

The best selling survival horror juggernaut returns.

# RESIDENT EVIL™

## REVELATIONS



### N.E. STRIDE

The duo shielded their eyes as the city was greeted by a gigantic spotlight as if God was reaching through to claim the lost souls below. The sound was deafening as intense heat bathed its surface. Piece by piece, it all came apart — roads cracking until they burst, infrastructure melting into the asphalt, every being living, dead, or in between vaporizing down to the atom. Buildings lost all glass, followed by their foundations as they buckled and crashed into one another. Water pooled below, as the sea reclaimed the floating city.

*He actually did it, Parker thought. Lansdale wasn't kidding. This is Raccoon City all over again.*

Except, it wasn't, and Parker knew it. Raccoon City resulted from the Umbrella Corporation trying to hide its many mistakes until it blew up in their face — a fact that took years to come to light.

There was no confusion here. This was the result of a coordinated attack meant to spread fear, and until Il Veltro was brought to justice, that fear would continue to spread.

RESIDENT EVIL™ NOVELS BY S.D. PERRY

The Umbrella Conspiracy

Caliban Cove

City of the Dead

Underworld

Nemesis

Code: Veronica

Zero Hour

RESIDENT EVIL™ NOVELS BY P.E.

STRIDE

Los Illuminados

# RESIDENT EVIL

## REVELATIONS

N.E. STRIDE

**LRE**

PROJECT LRE BOOKS

New York London Toronto Sydney Raccoon City

This is fanfiction that has been made available for free. If you enjoy it, it is strongly recommended that you support the developers of the source material by purchasing their games.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living, dead or undead, are entirely coincidental.

*An original publication* of PROJECT LRE BOOKS

© 2024 Capcom Co., Ltd. ©2024 Capcom U.S.A., Inc.  
All Rights reserved.

This is a fan project that is not affiliated with any of the entities responsible for the Resident Evil series, the author of the previous official novels, nor the people and organizations responsible for their publication. No infringement is intended.

*For Aydan Watkins, who showed me the fun of  
messing with Resident Evil.*

People like to say that the conflict is between good and evil. The real conflict is between truth and lies.

– *Don Miguel Ruiz*



# PROLOGUE

The sea was a tempestuous mistress that prided herself on being an impartial equalizer. Whether a humble fishing vessel or a grand luxury cruise, her waters were equally perilous, especially on her wrathful days.

She also had a penchant for omens. On a night like tonight, where relentless storms gave way to restless waters and the merciless cold, you would do well to stay away.

Failure to heed her warnings would spell certain doom.

*Why is this happening? Why me?*

Rachel Foley couldn't pinpoint precisely why she had such strong reservations about this mission, but she could tell that otherworldly forces were compelling her away.

If only she'd listened.

She cursed her luck as she scrambled through endless corridors, lamenting how seemingly everything was going wrong. She struggled to stay upright as the cruise ship dramatically rocked from side to side in a dance with the churning ocean waters. She didn't dare stop to readjust her damp red hair even as it obscured her vision. She cursed herself for somehow misplacing her hair tie a few rooms back. She couldn't even stop to check her sidearm, suspecting it was clogged with the same vile secretions that lined her wetsuit.

She had to keep moving. The enemy was like nothing the F.B.C. had seen before, and it was around every corner.

## REVELATIONS

So, she ran like her life depended on it, deviating from the straight path only when another infernal sea dweller emerged to block it.

When raised and fired, her pistol could only respond with weak spurts of gelatinous discharge, confirming her worst fears.

She tossed the jammed weapon aside, rolling out of the way as one of her pursuers tried a clumsy swipe. That was her sole advantage – these things weren't exceptionally bright.

But they were numerous, and it wasn't long before they were obstructing every escape route, their engorged bodies taking up the narrow corridors as they slowly shuffled toward her.

Rachel pressed her back against the wall, secure with the knowledge that nobody could sneak up on her as she plotted her next move.

Then, it struck her. She was standing in front of an elevator.

Heart racing, she thumbed the call button, anxiously watching as the floor number approached hers.

The doors slid open, heralding Rachel inside. They took agonizingly long to close, barely

separating Rachel from the moaning pack of monsters outside. Finally, she could stop to catch her breath.

Rachel was relieved to see the cruise's kitchen unoccupied as she stepped inside. She could finally silence the panic tearing through her thoughts and figure out how to get off this damn boat.

*I have to find him! The second we regroup, we can –*

*SPLAT!* Her train of thought came to a screeching halt. She followed the sound to find an open ventilation shaft that was dribbling thick strands of mucus.

*Oh no...*

A creature rose from the floor, standing an entire foot over her. She turned to run, only to find more in tow.

She was surrounded, outmanned, and outgunned. As they lumbered toward her, she could feel every individual step signal her doom.

She was lifted off the ground as bony claws fastened around her neck, choking the life out of her. As she made eye contact with her aggressor,

## REVELATIONS

she prayed for a quick death – a small mercy, the best-case scenario, even.

Then, the top of its head folded back, revealing a pulsating lamprey-like protrusion, its mouth lined with rows of jagged, needle-like teeth.

As it wriggled in place, Rachel couldn't lie to herself.

The next few minutes were going to hurt.

# ΟΠΕ

**6:08 P.M.**  
**Mediterranean Sea**

Roughly a third of the population is susceptible to seasickness, a condition caused by mixed messages to the brain from your eye and inner ear.

For Jill Valentine, this affliction wasn't a career burden. As a member of S.T.A.R.S., her jurisdiction was Raccoon City, inside a landlocked county in the Midwest.

## REVELATIONS

A few years later, everything changed. Suddenly, bioterrorism was a global threat. With global threats came international travel, which sometimes meant boat rides.

So, Jill cradled her custom Samurai Edge A1 semiautomatic handgun in her lap, using it as a focal point to try and steady her stomach. The small maritime vessel she was seated in fought the onslaught of choppy waves, egged on by the aggressive storms outside. She could feel every bump, wondering which would be the one to finally capsize the boat, the same way somebody afraid of flying suspects every bit of turbulence.

She ran a thumb over the gun's barrel. It was a finely crafted firearm and had become a good luck charm. From the zombies inside the Spencer Mansion to the bioengineered superweapons that stalked her through Raccoon City, this handy little sidearm had been strapped to her thigh and ready for action.

If it got her through all that, surely it would help her through this.

“Hey, Jill!”

The voice belonged to Parker Luciani, her assigned partner for this particular mission. Jill was officially a consultant as a Special Operations Agent of the Bioterrorism Security Assessment Alliance. Parker was with the Federal Bioterrorism Commission, reporting directly to the Federal Government.

This union of the private and public sectors made many suits nervous, as it threatened mountains of paperwork and spiderwebs of red tape.

Jill and Parker, however, got on surprisingly well. Parker carried himself with that stern yet sweet demeanor she'd gotten used to from Barry Burton, her old teammate and mentor from S.T.A.R.S. Alpha Team.

So, when he called her name, Jill immediately averted her attention from her gun and peered over Parker's broad, stocky shoulders.

An idle cruise ship stood before them, its incredible form shrouded in the pouring rain and the dense ocean mist. Jill stepped onto their boat's bow for a closer look, ignoring the rain as it saturated her royal blue wetsuit. On the cruise's

## REVELATIONS

hull, amidst all the rust, were the slightly faded words ‘*Queen Zenobia.*’

“This thing’s lucky to be afloat!” Parker called out from inside the helm.

*Oh, great,* Jill mused as she prepared to board.

Once Jill planted her feet on the cruise, she was relieved to find it more stable. She wouldn’t force Parker to witness her puking her guts out.

That didn’t settle her stomach just yet, though. It had been 94 minutes since agents Chris Redfield and Jessica Sherawat had dropped off the radar. Chris was Jill’s partner in the B.S.A.A., while Jessica was Parker’s partner in the F.B.C. Chris and Jessica were the best. Whatever they encountered had to be dangerous.

Who knew how much time they had left? She had to find them as quickly as possible.

It was easy to forget that the *Queen Zenobia* had been a luxury cruise. The door closed behind them, vacuum-sealing them with decay-ridden air. It was the kind of deathly stench she’d grown accustomed to since stepping into the Spencer Mansion in July

1998. Whatever the danger, it had torn through the ship.

“Expect corpses,” Jill announced, partially to herself but primarily to Parker as he coughed and gagged behind her. “Lots of them.”

They were inside a large storage area, the meager lights barely illuminating the room's shelving. The storage area's contents, stocked with food crates long overcome with mold, added to the overpowering haze.

Suddenly, a quick and fluid movement on the other side of the room rattled the shelves. The duo pointed their pistols at the disturbance to find the space unoccupied.

*That's how it always starts.*

Jill inched into the space, cringing as her foot plunged into a shallow pool of translucent gunk. The smell had somehow managed to worsen.

“With a room like this, we must be near a kitchen, right?” Parker supposed, fingers pinching his nose shut. “There's gotta be some kind of ventilation for the smell.”

“I don't think that's gonna help.”

## REVELATIONS

Jill inched the flashlight attachment of her gun upwards, drawing Parker's attention to the open vent above them. Whatever they spotted had escaped through it, as it was now salivating more of that pungent ooze that gathered below their feet.

Jill followed the ventilation shaft into the next room, trying not to flinch as the steel buckled over her head. As the clamoring inside grew faint, Jill could spot dark rivulets of liquid slithering from a ceiling grill further down.

This substance was different from the one found in the storeroom. It was a deep shade of magenta and thinner in consistency.

*This is blood!*

The grill fell to the floor, filling the room with a harsh metal ringing on impact. It had given way to a corpse with gray clay-like skin in a fluorescent yellow life jacket, arms dangling limply over the floor.

It was already exhibiting signs of mutation — the color drained from its skin, the bloated left arm with fang-like growths.

Before Jill could examine further, more rattling echoed through the vents. She couldn't risk losing

whatever was up there. They needed to keep moving.

The grime-covered kitchen was not up to code. There was a body curled up against the wall, a bloody smear stretching from beneath it to the other side of the room. Whoever this woman was, she'd spent her last few moments fighting.

However, she didn't look like one of the ship's crew. Seeing her face through her thick, matted red hair was difficult, but her attire was a wetsuit fitted with combat pouches and holsters.

*Was she an agent of some kind? Either there's another faction involved, or there's somebody in the F.B.C. we weren't briefed on,*

There was no time to investigate. Towering over this body was a creature unlike Jill had seen before. It was humanoid in a very loose sense of the word. Its bloated skin resembled that of a waterlogged carcass. It lumbered toward Jill, baring fangs the size of its head. She trained her gun on it, trying to figure out where to shoot.

As the creature raised its arm, which had been fashioned into an organic medieval mace with

## REVELATIONS

bony spikes, Jill decided to throw tact to the wind and start blindly firing.

Parker joined in, and their opponent was downed in seconds, writhing in a pool of its fetid blood. Consistency rabidly ebbed from its body as it melted into a puddle of lifeless ooze.

“This explains the missing crew,” Parker surmised as he holstered his weapon.

Jill didn’t respond. She was too busy grappling with the implication that more of these things were slithering through the cruise ship. Part of her wished she showed restraint. Had she taken the time to determine the weak spots, she could conserve ammunition.

But, time was of the essence. If Chris was still on this ship, she had to find him before these creatures did.

As they reached the crew quarters, Jill spotted a figure lit by a lone spotlight bound to a small chair. They seemed to be unconscious, head hanging as their back was to the open doorway. However, the dark crew cut and pronounced muscles made it abundantly clear.

This was Chris Redfield.

Parker was perturbed by how carelessly Jill barged into the small storeroom. Had there been a tripwire or a landmine, this mission would have ended very quickly.

And yet, as he joined her inside, he realized he couldn't blame her. He'd heard the stories. These two had been through hell together. Had Jessica been the one tied up in that chair, he would have done the same thing.

That did little to alleviate the pit in his stomach as Jill planted a hand on Chris' shoulder, only for his blank, featureless head to pop off and roll across the floor.

Her eyes were sending mixed messages to her brain, and once again, she was feeling sick.

As Jill examined the mannequin before her, Parker turned to a nearby wall blanketed in a yellow and black flag depicting a greyhound brandishing a bayoneted rifle.

He recognized it immediately. It was the symbol for Il Veltro. Of course this couldn't just be a simple evac mission.

## REVELATIONS

But, as he turned to call out that they'd walked into a trap, gas spilled into the room from overhead vents, sending them both to the floor.

Jill fought to stay conscious, even as her lungs cried out in agony, as a pair of jet-black combat boots landed near her head.

They belonged to a gas-masked figure that looked down on her, speaking with a deep, modulated voice.

“It's time you learned the truth, Miss Valentine...”

# Two

**3:50 P.M.**

## **Mediterranean Sea Coast**

The remains of Terragrigia sat in the cold grip of the ever-expansive ocean, dilapidated buildings reaching through the water's surface like a hand yearning for the heavens above.

Clive O'Brian couldn't help but feel melancholy as he observed the remains. A self-sustaining city supposed to represent humanity's future had been

## REVELATIONS

wiped out and reduced to scrap — all that manpower, all those resources, all for nothing.

It seemed to warp the environment around it. The sky and water lost color. The buildings eroded and crumbled. The air was thick and overpowering. Even the aftertaste of Ristretto on his tongue felt more bitter than usual.

As Jill and Parker approached him, he wished he could've greeted them enthusiastically. But, if middle age hadn't been enough to wear him down, the Terragrigia Panic shoved him over the edge. He could only nod at them through sullen, sleep-deprived eyes.

“O'Brian!” Parker greeted him. “You don't normally join the fray.”

“Well, my doctor told me I needed exercise.” He presented them with a small carry case that he opened to reveal a pair of elaborate tools resembling infrared thermometers with sizable screens.

“Here are your new scanners, courtesy of Quint.”

The duo took their new tools. Parker eyed his with curiosity as Jill immediately holstered hers.

“Genesis? What a dorky name.”

“What’s the matter, Parker? Didn’t read the manual?”

Jill smirked. It was just a light ribbing. Besides, Parker was right. Quint Cetcham was a bit of a dork.

O’Brian led them down stone steps to the lifeless, brown beach below. They’d been the first to step on the coarse sand since the F.B.C. cordoned off the area a year ago.

The situation had to be desperate if they were finally opening this area up, especially to the B.S.A.A.

As they reached the shore, they were confronted with the answer why — seven foot gelatinous carcasses adorned with thick whale-like hide.

“I guess the F.B.C. couldn’t cover up a mess this big,” Jill said as she unholstered her Genesis device and scanned one of the beached apparitions.

“I dunno. Something tells me that the F.B.C. wouldn’t have to work hard to keep people away, These things are rotted to hell,” Parker replied.

## REVELATIONS

“You’d be surprised. You ever check internet forums? I’ve seen weirdos try to break into Raccoon City to search for evidence.”

“During the outbreak?”

“After. They were making their own hazmat suits and Geiger counters. It would’ve been impressive if it wasn’t so stupid. I don’t know what they expected to find inside a crater. What kind of evidence can survive a nuclear blast?”

“I’m not sure I could blame anybody for responding weirdly, maybe even stupidly, to the Raccoon City Incident.”

Jill peered out at the dormant structures on the horizon.

“Did you see that after Terragrigia?” She asked.

“Conspiracies? Not really. Terragrigia was pretty cut and dry. It was hard to suggest it was a inside job or something without coming off like a weirdo.”

Jill didn’t respond. Her eyes were transfixed on the mound of flesh below her.

“What’s wrong?” Parker enquired.

“I’m gonna need your help here. Can you lift our friend up for me?”

“I have to touch that thing?”

“Trust me. You’ve got it easy.”

Grunting, Parker raised half of the bulbous sac, revealing its rash covered under-side as it leaked pus onto his exposed arms.

Jill punched through the malleable flesh, rummaging through the contents of its mutated body.

“Shit, Jill! You weren’t kidding!”

“This ain’t my first time dealing with B.O.W.s.”

“It’s not mine, and I would much rather relive that than even think about what you’re doing.”

“This is part of the job, Parker. This is what we do.”

Parker sighed, “What’re you even looking for?”

“Gimme a second and I’ll show you.”

So, he kept his mouth shut, watching as Jill’s arm submerged further into the dead body. He trained his eyes on Jill’s determined face, trying to keep his stomach from spraying his lunch all over the beach.

Eventually, Jill’s eyes widened.

“I’ve got it!”

## REVELATIONS

With a groan, she pulled her arm from the corpse, prompting Parker to release his grip and let the squishy mass fall back to the sand.

Jill held a fist-sized globule of discharge wrapped around her hand like a glove made of phlegm. With her free hand, she unzipped one of her pouches and procured a fist full of disinfectant wipes.

“It’s rare in cases like this,” She started to wipe the mucus away, “but, sometimes, whoever makes these bioweapons gets hasty and leaves something behind.”

“Something like?”

With the ichor wiped away, Jill presented a small glass vial filled with a bright red liquid.

“Evidence.”

She turned to O’Brian, who was in the process of pulling out a small plastic specimen bag.

“If it’s an engineered mutation, this could prove a link.”

She handed the vial to O’Brian, who placed it into the bag and zipped it tight.

“I’ll run some tests. You two continue the investigation.”

With that, O'Brian took his leave, silently shuffling up the stone steps. Parker and Jill shared a look that confirmed they were on the same page. If bioweapons were appearing on the shore near the ruins of Terragrigia, the likely culprit was Il Veltro, a terrorist organization that came into prominence a year ago.

Nobody knew why they targeted Terragrigia's floating aquapolis. Many assumed that it was to destroy a symbol of Western extravagance, yet the organization itself never stated any precise demands.

Nevertheless, their attack on the city was devastating, sending it to the depths of the Mediterranean Sea where it would do nothing but erode.

Il Veltro had not been heard from since. If they were creating bioweapons in the meantime, who knew what they were planning for Round 2? It meant that Parker and Jill needed to continue their investigation post-haste.

So, they continued scanning the other carcasses that had washed up on the beach. In time, the

## REVELATIONS

Genesis had collected enough samples to aid O'Brian's tests.

Only a single specimen remained. Jill approached it, eager to scan it and move away from this rotten beach.

Then, it lurched, raising its front half to reveal a gummy recess filled with enamel — clearly somebody's cruel idea of a mouth. Jill leaped back, plucking a hand grenade from her belt and launching it at the creature. The gargantuan amoeboid glommed onto the canister, swallowing it whole. A second later, it went docile, the explosion contained inside its amorphous body.

A gas wafted from its degenerated form, filling both Jill and Parker's nostrils — somehow compounding on the overwhelming miasma.

"Look at that thing," Parker coughed. "I can't imagine a worse existence."

"I guess that's why you called us."

Parker nodded as he turned away from the deflating monster. Jill continued to watch as it flattened against the sand.

"No doubt about it. These corpses show signs of viral infection."

“And I bet it’s no coincidence they came through the F.B.C.’s blockade.”

“Let’s get the Genesis data back to your H.Q. If we’re quick, we can cut off whoever’s responsible for this before it escalates.”

“You mean Il Veltro?”

Jill stiffened.

“I was hoping you wouldn’t say that.”

“It’s probably the truth.”

“Yeah. But, just once, I’d like for things to not be the worst case scenario.”

Parker smirked. Before the conversation continued, Jill and Parker felt their ear-pieces trill. They pressed them, joining a call. On the other end was O’Brian’s gruff voice.

“Valentine, Luciani, you’re both still on the case.”

“What happened?” Jill enquired.

“We’ve lost contact with Chris and Jessica.”

Jill and Parker turned to each other, both shocked.

“When? How?” Parker barked.

“We’re not certain. I’ve sent the team’s last known coordinates to your Genesis devices.”

## REVELATIONS

Both agents procured their devices to see the LED screens lit up by a topographical map of the Mediterranean Sea.

“Wait. I thought they were in the mountains chasing a lead.”

Jill didn’t have to finish her thought. She could tell that everybody was thinking the same thing. Chris and Jessica were likely captured, probably by Il Veltro — the worst case scenario.

“We’ve gotta move,” She asserted. “If these coordinates are correct, they can’t be too far away. Is there a boat we can commandeer?”

“I’ll get you everything you need,” O’Brian responded. “Just be careful out there. Something tells me there’s a storm brewing.”

With that, the call was cut. As Jill waited for details regarding their transportation, she stared out over the waters she’d soon be traversing.

They were getting restless.

# THREE

**6:42 P.M.**

## **Mountains in Europe**

Chris was irritated. The constantly howling wind kept ruining his concentration, the unrelenting chill displaced his body, mixing with his overheating clothing, and Jessica was lagging behind.

At first, he didn't blame her. The snow impeded movement, and she was lugging around a bulky sniper rifle. However, the longer this went on, the

## REVELATIONS

more he felt that she was affecting this sluggishness.

“We’re almost there, Jessica,” He tossed over his shoulder.

“I certainly hope so. My feet are killing me.”

He didn’t trust her. The reason was simple: He was B.S.A.A., and she was F.B.C. They were a government organization, and the government could be paid off. That was how Umbrella got away with crimes against humanity for decades.

It took the destruction of Raccoon City — the death of thousands upon thousands of innocent people before anybody intervened.

And, even then, it wasn’t a swift retribution. Chris and Jill were forced underground, labeled terrorists, and made to flee from the long arm of the law.

It was a hard fight. Even when the government finally approached Chris with open arms, he was still on the defensive.

He wondered if this colored his perception of Jessica. Was he reading so much into her every move because of paranoia, or was his gut on the right track yet again?

It didn't feel right investigating a potential terrorist encampment without one of his allies by his side.

Shame they were all busy.

"Our source indicated that the camp is on the far side of this peak."

They kept trudging through the snow, passing large jagged rocks.

"Maybe it's the weather," Jessica interjected, "but I still can't make contact with H.Q."

That was another red flag. The F.B.C. had absolutely state-of-the-art technology. It would take more than a strong wind to cause a communication blackout.

Jessica kept talking. "Who'd have thought we'd be stuck out here for so long?"

Chris didn't respond. He was captivated by an object in the distance, enshrouded in dense fog.

Slowly, the mist parted to reveal that he was looking at a cargo plane. It appeared to be fleeing the depths of hell, bright orange flames eating away at it.

## REVELATIONS

The plane speared downward, crumbling on impact as an explosion bellowed from the mountain.

“There shouldn’t be any shipping routes in this area!” A bewildered Jessica exclaimed.

“Then the intel we got on Il Veltro was on the money. Come on!”

Chris broke into a run. Luckily, the snow was beginning to thin out. It wouldn’t be long before they reached the crash site.

“Jesus. No one could have lived through that.”

Chris was inclined to agree as he surveyed the wreckage. The plane had been reduced to a twisted, mangled heap of metal, flames continuing to lap at its surface.

*What could’ve caused this plane to just fall out of the sky?*

The answer came quickly as Chris turned to see an enormous metal cage, its door bent off its hinges.

*Whatever did this, it wasn’t human... What the hell were they carrying?*

Another answer! Chris spotted a steel cabinet lying nearby. It would have appeared completely innocuous, had it not carried a large biohazard symbol on its surface.

Chris opened it and scanned the contents with his Genesis device.

“I’m getting traces of some kind of virus here.”

“Do you think it’s from Il Veltro?”

“Hard to say. I’ll send the data back to H.Q.”

The plane’s exposed chassis had made a walkway leading to what remained of the cockpit. If there were any survivors, this would be where they would be found.

*Maybe, if I’m lucky, I can find out more.*

Chris marched to the cockpit door and unholstered his pistol, bracing himself. He yanked the door open to be greeted with a slumped body. The pilot was covered from head to toe in clothing, making it difficult to identify or discern their condition. A quick scan from the Genesis revealed that this person was quite dead, so Chris shifted his attention to a clipboard lying nearby.

