

## **Apocalypse 777**

### Chapter 777 - Silver Flame

Kisha screamed again—this time, her voice was weaker than before. "Don't come!" she cried out, her words laced with desperation. Her muscles were seizing up, her limbs curling involuntarily as she lost control of her body.

Every bit of moisture within her felt like it was being scorched away, leaving her feeling brittle, like she might crack apart at any second.

It seemed that before the Constellations could even try to kill her, the Silver Flame might end her first.

But taming it was easier said than done.

According to 008, she needed to tame the Spiritual Flame as if it were a spiritual beast—but how was she supposed to do that? Talk to it? Appeal to its emotions? Try some sort of flame psychology? Kisha was completely lost.

"Host, yes! You can think of a Spiritual Flame like a beast," 008 explained frantically. "Taming one is almost the same. As long as the flame acknowledges your worth, it will stop attacking you and instead become your power."

After all, high-grade Spiritual Flames could even develop consciousness. Just like high-level spiritual beasts, they could take on human forms if they wished.

These flames were among the most powerful and long-lived, capable of blending in with humans and choosing their own masters. In fact, many of them had fully developed minds, emotions, and wills of their own—something 008 had completely forgotten to mention until now.

"Host, Spiritual Flames aren't something just anyone can have," 008 began urgently. "They're not only difficult to obtain—they're also incredibly hard to tame. Taming requires compatibility, a strong fire affinity, and, for higher-grade flames—anything from Unique and up—you also need to be recognized by the flame itself."

"For lower-grade flames, like Common or Uncommon, it's mostly about having the right affinity and compatibility. Taming is relatively simple in those cases, more of a formality..."

008 trailed off awkwardly before continuing, "But the flame you chose... well, it has a personality. It's got character, so taming it is a bit more complicated."

But Kisha could no longer hear 008—her mind was drowning in the searing agony that was caused by the Silver Flame. She felt as though she was moments away from being completely consumed, not even a bone would be left behind if she truly perished here.

Clenching her teeth, Kisha forced herself to take a shaky breath. Then, gathering every ounce of her strength, she summoned all her energies—spiritual energy, mana, and aura—and began channeling them throughout her body.

She dropped into a cross-legged position, forcing herself to endure the pain as she guided the flow of energy with sheer willpower.

Her mana shielded her mana heart, wrapping around it like armor. Every fiber of her being was coated layer by layer, each vein and muscle lined with energy to form a barrier. Even as the Silver Flame coursed through her veins, it would have to burn through multiple defenses just to leave a mark.

Once her entire body was successfully protected, Kisha felt her energies draining at an alarming rate. She had no choice—she needed to enter a meditative state to keep the energy flowing, or she would burn out long before the flame could be tamed.

She had no idea how much time had passed—minutes, hours? It all blurred together. Kisha remained deep in meditation, maintaining the delicate balance of energies flowing through her body. Her consciousness stayed alert, keeping watch even as her physical form endured the pain.

Then, within the depths of her sea of consciousness, something stirred.

A small wisp of silver flame flickered into view. It hovered hesitantly, almost timidly, like a frightened child lost in unfamiliar territory. There was confusion in its movements—restless and guarded, as if unsure how it ended up there or what to do next.

Kisha observed it silently, then drifted closer.

'Is this... the true form of the Silver Flame?' she wondered, narrowing her eyes as she cautiously floated toward it, heart pounding.

As soon as the Silver Flame noticed her presence, it flickered sharply—almost like it jumped in surprise. Though it didn't speak, Kisha felt as though she could somehow understand it. Every flicker of its flame carried emotion, as if it were trying to communicate in its own wordless language.

It was small, almost adorable in its timid form, and Kisha instinctively reached out to it. But the moment her consciousness made contact, the flame flared violently—like a frightened hedgehog bristling in defense. Pain shot through her.

Kisha gasped as searing agony lanced through her awareness.

It burned her—not her body, but her consciousness. And the pain was unlike anything she had experienced before—far worse than the physical torment she'd endured earlier. It felt as though her very soul was being scorched.

She writhed in anguish, and despite being within her own mental space, she let out a hoarse, ragged scream, her throat raw from the force of it.

'It hurts!' Kisha screamed inwardly, the agony echoing through her consciousness as she stood trembling before the Silver Flame. The searing pain twisted her expression, and in response, the flame recoiled—its flickering light pulling inward like a child scolded for lashing out.

It took Kisha a long moment to collect herself, the worst of the pain slowly ebbing, though a raw, lingering sting still pulsed within her. She looked at the Silver Flame again, this time with cautious eyes and a hoarse, mental voice.

'Do you not want to recognize me as your new master?' she asked gently, inching a little closer—but not too much. She didn't want to startle it again.

She left a respectful space between them, trying to show she wasn't a threat.

The Silver Flame dimmed slightly, its flickering light taking on a softer, almost melancholic quality. Kisha couldn't fully grasp what it was trying to convey—its emotions were clear, but the meaning behind them remained elusive.

The flame wasn't speaking, only expressing itself through its subtle shifts, and Kisha struggled to understand.

Seeing it like that stirred something within her, and she softened. 'If you don't want to, I won't force you,' she said, her voice gentle and sincere. 'But if you choose to follow me, I promise I'll grow stronger. And even then, I won't use you for evil purposes.'

She didn't know why the Silver Flame appeared so fearful, but a thought crossed her mind. Maybe it feared being used for dark purposes, or perhaps it had already suffered through something similar before coming to the system mall.

She didn't know. After all, it appears that this flame had awakened its consciousness and currently in its infancy—it might have already experienced enough to be cautious of its future.

But all of this was just speculation, and Kisha wasn't certain. She could only make her offer and hope that, in the end, the flame would choose her. All she could do was gamble on trust.