

Apocalypse 778

Chapter 778 - First Try

Kisha watched as the Silver Flame hesitated, flickering uncertainly. She remained still, showing remarkable patience as it gradually lowered its guard. For a while, it simply hovered there—until, without warning, it lunged straight toward her.

Kisha's heart leapt in fear. She was certain she was about to be burned alive. Her scream caught in her throat as she shut her eyes tightly... but the pain never came.

Tentatively, she opened her eyes and looked down at her hands and body—there was no sign of the Silver Flame. Instead, her consciousness began to glow with a silver light. In both her mind and her physical body, a glowing array slowly formed beneath her.

Then, a strange symbol—one she didn't recognize—appeared before her and branded itself upon her heart. Or rather, it marked her very soul.

It reminded her of the moment she had formed a contract with her battle pet, Bell—only this felt far deeper, more profound.

This time, the marking—the contract—was etched directly into her soul. Kisha felt it like a searing brand of power and connection, yet instead of pain, she was enveloped in warmth. Strength flooded through her, wrapping around her like a protective embrace. In that moment, she could sense the emotions of the Silver Flame—its weariness, its trust, and its surrender.

A gentle smile touched her lips. "Don't worry, leave everything to me," she whispered, her voice tender and resolute. Within her consciousness, she curled inward, hugging herself as if comforting both her soul and the flame now bound to it.

In the physical world, the Silver Flame that once raged around her began to calm, softening into a gentle glow. Kisha realized she could now control its temperature with the barest flicker of thought—it responded to her will as if it were a natural extension of her body.

Slowly, she opened her eyes and looked down at her hands. Though her skin was still blistered and burned from before, the Silver Flame now rested in her palm—calm, obedient, no longer a source of pain but of power.

Because of the Silver Flame, Kisha's clothes were burned beyond repair, and parts of her hair were scorched. Angry red blisters and burn marks marred her skin, a painful reminder of the flame's previous wrath.

[Healing Dome Activated]

[Healing Dome Leveled Up!]

[Healing Dome Activated]

A warm, soothing energy spread across her body as the Healing Dome worked its magic. Kisha could still see faint trails of smoke rising from her skin, but the pain began to ease. The blisters were slowly fading, healing gradually as if she'd just taken a low-tier potion.

'How long was I in there?' she wondered, watching the wounds knit themselves together in real time.

"You were only locked in your mental space for about five minutes, Host," 008 answered calmly.

"What?! Only five minutes?!" Kisha blinked, stunned. "It felt like a whole day had passed in there!"

She hadn't realized just how distorted time could be inside her mental space.

"Well, you did great taming the Spiritual Flame! Now you can control it freely and concoct potions without a hitch," 008 said cheerfully. If it had a physical form, Kisha was sure she'd see dollar signs in its eyes, staring at her like she was a walking treasure trove.

Kisha pursed her lips in amusement and deactivated her Rainbow Cube—only to be immediately swept off her feet.

Duke's scent hit her first, warm and familiar, followed by the overwhelming comfort of his arms wrapping around her. He held her as if she were made of glass, trembling slightly as he clung to her. His voice came out hoarse, choked with emotion. "Wifey... you made me so worried."

Only then did Kisha realize how deeply her absence had affected them. She looked over his shoulder and saw her grandparents, her little brother, the Winters—even the Wyatts—all gathered, watching her with wide, anxious eyes.

"Arf! Master!"

"Master!"

Even Zeus and Bell were there, though Kisha hadn't noticed them earlier. The moment she activated the Rainbow Cube, all her focus had been on the Silver Flame, and any concern for her surroundings faded into the background.

But then she remembered—her clothes had been burned away by the flame.

Her eyes widened in alarm. She nervously pushed Duke back and looked down at herself, only to realize her body was still cloaked in Silver Flame. It shimmered and swirled around her like a gown made of living fire.

She glanced at Duke, panicked, but he looked completely unharmed. Startled, she took another step back and gave a small twirl. The flame danced around her, forming a flowing silver dress—elegant, warm, and entirely under her control. It didn't burn her, nor did it hurt the people she cared about.

Duke blinked in surprise, only now realizing that Kisha's body was still engulfed in the flame. Yet it was so gentle, so serene, he hadn't even noticed.

Duke's eyes widened in concern as he noticed the blisters and burn marks scattered across Kisha's arms, shoulders, and other exposed skin. His instincts screamed to rush to her, but when he saw her twirl

effortlessly in the flame, showing no signs of pain, he hesitated. His gaze shifted to the Silver Flame cloaking her, brows furrowed in confusion.

"Wifey... this..." he asked cautiously, unsure if it was hurting her or protecting her.

Kisha looked up at him, her face glowing with excitement, a giddy smile lighting up her features. "My Silver Flame," she said simply, pride and warmth in her voice.

Duke finally understood—this wasn't harming her; it was hers. A new power. A new bond.

He let out a soft chuckle and reached out to gently ruffle her hair. "Wifey, you're incredible... but you're still injured. Let me help you with your wounds, okay?"

Kisha shook her head gently and glanced at her arm. The blisters were already fading, her skin gradually knitting itself back together. With the Healing Dome aiding her recovery, she realized she wouldn't even need a healing potion—let alone anyone tending to her wounds.

Instead, she summoned a partition screen from her inventory, calmly selecting a fresh set of clothes. As the garments materialized, she willed the Silver Flame to withdraw, watching as it retreated from her body like mist dissolving into the air.

When Kisha stepped out, everyone immediately rushed toward her, bombarding her with worried questions. The Winters even pushed Duke aside in their haste to reach her. It took quite an effort for Kisha to calm them down and explain what had happened.

Only after they saw her injuries healing—albeit slowly—did they finally, though reluctantly, return to their own tasks.

Duke managed to make his way back to her side and gently took her hands in his. "Wifey," he said softly, "you don't have to carry everything on your own. Your husband is right here with you, always."

He pressed a tender kiss to her forehead, his touch full of unspoken emotion. Though he didn't say more, it was clear he'd been deeply shaken by the incident. From that moment on, he refused to leave her side.

Quietly devoted, he stayed close, helping her arrange the materials on the marble table, acting as her little assistant.

"Wifey, am I doing this right?" Duke asked, his brow furrowed in concentration as he carefully ground the Liliana mushroom into powder.