He scooped it off the ground and skimmed the contents.

## REVELATIONS

“What is it?”

“The flight plan. This could give us a lead to work with.”

He moved back down the walkway, returning to the mountain.

“They were headed for Valkoinen Mokki Airport.”

He started tapping away at his terminal as Jessica watched in fascination.

“There’s a mine not too far from here that should take us straight there.”

“Well then, what are we waiting for?”

The mine was unforgiving. It carried a constant draft of stinging cold air. The cave walls and floor were coated in an icy sludge, making each step slippery. It was a small mercy that they had daylight to maintain their visibility. Chris shuddered to think about how dark it would be at night.

“This cave is too cold,” Jessica shuddered through chattering teeth.

“You should’ve worn your thermal underwear.”

“You should probably refrain from commenting on my underwear. What would Agent Valentine think?”

Chris hoped she didn't spot him flinching. He hated this behavior. It was, at best, grossly unprofessional; and, at worst, suspicious.

Besides, Jill wouldn't care. They were never a thing. Maybe they could've been in a world where S.T.A.R.S. still existed, Umbrella was just a normal pharmaceutical company, and zombies were just a trope in tacky horror movies.

While a Chris Redfield that didn't exist focused on that, this one dedicated his time to stopping bioterrorism in all its forms.

Anyway, last he heard, Jill was shacking up with some guy named Carlos. Good for her.

They ventured further into the cave, their light dimming with each turn. Eventually, it got so dark that they needed to click on the flashlights clipped to their chests. As soon as the beams lit up, they settled on a hunched-over shape with glistening, jet-black fur. It straightened its trembling body, its back arched, as it started to emit a low grumbling.

## REVELATIONS

“Jessica, stay behind me,” Chris whispered as he leveled his pistol. He was experienced in what was about to happen, but that never made it easy. It charged forward, and Chris pumped it with enough bullets to ensure it wasn’t getting up.

“That explains the busted up cage.”

Jessica examined Chris’ kill up close as it squirmed against the ground, blood mixing with the glacial sludge.

“Poor little guy,” She tutted. “What kind of sick bastard injects a dog with this crap anyway?”

“You’d be surprised. Every time we deal with one of these psychos, they have an army of infected dogs to sick on us.”

Jessica turned to Chris. Her flippancy had receded for the first time since the mission began, and she wore a genuine look of concern.

“You’ve been through this a lot, haven’t you?”

“Yeah,” He grunted back. “A lot.”

After walking for who knew how long, the duo spotted the cave’s opening, clicking off their flashlights as light thinned around them.

“Wait a second,” Jessica piped up. Chris turned to her, trying not to appear irate.

“Something you said earlier stuck with me. When you encountered infected dogs way back when, you said that there was an army of them, right?”

Chris nodded. “Every time.”

Jessica shrugged. “So, where are the others?”

It was a good question, especially considering the state of that cage at the crash site. It would have taken more than one to cause that level of damage.

Not breaking his stride, Chris moved toward the entrance.

“Once we get back to H.Q., we’ll get a squad to sweep the area and neutralize them. In the meantime, let’s just be grateful that they’re not our problem-”

As Chris stepped outside, the ground crumbled under his feet, sending him falling. He landed harshly against a diagonal mountain slant, sliding down until he landed in a densely packed pile of snow.

*I’m freezing, soggy, and in a lot of pain. But I’m alive.*

## REVELATIONS

He attempted to get to his feet, only to be met with a surge of pain from his leg that sent him back down.

“Chris! You okay?”

“Hrrngh! Yeah! Not broken. Just not going anywhere for a while!”

“I’ll be down in a second, then – wait!”

“What is it?”

He turned his head skyward to see Jessica peering through the scope of her sniper rifle.

“What do you see?” He called out.

He was greeted with silence, retreating back onto the cold, wet ground with a grunt. Suddenly, his earpiece lit up with static.

“O’Brian, you there?”

“Loud and clear, Jessica.”

“We’re at Valkoinen Mokki Airport and, you’re not gonna like this... we found the Veltro crest!”

Chris stiffened. *What?*

“I guess the rumors were true. Anyway; Jessica, Chris, I need both of you to fall back. Something has come up.”

Chris gritted his teeth.

“What is it?”

“This whole thing. It’s a setup.”

“What do you mean?”

O’Brian sighed, “I sent Jill and Parker to the Mediterranean on faulty intel. Now I’ve lost contact with them. Haven’t heard from them since.”

“Il Veltro?”

“From what you’ve just told me, I can guarantee it. Make your way to the Mediterranean. We’ll keep you posted.”

From there, the call ended. Chris tried once again to rise to his feet, only to sink back down. There was improvement, but it couldn’t carry his weight yet. Not long, though.

Then Chris realized he was not alone. The snow crunched beneath the weight of several paws. He could feel the eyes of several infected dogs bearing down on him, as if they could sense that he killed one of their cohorts.

*Well, shit.* Chris unholstered his pistol, pointing it at the stalking canines.

*Looks like they’re my problem now.*

## REVELATIONS

They wasted no time lunging at Chris, clamping their jaws around his limbs, trying to chew through the thick fabric and reach the tense muscle beneath.

With his free arm, Chris took shots at the rabid canines, knocking a couple of them back before his gun was reduced to nothing but clicks.

He wanted to lean back and call out to Jessica – order her to hurry up, but that would potentially leave him open. He had to keep shaking off these infectees, hoping Jessica got her shit together in these next few critical seconds.

*CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!*

One by one, the dogs went down. In seconds, corpses surrounded Chris.

As the echos of high-caliber gunfire settled around him, he lifted himself to his feet. The pain in his ankles remained, but he'd been through worse. At least now, he could walk – well, limp.

“Chris, you okay?”

He lifted a finger to his earpiece. Even though Jessica couldn't see him, he regarded her with a grateful smile.

“Yeah. I owe you one.”

# FOUR

**8:32 P.M.**  
**Guest Cabin**

Jill clawed her way out of the swirling mass of unconsciousness. She expected an icy, hard floor, but she was surprised to feel the opposite beneath her.

She sat on a queen-sized bed, her attention captured by a TV set filled with cold blue static. Each dark pixel represented a question in her head,

## REVELATIONS

but they all came second to two that stood out the most: Was Parker okay? Was Chris even on this ship?

*There's only one way to find out, Valentine!*

Her faculties had yet to return fully.

Nevertheless, she pulled herself off the bed, feeling concerningly light. She patted down her wetsuit.

*Someone took my weapons! Knife, pistol, grenades, even the stupid Genesis — all gone!*

She approached the exit slowly. Since she was unarmed, she couldn't afford to aggravate what might be on the other side. She clasped the doorknob in her hand, slowly turning it.

*CLICK!*

*Damn, it's locked.*

She checked her pouches. They hadn't searched her thoroughly enough, as she still had lockpicks.

*Should've done your research, Gas Mask Guy. They don't call me the Master of Unlocking for nothing.*

However, as she got to work on the lock, a thought crossed her mind — what if they were left there on purpose? It occurred to her that she didn't exactly know what he'd meant when he said it was

‘time she learned the truth.’ The fact that he didn’t just kill her when he had the chance suggested that there was more to this.

*Why do I get the feeling I’m just a pawn in a much larger game, here?*

The universe answered, albeit in the form of the door exploding outward, knocking Jill back against the wall.

One of the monsters from the kitchen stood in the freshly opened doorway, ignoring the wood splinters piercing its pallid blubber as it stomped forward. It was eager to devour its newly discovered meal.

Jill did the only thing that made sense, backing away as she sized her opponent up. Many of the monsters she’d encountered had a habit of telegraphing their weak spots. This abomination gave her nothing. It was as if science haphazardly threw this thing together as a joke, and the punchline was that it was seconds from bludgeoning her brains in.

It swung the spiked club at the end of its arm, only for Jill to nimbly duck out of the way. The monster continued its swing, launching itself into

## REVELATIONS

the TV. It buckled on impact, the glass screen shattering as the damaged cathode ray tubes vomited sparks everywhere.

As soon as the room fell silent, there was a click, and a VHS tape popped out, tapping the carcass' skin.

*Shit. Was I supposed to watch that?*

Then, Jill spotted her weapons sitting on a nearby table, ready to be collected.

With a frustrated grunt, she plucked her gear and holstered it on her person.

*Tonight's not my night. Hopefully Parker's doing better than I am.*

*When I get out of here, I'm making sure I get a pay rise for every new damn dark hallway,* Jill thought as she found herself navigating another series of labyrinthine corridors.

It was hard not to feel like she was back in the Spencer Mansion. The architecture was almost identical, even down to the gathered dust, blood splatter, and general disarray.

There were, of course, differences. This ship rocked back and forth in the restless Mediterranean

Sea, giving the dreamy sensation that every room was moving. The monsters that roamed the halls weren't zombies, making Jill wonder just how desensitized she was that the existence of the living dead no longer phased her. These ooze-covered creatures, whatever they were called, posed a substantial threat, and she kept her distance wherever she could.

The most striking difference came when Jill entered a room on the far edge of the boat's hull. Its contents didn't matter, all blurring into her periphery as she approached a circular window about the size of her head. It was the first view she had of the outside world ever since boarding this boat, and it was just an infinite radiant royal blue.

That was what made the sea dangerous, wasn't it? It was so eye-catching, yet so empty. It promised endless wonder and mystery, yet it was the perfect place for a predator to hide.

*BAM!*

The door behind Jill flung open, causing her to jump. She whipped around, pointing her gun and preparing to fire, only to see Parker standing there, his arms raised defensively.

## REVELATIONS

“Easy there, partner. It’s only me.”

Jill holstered her weapon, exhaling with relief.

“Any idea what the hell’s going on, Parker?”

“Hah. I wish. I woke up, grabbed my gear and stumbled my way back to you.”

“Was there anything else, like a tape or something?”

Parker paused, eyebrow raised.

Jill continued, “You know, like a video?”

Parker shook his head.

*Shit. That complicates things.*

“Whatever, it doesn’t matter,” Parker announced.

“You’re right. Let’s contact HQ and tell them what the hell is going on.”

“Easier said than done, Jill. I think they’re blocking our comms.”

“Great. Any ideas?”

“If we’re lucky, we could use the tech on the bridge.”

“Right. Let’s get moving.”

As they headed for the door, the words echoed in Jill’s head.

*Yeah. If we’re lucky.*

The bridge played host to a single figure, doubled over, trying to catch his breath.

*Nobody ever talks about how uncomfortable gas masks are*, he thought as he peeled it from his sweat-drenched face, wiping his bright red hair out of his eyes. Sure, the mask protected him from the knockout gas, but it also fogged up and didn't make breathing easy.

*Oh well. You can't start a game of chess until the pieces are in the right place. Plus, it's a hell of a lot easier to set up the board when the pieces aren't fighting back.*

He knew Valentine and Luciani were close. It was no surprise that they were heading straight for the bridge. The oozing brood roaming the halls would only keep them away for so long.

He needed to get into position. The next act was about to begin.

Jill tried to maintain discretion as she stepped onto the bridge. They'd managed to sneak by the gelatinous patrol of bioweapons. It would be the end of a string of bad luck if they went through all

## REVELATIONS

of that, only to accidentally telegraph their position at the last second.

“Shit!”

The sudden sound jolted Jill and straightened her spine. Parker marched past her, completely forgoing all semblance of caution to her chagrin.

He stopped before a console enveloped in a haze of charcoal-colored smoke.

“There goes our communications,” He coughed, batting away at the wisps as they curled around him.

“We can’t change our course,” Jill added.

“We’re completely adrift.”

“This is recent. The perpetrator can’t be far.”

This had to be part of Il Veltro’s plan. Now that they had been lured onto the ship, they would be cut off from the outside world.

*But why? What is the end goal here? Where do Parker and I fit into this?*

Jill could sense the puzzle in front of her — the jumbled pieces sitting in a pile waiting to be put together. If only she knew where to start.

**BOOM!**

The explosion was distant. It didn't rock the ship. But that made it worse because Jill knew immediately where it originated.

She leaped toward the nearby window, where she spotted the tugboat that had brought them to the Queen Zenobia. It was now engulfed in bright orange flames. The high-tensile steel cables that anchored it to the cruise liner were now submerged in the obsidian waters, swaying in the aggressive winds.

*Il Veltro doesn't want us to leave the way we came — assuming they want us to leave at all.*

Before she could further ponder the mystery, an arm wrapped around her neck. The other arm shot outward, a white knuckle grip on the pistol in its hand.

Parker responded in kind, raising his sidearm and pointing it at Jill's mysterious assailant.

“Easy there.”

The voice was smooth as it slid past her ear. Whoever this was, they were convinced they had the upper hand.

*Big mistake.*

## REVELATIONS

Jill launched her leg into an axe kick, her boot colliding with flesh, bone, and cartilage. The grip on her eased immediately, and she shifted her weight, shoving her opponent to the floor.

She stepped back, joining Parker, whose pistol was still raised.

“Drop your weapon!” Parker growled.

“Drop yours, Parker.”

The two men locked eyes. Jill noted her adversary’s angular and pronounced cheekbones, intense furrowed brow, and striking red hair. His lips contorted into a wry grin as Parker flinched, a spark of recognition on his doughy, bearded face.

“Raymond!”

# FIVE

## **One Year Ago Terragrigia**

Hell came to Earth — the skies bathed in red, the streets baptized in flames. The corpses of those unlucky to be evacuated lined the ground. Smoke choked the life out of the city.

A single building stood in the city's center—the closest it had to a safe haven. The F.B.C. had repurposed it into a base of operations, and it

## REVELATIONS

provided them with a comprehensive view of the carnage below.

Parker paced back and forth across the command room, trying to think — trying to form a coherent plan in his head. How did this happen? The F.B.C. were replete with the brightest minds and the latest equipment. How the hell did a small terrorist organization manage to start an outbreak right under their nose? This wasn't just David slinging a rock at Goliath; this was David leveling Goliath with a surface-to-air missile!

Parker's eyes darted from person-to-person. Jessica was sitting on a nearby desk, nervously fidgeting with the hem of her skirt. You knew the situation was dire if she couldn't find a way to inject some levity into it.

At the front of the room was Commissioner Morgan Lansdale, the embattled head of the F.B.C., cell phone practically grafted to his ear as he yelled orders. The man was old, but nothing aged him more than the work. He resembled the kind of walking corpse that earned him his job title in the first place.

Then, there was Raymond Vester, the freshman on his first day in Terragrigia. He was an experienced federal agent, but not in matters like this. None of them were experienced in matters like this. Parker wondered what kind of day Raymond was expecting to have when he woke up this morning and fastened his American flag-themed tie. Could he have anticipated today turning out like this? Unlikely.

He sported a fairly grievous wound on his leg that had been hastily bandaged up. It was the result of a tango with the monsters outside and he'd barely lived to tell the tale. Lucky for him, scratches weren't infectious — at least, as far as they knew. Who knew how well their intel held up? It failed to warn them about Il Veltro.

Raymond groaned, prompting Parker to approach him.

“Still hurting, Cadet?”

“Doesn't matter. I can still fight.”

Parker nodded, “That's the spirit.”

Jessica joined them. Parker was expecting her to match his bravado — a sign of the Jessica he'd

## REVELATIONS

worked with before. Instead, his stomach dropped as he saw the color drain from her face.

“It’s over,” She muttered, her head hanging.  
“The city’s finished.”

Parker flinched, unsure of how to respond when the voice came in sharp.

“Parker, Jessica, come in!”

It was Lansdale. He’d finally finished his heated phone call and was now addressing them with the same fervor.

“The facility has been breached. We’re closing shop. Retreat to the helipad on the roof. That’s an order!”

Parker turned to Raymond, whose ears pricked up as he awaited orders of his own.

“Cadet!” Parker announced, “You stick with Commissioner Lansdale and get him to the helipad. Agent Sherawat and I will cover the hallway.”

Parker nodded, pushing himself off the wall. He winced, but tempered his reaction. He couldn’t let the others think he was too hurt to continue.

“Lansdale!”

Jessica watched as O'Brian burst into the room, confronting her boss. Forget the battle outside, one was brewing before them.

Lansdale was the first to speak, asking, "Has the B.S.A.A. pulled out?"

"Affirmative. I'm the only one left."

"What're you still doing here?"

O'Brian jutted an accusatory finger at Lansdale, who scowled in response.

"I just got intel that Regia Solis is armed!"

This took Parker aback. Regia Solis was armed? It was a solar ray satellite used to power Terragrigia. It was an innovative provider of renewable energy. What would one arm it for?

*Unless... oh no!*

"There's nothing you can say," Lansdale retorted. "The F.B.C. has already been approved for its use."

"You're making a huge mistake-"

"The time for debate was before the city was overrun – before the catastrophic losses we've suffered today. We can't let these bioweapons escape where they can potentially reach the mainland and spread even further-"

## REVELATIONS

“They won’t!” O’Brian volleyed back. “The B.S.A.A. are experienced with these exact specimens. We can contain them if you’d just clear us. All your solution will achieve is wiping out any evidence that could potentially lead us to Il Veltro-”

*BAM!*

Now, everybody was on edge. The next room had been breached.

But O’Brian wasn’t finished.

“Lansdale, I implore you, think of the people down below — the ones we couldn’t evacuate. You’d be condemning them to death-”

“Are you finished now, Director O’Brian?”

From there, Lansdale shifted his attention, addressing the rest of the room.

“Everyone, you have your orders! Move into position!”

The security feed didn’t do these creations justice. On screens, they were sizable silhouettes, barely visible for a split second as the frame rate struggled to keep up with their agile movements.

In person, they were tall, reptilian monstrosities with razor-sharp claws and fangs. They climbed the walls, leaping from one side of the room to the other as Parker tried to pick them off with his M3 shotgun. He could knock them back, but penetrating their thick, scaly hides was more the result of luck than anything else.

“How long until we can fall back?” Jessica asked in between shots from her pistol. Parker couldn’t help but wonder how she was managing to drop these monsters like flies. She had to be quite a crack shot.

“We’ve gotta give the others as much time as we can!” Parker responded as he racked another shot. “Sorry to drag you into this.”

“Don’t be. Just remember that you owe me dinner.”

And, there it was. Jessica Sherawat was back. In that moment, Parker knew that, no matter how much the odds were stacked against them, they were going to make it.

“I mean it,” She continued. “I’m ordering lobster and everything.”

## REVELATIONS

Their attention shifted back to the infestation before them as Parker fished more shotgun shells from one of his pouches and thumbed them into the gun.

He could feel his thoughts fade into red mist as instinct took over. Time passed as he and Jessica weaved around each other, fending off the constant onslaught.

Then, amidst the bedlam, their earpieces clicked to life with Raymond's voice.

"We made it out! There's one chopper left, so get moving, you two!"

"Just make sure they save us a seat!" Jessica shot back.

As soon as there was a parting in the sea of enemies, Parker and Jessica pushed through, sprinting to the elevator on the other side.

Parker jabbed the call button, silently begging the elevator to come down as he leveled more shots at the advancing creatures.

"I don't think it's coming down!" Jessica called out, slamming a fresh mag into her empty pistol.

"Then we're taking the stairs!" Parker called back.

Parker could feel every step as he and Jessica ascended the never-ending spiral that stretched out to the heavens.

As if the mob of reptilians swiping at their feet wasn't enough, each turn prompted another creature to appear, furiously climbing upward to cut the duo off.

At least, this time, kill shots weren't necessary. Parker concentrated fire at these monsters' limbs, knocking them to the ground where they disappeared under the trampling limbs of their kin.

*They won't be a problem as long as we keep moving!*

But, the desire to stop grew proportionally with their progress. Parker could feel the struggle as it overtook his body. He was a marionette, puppeteered by adrenaline and survival instinct.

Parker never thought he'd be happier to throw his weight at the door, even as his shoulder threatened to pull from its socket. He didn't get the technique perfect. So what? At least they were outside.

## REVELATIONS

Their helicopter was in view, its blades slowly starting to rotate. This was it — the final push.

Yet, Parker could hear the forces of evil hot on his tail. In between breaths that sent jolts of static up his trachea, Parker turned and fired blindly into the crowd, hoping he could slow them down just long enough.

Jessica overtook him, arms slicing the air as she raced toward the helipad. Parker tried to level another shot, only for the shotgun to return an impotent click.

He tossed it aside, his vision tunneling as he focused only on his destination. He silently begged his legs not to fail him as he scrambled up the steps, launching himself into the cabin beside Jessica. He could feel his gut roll as the vehicle tore itself from the helipad, and he could see Il Veltro's reptilian army staring up as their food threatened to rise beyond their grasp.

*Oh no, He thought. They're gonna try it, aren't they?*

Parker braced himself as the hunters broke into a sprint. In that instance, he felt more regret than ever before for not saving a couple of rounds from

that damn shotgun, as he braced himself for impact.

The creatures leaped from the building, arms outstretched and jaws wide open, anticipating the abundance of meat huddled inside. Many missed the mark, their claws swiping limply at barren air as their bodies rapidly descended, reducing them to distant specks.

Parker was about to sit down and strap himself in when the cabin shook. The doorway was filled with the broad, misshapen body of one of the monsters, practically salivating as it trained its red eyes on the two passengers and bared its fangs.

Parker's hand slowly crawled to the hilt of his knife. He couldn't startle the creature. That would be a disaster.

It cut off his train of thought with a snarl, only for spurts of green, translucent blood to burst from its body. It stumbled back, falling out of sight. Parker turned to see Jessica's pistol outstretched next to him, still smoking.

"Sit down!" She yelled. He obliged with a smile, planting himself next to her and pulling the seatbelt around his waist.

## REVELATIONS

Then he remembered why they were there, and the smile faded as instantly as it came.

The duo shielded their eyes as the city was greeted by a gigantic spotlight as if God was reaching through to claim the lost souls below. The sound was deafening as intense heat bathed its surface. Piece by piece, it all came apart — roads cracking until they burst, infrastructure melting into the asphalt, every being living, dead, or in between vaporizing down to the atom. Buildings lost all glass, followed by their foundations as they buckled and crashed into one another. Water pooled below, as the sea reclaimed the floating city.

*He actually did it, Parker thought. Lansdale wasn't kidding. This is Raccoon City all over again.*

Except, it wasn't, and Parker knew it. Raccoon City resulted from the Umbrella Corporation trying to hide its many mistakes until it blew up in their face — a fact that took years to come to light.

There was no confusion here. This was the result of a coordinated attack meant to spread fear,

and until Il Veltro was brought to justice, that fear would continue to spread.

Parker was so preoccupied with these thoughts, that he didn't notice Jessica's hazel eyes staring at him until a moment of lucidity jolted him.

"We did everything we could, right?"

"I... I hope so," He grumbled in response.

He wanted to fabricate an answer — tell her that Lansdale had done everything possible and that this had to be done.

But he knew she'd only believe that as much as he did, and the heated conversation with O'Brian didn't spark confidence. Perhaps Lansdale had been overzealous. Perhaps the panic could have been contained.

Whatever the answer, it didn't matter now. The decision had been made. Purification had been carried out.

Terragrigia was no more.

# SIX

**9:00 P.M.**  
**Bridge**

Jill felt like a fly on the wall as Raymond and Parker regarded each other. There was no visible aggression, but Jill sensed both were on edge, tension bubbling below the surface.

“The B.S.A.A.” Raymond smirked. “Always a little too late.”

“What’re you doing here?”

Raymond's response was a smug chuckle that may as well have been a slap to the face.

"Answer me!"

"I don't have to answer anything. You have no authority over this-"

Now, Jill couldn't help but chime in.

