her feet.

As they reached her, Rose finally stopped rolling, propping herself up on her elbows and glaring at them with a mix of irritation and disbelief.

"Are you trying to kill me?!" she spat, panting heavily. "What the hell were you thinking?"

"I thought I had died and been sent to heaven, only to find myself in hell!" Rose exclaimed, her eyes glistening with a mixture of frustration and relief.

She looked up at the two who had almost set her ablaze, her gaze filled with indignation. "You both nearly scared me to death!"

"I really thought I was about to meet my maker! Huhuhu!" Rose wailed, her voice trembling with a mix of fear and disbelief.

Kisha and Duke exchanged sheepish looks, realizing just how reckless their actions had been, it was clear she was genuinely shaken and rattled by the experience.

"We thought you were a threat..." Kisha replied, her voice apologetic. "We didn't know what you had become..."

Kisha quickly stored all the daggers and swords back in her inventory, relieved to see that Rose hadn't transformed into an evolved zombie.

However, Rose's body was singed and blackened, with only remnants of her long hair left intact.

Thankfully, she had already awakened, which meant Duke's fireball hadn't burned her flesh too severely.

Aside from the pain and a few superficial burns, Rose was mostly unharmed, though she had narrowly escaped being burned alive.

After a moment of crying and cursing, Rose paused, realization dawning on her.

She glanced around and then looked at herself, focusing on the spot where she had been bitten.

The last thing she remembered was losing consciousness after ensuring Sparrow had defeated the evolved zombie that had ambushed them.

At that moment, she had genuinely believed she would transform into a zombie and be killed by her own people.

She had always told them that if she ever turned, she wanted them to end her life, to prevent her from becoming a monster that preyed on the innocent, just like the very creatures they had fought so hard to defeat.

"I—I didn't turn?" Rose mumbled, her voice trembling as she regained her senses.

When she first came to, all she could see was an endless mist, leading her to believe she had truly died and was experiencing some form of afterlife.

Overwhelmed with emotion, she had braced herself for the worst. Yet, amidst her fears for the people she had left behind, a sense of reassurance washed over her.

She realized they were in the capable hands of trustworthy allies. This understanding allowed her to accept her fate, even as she grappled with the turmoil of her transformation.

However, it took Rose some time to come to terms with her emotions.

She remained in the same spot where she regained consciousness, lost in thought for what felt like an eternity.

When she finally decided to move, taking a few tentative steps forward, she noticed a flickering flame approaching her.

In her dazed state, she assumed she was in heaven, and it felt natural for a fire to come and guide her soul to the afterlife.

She recalled the tales of death's reapers who would collect souls and ferry them across a river to their final destination. To her, this fire seemed no different—an ethereal light ushering her onward.

But as the flames rushed toward her at an alarming speed, a sudden surge of alarm jolted her from her reverie.

She realized too late that this was no gentle guide; it was a fiery projectile hurtling directly toward her. Startled, she froze, the realization crashing down upon her like a wave.

So when the flames struck her, Rose thought she had been cast directly into hell. After all, they said a soul would burn in hell for eternity.

How mistaken she had been in her assumptions!

The very people she had deemed capable and trustworthy were the same ones who had unwittingly plunged her into this chaos.

What baffled her even more was that, despite her ordeal, she felt more alive and stronger than ever before.

With a furrowed brow, Rose glanced down at her hands, her heart racing with confusion.

Suddenly, her eyes widened as she whipped her head around to where Kisha stood, locking gazes with her.

Rose's lips formed a silent "O" as she struggled to find her voice, her mind swirling with questions.

Words eluded her, leaving her at a loss for how to ask about what had transpired after she lost consciousness.

She longed to understand the truth of her transformation and the events that had led her to this moment.