"Okay, I don't know whose side you're on. But either way, you're getting on my nerves. If you're not here to kill us, maybe start being helpful-"

"Give it a rest," Raymond groaned. "Figure out who you're fighting, then maybe you'll understand why you're really here."

As Raymond turned to leave, Parker called out his name. Too many questions lingered in the air to just let him go. Yet, Raymond paid him no mind, calling out, "Nothing will change unless you get your hands dirty!" before letting the door slam shut behind him.

*No sense waiting around*, Jill thought as she approached a large desk at the center of the room. Many of the crew had convened here at one point, as all kinds of documents and nautical paraphernalia were scattered atop its surface.

## REVELATIONS

She singled out a map of the Upper Interior, concentrating her flashlight beam on the elaborate line drawings before folding it up and slotting it into a pouch on her waist.

“What’re you thinking?” Parker enquired, joining her.

“We should find an emergency communication room if we go through the hall.”

She didn’t wait for Parker’s response, having noticed a figure shrouded in silhouette in the corner of the room.

As Jill approached it, she knew it was a corpse. She’d been through this too many times to think it was anything else. Yet, that didn’t assuage her fears. These oozing creatures were unlike any she’d encountered — who knew what they could do to corpses?

She swiveled its chair around, causing a viscous stream of ooze to pour from its open mouth. The ooze landed in a pool on the tattered ribbons of flesh that used to be its torso.

Holding her nose, Jill fished out the Genesis and aimed it at the stationary subject. The scanner’s screen filled with data that made Jill’s throat close.

There were too many genetic similarities between the man before her and the corpses she scanned on the beach. It wasn't a guarantee, but it was likely that those beached sentient amoeboids may have been human.

The thought made her sick — that a person could have their body forcefully converted into a fleshy, formless sac that they were now trapped inside. Their limited cognitive function would be dedicated to a desperate search for sustenance, even though they could barely move.

Each passing day reminded her that these bioweapons were very real tools of the most sadistic people imaginable.

There was a crumpled note in the corpse's hand. She pried it from his coiled fingers, wiping the globs of ooze that had settled at the edges. The writing was in Italian, scribbled in ballpoint pen.

Jill knew French but not Italian, so she passed the note to Parker. At first, he eyed the note with a grave look on his face. Then, he cleared his throat.

“Oh, God, please help me. This can't be happening. Don't leave me to die in this hell. I'm trapped here. There are monsters here — real ones.

## REVELATIONS

Everyone's dead or dying. There are no survivors. Shit, we're all going to die."

Jill was given a stark reminder of the Queen Zenobia's prestigious past as she stepped onto the promenade deck. In a time long forgotten, it had been a respite – an opportunity for those onboard to have a leisurely stroll, and maybe even work off their decadent dolce.

As Jill stepped around the overturned furniture, she imagined the Queen Zenobia's patrons enjoying a brisk night jaunt, only to find their bodies warped from an waterborne pathogen unleashed by terrorists,

"Mayday... Mayday..."

The words stopped Jill and Parker dead in their tracks. They were gurgled and soggy, like they had been pulled from a clogged drain.

*Sounds like another B.O.W.*

"This... is the Queen Zenobia... emergency call number..."

Jill turned to Parker, a finger against her lips. He nodded back. No sense in going in loud until they knew what they were up against.

“I just... I don’t quite feel like myself anymore...”

That hit home. Jill was lucky that, back in Raccoon City, she’d been cured of the T-virus infection before it could mutate. However, there was still a period in which she could feel its assault on her immune system – that sense of dread as she wondered when the virus would finally take her and puppet her body in search of flesh to devour.

“Mayday... Maaaaaydaaaaay...”

Jill and Parker stopped at a nearby door. The map suggested that this would lead to the emergency comms. However, the chains padlocked to its surface, and the voice warbling on the other side suggested it would lead them to their mystery B.O.W.

“Get ready,” Jill announced, pointing her gun at the lock.

Parker nodded as she fired, splitting the padlock in half and collapsing the chains to the floor.

The door was immediately thrown from its hinges, revealing its sole occupant as it barged into the room.

## REVELATIONS

The Comms Officer was still gurgling the word “Mayday,” as it stepped forward, a difficult task given its unwieldy body. Whatever infected the creatures occupying this ship had done a number on him. His human body was reduced to a growth on the shoulder of a large lumbering monster with disproportionate limbs and a wide vertical maw lined with fangs. Its right arm hosted a biological buzzsaw fashioned from cartilage and bone.

“Thank God you’re here,” the Comms Officer spluttered as it took massive strides toward the duo. “This place is full of monsters.”

It raised its organically motorized appendage, the blade spinning with an ear-piercing whir.

“I wish I knew what was going on,” the Comms Officer continued. “I just can’t move right.”

The creature brought the weapon down, Jill diving out of the way as it slammed into the floor, spraying pieces of broken tile in all directions. Parker fired some shots from his pistol, causing the creature to recoil.

“Hey! Please stop shooting. I’m human. I’m... human... I just want to go home.”

Jill was overcome with pity. At least zombies weren't aware of their painful existence... as far as she knew.

This bioweapon wasn't going down with conventional weaponry. Still, if Jill had learned anything, there was always a solution. She just had to get creative.

Like a moth to a flame, Jill was drawn to the bright red, pressurized tanks laid out across different parts of the promenade. Parker followed her closely as she surveyed the tanks' surfaces. Each bore the word 'GAS' in faded yellow letters. Jill wasn't sure which gas, but that didn't matter.

All that mattered was getting the creature close enough to one of them.

"Are there any other survivors? Could we regroup with them?" The Comms Officer grumbled through its phlegm-filled throat. "It was so lonely in that room. I'm so glad you're both here-"

The sickening throes of esophageal upheaval cut off his voice. This creature's mutation had it throwing something up onto the promenade floor. Jill wasn't sure she wanted to know what.

## REVELATIONS

“Have you got a plan, Jill?” Parker whispered. “I don’t think bullets are gonna stop this thing.”

Jill laid out her plan in frantic whispers, hoping it made sense to her partner. If it didn’t, they were both screwed. She was relieved when he nodded in response. Hopefully, that was a sign that this would go smoothly.

“Where... did you go? Please... please don’t leave me!”

The pair tiptoed around their cover, Jill hoping she’d spot the nearest gas canister before her pursuer could spot her.

It was propped against a nearby wall, practically begging for a bullet.

*Just gotta lure him over-*

Parker cried out in pain. She turned to see him hunched over, his leg caught in a strange mechanism resembling a shark's jawbone. The thick puddle of slime around it indicated where it came from, the thought putting knots in Jill’s stomach.

As Parker struggled to free himself, the infected Comms Officer dragged himself towards him.

Jill kept her calm. Something always had a habit of going wrong as soon as the plan came together, but she needed to act quickly. Parker only had seconds.

So, she took a deep breath, letting instinct take over.

She fired at the monster, the bullets settling in its translucent epidermis. It did little harm, but the creature was drawing back.

She charged at the monster, throwing all her weight at it, hoping it would be enough. On impact, she felt her wetsuit almost stick to the gelatinous skin, only to tear away as the creature stumbled back.

One step.

Two steps.

Then three.

Jill didn't take the time to aim. She didn't even have the time to aim. Muscle memory wrenched her hand forward and pulled the trigger. The second it buckled under her gloved finger, the canister tore apart, unleashing an explosion that punched through the creature's skin, launching it to the floor. Jill tensed her legs, doing everything she

## REVELATIONS

could to stay upright as the force of the explosion threatened to buckle her over.

Parker wasn't so lucky, falling flat on his ass as the organic bear trap snapped off, clattering to the floor. Luckily, it seemed his wetsuit took the brunt of the bear trap, leaving his leg perfectly fine. As she helped him to his feet, the mangled remains of the Comms Officer managed one last guttural gasp.

“Maaaaay... daaaaay...”

# SEVEN

**9:28 P.M.**

## **Emergency Communication Room**

“Raymond!”

Parker held his former colleague at gunpoint yet again as he and Jill barged into the emergency comms room.

Raymond hung his head, “Looks like we both were too late.”

## REVELATIONS

Before anybody could ask for clarification, he indicated to the comms controls – dented metal, ripped cables, shattered glass, billowing smoke, and coughing sparks.

Things just got worse. It confirmed they were now stuck in this hollowed-out husk of twisted steel floating idly in the middle of the sea. If the monsters didn't get to them first, they still had very little chance of escape.

The room was greeted with a burst of light as a monitor filled with another gas-masked face that wasted no time in addressing everybody with a register as deep as the ocean itself.

“Ignorant creatures who do not yet know us, the time has come. But if my words be seed that may bear fruit of infamy to the traitor whom I gnaw, speaking and weeping shalt though see together.”

Parker could feel Jill's eyes on him, wondering what the hell was going on. He'd encountered Il Veltro before; perhaps he could decipher the masked man's cryptic speech.

“I know not who thou art, nor by what mode thou hast come down here. The world is in our hands.”

As Jill was about to give up on this incessant rambling, the gas-masked man raised his fingers to the camera, a small vial with deep red liquid resting between his gloved fingertips – just like what Jill found on the beach!

“This is the T-Abyss virus, and with it, we are equipped to infect one fifth of the Earth’s waters.”

The camera zoomed out, revealing the figure standing over a fish tank. He slotted the red vial into a cylindrical injector, using it to release the liquid into the populated water.

The red mist spread quickly, and the fish twitched as it engulfed them, obscuring them from view. Then, a dark form emerged in their place, aggressively gnashing its newly formed fangs at the glass. Jill jumped back in shock. She was no stranger to what the T-virus could do to marine life. She had witnessed the sharks underneath the Spencer Mansion. The virus had made them more aggressive, enlarged their bodies, and made them incredibly resilient.

This was different. The virus appeared to turn these fish inside out and coat their knotted bodies

## REVELATIONS

with defensive spikes. And that's not even considering what it could do to humans.

The camera followed the figure as they positioned themselves in front of the Il Veltro flag. They slid the gas mask off, revealing a face that was handsome, yet hardened – perfect for the charismatic leader of a terrorist organization.

“We are Veltro, vengeful messengers from the depths of the inferno. Abandon hope all ye who enter here.”

The monitor shut off, leaving Jill with more questions. Still, whoever this guy was, it looked like he was somewhere on the ship. If they could apprehend him, they could stop this T-Abyss virus at the source.

Jill turned to Parker and Raymond, “you’ve dealt with Veltro before – know anything about this guy?”

Raymond scowled, “He wants the truth about Terragrigia almost as much as he wants vengeance.”

Jill’s brow furrowed. *Vengeance for an incident he caused? What sort of truth are we talking about here? And how does Raymond know about this?*

But, before she could question Raymond further, he calmly strolled from the room, leaving her with Parker.

So, she turned her attention to Parker.

“What about you? Anything to add?”

Parker shrugged.

“Clearly, he’s a big fan of Dante.”

An eerie silence settled inside the promenade as Parker and Jill returned. The Comms Officer’s mutated remains were starting to decompose, filling the air with a debilitatingly thick, pus-filled stench that made it difficult to form a coherent thought.

Luckily, Parker seemed to be on the ball.

“If the ship’s running on auxiliary power, we’re gonna be restricted with how much we can access.”

“Good point. It’ll be easier to find Veltro if we bring the engine room back online.”

“It won’t be easy.”

“Tell me about it.”

Then, their comms piped up — not with the voice of Chris or Jessica, but with Raymond.

## REVELATIONS

“Couldn’t help but overhear you guys. If you want to restore the power, I’d recommend cutting through the casino and heading for the bilge.”

*The casino? Christ, this is a luxury cruise.*

“Why are you suggesting we do that?” Parker responded.

“My partner tried to do the same thing. She researched the ship, and was pretty sure that was the way.”

“What happened to her?”

“I’m hoping you can tell me. I haven’t heard from her in a while. I’d check myself, but I’m... well, I’m occupied.”

Parker scoffed. Raymond was kidding himself if he thought that was a satisfying explanation.

“I know,” Raymond added, as though he could sense the disdain on the other end of the line, “But, I can tell you how to get into the armory.”

“Fine,” Jill snapped before Parker could interject.

Parker turned to Jill, eyebrow raised.

“What?” She leveled at him, “He did say we were gonna have to get our hands dirty.”

The casino remained magnificent even as the rest of the ship circled the drain to hell. Its abundance of red curtains and gold trimming provided a warm and welcoming contrast to the cold, gray nightmare outside. It suddenly occurred to Jill that he hadn't set foot inside a casino before. They were the one place her Dad would never steal from.

*Mobsters own casinos. Cops might put you away for a while, but mobsters will put you down for good.*

Besides that, Jill was always put off due to gambling's addictive nature. Seeing the casino in all its decadence reinforced that for her. She could understand why somebody would want to spend all their time here.

A fountain stood as an ornate centerpiece. While the water features had been disabled, a small pool had gathered in the basin, where schools of fish darted through, blissfully unaware of the chaos around them.

Then, the pumps spurted to life with a red liquid flow. The effects were instantaneous, mirroring the harrowing footage the duo had just witnessed. The fish launched themselves from their crimson bath,

## REVELATIONS

landing on the floor below with newly formed limbs. This was a Veltro trap, and Jill and Parker marched right into it.

The duo raised their freshly acquired MP5s. Raymond was evasive, but he was true to his word. The armory was well-stocked, suggesting the Captain couldn't release its contents before all hell broke loose. That made sense — the security team was trained to fight pirates, not the twisted creations of Il Veltro.

In a hail of submachine gunfire, the creatures burst apart, showering the surrounding luxury amenities with putrid discharge that stained the polished decor and seeped into the burgundy carpet.

“That’s the casino,” Raymond uttered.  
“Yep,” Jill replied. “That means the next stop is the bilge.”

Jill and Parker navigated a small, circular tunnel, keeping their heads down, hoping the ichor dripping from the ceiling onto their wetsuits was just algae buildup.

From the end of the tunnel, they stepped out onto a square-shaped walkway that overlooked what should have been the bilge. Instead, the two found themselves gazing upon a swirling mass of restless water.

“Looks like one of the bilge pumps must have malfunctioned,” Parker mused. “If it wasn’t for the others, we’d be scuba diving through this mess.”

“She’s not here,” Jill announced.

“Raymond’s partner? Yeah. I guess not.”

Parker squinted as he scanned the room for signs of this missing woman.

“Do you think she fell into the drink?”

“No,” Jill murmured, a pit forming in her stomach. “I think I know what happened to her.”

It took Parker a moment, but his eyes widened.

“Oh no.”

“I think so,” Jill concurred. “That corpse in the kitchen, the one that we saw when we just came onboard, she looked like an agent. It’d make sense if she was Raymond’s partner.”

“What’re you saying? She made it to the bilge, got chased out and then killed?”

## REVELATIONS

“The specifics don’t matter yet. Right now, she needs to be ID’d. We have to go find her.”

An abstract metallic ringing echoed through the tunnel. It wasn’t until Jill saw a tall shadow imprinted against the tunnel wall that she realized what that sound was: a terrifying rendition of a laugh that came closer to a deeply disturbed wheeze.

“Foouooooound yooooooooou.”

Rachel stumbled out of the dark tunnel. Her limbs were unsightly, at a length she was not used to. That didn’t bother her. Nothing did anymore.

Her brain was on autopilot, sending her toward the fresh meat that had the courtesy to gather in an enclosed space.

*They can’t leave without the key only I have the key they’re all mine they’re all mine.*

The same sensations radiated throughout her body as a cruel reminder of her fate — the blood being drained from her veins by thousands of needle-like teeth, the thick red substance that was injected in their wake, clogging her insides,

corroding her flesh until she could barely feel it cling to her bones.

The meat fired their guns — *their pitiful little guns they think they can hurt me they can't hurt me they'll never hurt me*. She could feel the bullets lodge in her skin, where they would do no damage. She grabbed one of the meat sacks by the neck and lifted it above her head. She loosened her elongated muscles, priming her body for the next part of the process.

*Gonna feed gonna drain all the blood gonna take it all just like they did to me gonna suck her dry until there's nothing left.*

The meat yelled at one another. The sound was audible, but Rachel couldn't understand the words.

*Scream for me scream all you like doesn't matter gonna suck you dry.*

**BAM!** Rachel looked down as a burst of light formed at her leg, boiling her skin and shattering the bone. She dropped the meat and doubled back, letting out an agonized snarl.

## REVELATIONS

Parker sighed with relief as the mutated Agent let Jill go, before using her still functional leg to leap away.

“Jill! Are you okay?”

She coughed as she steadily rose, “I think you saved me just in time, Parker. God knows what she was about to do.”

But then, she froze, raising her MP5 like she anticipated a second round.

“Jill, what’re you-”

She shushed him, taking small, cautious steps across the walkway.

Then, in an instant, she aimed down and fired. Parker followed her line of sight to where the Agent had crawled, their fingers slotting through the grates that made up the floor of the catwalk.

Jill’s shots had loosened the grip on one of the Agent’s hands. So, Parker aimed and fired at the other hand. As soon as he pulled the trigger, her arms flew back, and she fell from her hiding spot. A high-pitched wail followed her until she disappeared under the water’s surface.

Once he was sure the coast was clear, Parker approached Jill, who seemed preoccupied.

“It’s a shame we still don’t really know who she is,” he sighed.

“Don’t be so sure,” Jill replied, outstretching a gloved hand to reveal an F.B.C. badge that glistened with mutant gunk.

“I snatched this off her as she tried to choke me to death. I think it’s pretty solid proof that we’ve found Raymond’s partner.”

“Damn. Looks like we’ll have to let Raymond know.”

“Later. Right now we have to focus on getting out of here.”

“Shame we don’t know where to go.”

Jill smiled, “Don’t abandon hope on me just yet.”

She held out her other hand, which contained a small pool of bile. At the center of this was a key with a small tag that read ‘lift.’

“Lemme guess, Valentine, you pulled that off her too?”

“Bingo. I think I know where that lift is.”

She indicated to a platform nearby that housed a large console. “That’s gonna take us to the lower levels of the bilge.”

## REVELATIONS

“Right,” Parker responded as he loaded a fresh mag into his MP5, “Straight into the depths of hell.”

# EIGHT

**10:20 P.M.**

**Valkoinen Mokki**

“Come in, Forkball. Jackass and Grinder have reached the airport. Over.”

Quint smirked. The callsigns were completely unnecessary. He and Keith were security consultants, not spies. Yet, they delighted in using them in the little time they’d spent on the field. Keith was Grinder, a nickname for his flippant

## REVELATIONS

attitude toward dating. Quint was Jackass because... well...

The duo approached the dark, looming building, braving the cold in their standard issue winter wear. The front door hanged slightly ajar, swaying with the wind.

“Come in, Forkball,” Quint reiterated. “We’re at the airport. We need to know what we’re in for!”

At first, he was met with only static. Then, O’Brian’s voice came through.

“This is Forkball. Our intel is limited, but expect hostiles.”

“Human or bioweapon?” Keith chimed in.

“Just be prepared for anything.”

The call ended, leaving Quint and Keith to stare blankly at each other. As far as they were concerned, Chris and Jill handled the B.O.W.s. Now, it looked like it was their turn.

The airport had seen better days. The lights were barely functional, giving mild light to damp gray walls that stretched on forever.

Keith and Quint held their G36 machine guns at the ready as they stepped over scattered detritus.

“Feels like something’s gonna jump out,” Keith muttered under his breath.

“Watch your footsteps,” Quint whispered back.

“We need to stay quiet.”

Keith was about to trade barbs, only to stop himself. Quint was right. They were in enemy territory. They needed to keep quiet-

Clatter rang out behind him. Were they being stalked? Was this their first B.O.W. encounter?

*Think, Keith. What would Chris Redfield do?*

He turned to shoot, only to find Quint straddling an oil drum he’d managed to stumble over.

“Are you serious?” Keith groaned. “You just said we needed to keep quiet!”

But Quint wasn’t interested in explaining himself. He was slack-jawed and occupied with something over Keith’s shoulder.

*Shit, this is it.*

Keith turned around, ready to fire once again. Instead, he was met with large gashes in the wall, tinged with darkened blood. Whatever made these marks had managed to tear through concrete.

## REVELATIONS

*Imagine the bone density, the muscle strength – hell, the height. Whatever was responsible for this has to be around ten feet tall!*

Keith shuddered. Suddenly, he wasn't feeling as ready for this mission as he had been an hour before.

Their next stop was a surveillance room, where Quint approached the controls and worked his magic.

The monitors lit up, each showcasing different images. Keith wasn't sure where to start.

“Check out the airfield,” Quint announced with a pointed finger.

The footage was from earlier in the day, as a military-class freighter ran down the snow-white runway.

“Is this Il Veltro?”

Before Keith could answer, soldiers ran into the frame, appearing to chase down the airplane. Who knew their intent?

Keith and Quint wouldn't find out, as the soldiers were intercepted long before they reached

the plane. A large, dark shape lunged toward them, leaving sliced piles of meat in its wake.

Quint and Keith recognized this creature from the files associated with the Terragrigia Panic. Umbrella designated them ‘Hunters’. They were first encountered in the Spencer Mansion in July 1998 and went on to tear Terragrigia apart.

In the security feed, they were making short work of the plane, leaping atop its surface and tossing fistfuls of metal aside. The plane barely left the ground before slamming to a stop.

“Check out the timecode,” Quint remarked. “It places the crash at the same time as the one Chris reported.”

The feed changed. Suddenly, Keith and Quint were looking at one of the many hallways they’d just travelled through.

*This is stupid, Keith thought. We’re just standing here watching an empty hallway.*

Then, all hell broke loose. If there was something standing, it was thrown to the floor. If there was something bolted to the wall, it was torn away.

## REVELATIONS

“What the hell is this, an earthquake or a poltergeist?” Quint exclaimed.

“Change the feed, see where it went!”

Quint complied, and the two were now looking at a small, nondescript room. The only objects of note were a small circular table adorned with empty beer bottles, and a Veltro banner hanging from the nearby wall.

*That clinches it. We're definitely in an Il Veltro outpost.*

A man stumbled in on-screen, bending over to catch his breath as the door closed behind him. Keith leaned in, looking for any signs of the hunters.

Then, Keith recoiled as the man was lifted by the ankle, suspended upside down by some unseen force. They could only watch in horror as punctures formed in his chest, strands of sinew and blood spilling out onto the floor. The man screamed in agony as his body ragdolled, being clubbed into the wall.

Eventually, this pulverized pile of ground beef was tossed at the camera, where the feed was cut on impact.

*Great. It was worse than either of us could have imagined – and Quint has seen more than enough monster movies!*

“Wait!”

Quint rewound the footage, pausing it as the man was in the middle of being torn apart.

Keith rolled his eyes, “Do you need a refresher or something?”

“Very funny. I think he dropped something.”

“Don’t say it, Quint-”

“I think we need to go check.”

Keith’s head dropped with a groan.

“Shit.”

Minutes later, Keith’s head was on a never-ending swivel, tilting from one side of the room to the other. At even the slightest hint of movement – even a molecule out of place, he was going to spray as much machine gun fire as he possibly could.

Behind him, Quint surveyed the dead body from the footage, running the Genesis over it. Nobody knew how to use that scanner like Quint — after all, he built it.

## REVELATIONS

“Find anything?” Keith trembled.

“For the last time, not yet! You gotta bear with me here.”

“Sorry, I just don’t wanna get turned into burger meat by the Invisible Man!”

Quint gasped. Keith winced as he heard the squelch of viscera being pushed aside. *He’s really reaching into that dead muckpile. Nasty.*

Keith felt Quint tap his shoulder. He turned to find his partner wiping the bodily fluids off a thumb drive.

“Good find, Jackass. We should take that back to HQ.”

“Negative,” Quint responded. “This is a security token. I can breach the master network of the plane’s onboard computer if I can just extract the WEP key from this dongle.”

Quint turned to Keith for a response, only to get a mild shrug. Keith wasn’t a techie, after all.

“It means that we can scavenge the data on that freighter!”

Keith smiled.

*Our first lead. We’ll tear Il Veltro’s buried secrets right outta the ground.*

“I’ve seen enough,” announced Quint, clearly buzzing on the same excited energy. “Let’s head to the crash site.

“Hey, Grinder! Wouldn’t it be great if we find the key to ending this whole mission?”

The crash site was just up ahead, but the wind decided to pick up, sending overbearing chills that needed any exposed skin. The snow had also picked up, making every step more cumbersome than Keith was prepared for.

Still, the adrenaline hadn’t yet worn off. He eagerly pressed forward. It didn’t feel like that much time had passed before they were inside the downed aircraft, and Quint was tapping away at a computer terminal.

“Everything appears to be in working order. I can’t find the call log, though. I’ll have to try something else.”

“No sweat. You’re good with machines. The ladies, on the other hand...”

Keith was always promising Quint he’d help him find a girlfriend. Maybe, once they stopped II

## REVELATIONS

Veltro, he'd make good on that promise. Of course, his work was indeed cut out for him.

He felt a twitch in his shoulder — the kind that comes when the body senses danger nearby.

“Something wrong?” Quint muttered in between keypresses.

Keith ignored him, taking small steps out into the open. There was no immediate danger, but something was very wrong.

Then, he noticed it, planted deep in the snow.  
Footprints.

They were magically forming in the ground.  
They were heading right for him.

Before Keith could pull the trigger, he was batted aside, counting his lucky stars as the snow broke his fall.

*Great, it's the Invisible Asshole!*

He sat up, trying to follow his elusive enemy's footprints as the world spun. Eventually, the two images his sight had split into finally merged. He could see the creature's path. It was walking away from him.

*That meant-  
Oh no!*

The entrance to the plane buckled outward, its steel frame bending. The assailant was going for Quint.

Keith fired at the open space, spurts of green blood materializing out of thin air.

Its concentration broken, the creature revealed itself to be a hunter. It turned around, staring Keith down with furious reptilian eyes.

*Holy shit, these psychos made invisible hunters?*

Before he could complete that thought, the hunter lunged forward, eager to slice him to pieces. Keith didn't panic. He recalled the extensive B.O.W. database curated by Chris, Jill, and other former S.T.A.R.S. members whose names he couldn't recall.

*Aim for the joints. That's the weak spot.*

The hunter was agile but also a large creature with pronounced limbs. Keith had no trouble shattering its kneecap with a well-timed shot.

He got up, eager to continue the fight, only to see the enemy vanish. He couldn't see it, but he could feel it sizing him up — waiting for the perfect moment for a decisive strike.

## REVELATIONS

Keith wanted to turn and fire, but his brain wouldn't let him. The hunter was incapacitated, but a significant part of its faculties were still intact. If he missed, it would be the perfect opportunity for it to gore him to death. He had to get it right.

Then, from the corner of his eye, he spotted Quint stepping into the doorway. *Shit, does he know what's going on?*

He wanted to get Quint's attention, and tell him to back off so he could handle this. But, he couldn't risk startling the hunter. Quint ignored Keith as he held his Genesis and his machine gun aloft in each hand.

Time slowed to a crawl. Keith could feel the push back as the hunter leaped away from him, no doubt having set its sights on Quint.

Keith opened his mouth to yell a warning, but he would never get a word off before it reached Quint. However, Quint smiled as he pulled the trigger. It was a clumsy shot, Keith recoiling as stray bullets whizzed past him. But, the hunter was instantly revealed, falling to the ground in a heap.

Before it could vanish again, Keith and Quint stood over it, a boot on each of its bullet riddled

legs. They trained their guns on the hunter's exposed face, filling it with gunfire. Eventually, the hunter went utterly limp, life drained from its body.

"Not bad for our first B.O.W." Quint quipped.

As they stepped off the carcass, Keith regarded Quint's holstered Genesis with a warm nod.

"I gotta hand it to you."

"I'm just happy to help, Grinder."

With that, Quint activated his comms.

"Jackass to HQ!"

Keith noted the urgency of Quint's voice. *What did he find on that computer?*

"H.Q. here. This is O'Brian speaking--"

"You're not gonna believe this. We're not the only ones watching the Queen Zenobia."

"What do you mean?"

Quint paused, the words stewing in his head.

"It's complicated. It's like Veltro ran from their own hideout, and are now surveying it from afar."

"Understood. I'll forward this information to Redfield and Sherawat. They're en route to the Zenobia. They'll keep an eye out. Good work, you two."

## REVELATIONS

He ended the call, and Keith and Quint turned to each other.

“You hear that?” Keith asked. “Good work.”

“Yeah, but I ain’t celebrating till we figure this mystery out.”

Keith clapped Quint on the back as they retreated to the airplane, eager to find the next piece of this ever-elaborate puzzle.

# Πῖπε

**10:25 P.M.**  
**Bilge Passageway**

Parker and Jill waded through the waist-high water, both grateful for their wetsuits keeping the cold at bay.

With each step, Jill couldn't help but fixate on thoughts of Raymond's partner. It would be naive to assume she was dead. Advanced B.O.W.s

## REVELATIONS

seldom died that easily. Was she waiting in the wings for a counterattack?

It was difficult to see through the water's murky surface, and Jill's mind seemed to be hellbent on convincing her that something might have brushed against her leg.

She refused to panic. Even if there were something, she would face it.

Still, it came as a relief when Parker opened the door to a command center, and the duo approached the extensive bilge controls. A trio of monitors before them flashed a bright red, showing an image of the ship replete with warning signs and diagnostics.

“Attention!” A computerized voice yelled out. “There is flooding in the bilge!”

“Yeah, no shit,” Parker muttered.

“The bulkheads cannot be lowered due to insufficient power! Restore power from the engine room!”

Neither agent said a word. Their focus was drawn to the map on a nearby wall, narrowly avoiding the waist-high water at its feet.

Jill and Parker were in for one hell of a trek.

They were occupied with different dangers as they slogged their way through the bilge water. Parker was vigilant, expecting one of Veltro's beluga-zombies to break the water's surface and reach for the government buffet that just presented itself.

Jill's fears were a bit more esoteric. After all, her experience was different to Parker's. They'd both encountered B.O.W.s previously, but he had the intel of the B.S.A.A. and F.B.C. on his side, so he had an understanding of what to expect. When Jill had her first run-in with the undead, sandwiched inside the narrow walls of the Spencer Mansion in 1998, she had no conception of the T-virus or bioweapons.

*What if this contagion is airborne?*

She asked herself that question many times that night. Of course, now Jill knew that the T-virus, while highly infectious, was transmitted through bites.

However, T-Abyss didn't follow the same rules. She saw how aggressively it spread through the water, infecting any aquatic life. *Was that how it*

## REVELATIONS

*affected people? Did you just have to be in a body of water? Did it transmit through wounds? Skin pores? If only we got a sample for the B.S.A.A. to study.*

Of course, Jill had been infected by the T-virus before. She knew how it felt — all of the signs. She felt reassured that her body was not infected with T-Abyss — but for how long? What if she sustained an injury on this rusting husk of a ship that broke the skin? What if the water continued to rise above her head? Unlike in Raccoon City, Jill suspected this ship didn't have a cure for T-Abyss lying around.

The waters parted as monsters clawed their way through. Parker fired on them the second they emerged, snapping Jill out of those recursive thoughts.

There'd be time for speculative paranoia later. Right now, Jill needed to concentrate. There was still work to do.

The engine room was elevated above the bilge, bringing Jill and Parker relief as they stepped out of the dirty bilge water and onto solid ground.

The duo diverted, approaching adjacent consoles on either side of a display of the ship's side profile. The display was dotted with LED lights that were currently deactivated, a signifier of the lack of power.

“Does yours have a key?” Parker enquired.

“Yeah. It does.”

“I assume we're turning them at the same time?”

“That would make sense, yeah.”

“Alright. On three...”

They turned their keys in perfect synchronization, and both turns ended with a satisfying click. The walls rattled and hummed as each of the LEDs on the display lit up.

Parker and Jill turned to each other, smiling triumphantly. With the power restored, more of the ship would open up, and the bilge would be able to keep the water out.

Parker was the first to speak.

“Finally. It's about time we had a win.”

Parker's smile was cut off as a stream of water speared the top of his head, matting down his hair and running down his face.

## REVELATIONS

He stepped back, flinching as he rubbed the water out of his eyes. Jill looked up, her heart sinking immediately.

Above them were two wide steel pipes, with grates filtering water as it continued to trickle down. The fact that this water emerged with the turning of the key told Jill everything she needed to know.

“Parker,” She nervously uttered, “We need to get to the exit.”

“What?” He spat back.

“Now!”

They ran to the exit, trying not to slip on the floor in their wet boots. The second they reached the door, Jill attempted to shove it open.

All of her fears were confirmed.

A geyser of water punched through the ceiling, replacing the trickling stream with an unrelenting waterfall.

As the water filled the room, reaching her waist, Jill was brought back to the Spencer Mansion — trapped in a featureless room as the ceiling descended toward her. It had been one of many

deadly traps that littered that old estate, but it was the one that Jill never forgot.

Back in 1998, she was saved from a cruel and agonizing death at the last minute by a teammate who happened to be in the right place at the perfect time.

Here, Jill craned her neck over the rising water as it brushed at her chin and seeped through the gaps in her wetsuit, pressing against the skin underneath.

As her teeth chattered violently, she reflected on where she was. This wasn't a mansion bordering a city, with the S.T.A.R.S. Alpha Team a corridor away — this was a desolate vessel drifting in the middle of nowhere, the rest of her team in a whole other continent.

This time, it didn't feel like help was coming.  
This time, it felt like the end.

# Τ Ε Π

## **11:16 P.M. Mediterranean Sea**

The heavy rain had subsided into a fine mist, coating Chris and Jessica as they rappelled onto the cruise liner's deck.

As they approached the entrance, Chris' mind raced. F.B.C. intel stated that Jill was somewhere on this ship. But, O'Brian admitted that she was sent to this ship on bad intel in the first place. Chris

wanted to focus on the mission at hand – finding Jill and making sure that she was safe. But he couldn't ignore his instincts.

It felt like they were walking into a trap.

Jessica didn't have the same reservations, charging toward the front door and kicking it open, practically ordering Chris inside.

Inside the ship was an experience Chris was all too familiar with. Everytime he went toe-to-toe with the machinations of bioterrorists, it would always devolve into a shooting gallery against the latest in pseudo-medical butchery.

Chris wasn't shocked to see Veltro's aquatic lair overrun with monsters. That was another common refrain. Whether it was the late Umbrella Corporation, or the spiritually corrupt masses clawing at its morbid legacy — they always thought they'd have control over the horrific monsters they created.

Then, it always went to shit.

These creatures weren't typical zombies, but they went down after a couple of shotgun blasts, and that's all that mattered to Chris. He and Jessica

## REVELATIONS

moved quickly through the dark, rusted corridors in an efficient, workmanlike fashion, surgically incapacitating their aggressors.

Chris felt a tingling sensation in his ear as their fight spilled out onto the ship's promenade.

“Redfield, Sherawat, come in! This is Jackass!”

Chris responded with a gruff, “What’ve you got for me, Quint?”

“Judging by the ship’s condition, it looks like there’s a problem with the engines. If you wanna find Jill and Parker, your best bet is to go through the casino, into the bilge, and head for the engine room.”

“Thanks. We’ll head there now.”

Chris ended the call with a sense of unease. Quint’s info didn’t sound concrete, but it was all he had to go on.

Chris shouldered his way into the casino, Jessica in tow. He had no problem ignoring the gross excess around him as he darted around the slot machines and roulette tables in search of the correct door out of there.

Jessica, on the other hand, was transfixed. Chris turned the corner to see her staring blankly.

*Figures, He thought. She's probably awestruck by all this crap.*

“Hey!” Chris barked. “Are you gonna help me out here?”

She pointed at the door in front of her — the one that had captivated her so intensely. Chris could feel his face numb and redden. He'd been so preoccupied with getting to Jill that he hadn't noticed the door violently shaking. Something on the other side wanted in, and it would've caught him off guard.

*Damn it, Chris. Get your head in the game!*

He readied his shotgun to fire at whatever forced its way through. Just as he braced himself, the door exploded off its hinges, heralding the latest monstrosity.

It spilled into the room — a mass of waterlogged flesh and lesions, taking slow, uncomfortable steps. Chris regarded this adversary with pity as it gurgled and rasped. This wasn't the meticulously-engineered super weapon of Umbrella's Tyrant Project. This was an abject

## REVELATIONS

failure — an aberration with destroyed genes whose sole purpose now was to die, and take anybody with it.

Seemingly aware of its fate, it aggressively launched itself at Chris, clearing the gap unnervingly quickly. He fired at it, the recoil slamming into his shoulder. A chunk of its flesh tore away with a foul smelling liquid.

But, it was not deterred. It flailed its arms, which resembled lobster claws dotted with pustules.

*Damn it, we haven't got all night! I gotta put this thing down.*

Thunderous gunshots pierced the air, cracking like a whip. Chris' ears rang as Jessica raised her smoking sniper rifle. The high caliber rounds had blasted pieces of this creature away, slowing it down. But, it wasn't dead yet.

*Of course, how do you kill something like this? I miss when all you had to do was shoot 'em in the head. Those were the days.*

Before the creature could regain its footing, Chris leaped forward, growling as he swung the shotgun like a battering ram.

He punched into the creature's stomach, feeling the swelling mesoglea as it wrapped around his hand. He couldn't find the creature's weak spot, so his only hope was to do as much damage as possible.

Gritting his teeth, Chris pulled the trigger as many times as he could. Each shot tore the creature's innards to shreds, spraying him with thick, salty bile. He tried not to vomit as he withdrew his weapon, flicking away the thick phlegm that enveloped his forearm.

The monster sank into the floor, fighting to retain any of its bodily consistency as it broke apart. Unidentifiable organs spilled out of it as it reduced to a wheezing pile of sludge.

Chris caught his breath, holding back the urge to violently retch. He could see Jessica eyeing him up and down.

*Oh, what the hell? A little levity's not gonna hurt anyone.*

"Lemme guess," He gasped. "I need a shower?"  
Jessica nodded, "Me too."

## REVELATIONS

Chris leaned back, stretching his limbs, tensing his muscles, getting his body ready for the rest of the push toward the engine room.

Jessica approached him with a wry smirk.

“Maybe we’ll sort that out together when we get back to H.Q.”

She confidently strided to the door. With her back to him, Chris sighed. *Serves me right. You give someone an inch and they’ll take a mile.*

They entered the bilge, continuing their assault on the deluge of monsters that insisted on popping up like carnival targets.

“How did Veltro think they could control this?” Jessica threw out as she reloaded her sidearm. “I mean — look at these things!”

“That’s the kind of crazy you need to be to work with bioweapons,” Chris answered as the lift began to descend further down the bilge.

“I hope Jill and Parker are okay,” Jessica remarked. “I had no idea it’d take so much to rescue them. Parker’s gonna owe me for saving his ass.”

“Lemme guess, a nice dinner?”

“He already owes me that. I’m gonna need something else to make us square.”

Chris didn’t ask further. The engine room was dead-ahead.

He shoved the metal door open, and he and Jessica climbed inside to find a brightly lit, fluorescent green room. There certainly didn’t appear to be any engine problems. The functioning mechanisms beyond the walls created a deafening din.

Chris went into investigation mode; scanning his surroundings – figuratively and literally with the Genesis in hand, trying to narrow down the possibilities in his head.

*They probably got the engine working and moved on, right?*

But there were no signs of them anywhere. The Genesis wasn’t revealing any fingerprints, footprints, wet patches, ejected bullet casings – nothing!

*So, what if they never made it to the engine room?*

Unlikely. Quint could’ve been wrong about the boat’s engine problem... but how? Intel was

## REVELATIONS

spotty, for sure. But, how do you misread the status of an entire cruise liner?

*Unless...*

No. That was too farfetched.

*Was it?*

Chris took a deep breath. He was growing frustrated, and that was clouding his judgement. He needed to be objective. Jill was counting on him.

Now, if there were no signs that either Jill or Parker were here, and it's unlikely that Quint was wrong about the ship and it's engine problem...

*Could there be a chance that we haven't even boarded the Queen Zenobia?*

Chris turned to the engine room controls, where a label caught his eye, clear as day with bold, serif lettering.

### **Queen Semiramis**

# ELEVEN

**11:49 P.M.**  
**Bilge Passageway**

Time was running out.

The water had pushed Jill and Parker to the ceiling, threatening to envelop them at any second. As Parker desperately wailed for help, Jill steeled her nerves. She knew the way out of this situation wouldn't be found treading water at the top.

It was time to go below.

## REVELATIONS

She took the deepest breath, taking in as much air as possible. She was going to need it.

Then, she dived under the surface.

The water froze her to the bone. Before long, her eyes stung as she tried to use them to spot a way out. Her lungs felt like they were seconds from imploding. Her brain felt like it was going to burst inside her skull.

But, she kept moving. There was always a solution. She just had to find it.

Then, she spotted something.

Kicking toward a nearby wall, Jill wrapped her hands around a pipe fastened in place. She fought the weightlessness, wrenching her arms left and right, doing everything she could to free it.

In her exasperation, her mouth opened, letting in a nauseating flow of bilgewater. The fight against her body continued, as she kept from regurgitating.

*Save it for when you're out of here!*

She traveled upwards, propelling herself to a ceiling grate that presented the ultimate unknown to the completely submerged room — it would either lead to salvation, or a dirty, watery grave.

Amidst all the activity, her mind flashed back. Long before she was ever involved in law enforcement, she was on the other side, stealing to make a living under the tutelage of her father. The man might've needed a few lessons in parenting, but if there was a way to steal something and escape without a trace, he knew it.

“Believe it or not, Jill, but your old man was a bit of a scholar back in the day. I was a fan of the Greeks, personally. Their culture, their mythology, their philosophy — those dorks were onto something.”

The teenage Jill could sense the incoming lesson. Her father's eyes had a tantalizing glow whenever he was about to dispense some valuable wisdom, like a new tool to add to her kit. She couldn't help but be pulled in.

“One of them, his name was Archimedes, once said ‘gimme a lever long enough, and a fulcrum on which to place it, and I shall move the world.’”

That was before he demonstrated how to use a crowbar to open a locked door.

The muscles inside Jill's arms were enveloped in raging fire as she used every ounce of her

## REVELATIONS

strength to pull against the pipe. It was lodged firmly in the grate — Jill had her fulcrum and her lever.

But the movement wasn't happening, no matter how hard she'd tried. Was the setup wrong? Did she need to place the pipe somewhere else? Was the answer more simple — had she used up all of her strength?

Either way, it didn't matter. She was not going to get a second chance. Her consciousness faded, her final thoughts too incomprehensible to fathom.

Hacked up bilgewater, and vomitus hit the floor with a sickening splat. The brain needed time to orient itself and set its bearings. In time, she could think again.

Jill Valentine was still alive. She was lying on her side in complete agony as her lungs were desperate to take in air. Crouched over her was Parker. Her first instinct was to speak to him, but a combination of dry heaves and wet regurgitation meant that only the words 'thank you' could escape her lips.

“Hey,” Parker replied, “You should be thanking yourself. If it wasn’t for you, we’d both be dead. I guess I should remove ‘good under pressure’ from my resume.”

He chuckled, but Jill wasn’t in the mood.

*He’s right. I almost died — you’d think I’d be used to that feeling by now. In this line of work, there are always new ways to die.*

Jill tried to get up, but her faculties hadn’t yet returned. She was going to need a minute.

“I hate to pile on the bad news while you’re recovering, but we’re not done yet. The power might be restored, but we still need to get to the engine room and bring down the bulkhead.”

Jill propped herself against a nearby wall slowly rising to her feet. She was tired of Veltro’s bullshit.

Tonight couldn’t end quickly enough.

With full power restored to the Queen Zenobia, the control room was downright welcoming. Gone were the blaring alarms and the eye-piercing red screens. Instead, there was a prevailing sense that everything was in its rightful place.

## REVELATIONS

Jill couldn't help but feel a weight lift from her shoulders as the bulkhead closed shut. In time, the floodwater would recede from the bilge.

"That should hold us for now," Parker stated, evidently reading her mind. He brought a finger to his earpiece, only to turn his head in puzzlement.

"That's weird. The power's back on, but I'm not getting a signal. The antennae array must be out."

Jill typed away at the controls, the screens filling with the ship's diagnostic information.

"If we can get to the observation deck at the top of the ship, we can fix it."

Then, with a smile, she added, "I'll bet the view is nice."

When they reached the elevator, Jill and Parker were grateful for the respite. Once they began their ascent, Parker folded his arms.

"We haven't heard from Veltro in a while."

"Not since the video," Jill concurred.

"I don't like it. What are they even trying to do?"

"Besides jerk us around and keep us out of the way? No clue."

At least there would be time to ruminate on it until they reached the observation deck.

Suddenly, the elevator's steel frame buckled, and the glass windows shattered and sprayed in all directions. Jill and Parker shielded their eyes as they drew their weapons.

“Something’s up there!”

It was peering its head into view, using the one eye it had nestled in a construct of flesh and bone that one could charitably call a head, as evidenced by its disparate strands of stringy, greasy black hair.

As soon as it spotted its armed prey, the monster retreated upwards. Jill wasn’t fooled. It was biding its time. As long as it stayed atop the elevator, they were over the weight limit.

They weren’t going anywhere.

Parker spotted it first – a gigantic appendage hovering beside the elevator. Its underside glowed a fiery orange, and most of it was enveloped in a thick crustaceous carapace.

He fired at the exposed orange flesh, causing the limb to be retracted immediately.

## REVELATIONS

*Great. We can hurt this thing. Hopefully, we can hurt it enough.*

He aimed his gun upward, hoping to nail the creature from below, only for Jill to reach out, indicating for him to stop.

Then it hit him. They couldn't risk a stray bullet. If it didn't hit the target, they risked hitting the elevator, their sole means of transport. Parker risked peering through the broken window, noting how high up they were – not enough to kill them outright, but a guarantee of shattered bones if they were to fall.

As Jill readied her weapon for the monster's next appearance, she noted the sounds of movement above them.

As they faded, the elevator started to move again, the deformed metal grinding together in a debilitating whine.

*It thinks it's got us cornered. It'll just pick us off once we're out of the elevator. Can't wait to prove it wrong.*

The observation deck was a sizeable radial structure at the Zenobia's summit. As Jill and

Parker stepped inside, they noted how the large windows only gave way to pitch blackness.

“Shame it’s the middle of the night,” Parker remarked. “I’d have loved to see the view.”

Jill spotted a ladder at the center.

“That must lead to the antennae. Come on, we haven’t got time to lose-”

The room violently shook as the mutated crustacean leaped from above, landing with a thunderous slam. It stood upright, a whole fifteen feet high. It had found its chance to strike, and it would take it.

The observation deck provided meager cover — nothing outside of scattered food carts. However, the room was spacious, and the creature was slow. Jill and Parker were quickly able to make space between them and it, but the shots Parker was taking may as well have been from a leaf blower. From the outer shell to the surprisingly durable flesh underneath, this creature wasn’t going down through conventional means.

Jill scanned the room, looking for anything that might give her an advantage. Unfortunately, there were no explosive canisters.

## REVELATIONS

*If only Chris were here. He could beat this thing to death with one of those carts.*

She dove out of the way, the creature's coarse exoskeleton lightly grazing her. She'd been so preoccupied with her search, that she hadn't noticed the monster clearing the distance.

"Jill!" Parker cried with concern.

As soon as she was on her feet, she had to duck, narrowly avoiding its attempt to punch her with its gigantic deformed hand.

It collided with the window, causing cracks to form in the thick, reinforced glass.

*Of course!* Jill thought. *Just like Dad always said. There's always a way.*

The gears were turning. She took the opportunity to move away from the crustacean, plucking a grenade from her suit. She pulled the pin, holding the live explosive in her hand.

"Jill, what're you do-"

"Wait!"

She had to let this grenade cook. For the plan to work, she had to time this perfectly.

The creature stepped toward her, and she let the grenade go.

The second it touched the crustacean, it unleashed its payload. The creature wasn't hurt but caught off guard as the explosion ravaged its senses.

Just what Jill needed.

The monster hunched over, trying to recover. Before the smoke could clear, Jill rammed the food cart into its body. Had it not been disoriented, this would have been pointless. But, Jill threw the crustacean off its equilibrium, making it quite the pushover. She'd managed to pin its body against the cracked window.

“Parker! The glass!”

“On it!”

Parker sprayed at the glass around the creature. With each burst of automatic fire, the cracks multiplied exponentially, going from small, to big as they spider-webbed across its back.

Eventually, the glass broke, and Jill watched as the creature struggled to keep its heavy body upright, swiping at the air. She gave the food cart one last push, watching it follow the crustacean through the newly open window, sailing down into the surrounding darkness.

## REVELATIONS

As the howling wind made its way through the new opening in the room, Parker called out into the night.

“Let’s see you survive that one, bitch!”

Jill climbed the ladder, reaching the room where the antennae were positioned. A Veltro soldier had been posted in this cramped storage space. On a nearby desk, among other objects, was some much-appreciated ammunition and a small diary. Jill pocketed these items, taking a moment to read.

2004

*We are at last putting our final plan into action. Jack Norman, our leader and brother in arms, came up with this plan. When we first heard it, we had our doubts that it could even be pulled off. But now the time has come to enact this extraordinary plan thanks to the steel will of our comrades and the one who supported our ideals with his power and influence. He has prepared these ships for our use.*

*These luxury liners are symbols of the degradation of humanity, and will be fitting vessels for the destruction of the virus that will purge humanity. I have been assigned the task of boarding the Queen Zenobia for our mission.*

- *Bernard Conti*

More questions. Who was this mysterious Jack Norman? How were these ships prepared? A mysterious benefactor with power and influence?

*Deeper and deeper we go.*

Her comms lit up. Parker must have fixed the antennae, as O'Brian's gruff voice followed.

"Valentine, Luciani, about time you checked in! Are you two alright?"

"Boss, it's Parker. Shit hit the fan here — really hard!"

"I know," O'Brian replied. "The whole thing was a setup, and we fell for it!"

Jill cut in with an incisive, "How do you know?"

## REVELATIONS

The response was hesitation – no words, only nervous apprehension.

Parker joined in, asking “How do you know it was a setup!”

O’Brian didn’t respond. Parker grew impatient.

“What is it, boss? Say something!”

But, O’Brian didn’t relent. If he had nothing to hide, he was doing an awful job of showing it.

Finally, his voice awkwardly peered through.

“I have an emergency call. Just stay put.”

Before they could protest, O’Brian put them on hold. Parker wanted to scream. *We’ve been following our asses all night because of faulty intel, and now O’Brian wants to play coy.*

Before he could dwell on it any further, O’Brian returned.

“Parker, Jill!”

“Boss?”

“All hell’s about to break loose! The solar energy matrix has been activated!”

*The solar energy matrix? The Regia Solis? The satellites that destroyed Terragrigia?*

“They’re aiming at the Veltro hideouts on the Mediterranean!”

*Wait a minute, that means...*

“Boss, get us out of here!” Jill yelled.

She expected him to comply immediately. After all, this was a straightforward situation. O’Brian wasn’t about to let the sun’s power vaporize two of his agents.

Yet, all they were met with was that same sobering silence, followed by:

“Sorry... I can’t authorize that...”

# TWELVE

**1:07 A.M.**

**Valkoinen Mokki**

*Keith needs to get checked out after this. Guy's definitely got sleep apnea. I feel bad for the women he sleeps with.*

Quint only momentarily turned to his teammate, watching as he was stretched out across several airplane seats, loudly snoring.

Keith recommended that they both take a quick nap to recover some energy. But the mission wasn't over yet. As long as there was a need for information, there was a need for Quint.

The message came in shortly after Keith passed out, from none other than Director O'Brian himself — Regia Solis had activated and was threatening to evaporate Valentine and Luciani. It was now Quint's time to shine.

*Whoever set up Veltro's security is probably sleeping on the job, too,* Quint mused. One of the advantages that the B.S.A.A. had over the scrappy splinter factions vying for Umbrella's legacy was that their tech setups were comparably rudimentary. Sure, someone like Keith might have had trouble navigating Veltro's private network. But, they might as well have rolled out a red carpet for Quint.

As he started gathering data, he called Jill and Parker, hoping they'd answer.

“Jackass, here! The chief filled me in on your predicament. There's only one thing you can do, confuse the satellite's targeting system!”

## REVELATIONS

At first, there was no response. *Shit, this is information they can't afford to miss!*

Then, Parker hacked back, "How the hell do we do that?"

Quint had the information ready, firing back, "You're gonna use the UAV!"

"The UAV?" Jill chimed in. "There's a drone plane on this ship?"

Quint nodded despite not being visible.

"Yup. Veltro used it to carry out their attacks last year. It's in a container on the foredeck. It can discharge chaff that'll throw off the satellite's targeting system."

"Okay," Parker returned. "Look's like the foredeck is where we're going."

"You'd better move fast. Jackass out."

Time passed. Quint was feeling restless, as he stared out into the dark. He hoped he'd get a call from Jill, Parker, Chris, O'Brian, and especially Jessica any second. He wouldn't have to think about what else could be out there if he was assisting them. Veltro's monsters were dangerous

enough under the cover of night, but turning invisible as well?

*I'm gonna drive myself mad. Gotta stay busy.*

So, Quint started clicking around. He'd already scoured Veltro's files. While their data security was fairly stock-standard, they'd made quite the effort to redact much of their sensitive information. He wasn't getting in without the proper clearance.

So, he shifted his attention to the computer's applications. Usually, he tried to avoid this wherever possible. Messing with the enemy's computer systems always carried a risk. One minute, you're navigating software you recognize; the next you've accidentally activated the self-destruct sequence, and your internet history is being emailed to your work colleagues.

Was it worth the risk? Quint didn't know for sure. But he couldn't be alone with his thoughts any longer.

The first click brought a small window with a solitary white line. Nothing interesting.

So, he shifted his attention, opening another program to find his desktop littered with black boxes.

## REVELATIONS

*Well, this tends to be either one of two things — the bad shit, or precisely what you're looking for.*

With a deep breath, he clicked one of the boxes, watching as it enveloped the screen.

For a second, his heart skipped a beat. Was a countdown about to appear? Was he going to have to wake up poor Keith and run for the mountains?

Instead, an image filled the black space through a series of horizontal lines. Dark, fuzzy shapes started to form. At first, Keith had no idea what he was looking at.

Then it hit him.

This was CCTV footage.

This was the Queen Zenobia!

So, he clicked around. This was a real-time camera feed. The time codes matched and everything.

He started from the observation deck and worked his way down. A few cameras later, and there they were — Jill and Parker, stumbling through the dark.

*At least they're going in the right direction. Maybe I should scout ahead and give them a heads up-*

Jill pulled the door open only for a pair of hands to reach through and wrap around her throat. Parker wrenched his pistol from its holster and started firing.

*Shit! What the hell is that?*

“Raymond’s partner! She’s still alive!”

*I’m tapped into the audio feed too!*

Quint switched the camera view, where he saw Jill thrashing in the vice-like grip of a tall woman whose body had been overcome by Veltro’s monstrous handiwork. *Hey, at least she’s not invisible.*

Accessing the B.S.A.A. database from the enemy’s network was another risky move. But, Quint needed more information – anything that could help Jill and Parker.

He used his only keyword, typing Raymond into the search bar. One entry stood out from all of the others. Whoever this Raymond Vester was, someone had a lot of dirt on them.

The accessible information wasn’t revelatory. He was an F.B.C. agent who was present during the Terragrigia panic.

## REVELATIONS

But this guy's file contained a ton of classified information — gigabytes behind a wall of added security that he was not qualified to crack.

In fact, judging by the protocols in place, only one person had access to this information.

Director Clive O'Brian.

If he were hiding something, it would explain so much. Jill and Parker needed to know.

“Hey, guys, come in!”

Quint watched as Parker's miniaturized form put a finger to his ear.

“What is it?”

“Listen! I was digging through the files, and-”

Raymond's partner let go of Jill, using her other arm to smack Parker off his feet, sending him to the floor with a harsh thud.

“Can this wait, Jackass? We're a bit busy here!”

“Oh. Yeah. Sure, I guess.”

“Before you go... any tips? We're dealing with another monster here that just won't go down.”

Quint was taken aback.

“Jill's the expert, right?”

“Yeah, but she's occupied at the moment.”

Quint realized his mouth was hanging open.

“Dude... just use the Genesis,” He mumbled, trying not to sound hurt.

“What, scan her to death?”

“Well, if she’s got a weak spot, that’s how you find it.”

Parker grunted, barely masking his disappointment.

“Right. Thanks.”

As the call ended, Quint could feel himself sinking. The Genesis was a labor of love. It deserved appreciation, damn it!

*I should’ve given it a cooler name. They’d like it more if it had a cooler name.*

When he turned back to the camera, Raymond’s partner was lying on the floor in a heap. Whether they killed her or not, she was no longer their problem.

Time was running out!

Quint’s heart pounded as he stared at the computer screens. Parker and Jill must have made it outside, as he couldn’t find them on the camera feed.

*I hope that means they found the UAV.*

## REVELATIONS

“Quint, we’re good to go!”

Jill’s voice startled him, nearly knocking him off his feet. He started blabbering.

“Make sure you get the drone as far from the ship as possible! The remote pilot controls are in the ship’s hold. You need to go through the side deck.”

As soon as the call ended, Quint switched the camera view to the ship’s hold. It would take some time for the two to reach the room. He needed something to do in the meantime.

Then, that white line started to bend and stretch erratically. It was an audio waveform.

“What could the B.S.A.A. want with me?”

It was Morgan Lansdale, leading Quint to wonder why he was suddenly hearing the voice of the head of the F.B.C.

“How long has it been? One whole year?”

And that was O’Brian. Quint couldn’t believe what he was hearing. *No wonder Veltro is ten steps ahead of us. They have access to all of our communications!*

Lansdale took a deep breath, before asking “You’re wondering why I’ve deployed Regia Solis.”

Quint was shell-shocked. That was quite the thing to admit in a call casually.

“Yeah, what’s got you spooked?” O’Brian answered. “Isn’t it a little premature to call down the wrath of God?”

*Isn’t that a flippant way to discuss putting your agents in critical danger?*

“What was the saying from Veltro’s little video message? ‘Abandon all hope ye who enter here’, right?”

The call ended, and Quint needed to take a minute to process what had happened.

Then, he spotted Jill and Parker as they entered the hold.

*Right. Gotta focus on this problem first.*

There was movement in the shadows, causing visual artifacts to form.

Raymond’s partner was back.

She landed near the duo, letting out a throaty cackle punctuating each step.

## REVELATIONS

“Quint!” Parker barked into his comms. “I’m busy, here! You’ve gotta direct Jill to the controls!”

As Parker aimed the advancing predator, Jill peeled off into a run.

“Don’t worry, Jill,” Quint reassured her. “I know this ship like the back of my hand!”

“Got it, Quint!”

As Jill worked the drone’s controls, Quint referred to the radar screen. In the center was the Queen Zenobia, attached via a dotted line to a small indicator of the UAV.

*Good. She’s activated the drone. Now to let the wonders of technology do their thing.*

Then, he spotted another object — a satellite designated SAT-026T. He suspected this was the Regia Solis.

Quint gripped either side of the desk, bracing himself for an impact that he was nowhere near close enough to experience. Yet, as he saw the UAV flicker and disappear from the screen, he felt like he was right in the middle of it.

Regia Solis had been activated.

“Jill! Parker! This is Jackass, please tell me you’re okay!”

No response. He shifted his eyes to the camera feed.

‘Signal Lost.’

No contact. They were now on their own.

Assuming they were even still alive.

# THIRTEEN

**1:17 A.M.  
Control Room**

Jill could feel the world spinning around her as she struggled to remain upright. She braced for hellfire and brimstone, not the surge of torrential water that punched through the door and swallowed her up.

The UAV worked. The Regia Solis had been diverted. The sea didn't appreciate being blasted by

the concentrated energy of the sun and was now taking out its anger on them.

*At least you're not dead, Valentine,* she reassured herself. It wasn't the most motivating thought. It did little to settle her thudding head and aching limbs, but it kept her going.

She kicked her way back to the ship's hold, launching herself out of the water.

Parker was nearby, trying to get her attention. She waded toward him, grabbing his outstretched hand. She was grateful to be back on solid ground, even as it lurched back and forth.

"I'm glad to see you made it back," Parker said with a clap on her shoulder. "I was worried for a second."

"Why'd you stop worrying? We're not exactly out of the woods just yet."

"Good point."

They turned their attention to the newly formed floodwater that dominated the lower levels.

"So much for stopping the flood," Parker bitterly mused.

"The ship's sinking fast. We'd better get moving back the way we came."

## REVELATIONS

“You know what that means. We’re gonna have to dive right back in.”

Jill and Parker had mastered the technique. They would navigate as much of the water’s surface as possible, then sneak up to nearby pockets of ventilation where the water had yet to rise for some air.

This was a welcome change on a night that had seen more than its fair share of setbacks. For once, Jill felt like a professional as she efficiently cleared the distance.

But she was starting to notice that the distance between vents was growing. Or was it just that she was slowing down?

*Don’t panic. Don’t panic. If you panic, you’re as good as dead. Just keep moving. Just keep moving.*

She saw something shift in the distance. Or did she? Wouldn’t it be so ironic, surviving all of this just to die from a moment of hesitation?

Then it skittered closer – another of Veltro’s horrors, resembling an aquatic insect with six

segmented limbs, a hardened outer shell, and extended corrugated bones.

*It probably can't see me. That's the only reason it hasn't found me yet.*

When they reached the next vent, Jill grabbed Parker, easing his ascent and disturbing the water as little as possible. She gritted her teeth, hoping it would be enough.

“What’re you doing?” Parker hissed at Jill.

She pointed a finger at the waters below.

“There’s something down there with us. Be careful.”

Jill was more cautious now, substituting her rapid, fluttering kicks for more sustained, deliberate movements.

It was less efficient, but it kept the monster at bay. It had yet to charge at her the way its brethren would’ve.

It wasn’t long before she could spot the next vent. She was getting closer, and not a moment too soon, as she could feel her lungs crying for air.

Then, it brushed past her leg. On impulse, she kicked out, her boot smacking its shell. Pain circled

## REVELATIONS

her big toe and burrowed into the space around her ankle.

The underwater dweller stirred. In a single subconscious act, Jill had alerted the creature to her location.

She needed to move.

The frantic kicking returned, punctuated by jolts of agony. It felt like her foot was seconds from snapping off.

Her heart sank as she realized that she couldn't stop at the next vent. It would give the creature the perfect opportunity to corner and devour her.

She needed to keep moving.

Her thoughts screamed through her head, telling her to stop at the vent and try to fight off the monster there. But, her instincts were saying otherwise. Amidst the overpowering murk, she could spot details – landmarks that her oxygen-starved brain couldn't wholly identify, but she could sense the significance of.

*Just keep moving.*

Her pursuer struggled to sink its jagged fangs into her feet, contending with the constant

movement and the thick boot leather. She could maintain her lead against it if she just didn't stop.

She broke the water's surface, gasping for air but refusing to stop kicking. This wasn't a vent. She'd made it back to the bilge.

Clawing her way back to the platform, Jill collapsed onto her back, giving her body the rest it so desperately needed. She scanned the waters for any signs of her attacker.

Then it hit her.

She forgot about Parker.

She jumped as Parker burst from the flood, a hand gripping the creature's shell, the other fastened around his knife.

Screaming, Parker plunged the blade between the creature's distended ribs. It let out an unhinged whine as bright green viscera spilled from its guts into the churning waters below.

As Parker released his grip on the monster, it sank, consigned to its watery grave.

He joined Jill on the platform, wiping the drenched hair from his face before helping Jill to her feet.

## REVELATIONS

“After we’re done here, I’m moving to a goddamn desert. I don’t wanna see water again for as long as I live.”

*Jesus Christ, this casino was built to last!*

Jill couldn’t believe her eyes as she stepped inside to find it completely untouched by the ravages of the Regia Solis. She cast the implications from her mind as a rhythmic tapping filled her senses.

*No, not tapping — clapping!*

On a nearby balcony stood a gas-masked figure, locked in patronizing applause. Had they finally found Veltro, or was this another in a series of tiresome red herrings?

Parker seemed to think it was the former, aiming his pistol at the figure.

“Veltro! You almost missed the party!”

# FOURTEEN

## **A Little Earlier Mediterranean Sea**

Chris kept his eyes on the Queen Zenobia as it grew on the horizon, the ocean spray creating a fine mist that pecked at his skin. He hoped against all hope that he wasn't too late. Regia Solis' impact on the ocean floor had nearly knocked him off his feet, even from the distance he was at. He couldn't imagine what it would've done to Jill and Parker.

## REVELATIONS

“Chris!”

He turned to Jessica, who was peering over the railing of their airboat at the white streaks of churning sea water below.

“Stay sharp. There’s something down there.”

Before Chris could ask for information, a tentacle formed from ragged, eroded flesh speared through the water. At its tip, a trifurcated set of bony mandibles was present, and its underside was lined with rows of clicking insectoid limbs.

As Chris mentally noted the size of this gargantuan monstrosity, easily clearing a hundred feet in length, he wondered how a variation of the T-virus could create such a towering mass of evil.

Luckily, Chris and Jessica came prepared. Both ran to either side of the small airboat, where mounted miniguns stood, ready for use.

Chris felt the weighty matte-black engine of carnage as he assumed control, scanning the waters through the gigantic iron sight that sat atop it.

*Let this asshole lift its head. I dare it.*

Sure enough, the wormlike mass reemerged. As the barrels of their guns whirred to life, Chris and Jessica unleashed munition fuelled high caliber hell

on the appendage, shredding chunks of it away until it limply fell back down with a thunderous splash that threatened to overturn the airboat.

Before anybody could celebrate, several more tentacles emerged, arched and ready to strike. Chris' immediate instinct was to yell orders — to try and coordinate a plan of attack. But what would that matter? Jessica was a talented agent, but she didn't have superhuman hearing. He just had to trust her.

If only that were so easy.

He was relieved she was concentrating on firing short bursts at each tentacle. It was as though she could hear his thoughts. He followed suit, keeping up the pressure by continuing fire on targets she disengaged.

It was working. Whatever this creature was, they weren't allowing it to attack.

*That means it's gonna get desperate, and that's when it'll get the most dangerous.*

Some tentacles slid back down, where they were no doubt meeting the rest of their twisted, malformed body. Chris shuddered to think of what had taken residence at the bottom of the sea. If they

## REVELATIONS

were lucky, it wouldn't appear before they reached the Zenobia.

The duo focused fire on the remaining tentacles that threaded through the ocean, looking for an opportune moment to strike.

Whatever this beast was, it found its latest strategy. Two of its limbs sliced the air, causing pieces of flesh to break away, speeding toward the airboat.

The strategy was obvious, but even Chris had to admit it was brilliant, considering it came from a brain that had no doubt been chewed up and rotted. These projectiles were the distraction. As Chris swiveled his gun and fired at them, he could see one of the tentacles poise itself, readying for a more direct attack.

Perfect timing was essential for surviving the next five minutes. Chris tilted the gun and fired at the oncoming missiles, tearing them apart and splattering green fluid across the night sky.

Jessica was firing on the poised tentacle as it skimmed the water's surface, torpedoing toward them like a cocked fist. Even the barrage of bullets

from Jessica couldn't stop it – it was like a runaway train, and they were tied to the track.

Chris tensed as hard as he could, bracing himself as he pulled the trigger. The gun merely offered a slight twitch – not the powerful stopping force he hoped for.

*Shit, it's overheated!*

He had one option left. If this didn't go exactly as planned, they were as good as dead.

He whipped his hand to the grenade launcher attachment. Using it was always to be a last resort. Firing explosives on a moving vehicle, especially one precariously in the middle of international waters, was a move full of risks.

Still, desperate times...

Chris fired a grenade at the oncoming target, flinching as a bright orange fireball expanded over its sizzling and crackling flesh.

Chris and Jessica braced for impact, expecting their boat to topple at any second. However, the damaged limb retreated, sinking under the water. The other tentacles followed suit, writhing as they slid below the ocean depths, giving them clear

## REVELATIONS

passage to the Zenobia, which now dominated their view.

Chris wasn't dumb. He knew this creature was only licking its wounds. It'd be something to report to the B.S.A.A. once the mission was complete.

*Assuming we don't reencounter it.*

Until then, he had a job to do. He had to focus on boarding the Queen Zenobia and locating Jill.

“Figures.”

Chris turned to Jessica, whose gaze seemed to take in the splendor of the enormous cruise before her.

“We finally get some time together on a luxury cruise – just the two of us, and the whole thing is sinking.”

# FIFTEEN

**2:14 A.M.**

**Casino**

The gas-masked Veltro agent greeted Parker and Jill with a warm gesture, outstretching his arms as though they were old friends.

“You’ve stopped the Regia Solis. It’s only fair I give you a reward.”

“Yeah?” Parker grunted. “What would that be?”

## REVELATIONS

“Everything about the Queen Zenobia and the secrets she keeps!”

*Finally!* Jill thought. *It’s about time.*

“Consider the following. First, why did it take till now to find the Queen Zenobia? How was it able to float around the Mediterranean undetected? It wasn’t magic.”

*Damn. More questions.*

Still, they were good ones. If the combined efforts of the F.B.C. and the B.S.A.A. weren’t enough to find an entire luxury cruise for a year, there must be a good reason for it.

“Secondly,” He continued. “Why did all traces of Veltro vanish after the Terragrigia Panic?”

“Why don’t you tell us?” Parker interjected. The only response he got was a scoff before the gas-masked man continued.

“Third, why is someone trying to use the Regia Solis to destroy the Zenobia? The answers to those questions will lead you to an inconvenient truth. You would have found it by now, had-”

**BANG!**

Before Jill could respond, the gas-masked man had fallen from the balcony, his body crumpling against the casino floor.

She turned to Parker, ready to scold him for firing prematurely, only to find him looking at her.

“Why the hell did you fire?”

Jill stiffened. She recognized that voice immediately.

Jill and Parker whipped their bodies around to find Chris shoving Jessica’s gun-toting arm aside.

“I was protecting our people,” Jessica replied, turning to Chris defiantly. “Isn’t that our job?”

Everybody turned to Parker as he scrambled to the body lying nearby.

“Don’t you dare die!”

He knelt, wrenching the gas mask off. His eyes bulged in his head, color draining from his face.

“Raymond? Why?”

Murmurs spilled from Raymond’s lips — nothing coherent. *There was no way this man was involved with Veltro! That would make no sense. But why play the part?*

Parker leaned closer, trying to hear the words trickling between Raymond’s trembling lips.

## REVELATIONS

“Find... the truth... about Terragrigia...”

With that, all of the life drained from Raymond. Parker solemnly rose to his feet. He could feel the others watching him, gauging his reaction.

“What a terrible loss,” he uttered.

The minute of silence was reduced to a second as the boat buckled, sending Jess into Chris’ arms.

“This ship doesn’t have much longer,” Jill observed. “We can’t let this virus contaminate the sea.”

Chris gently placed Jessica back, stepping toward Jill with a newly replenished fire in his eyes.

“We’ve already searched the Queen Semiramis, so I think I know where this ship’s lab is.”

“Let’s head there now,” Jill added.

“Alright,” Parker added. “I’ll try to find a way to delay the sinking – buy you some time.”

He turned to Jessica, bringing her out of a trance with a sharp “Jessica, you with me?”

If she had any objections, she was too late, as Chris and Jill had already left.

“What’s the matter?” Parker playfully barbed.

“Sad he didn’t get the hint?”

Jessica didn't respond, prompting Parker to follow his jovial jab with an affable uppercut.

“Maybe he's already taken.”

# SIXTEEN

**2:50 A.M.  
Crash Site**

Keith arose from his slumber to cascading keypresses. Quint was clearly satisfied with whatever he was doing with that computer.

“This is amazing!”

Even if he wasn't likely to understand what was happening, Keith couldn't help but feel curious. Maybe it was a sign they'd be heading home soon.

As he got closer, he could see that Quint was in the middle of downloading something, the progress bar slowly limping across the brightly lit monitor.

He was about to ask what it was when the screen snuffed out, prompting a grunt of frustration from Quint.

“Damn it!”

He started pressing keys. Keith couldn’t tell if they were legitimate computer commands or the frustrated stabbings of someone dealing with non-compliant tech.

“What did you do?” Keith asked.

Quint didn’t answer the question, mulling the words over in his head like they were jigsaw pieces dumped in front of him.

*Screw this*, Keith thought. *Might as well have another nap-*

“I didn’t do anything,” Quint snapped, crouching and plying the computer’s metal shell open.

As he rummaged through the inside, Keith awkwardly hovered over him.

“Do you – is there anything I can do?”

“Just as I thought!”

## REVELATIONS

Quint turned to Keith, sporting that same grin he always did when grasping onto a particularly elusive solution – as though it was caught between his teeth.

“The battery’s dead.”

He got to his feet, pacing the confined space.

“I’m starting to think this whole conspiracy is becoming a lot clearer.”

Keith didn’t try to connect the dots, keeping the part of him that wanted to retort that a dead battery was sometimes just a dead battery in check.

Quint whipped himself around.

“Grinder, we gotta get back to the airport – on the double!”

Quint took off, apparently not caring whether Veltro’s monsters still dwelled outside. Keith followed, ready to provide cover fire in case Quint was wrong for that.

As the duo made their way to the airport’s entrance, Quint hadn’t said much beyond frequent observations of how cold it was and musings on what he would do once the mission was complete.

Then, he piped up.

“If my theory is correct, then the truth about Veltro is really-”

“What?”

Quint turned to face Keith.

“Too early to say.”

“Are you kidding me?”

Quint shrugged, “I don’t wanna jump to conclusions. I need more intel.”

With that, he opened the door to the airport, and they stepped back inside.

Quint took the lead, throwing caution to the wind as he dashed through the empty corridors.

“There’s one area we still haven’t checked!”

“Yeah?” Keith replied. “What exactly are we looking for?”

“A computer. Preferably one with a high-powered CPU. That would be tits!”

He was thrown aside by an expanding shadow – another one of Veltro’s hunters!

Keith fired a couple of quick bursts at it, knocking it back and disorienting it but not killing it.

Then, an idea crossed his mind. He unsheathed his large Kukri knife and hacked at the creature’s

## REVELATIONS

exposed limbs. The first hit did very little, but the next ones took scaly flesh, then shattered the exposed bones.

Soon, the monster fell to the floor, where it could only writhe in a pile of its own blood as Keith tended to his friend.

“You gotta be more careful, man!” Keith scolded. “This place is still very dangerous-“

Quint cut him off with a gasp, before rushing headfirst into an adjacent room as if the previous events hadn’t just occurred.

*Well, he is Jackass, after all.*

Keith followed him inside to find him wheeling an office chair toward another computer.

“Is that a real, in-the-flesh, MB-28?”

Keith had no idea what that meant.

“Grinder, it’s what I always wanted!”

Keith peered over Quint’s shoulder to see that he was getting excited over just another computer.

*Let him have it.*

“Okay, let’s get to brass tacks. Initiating analysis.”

Quint started typing away again. Keith was beginning to suspect that maybe he just enjoyed hitting keys a little too much.

*You've gotta get him a girlfriend. His life clearly depends on it if he's calling this rusty pile of crap 'tits.'*

“You got anything?”

“Not yet. Gotta get through the layers of encryption on this thing first. But, that should only take a few minutes with me and my baby MB-28.”

Keith was about to sling a snappy remark, only for the room to be eclipsed by a threatening howl. Whatever was unleashing this noise wasn't too far away.

“What the hell was that?” Asked Quint.

“Nothing. Focus on what you're doing-“

A mass of fur landed at their feet. Keith was quick to identify it as it snarled at the duo, raising his machine gun and pulling the trigger.

*CLICK!*

*Shit! I didn't check my mag.*

The wolf-like monster bounded toward him, claws outstretched for a quick and clean kill. He could feel the tip of its claws meet his clothes as he

## REVELATIONS

swiped it out of the air with his Kukri. It fell to the floor with a whimper.

*Hell yeah!*

The victory was short-lived. He spotted an opening where more rabid canines were filing in. Now would've been a good time to reload his firearm had they not already been practically climbing over each other to reach him. He stood his ground, Kukri in hand.

*You can handle this. Just keep 'em off Quint.*

He slashed at the ensuing predators, keeping them at bay as they tried to claw him aside.

“This might take a little longer than I thought,” Quint apologetically announced. “I don’t think the F.B.C. likes my unauthorized access!”

“The F.B.C.? What the hell are you talking about?”

*More importantly, what the hell are you doing?*

One of the dogs got a lucky scratch. He could feel the skin break above his hamstring—not a critical injury, but not one worth repeating if he could help it.

“I’m hacking into their secret servers! I found them by chance when we investigated the crash.

I'm wondering if maybe they might bear some responsibility for our furry friends here. You gotta give me time to get the full enchilada!"

"Fine! Just don't take too long, okay?"

Quint didn't answer. He was in the zone, which was right where Keith wanted him.

The canines tried to advance, but Keith was seeing red. One particularly deft chop killed two of their numbers, and their infected brains were starting to realize they couldn't just brute force their way through him.

They needed to get sneaky.

Keith heard movement, turning to see one of the creatures lunge at Quint. He intercepted it in mid-air, slicing through its neck. Then, a weight slammed into his back, knocking him to the floor. He tried to brace himself as the Kukri flew from his hands, but his chest smacked the concrete, knocking the wind out. He struggled for breath.

*Shit. I've failed. Sorry, Jackass.*

He closed his eyes and tensed, bracing himself for the moment that fangs tore through his armor and shredded his flesh.

## REVELATIONS

Brightness filled his vision, coupled with deafening gunfire. Slowly, he allowed his eyelids to open, revealing the bullet-riddled corpses of his enemies.

As he coughed and gasped for air, each breath causing throbbing pain to fill his chest, he was yanked to his feet by Quint, who was brandishing his smoking gun.

“Thanks for watching my back, Grinder. The data is ready.”

Propping Keith up with one arm, Quint placed his gun on the desk and keyed in a few more buttons.

“If I’ve got this right, we’re about to have a call with whoever’s behind Veltro.”

Keith managed a weak nod as the dial tone filled his earpiece. He wondered what Veltro’s leader would sound like. Would it be a deep, commanding voice, or was he more of a sneering pencil pusher who let others do his dirty work?

“O’Brian here.”

*What?*

“Director O’Brian,” Quint responded calmly. “I think I’ve put it all together.”

*What is Quint talking about?*

“Veltro was never back in action. It was all smoke and mirrors that you orchestrated, all to get into the head of one certain somebody — a man you had a phone call with an hour ago.”

Keith cursed himself for his inability to speak. He needed to interrupt — explain that Quint was sleep-deprived after too much time on the computer. That had to be the reason why he was now accusing their boss of orchestrating a terrorist attack.

“You’ve pretty much got it,” O’Brian replied. “I’m glad I’m not paying you for nothing.”

Keith could feel the blood drain from his head. He was feeling faint. This was not happening.

“I analyzed Lansdale’s logs, sir. There’s something you may want to see.”

More typing. Keith was getting sick of the sound of computer keys.

*Let me get this straight. The head of the B.S.A.A. faked the return of Il Veltro to mess with the head of the F.B.C.? Why on Earth would he want to do that-*

“Hey, what’s going on?” Quint exclaimed.

## REVELATIONS

It was a good question, but Keith realized he wasn't talking about this whole mess of a conspiracy. Instead, he referred to a dialogue box on the screen that read 'CONNECTION ERROR.'

"We've been detected!"

The room started to rattle, bringing dust from above.

*Great. Let's make it even harder to breathe.*

As the rattling grew more intense, Quint wasn't moving. He focused on typing more intensely, evidently trying to bypass the F.B.C. blocking.

"Two boys, uncovering secrets, wanted dead or alive! Just like the Falcon and the Snowman!"

Keith grabbed Quint's shoulders, using all of the strength in his body to hiss, "Do you want to die with your machines, Jackass?"

Quint's protests were swiftly ignored as Keith gritted his teeth through the pain and pulled him away.

Sooner or later, Quint's precious computer would be blown to kingdom come.

Keith was going to make sure they didn't die with it.

# SEVENTEEN

**3:16 A.M.**  
**Laboratory**

*It's just like that night in 1998.*

As Jill stepped into the laboratory, accompanied by her old S.T.A.R.S. Alpha Team partner, she couldn't help but feel a sense of Deja vu.

This room was configured differently. It was an ample circular space lined with a narrow platform that oversaw a giant moat for the restless

## REVELATIONS

floodwater below. A catwalk connected the curved platform to a gigantic vat in the center, filled with an intense red liquid.

“That has to be the virus,” She observed.

“This must be how they plan to pump the Mediterranean full of T-Abyss,” Chris responded.

“Not if we can stop it first. The controls can’t be too far.”

Chris nodded, and the two split up, each taking a side. As Jill surveyed the elaborate equipment around her, she could sense every time Chris shifted his gaze toward her, checking to ensure he hadn’t lost her again.

She found herself doing the same thing. There was no denying it. They cared about each other.

*When this is over, we should take some time off together and just... hang out. No work, no monsters, no viruses — let’s just go act like ordinary people, before the real world sucks us back in.*

Absent-mindedly, she plucked a loose piece of paper off a nearby desk, hoping for a helpful hint.

*The ship has been contaminated. The virus has turned my comrades into horrible monsters, and these monsters turn everyone else into monsters! Why is this happening? We were going to bring hell to the masses, not have hell brought to us!*

*The same thing is happening at the Semiramis. The virus has contaminated all the ships. It cannot be a coincidence! Someone was using us all along.*

*But who? None of us would ever betray Veltro. The only one who would do this is our mysterious financier. He's the only one who's not here. Norman! We need your guidance! Deliver us from this evil.*

- Bernard Conti

## REVELATIONS

*So, this story has another layer to it. It sounds like Veltro made a deal with the devil and paid the price. Who is this financier, and what do they want if they're not down with the cause?*

“I think I’ve found the lab’s control system!”

Chris’ voice pulled Jill from her mental entanglement, and she joined him at a nearby console.

“We can use this to neutralize the virus, but it looks like we need a passcode.”

“I’ll see if I can find it. You stay here and look for a workaround.”

So, Jill continued to sweep the laboratory, holding her investigative gaze over the extensive technology that lined the walls.

She smacked her forehead. *How the hell did I miss this?* Another piece of paper was lodged between the hinges of a closed laptop. She fished it out.

*We were just pawns. This was not the will of Jack Norman. I see now that it was Lansdale who arranged for all these things to come to pass. He*

*gave us the T-Abyss virus, leading to the Terragrigia Panic, all so he could collect data on the infection and spearhead development of a vaccine.*

*He used Regia Solis to cover his tracks, and used us to spread fear across the world — fear that he used to ensure that his organization's charter was strengthened and expanded. We fell for it, hook, line, and sinker.*

*If I weren't filled with hatred for this man, I would be in awe.*

*- Bernard Conti*

Jill lowered the paper, overwhelmed by the new information. Morgan Lansdale, the head of the

## REVELATIONS

F.B.C., was responsible for this mess in the Mediterranean and the Terragrigia Panic.

They needed to bring him to justice.

She slid the laptop open, and the monitor lit up with an F.B.C. operating system. In the corner of the screen was a username that caught Jill's attention.

'b.conti'

*Looks like you got your revenge, Bernard. I'd be happy for you if you weren't a terrorist.*

The computer practically spilled its secrets. In only a few minutes of searching, Jill had not only the passcode to neutralize the virus but also a folder full of data on the vaccine for T-Abyss that she sent back to the B.S.A.A. headquarters. They were going to wipe this virus off the map!

She returned to Chris, gave him the passcode, and showed him the note.

"So, this is what that guy was talking about – the truth behind Terragrigia," Chris gruffly asserted as he keyed the passcode into the console.

"We're gonna nail Lansdale for this."

A bright, digital voice filled the room amidst a cacophony of noisily interacting machine parts.

“Authorization confirmed. Initiating virus neutralization program-”

The voice was cut short, replaced with another that was simultaneously more human, and yet less empathetic.

“Well done, B.S.A.A. Your activities have been... eye opening.”

It was Lansdale. The way he spoke brought flashbacks to every other bioterrorist that Chris and Jill had defeated. Once they started gloating like this, they all sounded the same.

“I knew O’Brian and his dog Raymond were sniffing around my business. I didn’t account for your involvement, however. That was my only mistake.”

*It’s the one mistake you’re gonna regret.*

“So, it was you!” Jill announced, hoping someone else at H.Q. was listening. “You attacked Terragrigia!”

Lansdale didn’t budge.

“It looks like my mistake is about to be remedied. I’m about to watch two stowaways on the Queen Zenobia die.”

**CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!**

## REVELATIONS

*Was someone trying to axe their way into the room?*

Chris and Jill slowly retreated toward each other, back-to-back as they raised their weapons, awaiting the first sign of the enemy. They both spotted a dent forming in the nearby wall, the metal extending as if reaching out to them.

The reinforced steel tore in half, revealing a barbed lance. Before they could shower it with bullets, it retreated into the wall.

Then, something climbed through – a slender creature with hardened cartilage lining its limbs like an organic suit of armor. One of its arms was that elongated lance, the other a swollen mass of muscle that resembled a shield.

This was Veltro's gallant knight.

It didn't attempt to joust them, eschewing an immediate charge in favor of turning its head like it was observing its surroundings.

Chris was seconds from pulling the trigger when Jill stopped him with a raised arm.

“Look!”

Almost casually, the knight walked around the space like it was navigating an invisible maze. This wasn't the movement of another blind creature, this was calculated.

Curious, Jill raised her Genesis device, peering at the viewscreen.

“Lasers!”

Between each of the pillars were horizontal, bright red lasers, invisible to the naked eye unless you were this creature.

It was Lansdale's perfect trap for anybody trying to tamper with the virus. He must have armed it while they were talking. That was going to complicate things.

Not for Chris, though. He blasted the knight with his shotgun, only to find that its shield kept the shots at bay. It wasn't even knocked back.

“We need a plan,” Chris announced.

He was right. They couldn't leave until the virus was neutralized, and they had to keep this thing off their backs.

“Luckily, I've got one,” He continued as he slowly stepped forward. Jill knew immediately what he was thinking. It was like back in the Alpha

## REVELATIONS

Team days when they were on the same wavelength.

She held her Genesis aloft, guiding Chris as he made his way closer to the creature.

He tried firing another shot, but the knight didn't budge. The recoil knocked Chris back. Jill screamed his name as he almost stumbled into one of the laser-grid's fortified walls.

He stopped himself, tensing every muscle in his body. A line formed across the back of his vest, the result of burning fabric.

Sweat poured down his exposed skin. He was doing everything he could to keep himself upright. The knight could sense his desperation, readying itself to pounce.

Jill holstered the Genesis, pulling her sidearm and firing. She knew it wouldn't hurt the knight, but she had to keep it occupied until they could figure out their next move.

Chris regained his balance and dodged to the side. The knight was undeterred, ready to continue its attack.

"Chris, get back!" Jill ordered. He complied immediately, taking his place by her side.

“Guide me!” She then yelled as she carefully maneuvered toward the knight. She could hear the Genesis whir to life in his hands.

The knight assumed a stance, welcoming the combatant to the arena as it readied its first attack.

*Alright. Let's do this.*

Her mind drifted back to her time as her father's accomplice.

“It's one thing to get caught,” He would say matter-of-factly. “What happens next separates the good thieves from the bad.”

She was svelte and agile, which meant she had room to move and the ability to do so quickly.

“Sure. The first rule of thievery is not to get caught. The second rule is; if you get caught, be quick. The longer you avoid your mark, the more they have to push themselves, the likelier they will be to give up, or even make a mistake.”

Jill tried not to think of her father on missions. It was a distraction that she couldn't afford. But, there were times when his wisdom rang true.

She dodged the aquatic knight's lance as it attempted to catch her with the barbs. Chris would

## REVELATIONS

call out when she was getting too close to the lasers, and she would pivot, changing position.

The monster was showing no signs of tiring. That didn't matter. That wasn't her goal. She could see the way it twitched with every miss.

*It's getting agitated.*

Jill could feel the heat radiating against her back. Any closer, and it would have been like backing into a Gigli saw.

The knight thought it had her cornered, thrusting its lance forward. Jill ducked, feeling the barbs run through her hair. She raised her arms, pushing the limb into the laser.

The effect was instantaneous, the lasers slicing through it. That was enough to finally hurt the knight as it retreated to cradle the cauterized stump.

*What's the matter? Jill thought. Now that it's my turn, you're scared?*

She stepped forward, kicking the creature square in the chest, using its momentum against it. The knight fell back, its body breaking apart into segments in mid-air. The chunks fell to the floor, perfectly preserved by the searing heat.

Jill took a moment to catch her breath, her heart racing.

*CLICK!*

Parts of the mechanism in the center of the room appeared to disengage. The red liquid swirled as though being diluted from inside. The color was drained, leaving the vat completely clear.

“Virus neutralization complete.”

Jill felt a tight grip fasten around her shoulder. She turned to find Chris, grinning at her.

“Time to get the hell out of here.”

As they made their way to the exit, the room filled with Lansdale’s voice.

“I should’ve expected as much from the duo who brought down Umbrella.”

Jill could feel herself swell with pride. *Damn right, we did. You’re next, Creep!*

“You must understand, though,” He continued. “I have a great weakness. I am fearful of things, even little things, and must clean up every last imperfection.”

*Oh shit.*

## REVELATIONS

“Whether it’s you two, your director, or your whole organization — surely, you didn’t expect me just to let you snoop around unbridled?”

*Get to the point, Machiavelli.*

Then, a screen nearby flickered to life. It was a satellite image overlooking a lone cruise ship.

*Is that the Queen Zenobia?*

“Rest assured, my friends, your destiny is still very much in my hands.”

# EIGHTEEN

**2:14 A.M.**

**Casino**

“So, what’s the plan?” Jessica asked as she followed a frantic Parker.

“Get to the bridge, activate the bulwarks, and pray the ship stops sinking. Now that the power’s back, we should be able to access the maintenance system.”

## REVELATIONS

Parker turned around, checking to see that Jessica was paying attention. Instead, she was gone. He was talking to an empty ship.

“Jessica?” He called out, hoping he’d get a response.

*Did she slip away? Was she taken? Where the hell did she go?*

Then Parker decided that it didn’t matter. He needed to keep moving. If she slipped away, he’d find her. If she was taken, she could take care of herself.

In the meantime, he had to stop the ship from sinking, or they were both screwed.

As Parker approached the bridge, he could hear mechanisms shifting.

*Jessica?*

He crept inside, where Jessica stood, hunched over the bridge controls.

“Jessica!”

She jumped, turning to face him.

“Jesus, Parker! Don’t sneak up on me like that-”

“You snuck off on me, remember?”

“I had something I had to check. Besides, it’s not my fault you were too slow.”

That did little to assuage his growing suspicion.

“What exactly are you doing, Jessica?”

“Activating the bulwarks – like you said-”

“She’s trying to activate the ship’s self-destruct system!”

Parker and Jessica froze as Raymond stepped out of the shadows, gun raised.

“Isn’t that right, Jessica? You’re helping Lansdale get rid of the evidence!”

Parker was rendered mute. One of his fellow F.B.C. agents had risen from the dead, and another was collaborating with his boss to blow up the ship.

“What’re you talking about?” She replied with an unease that Parker couldn’t see through. *If she’s faking, she’s damn good.*

*It’s time for some answers.*

“How are you still alive, Raymond?” He asked.

“One of the benefits of playing Veltro. They always wear Kevlar.”

“Why are you prancing around this ship dressed as Veltro anyway?” Jessica questioned.

## REVELATIONS

“What evidence is she trying to get rid of?” Parker interjected. “What evidence is on this ship?”

“Of Terragrigia,” Raymond replied. “Lansdale orchestrated the whole thing. I knew the evidence was somewhere on this ship. But, between the infected, and Lansdale’s mole in the B.S.A.A., I knew I couldn’t be hands on. If Chris and Jill are going after the virus, it won’t be long until they figure it out, too!”

“Parker, you don’t seriously believe this, do you?” Jessica desperately threw out. “I’m your partner! I was right beside you in Terragrigia! Do you think I’d want to work with anyone responsible for that?”

She made a good point. Parker could feel his head spin with this conundrum.

Then, before he realized it, both Jessica and Raymond were pointing guns at each other.

“H-hey, guys! Let’s take it easy here-”

“Are you serious, Parker?” Raymond snapped. “If you’re not prepared to subdue her, I will!”

Raymond fired. Parker’s world slowed as he threw himself in the bullet’s path. He could feel it

slam into him, wishing he'd followed Veltro's example and requested Kevlar before the mission.

The pain was unbearable as the shrapnel lodged into the muscle.

Still, it was worth it. He couldn't let Raymond shoot his partner. It was all a misunderstanding – maybe faulty intel. He knew Jessica. He knew that she was innocent.

He fought through the pain as he remained supine on the floor, turning to her to make sure that she was okay.

She met his gaze, eye-to-eye.

Then, she raised a finger and pressed a button.

The screens surrounding her turned a bright red as the room filled with warning alarms.

“Self destruct sequence initiated.”

*Shit. Raymond was right.*

With great strides, Jessica charged out of the room, avoiding the paltry gunfire Raymond tried to inflict as he helped Parker off the floor.

“Go after her,” Parker muttered through gritted teeth.

“What?” Raymond replied, caught off guard.

“Go after her!”

## REVELATIONS

After hesitating for a moment, Raymond left Parker to lean against the nearby controls, pursuing her out the door.

Left alone, Parker tried to steady himself amidst all the noise and chaos.

*You'll need a miracle to get out of this one, Parker.*

# ΠΙΠΕΤΕΠ

**3:50 A.M.**  
**Laboratory**

Jill's eyes remained affixed to the screen. What else was there to do? It's not like there was time to run. Lansdale had them right where he wanted them.

At first, the explosions were small, hitting individual sections of the cruise liner. Then, they grew in size until the entire ship was engulfed in

## REVELATIONS

flames. From there, all the cruise could do was allow the ocean to reclaim it, sinking underneath the depths where it would remain for eternity.

It was a long, chaotic death.

And Jill realized that she didn't feel any of it.

"The proud Queen Semiramis chooses death rather than suffer indignity," Lansdale purred. "Let's see if the occupants of the Queen Zenobia will follow suit."

Then, a sound Jill was all too familiar with, serenaded by a harsh alarm klaxon.

"Self-destruct sequence has been initiated. All personnel must evacuate immediately."

*Okay. We're at the controls; all we have to do is-*

"This sequence cannot be aborted."

*Damn it.*

"Hey!"

Jill followed the voice. It was Chris.

"Don't worry. We're gonna get outta here, and we're gonna make Lansdale regret ever messing with us!"

There would always be debate over the best traits of Chris Redfield. While Jill admired many

of his qualities, the most prevalent was his ability to be the port in a storm. When everything was on the verge of going to shit, he'd know just what to say to keep you going.

So, despite the doubt and fatigue plaguing her, Jill followed Chris through the ship's underbelly, confident they would make it out.

“Redfield, Valentine!”

It was O'Brian's voice filling their comms.

“I've sent Mathison. Rendezvous with him on the foredeck! Repeat, rendezvous with Mathison on the foredeck!”

*Good. Mathison's a good pilot. If anyone gets us off this rust bucket before it blows, it'll be him.*

As Jill sprinted through the boat's maze-like layout, her mind drifted back to Brad, the pilot for S.T.A.R.S. Alpha Team in 1998. He wasn't prepared for the existence of B.O.Ws. None of them were, but he wasn't especially. At the first sign of danger, he took to the skies, abandoning the rest of his team.

While he returned to save them at the end of the night, there was always that knowledge at the back

## REVELATIONS

of Jill's mind that, in his cowardice, he'd almost left them to die.

That guilt must have eaten away at Brad, too. Months later, undead creatures had taken over Raccoon City, one of which was targeting the surviving S.T.A.R.S. members. Brad had not only stayed in the crumbling city; he found Jill to warn her about the target on her back. It was a brave, considerate move that finally prompted Jill to forgive him for that moment of weakness in July.

Then, she watched Brad get torn apart right in front of her.

Part of coming to terms with the horrors that Jill had witnessed meant taking harrowing mental images like that and using them as fuel. She needed to keep going to ensure that sacrifices like Brad's weren't in vain. Every fight, no matter the toll it took, was worth it.

These thoughts gave her body whole new reserves of energy as she continued to follow Chris, yearning for that open ocean air.

The boat responded in kind, violently lurching from side to side as it struggled to contain the build-up of floodwater that was pulling it down.

The reinforced metal that held the ship together was now bent, housing small fires that lit the way like torches in an industrial cave.

*Yes!* Jill thought. *We're going to make it! We're going to make it-*

**BOOM!**

She was thrown forward, rolling to try and control her fall. She landed harshly on her shoulder, but she could still move. *Small blessings.* She turned to find that the ceiling had collapsed behind her, separating her from Chris. Distraught, she called his name.

"I'm fine!" He called back. "Keep going. I'll find another way out and meet you on the foredeck!"

She wanted to protest, as she wasn't even sure there was another way out. But she could hear Chris' boots slamming against the floor. He was already long gone.

So, she turned and kept moving.

The boat's movements had slowed to a stop, and it seemed content with sinking downward. Jill approached a dark corridor, her gun raised.

## REVELATIONS

A limping figure in front of her was doused in shadow, struggling to move.

*Is that a zombie? Was there a spate of regular T-virus infections to accompany that Abyss outbreak? Would that even make sense?*

She stepped forward, ready to shoot at the first signs of movement.

Then, it hit her.

“Parker!” She exclaimed as she rushed toward him, placing his arm over her shoulder. He was not looking good.

“Thanks, Jill.”

As much as he tried to hide it, he was struggling. He was as good as dead if she didn’t help him get off this ship.

“What the hell happened, Parker?”

“Jessica. She’s working for Lansdale. She set the ship to blow.”

Jill’s first instinct was to ask questions – to learn more. However, she reminded herself that there would be more than enough time for that when they weren’t trudging through waist-high waters inside a ship that was in the process of coming down on top of them.

The answers would have to wait.

The water stirred around her. First, it was in barely conspicuous swirls – something you would ignore when running for your life.

But then, they grew in size. Jill couldn't ignore them any longer.

She readied her pistol with her free hand as the water rose around her, dissipating mid-air to reveal more oozing wraiths. They slogged their way through the water, arms outstretched, fangs bared from their blank faces.

“Jill,” Parker grunted. “It looks like I’m only slowing you down-”

“Damn it, Parker!” She retorted in between gunshots. “If you even think about suggesting I leave you here, I’m gonna make you wish I did when we return to H.Q.!”

Parker let out a pained mix between a chuckle and a groan. Jill appreciated the mirth, but it was doing little to distract her from the dire situation. The flood slowed her down, and the narrow space meant these creatures were getting uncomfortably close. Her gunshots were barely keeping them at bay.

## REVELATIONS

They were closing in. She could feel their putrid limbs grabbing at her.

*Need to clear a path, or we're done for!*

Her eyes darted all over, settling on a shape in the distance – a smooth, reflective surface obscured by the water.

She followed her hunch, aiming through a gap in the sea of enemies and pulling the trigger.

*TWANG!*

The surface broke apart, metal curling upwards as an explosion burst from below. The hunch was correct. It was a tank, like the ones from the promenade.

Jill used Parker's weight to keep her upright as their aggressors were thrown back, disappearing below the water. The victory would be short-lived if they didn't keep moving, so Jill lugged her drenched body through the flood, taking Parker with her.

They found themselves moving over a catwalk that towered over a deep chasm filled with a raging inferno.

Jill didn't stop moving, counting down the seconds until she could reunite with Chris and get off this boat.

The world became a blur around her as she felt her body jerk backward. She was suddenly on the floor in a blink, an arm outstretched. She held a vice grip around Parker's wrist. He was dangling precariously over the fires below. The segment of the catwalk that had buckled beneath him disappeared.

"Damn it," Parker coughed. "Just not my night."

*No, Jill thought as she struggled to pull him up. No, no, no, no! This isn't happening. Not now!*

There had to be another way. As she'd done before, she scanned her surroundings for a solution, fighting the nagging voice that insisted there wasn't one.

The fires climbed the walls around her, causing debris to break away from the ceiling and slam into the catwalk. Jill could feel Parker slipping from her grasp.

Everything was going wrong.

"Listen, Jill. It was a nice ride."

"What?"

## REVELATIONS

“It was an honor being your partner.”

“Parker, don’t!”

But it was too late. She could feel Parker’s arm slide through her grip. She watched in horror as he fell to the fires, screaming until they blanketed him.

And then, that was it.

He was gone.

Jill’s legs shook as she tried to stand on them. She knew that she had to keep moving. She kept telling herself as much. But, she needed a moment, a second even.

She needed to make space for another fallen comrade.

Jill reached the outside, the cold ocean breeze bringing a welcoming change from the searing heat. She could see the door leading to the foredeck in the distance. All she had to do was reach it.

That wasn’t an easy task, given that the floor was now tilted upwards caused by the capsized ship. She ascended the vessel the way a climber would a mountain. She felt as though, any second,

the boat would be completely vertical, throwing her to a bone-crunching death.

Still, she kept moving. If there was an afterlife where she had to face all of her former peers; Parker, Brad, and everybody else — she would make sure they knew that she fought to the bitter end.

The ship had other ideas, launching debris in her direction. At first, small pieces of the boat were easy to avoid.

Then, Jill braced herself as the Zenobia's lifeboats sailed toward her.

*One wrong move, and it's all over.*

She leaped to one side, scrambling to keep her bearings as the first boat passed like a speeding train.

Then, she reached the railing, hoping there'd be enough gap to avoid the second one. It was closer than she anticipated.

*Shit.*

She threw herself over the railing, holding for dear life as the lifeboat slammed into it before continuing its slide down. As Jill swung herself back onto the ship, she couldn't help but imagine

## REVELATIONS

what would have happened had she not jumped. She pictured the boat slamming into her, grinding her to dust, and spraying her blood all over the Mediterranean.

At least the foredeck was close.

She kept climbing up, fighting every urge to look at the gigantic drop behind her. If she could just reach the foredeck, she could escape this nightmare and make a formal request at H.Q. to never be sent to any seafaring vessels again.

Jill threw herself onto the foredeck, making a beeline for Chris as soon as she saw him. Between gasps for breath, she told him about Parker and Jessica.

Chris kept a convincing poker face, but she knew him well. She could sense that he'd doubted Jessica from the beginning, and he was now frustrated with himself for not acting on that doubt.

Before she could offer any words of consolation, their comms lit up.

“Hey, am I evac-ing you or what?”

*Mathison!*

Muffled by the din of the dying ship was Mathison's helicopter hovering over the duo, unable to land.

"Stay put. I'll lower the ladder in a sec--"

Another explosion rattled the boat, and this one was a lot closer to home. Jill and Chris were knocked to the floor of the foredeck as they looked up to see an immense mass of growths. This thing defied examination, from its seemingly amorphous body to the dark smoke obscuring their view.

Then, it leaned forward, and its blubbery mouth opened to reveal the skyscraper-sized teeth that lined its tumorous gums.

"I can't land while that thing's swallowing the foredeck!" Mathison announced through their comms. "I'm gonna execute a holding pattern. Mathison, out!"

Jill could see Chris in her periphery as he turned to face her. She met his gaze with a confident smile and a nod. Now that they were back together, no B.O.W. would stop them, no matter how big.

They were getting off this damn ship.

# ΤΩΕΠΤΥ

**4:28 A.M.**

## **Above Queen Zenobia**

Chris recognized the tentacles extended from this creature's body — the same that he was shooting at mere hours ago.

*So, this tried to stop us from reaching the Zenobia. Can't say I'm too impressed.*

That was a lie. There was always something impressive about the lengths that deeply disturbed

megalomaniacs would go to for power. This was a whole new macabre milestone. He'd never seen a bioweapon this large.

However, if it were like the others, it'd still have weak spots, no matter its size. All they had to do was survive long enough to find them.

Jill and Chris stepped around each other, maneuvering through the tight space as they sized the monster up from all angles.

It was doing the same to them. The way the tentacles hovered above them instead of being used as oversized bludgeons suggested the creature demonstrated the exact tactical nature as it had when Chris encountered it on the water.

But, now that they were closer to the creature, Chris could spot something on the tentacles' surface.

*Eyes!*

“Jill, look!”

He pointed them out to her — large translucent bulbs filled with thick liquid, sporting dark circles that had to be pupils. Each tentacle had a set of pupils, differing in number.

“Guess I know where to aim!” She yelled back.

## REVELATIONS

She took a few precise shots, causing them to burst.

The creature responded immediately, throwing any semblance of tactics to the wind as it began an enraged attack, flailing its appendages at the small space where they stood.

Dodging these attacks was easy. They were slow and clumsy – the kind you’d expect from a colossal pile of sentient biohazardous waste. But, that didn’t change the fact that they were standing on a ticking time bomb, and each successive tentacle hit caused the boat to thrash.

It was one thing to survive this onslaught, but they needed to fight back and kill it quickly. A crate was tossed from the helicopter, landing between them with a *THUD!* On it was the B.S.A.A. logo, crudely spray-painted in yellow.

“I dropped off some ammo for you!” Mathison announced through their comms.

It appears it wasn’t a moment too soon. Jill’s gun had stopped firing. She dove for the crate, slamming a fresh mag into her MP5. Chris provided covering fire, keeping the mass of tentacles at bay.

The monster adopted the same tactic as their first encounter, launching the same fleshy projectiles at them.

*You already used this trick!*

Chris launched himself at Jill, tackling her away as the thalassic missiles slammed into the wall behind them, followed by a tentacle.

The duo recovered as the boat shook with even more vigor. It felt like it was seconds from exploding.

“Mathison!” Chris boomed into his comms.

“This isn’t gonna do. If we’re gonna make it out of here, we’re gonna need some more firepower!”

“Got it! I’ll see what I can find!”

Chris turned back to the monster. It was struggling to maintain its grip on the threshing boat.

*That’s a relief. At least I know it won’t be trying that again.*

Jill and Chris took this lull in the battle to reorient themselves.

“This isn’t working,” Jill surmised. “I got a theory.”

## REVELATIONS

“Shoot.”

“We’re wasting our time on these tentacles.”

“Yeah?”

“I assumed this was all one giant entity, but what if it isn’t?”

*WHAM!*

Jill shoved Chris out of the way as a tentacle slammed into the space between them. He rolled with the momentum, keeping himself upright as she continued to call out to him.

“I think they’re parasites, and what’s at the center is the host!”

*It was a compelling theory. If a bunch of infected worms nestled inside a carcass, it could have led to a creature like this.*

“There’s only one problem with your theory, Jill!” Chris exclaimed as he unloaded another round at a retreating parasite. “We can’t exactly test it if we can’t get close enough!”

*THUNK!*

Chris nearly jumped out of his skin as another crate slammed onto the ground near his feet.

“Special delivery!” Mathison announced.  
“You’ve only got one shot, so make sure you know what you’re doing.”

Chris pried the crate open to find a B.S.A.A. branded rocket launcher.

“Mathison, you beautiful bastard!” Chris cheered as he scooped the weapon from the crate, sliding the rocket into space with a satisfying click. It was the same feeling he had in 1998 when Brad has tossed them the rocket launcher they needed to fight off the Tyrant, Umbrella’s ultimate weapon.

“Jill, I need you to piss this thing off!” He declared as he took a knee, placing the heavy-duty weapon on his shoulder and steadying it.

“On it!”

She slid across the ground, ducking under a swiping tentacle and spraying a volley of gunfire at the creature’s lips.

Agitated, its jaws flung wide open, letting out a roar to intimidate its aggressors.

But, Chris wasn’t intimidated. A wry smile formed across his face.

*Thanks for the opening, Shithead!*

## REVELATIONS

He pulled the trigger, watching the rocket burst from the launcher, zip-lining straight past the monster's teeth and into its head.

*BOOM!*

Its head expanded as the ensuing explosion punched a hole through its skull. Streamers of infected viscera and shards of bone rained down on the Zenobia's foredeck, glistening in the moonlight.

Chris and Jill watched the wretched display, silently grateful that they were too far away to be covered in the mutant puree spewing from the dead creature's limp head.

The smell, on the other hand, reached them easily, filling their nostrils with fetid air.

"Incredible!" Mathison cheered. "I'll drop down a ladder. Head on up!"

Chris kept an eye on Jill as they traversed the ladder. He was eagerly awaiting the moment when they'd be inside the helicopter, as they'd finally be able to catch some rest as they headed back to H.Q.

As much as adrenaline kept him awake, he was starting to feel the accumulative effect of the

night's events weighing on him. Even climbing rung-by-rung felt like a chore, though he was in top physical shape.

*Lansdale, Jessica — count your days. We're coming after you with everything we've got!*

A mighty wind swayed the rope ladder, prompting Chris to hold on for dear life. He peered over his forearm to see that Jill was doing the same.

*What the hell was that?*

He turned back to the Zenobia, where the creature had raised its fragmented head and let out an earth-shattering roar. The parasitic worms that inhabited its body dangled like marionette limbs, trying desperately to suck out whatever nutrients they could from their dying host.

Chris' mind started racing. Were they far enough to avoid another attack? If not, they were as good as dead, practically dangling there for the creature to pluck and eat.

*Damn it, Chris! You should know better. Never assume a B.O.W. is dead when it still has its head!*

## REVELATIONS

He spotted Jill who, unlike him, was not preoccupied with assessing the situation, and was instead hauling ass to the top of the ladder.

Chris was about to follow suit when he found himself face-to-face with one of the infected worms. Its mandibles twitched, eager to pluck Chris from the ladder and swallow him whole.

He freed one of his hands, inching it to his holstered sidearm. If he was quick enough, he could take out one of its eyes and buy himself a few minutes.

*KABOOM!*

The Queen Zenobia's self-destruct reached its apex, erupting and enveloping half of the monster's body. As the corpse roared into the sky, the undulating worms that were digging into its rotten body whinnied in agony.

Then, it all went slack as it was pulled with the Zenobia below the ocean's surface.

Chris watched the grotesque display as he climbed up the rest of the ladder rungs, where Jill helped him on board.

"Hopefully, it's dead this time," He remarked as he stood inside the helicopter's cabin.

“The Queen Zenobia definitely is,” Jill quipped before pressing a finger to her ear.

“O’Brian, come in!”

“This is O’Brian. What’s happening?”

“On our way out. We lost Parker.”

“Jessica took the whole ship down,” Chris bitterly added. “Lansdale was one step ahead of us the whole way.”

They could hear O’Brian sigh on the other end of the call, his voice solemn.

“I hate to think this all could be a mistake... my mistake-”

“Time to come clean, O’Brian. Don’t leave anything out.”

Chris never thought he would have to use the same stern tone of voice for his boss that he would for interrogating criminals and terrorists. Yet, here he was.

But, damn it, he wanted answers. After an entire night of being fucked around by faulty intel and a seemingly omniscient enemy, the last thing he wanted to deal with was a boss that thought it apt to hide crucial information during a mission that was proving to be all kinds of deadly.

## REVELATIONS

O'Brian seemed to be on the same page.

“You're right. I've got nothing to hide. It all started one year ago... right there in Terragrigia...”

# ΤΩΕΠΤΥ-ΟΠΕ

## **One Year Ago Terragria**

O'Brian was exhausted. Maybe dealing with Government red tape and bloodthirsty bureaucrats wasn't as intense as shooting manmade demons in dark corridors, but it was a close second. It indeed induced more headaches.

The relationship between the F.B.C. and the B.S.A.A. had been strained, but it was the only

## REVELATIONS

way to get a seat at the table. The US knew they couldn't handle another Raccoon City incident, but they weren't prepared to deal with a scrappy little organization claiming to have all the answers.

Perhaps it was because said organization had a board of directors filled with suits from companies like Umbrella, leading to questions, such as 'what if the difference between the Umbrella Corporation and other pharmaceutical giants was that they got caught?'

Couple that with an erroneous distrust certain Government officials had toward individuals such as Chris Redfield and Jill Valentine, who had only just managed to clear their name of terrorism accusations themselves – and the B.S.A.A.'s formative months were an uphill battle, to say the least.

But, no matter what, O'Brian was determined to make it work. The world needed the B.S.A.A. The future of biosecurity depended on it.

Morgan Lansdale, the head of the F.B.C., had been a lifesaver in that regard. He established lines of communication, helped negotiate funding, and went above and beyond to demonstrate the

B.S.A.A. as a credible ally in the fight against bioterrorism.

The Morgan Lansdale that O'Brian had become acquainted with during their time working together wasn't the friendliest type. But he had a clear empathy for people and was motivated to protect humanity however possible.

That made the decision to fire the Regia Solis at Terragrigia utterly confounding. The situation might have appeared dire, with Veltro's B.O.Ws roaming the streets en masse. But nobody worth their salt would have recommended giving the city up in that moment. It was a disproportionately drastic measure that the Lansdale O'Brian knew wouldn't take.

So, why did he take it then?

O'Brian intended to find out.

Sitting in the makeshift office Lansdale had prepared for him, he unclasped his briefcase, retrieving his laptop. From there, he signed into the F.B.C.'s security portal – or, at least, he tried to.

*Someone's locked me out. Someone has something to hide.*

## REVELATIONS

Luckily, he prepared for this moment. As he activated a backdoor into the system, he made a mental note to thank Quint personally for putting it together without asking questions.

The screen filled with the camera feeds of the F.B.C. building. O'Brian scrolled through the cameras.

*No signs of Lansdale.*

But, he did find his subordinates, Agents Parker Luciani and Jessica Sherawat. They'd locked themselves in a nearby hallway, a swarm of hunters on the other side. Perhaps they could elucidate their boss' behavior.

"Are we in hell?" Parker pondered aloud as he watched the door rattle under the weight of the monsters on the other side.

"Can't be," Jessica responded. "Unlike hell, this place isn't going to last much longer."

"Good point. Let's get to the command room."

O'Brian followed their journey through the security cameras as they went from room to room, incapacitating any stray B.O.Ws in their way. Eventually, they reached an elevator, where they

leaned against the walls, trying to catch their breath.

Jessica broke the long silence.

“Commissioner Lansdale was right.”

“Yeah, I guess it makes sense why he pushed for an expansion of the F.B.C’s purview. This was just the kind of thing he was trying to warn the world about.”

“Maybe the international community will finally get the message.”

The conversation ended there, but it already gave O’Brian a lot to think about. The doors opened, and the agents spilled into another hallway. Another F.B.C. agent, a man that O’Brian didn’t recognize, was splayed out on the floor, trying to fend off another horde of monsters with his pistol as blood pooled from his mutilated leg.

“Jessica, cover me!” Parker ordered as he dove to the floor, tending to his comrade’s wound. Jessica fired over his shoulder at the advancing hunters, keeping them at bay.

Parker then helped the man to his feet, giving him a shoulder to brace himself.

## REVELATIONS

“I owe you one,” The man sheepishly grunted as Parker helped him cross the corridor.

“Why didn’t you leave with the evacuation, rookie?”

“Presumably the same reason as you. I can still fight.”

“I admire your drive, but I’m not convinced. Our options are limited.”

“We can’t pull out yet. There are still civilians out there. We have to do something!”

“Agreed. Right now, we have to regroup. We’re severely outnumbered.”

As they continued into the next room, O’Brian realized he had a white knuckle grip on the armrest of his seat.

*They have no idea. Regia Solis is armed, and they have no damn idea.*

If Lansdale was making a decision this drastic and not telling his agents, that was a red flag so big you could drape it over all of Terragrigia. It was, at best, irresponsible. At worst...

“How did they pull this off with just a few dozen men?” The Rookie asked. “Who armed them? And the B.O.Ws...”

“We can figure all that out when we get to the command room,” Jessica sharply intoned. “Save it for when we’re not right in the middle of this hellhole.”

“It feels like it’s never-ending,” Parker threw back between grunts as he readjusted his grip on the Rookie.

“Wait!” The Rookie announced as he raised his hands to chest height. Once Parker and Jessica stopped, he limped a few steps forward. They sure weren’t graceful steps, but they were functional. He turned back to the duo.

“I think I can walk.”

“Okay, Rookie. Stay close. We’re heading to the elevator.”

“Something is off.”

O’Brian wasn’t sure, but he thought he could see Jessica roll her eyes at the Rookie’s assertion. Parker took him seriously, though.

“What is it?”

“Think about it. The delivery and dispatchment of the B.O.Ws. It’s too professional. And, how did they manage to evade the F.B.C’s vast intelligence

## REVELATIONS

network? It just doesn't add up, unless somebody wanted this to happen."

"Don't step out of bounds, Cadet. We're not here to investigate this thing. We're here to resolve it," Jessica answered.

"That doesn't mean what I'm saying isn't sound—"

"Jessica's right," Parker responded. "You're not gonna be able to save anyone if you're preoccupied with something that's not your job."

But, while Jessica and Parker focused on the task at hand, O'Brian's mind was occupied. Whoever this rookie was, they were showing some genuine initiative. Maybe, once all this was over, this guy could join the B.S.A.A.

O'Brian started mentally connecting dots. Say the Rookie was onto something — somebody gave this ragtag group of terrorists access to viral weaponry. The list of suspects wasn't lengthy, and nobody would be higher on that hypothetical list than Morgan Lansdale. There was nobody else on the planet with his level of access.

But what about motive? He wouldn't have a reason to arm Il Veltro, would he?

As Parker and Jessica put it, Lansdale declared that the sky was falling and nobody was listening. O'Brian could relate.

However, that opened up the possibility that Lansdale could have gone a step further. If this were an accelerationist gambit, it would pay off. Raccoon City rattled the suits, but it wasn't Terragrigia. Politicians built Terragrigia from the ground up. It represented their collective vision for the future and an insurmountable amount of money, and Lansdale was about to vaporize it in scorching hellfire.

He was about to scare the living shit out of every politician in the European Union. They would give him carte blanche — if not for the safety of the general population, then to exact righteous vengeance on whoever dared to cross them in such an egregious fashion.

While he was at it, Lansdale would effectively erase any evidence tied back to him. As far as crimes went, this was diabolical yet brilliant.

But, it was still only hypothetical. O'Brian had no evidence. Hell, he wasn't even a hundred percent sure of it, himself.

## REVELATIONS

He needed to see where Lansdale was. Frustrated, he cycled through all of the different camera feeds.

Then, he spotted him.

Lansdale was inside the command room, phone pressed against his ear.

“Yes, I understand. This is simply splendid news. Everything is in perfect order. Enjoy the rest of the celebration on the Queen Dido, Norman.”

It sounded suspicious, but it wasn’t conclusive.

“I’m not done yet. You still have an important purpose. The ship serves as a controlled environment, and the data on your mutation will serve a venerable purpose.”

O’Brian was getting closer to the truth. He could feel it.

The door opened, and O’Brian watched as the Rookie stumbled in. Lansdale was too preoccupied with his call to pay any attention.

“You may do as you please. Use of the satellite has been approved. The new virus will be completely eradicated, and while you die in the middle of the ocean, I will have everything I need.”

With that, the enemy unwittingly revealed himself. O'Brian was sure that his hunch was correct. It was time to find evidence to prove it to a court of law.

As Parker and Jessica joined the Rookie in the command room, O'Brian closed the laptop and made plans of his own.

First, he would only confront Lansdale in the command room about Regia Solis. It would be an excellent opportunity to signal to the rookie that they were on the same side. Besides, if he were lucky, Lansdale could slip up and accidentally confess something.

Then, once evacuated from Terragrigia, O'Brian would begin the next phase. Wherever Il Veltro was posted, they were bound to have evidence of their dealings with Lansdale. He would dispatch agents to find it.

Of course, he couldn't just tell them about Lansdale. He was a dangerous man with the total weight of the United States government behind him. Who knew what Lansdale would be capable of if he knew they were on to him?

## REVELATIONS

O'Brian would play this one close to the vest. He would recruit the Rookie to act as a guide and keep the B.S.A.A. agents on track.

O'Brian marched out, heading straight for the command room.

It was time for his mission to begin.

# TWENTY-TWO

**4:30 A.M.**  
**Queen Zenobia**

The smoke was so thick that Raymond could barely breathe. He was almost missing the gas mask.

Almost.

He navigated the dark space, bathed in intense red light and filled with the blaring of eardrum-

## REVELATIONS

shattering emergency alarms. The Queen Zenobia was on her last legs, and he needed to act quickly.

A dark mass stirred nearby, obscured by the smoke. Raymond took a deep breath and closed his eyes, stepping through with the hope that his gut instinct was correct.

On the other side of the smoke was none other than Parker Luciani, drenched from head to toe and limping as he kept pressure on his bullet wound. He was still dazed from the fall but landed safely at least. One of the few benefits of being inside a flooded cruise liner is that there are many large bodies of water to break an unfortunate fall.

Raymond gave Parker his shoulder, helping the discombobulated lug across the hallway.

“Jessica escaped,” Raymond solemnly explained. “We were so close.”

“I’m sorry, Raymond. You were right all along. I’m glad somebody was on top of things.”

Raymond pitied Parker. He really had no idea. The man was the personification of loyalty to a fault. Frankly, he deserved better.

“Don’t be so hard on yourself, Parker. Now, it’s my turn to save you. We’re getting out of here.”

Parker gave a good-natured grin.  
“That’s the spirit, Cadet.”

# TWENTY-THREE

**5:35 A.M.**

**Above Queen Zenobia**

As the early signs of dawn began to peek over the horizon, Jill felt complete clarity for the first time that night.

“Raymond and I set this trap together,” O’Brian continued. “When we uncovered what Lansdale did to those three ships, we staged Veltro’s return

to put heat on him and give you the perfect cover to check it out-“

“Wait, sir,” Chris spoke into his earpiece.

“There’s a third ship?”

“There is. She’s been resting on the ocean floor ever since Terragrigia. I’ve sent you the coordinates.”

“What do you expect we’ll find?” Jill asked.

“Hopefully, everything we need to put this nightmare to bed,” O’Brian responded. “You two have come so far. It’s time to see this mission through-”

“Director Clive R. O’Brian!”

It was Lansdale’s voice, as sharp and smug as ever.

“The B.S.A.A. is hereby under the direct supervision of the F.B.C.”

The sounds of struggle filled Chris and Jill’s ears, accompanied by the grinding of handcuff teeth as they were clasped, presumably around O’Brian’s wrists.

“You are under arrest for collaborating with the terrorist organization Il Veltro!”

## REVELATIONS

As O'Brian was escorted from the room, Jill ended the call, turning to Chris with a grave expression.

The writing was on the wall. Lansdale was out for blood. If they returned to H.Q. now, he'd have them arrested for being co-conspirators, both with O'Brian and Veltro. He'd probably even accuse them of blowing up the Zenobia and Semiramis to cover up their tracks.

Now, it wasn't entirely a one-sided fight. They had evidence, sure. But their evidence was nothing that a man of Lansdale's stature couldn't easily dismiss. It was their word against his, and he had the United States government on his side.

So, this was it — the make-or-break moment. They'd find their smoking gun on the third queen or go back on the run as fugitives as they did after the Spencer Mansion Incident.

After years of the latter, Jill knew which option she preferred.

The Queen Dido had picked one hell of a final resting place, rotting amidst the remains of Terragrigia. Jill tried to focus on the potential

poetry of the situation to distract from how uncomfortable she felt. She had yet to decide whether it was from the bulky scuba equipment or that persevering sensation that one of Veltro's sea-dwelling monsters was still lingering nearby.

The Dido's interior resembled a decayed zombie itself. Every inch of what had once been the height of luxury construction was now a breeding ground for rust and algae. The walls were a shade of sickly green, their once rigid form distorted from erosion.

As they cleared the rooms, the only other movement came from a floating mass of disembodied flesh gathered in a corner. Jill recognized it immediately.

"Those blobs we found on the beach... they came from here!"

"That explains why Morgan cordoned off the area."

The further Jill ventured through the sunken ship, the more of those blobs she found. Dotted in between were human corpses with eroded bones and musculature, reaching out with bony arms and slack jaws.

## REVELATIONS

They appeared to have merged with the blobs. Perhaps they were the blobs.

*What if those corpses that washed up on the beach were Il Veltro the whole time?*

Then, Jill remembered that one of those corpses ended up still alive.

She turned to see one of the flesh mounds floating across and disappearing around another corner. She took a deep breath of her limited oxygen, relieved it hadn't noticed her.

*I'm not gonna be able to fight these things underwater.*

So, she made sure to stay out of the blob's line of sight as she drifted from one room to the other. There were barely any signs of Veltro's presence, let alone the evidence they could use to nail Lansdale.

They needed to keep looking.

“Jill, up there!”

She followed Chris' finger to see that he was pointing at a hatch in the ceiling. As he turned the valve, Jill kept watch for any hostiles. She imagined being cornered by one of those fleshy monstrosities, unable to fight back as it encased her

inside its malleable mouth, its teeth grinding her into pulp as its innards processed her and liquefied her organs.

Then, Chris pulled the hatch open, and she climbed through the opening, relieved to be on solid ground with no flooding.

After a moment of consideration, she removed her oxygen mask. The air was stale and downright rank, but it was breathable. It would be an excellent opportunity to conserve her oxygen tank if something went wrong.

And when did a mission like this end without something going wrong?

Leaning against a nearby wall was a corpse in full F.B.C. regalia, his limp head inside a riot helmet. Jill inspected him closely.

“He hasn’t been dead long.”

Chris knelt beside them, plucking a small, gray device from the deceased’s hand. It looked like a voice recorder, which Chris confirmed by pressing the play button.

A distorted voice warbled through the waterlogged speakers, like the hacks of someone in their death throes.

## REVELATIONS

“This is agent Dario Barioni of the F.B.C. armed forces. The time is 19:48. I request that this recorder be handed over to General Lansdale, if found by the next team.”

*Lansdale must have sent the F.B.C. to finish the job in case the T-Abyss didn't wipe Veltro out.*

“Everyone on my team is dead... killed by the devil himself. We were unable to retrieve the video log. Our mission has failed.”

*A video log! That's what Lansdale was worried about. Jack Norman probably kept a video log of their interactions as leverage.*

“Veltro... they weren't sitting around, waiting for death to come to them. When the F.B.C. arrived, they were waiting for us-”

From there, the words were cut out by the last gasps of a dying man. But he'd said more than enough. The last piece of the puzzle fell into place.

“If we get our hands on that video log, Lansdale is screwed,” Chris asserted.

He was right. This was their last chance to clear O'Brian and end this nightmare.

The next area was an elegant dining room, dimly lit by candelabras that somehow retained their flame.

The long table had been laid out with large mounds, each wrapped with an Il Veltro flag. A few steps forward and Jill knew immediately what was underneath those flags. These were the corpses of Veltro martyrs, and this was Veltro's way of honoring their dead.

Except, these weren't normal corpses. Like the ones festering below deck, these men were in different stages of mutation. Their bodies were warped according to the whims of the T-Abyss virus.

Of course Veltro wanted Lansdale's head on a pike. He double-crossed them, perverted their cause, and turned them into... these things.

That didn't change who they were, though. The only reason they felt so comfortable with making a deal with the devil was because they had their own vision of hell. They might have seen themselves as righteous warriors, but they were nothing but terrorists. Nobody deserved this fate, but their downfall was inevitable.

## REVELATIONS

Chris and Jill stepped through the dining room into a makeshift office overtaken by dust and cobwebs. A spotlight illuminated a Veltro flag hanging from a nearby wall. In front of them was an HD camcorder mounted to a tripod.

Chris approached the camera, flicking open the LCD screen and scrolling through the menu.

“It looks like this camera might be connected to some kind of private media server.”

“So, we’ve gotta get this camera back to base?”

“In theory. I don’t think it will survive a journey back to the surface.”

“We can’t just leave without it. This might be our only chance to get the evidence.”

Then, Jill got an idea. She unfurled the Genesis from its holster and pointed it at the camera.

Chris stared incredulously as she began scanning.

“What’re you doing?”

She kept her eye on the screen. Suddenly, it flickered to life, showing the camera model and its schematics. A few button presses, and she was downloading all of the video files from the server, straight onto the device.

“You’re kidding me,” Chris smirked with amusement.

“Quint loves tech,” Jill answered. “It was a long shot, but not the biggest stretch to assume this thing could scan tech too.”

“When we get back to H.Q., I’m never calling him Jackass again.”

“You and me both.”

Jill holstered the Genesis. That was it. Once the download was finished, they could leave the Queen Dido and return to H.Q.

*No more monsters to fight.*

That thought was interrupted by a booming, inhuman roar that bellowed through the halls of the Dido.

Jill turned to Chris, who sported a determined scowl as the roar echoed off the walls. They nodded at each other and drew their guns.

It was time to head into the inferno.

# TWENTY-FOUR

**6:40 A.M.**  
**Queen Dido**

Chris and Jill followed the ominous growls to an ornate room with an arch-filled design resembling a Gothic cathedral.

On the other end of the room was a throne where a sallow man in combat fatigues sat. He was seizing up and absolutely drenched in sweat. The Veltro flag hung behind him.

Jill approached the man, recognizing him as she got closer.

“You’re Jack Norman, aren’t you? You’re the leader of Il Veltro.”

“Let me guess,” He muttered in between haggard breaths. “You’re with Lansdale, aren’t you?”

“Wrong,” Chris answered. “We’re gonna make sure that Lansdale sees justice for his crimes.”

“No!”

Norman leaped from his seat, standing stiffly like it was taking all his physical effort to stay upright. It was then that Jill noticed the injector jammed into his thigh.

“Lansdale needs to suffer... for what he did!”

Jill backed up as Norman thrashed his limbs, the T-Abyss coursing through his veins.

“First, I’ll kill the both of you. Then, I’ll find Lansdale, and I will tear him limb-from-limb. I will make him beg for death, and I will do everything to prolong what little dregs of life he has left before I grind him into dust!”

“We’re not letting you leave this ship, Norman!” Jill warned. “Veltro dies today!”

## REVELATIONS

Norman doubled over, wailing in agony as his innards tore themselves apart. His muscles bulged and knotted, fingers warping into gnarly claws. As his body doubled in size, his flesh became gray and skeletal. Bony spikes punched through the skin on his back and limbs, spraying his blood all over the room as his cartilage wings extended outward.

This was the devil.

But, the change that stood out to Jill and Chris the most was Norman's heart, which distended from his chest, beating erratically. Every T-virus had its iteration of the Tyrant, and Abyss was no exception. It was another sign that this was July 1998 all over again.

They raised their guns, preparing to aim at Norman's pronounced weak spot. Norman's response was to stand there as a line formed across the center of his face.

Then, his head split in half, peeling away to reveal an enlarged eyeball nestled inside a pit of muscle. This facial cavity seemed to capture the room's light, glowing and bending the space around it.

Before the duo could react, Norman disappeared.

*What the-*

Seemingly from thin air, Norman re-emerged, swiping at the duo. They dodged the attack, firing at the exposed heart.

Norman flinched at the attack, but the fight was still on. He continued to wave his mutated arms, trying to gore them to death as they responded with more gunshots.

Jill kept track of Norman's weak spots, from the heart to the disembodied eye to an immense growth of flesh on his back. But, with each successful hit against him, Norman was getting more enraged and unpredictable.

His eye started to glow again, heralding his next blip. Chris and Jill got closer together, ready to intercept as soon as he appeared.

Then, he did.

Twice.

There were two Jack Normans primed for attack. Chris shoved Jill aside. As she landed away, she saw the attack play out. One Norman's claws harmlessly passed through — a trick of the light.

## REVELATIONS

The other Norman was still very much real, launching a powerful kick that torpedoed Chris into a nearby wall.

Chris was down, meaning Jill had moments to act before Norman would go for the killing strike. A gunshot wouldn't stop him. She needed to do something else to get his attention — something bigger.

“Hey, Asshole!” She yelled as she lunged at a nearby Veltro flag and tore it from the wall. That got Norman's attention, as he turned and snarled at her, his lone eye glaring with a hatred that burned white hot.

“Screw you and your bullshit cause!”

There was another flash, and Jill realized that there were multiple Normans now charging toward her.

She braced herself, brandishing the flag like a matador, waving down an army of bulls. With a flick of her wrists, Jill cracked the flag over a nearby candle. The flames leaped from one surface to another, clawing across the bright yellow fabric.

The effect was instant, as all of the Normans flinched at the sight of their precious flag coming

to harm — their ideals going up in flames from an act of egregious sacrilege.

This was another of her father’s teachings. ‘Sometimes, when you run, you get cornered. It happens to the best of us. However, knowing what to do when you’re cornered is important if you want to get away. Remember, Kiddo; an angry mark is easier to manipulate.’

The other Normans disappeared in a flash, leaving the real one to continue his charge. Jill dodged to the side, tossing the burning flag at him like a shroud.

“No!” Norman roared as he wrenched it from his body and held it in his arms, his degenerated brain unsure how to respond. The fires spread quickly, and it wasn’t long before he was saturated from head to toe.

But Norman wasn’t down for the count. He was the devil, after all. This was his hell.

The fires reached across the ceiling and stretched to the walls. Not only was the heat quickly becoming unbearable, the oxygen was being depleted even quicker.

## REVELATIONS

Jill needed to end this soon. Norman could sense that the end was nigh. His eye began to glow, but the ensuing image was distorted and glitched. Instead of multiple Normans, there was just one, surrounded by illusory parts — his top half, a pair of arms, a disembodied head, legs, all hanging around him and mimicking his movements.

The image was surreal, but it did little to deter Jill. If anything, they did the opposite. She aimed her MP5 at his burning body, looking past the melting flesh and aiming square at his heart.

“Jack Norman,” She declared. “I hope you find the peace in death that you couldn’t in life.”

All Norman could muster in response was an agonized wail that Jill met with a torrent of gunfire. She emptied the entire clip directly into Norman’s exposed heart until it finally burst spectacularly. Norman sank to his knees as blood poured from the ragged open chest cavity onto the floor below.

The leader of Il Veltro was dead.

Il Veltro was dead.

Jill didn’t have time to celebrate, though. The Queen had died, and they would follow suit if they didn’t leave. She rushed over to Chris, who was

stirring awake on the ground. He was banged up, but Jill didn't doubt for a second that he was okay. Slowly and carefully, she helped him to his feet so they could begin their escape.

The storm would finally pass.

# TWENTY-FIVE

## **One Week Later O'Brien Residence**

There was only one thing that Clive O'Brian missed about his time in Europe, a time that had otherwise caused him great distress.

That was the coffee.

Why was it better? He couldn't explain it. But, it was just one of those universally understood truths that Europeans made better coffee.

So, he bitterly gulped down his inferior American morning coffee as he sat in front of his computer, a blank document taunting him to write even a single word.

His health had already seen some strain over the year since the Terragrigia Panic. But being arrested in his own office by Morgan Lansdale and the F.B.C. threatened to give him one hell of a heart attack.

Then, Chris and Jill returned to H.Q. with footage of Morgan Lansdale giving Jack Norman a cache full of vials of T-Abyss. O'Brian couldn't have asked for more if he wanted to.

From there, it was as though everything happened at once. Lansdale was arrested on the spot, and the F.B.C. was dissolved. Suddenly, all of the government departments that were treating O'Brian and the B.S.A.A. like a nagging child were happy to come to the table and negotiate. Hell, they were practically begging. Before O'Brian knew it, he'd transferred most of the F.B.C's assets to the B.S.A.A. They were finally seen as a legitimate organization, answering directly to the United Nations.

## REVELATIONS

Keith Lumley and Quint Ketcham returned to H.Q. shortly after, having narrowly escaped the explosion at Valkonnen Mokki. O'Brian was quick to reward them for their heroism, granting Keith a leadership position at the B.S.A.A's East African branch. He would have done the same for Quint.. But, in pure Jackass fashion, Quint refused any and all promotions, being perfectly content with working in the B.S.A.A's R&D department.

The F.B.C. agents were more elusive. Parker Luciani was found in the Republic of Malta but in a daze. His debriefing didn't amount to much in the long term. Still, O'Brian was happy to see that he was okay. He had a soft spot for the guy. He would make for a great B.S.A.A. agent, should he decide to make the jump.

As for Jessica Sherawat and Raymond Vester, O'Brian's guess was as good as anyone's. Sherawat had a reason for disappearing off the map, given that she was likely to share a cell with Lansdale. But what about Raymond? His disappearance wasn't so straightforward. Perhaps the puzzle wasn't as complete as O'Brian thought it was.

But that was no longer his concern. The truth of the matter was that while his gambit ultimately paid off, O'Brian took a significant risk with everything in the wake of the Terragrigia Panic. From risking the lives of agents to even potentially risking the spread of the T-Abyss virus, there was a lot with O'Brian's plan that could have gone spectacularly wrong. He needed to take responsibility for his actions and step down as head of the B.S.A.A.

So, he did.

That was why he was sitting in his home office, trying to decide the opening sentence for a detective novel he'd been plotting for a while now. His parting with the B.S.A.A. was amicable, however. He'd remain an advisor if they ever needed him.

In the meantime, he typed a title for his novel. He wasn't sure how it would reflect in the story, but it had a nice ring to it.

**The Unveiled Abyss**  
**A novel by**  
**Clive R. O'Brian**

## EPILOGUE

A woman sat in a cafe, elegantly enjoying an artisanal coffee while absorbed in a book of classical poetry.

Many of the male patrons wanted to approach her, but none had the courage. They wouldn't have admitted it, but she had an uncanny sense of danger that lingered around her and not the fun kind.

Eventually, a man sat opposite her. Although, he didn't seem to be enamored with her beauty. Instead, his demeanor was professional and

businesslike. The truth was that they had worked together, even though they were pretending not to for the entire duration.

Their meeting was brief. There were no pleasantries. He began the proceedings by placing a vial of red liquid, their shared objective, on the table. She then gloated about how easy it was to play Lansdale like a fiddle before tossing him out with the rest of the garbage. He remained stone-faced. It seemed like nothing would change his attitude.

Then, she asked him why he saved Parker. Not only did she not care for the man, but such an act was outside of the purview of their mission, and their employer wasn't likely to look favorably on that at all.

That prompted the man to sour, rising from the table with a scowl and responding that he had his reasons. Before leaving, he remarked that the B.S.A.A. could prove useful, as things were about to get very interesting.

That was something they both agreed on.

## REVELATIONS

What neither of them realized was that their employer was watching them. He'd given them a simple task, and a lot of freedom with which to accomplish it. It pleased him to know that they succeeded.

His name was Albert Wesker, and he was preparing for war. With the T-Abyss sample in his possession, he'd have everything he needed. His weapons were primed, his targets were in sight, and his allies were more powerful than he could've imagined.

As if that weren't enough, he eagerly anticipated the reunion with his old friends. Sure, he encountered Chris Redfield on Rockfort Island, but that was brief, and Redfield was too preoccupied with his idiot sister to put up any sort of real fight.

Now, Chris Redfield and Jill Valentine would be gunning for him personally. It would be the first time they occupied the same battleground since that fateful July of 1998.

That night ended with his death.

This time, it would end with theirs.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

N.E. (Nevile) Stride is a writer with screenplays and the occasional prose under his belt (sometimes, he even gets paid for it!). When he's not trying to earn a living, he's doing passion projects like this. He's a huge fan of horror and science fiction, especially the *Resident Evil* series (in case that wasn't already abundantly clear).

# **not sure what to read next?**

Find the rest of the *Resident Evil™*  
novels, including game and movie  
adaptations, as well as other novels by  
S.D. Perry at

**titanbooks.com**

**IN 2025  
7830 PRESS  
TAKES YOU  
WHERE NO ONE  
CAN HEAR YOU  
SCREAM**

**7830press.com**

# EVIL REACHES NEW DEPTHS AS TWO NIGHTMARES BECOME ONE.

In 2004, a terrorist organization known as Il Veltro unleashed a devastating bioweapon on the city of Terragrigia. One year later, the B.S.A.A. has found signs of Il Veltro on a luxury cruise liner adrift on the Mediterranean Sea. As Jill Valentine is sent to investigate, she and her allies uncover a legion of deadly aquatic creatures and a treasure trove of even deadlier secrets. If Jill can't uncover the truth behind Terragrigia and Il Veltro before dawn, she will join them in a cold, watery grave...

# RESIDENT EVIL™ REVELATIONS

Find out more at [projectIre.itch.io](http://projectIre.itch.io)

FREE/\$0.00 US/\$0.00 Can



Intended for  
mature readers.  
Based on the  
M-rated video  
game from  
Capcom.

**CAPCOM**™

RESIDENT EVIL™ &  
© 2012  
Capcom Co. Ltd.  
All Rights Reserved.

PRINTED IN AUS