

## Apocalypse 304

### Chapter 304 A Rainbow Crystal Core

After delivering her final strike, Kisha staggered on her feet, weakened by the significant blood loss from her throat and numerous other wounds. Her face was pale, but she sighed in relief, relieved that the confrontation was over. She wasn't sure how long the standoff had lasted—whether it had been longer or shorter than she had felt.

When she heard the crackle in the air, it felt as though time had slowed down. Just before the lightning struck, she managed to take a step back. Kisha couldn't bring herself to be angry at Duke; his intervention had made dealing with the zombie much easier, and her struggle had become significantly less daunting.

If Duke hadn't executed that sneak attack when he did, they would have both been in serious trouble. Despite the zombie being wounded, it remained stronger than Duke, and Kisha had already been overpowered at times during the fight. If the zombie had noticed Duke hovering around, it would have likely targeted him as the weaker member of their group, putting them both in grave danger.

She wasn't certain she could have protected Duke at that moment, but she was fortunate to have evaded the attack at the last second while keeping the zombie grounded. Their victory was largely due to their unspoken understanding and mutual trust in each other's abilities.

Reflecting on it now, her earlier worries seemed trivial in comparison to the seamless coordination that ultimately led to their success.

Kisha felt dizzy, her vision blurring as she swayed unsteadily. She quickly returned all the swords and her katana to her inventory. Before she could collapse, Duke was already at her side, pulling her into his embrace and lifting her gently into his arms.

Seeing Kisha covered in blood left Duke choked up, struggling to hold back his tears. It pained him deeply to see her in such a state, intensifying his mix of anger, fear, and pity. His heart constricted with overwhelming emotions, feeling the weight of her suffering as if it were his own.

He was angry at Kisha for attempting to face the zombie alone, knowing that if he hadn't arrived in time, she could have been overpowered. She hadn't realized how weakened she was becoming from blood loss, and the zombie had managed to push her back.

The thought of what might have happened if he hadn't intervened—how she could have suffered even more severe injuries or possibly been gravely hurt—filled him with fear and regret.

He looked down at Kisha, pale and unconscious in his arms, her face drawn and eyes closed. He gritted his teeth, squeezing his eyes shut to contain the surge of emotions threatening to overwhelm him. The sight of her so worn and vulnerable was already breaking his heart; he didn't need to add the weight of his own anger or frustration to the mix.

"Master!" Then Sparrow came flying down from up above and slowly descended in front of Duke but Sparrow didn't forget to look around some of the broken tree and deep drag marks on the ground, obvious marks left after a huge battle. And in the middle of it all was a charred headless body, the ground around the body was also charred black.

Just by seeing the markings around, he could already imagine how the battle progress and how it ended.

He nodded to Duke and said, "Master, I'll handle the cleanup here. Would you like me to burn the body, or should I bring it back with me?"

"Bring it back; the medical experts might find it useful," Duke said coldly. He took one last glance around their surroundings before striding out of the mini forest and heading directly to their villa. Since the mini forest was connected to their backyard, Duke reached the villa quickly.

When he arrived, he headed straight to the master bedroom where he and Kisha rested. Carefully, he laid Kisha down on the bed before rushing to the bathroom. He retrieved warm water and a towel to clean the blood from her body and collected medical supplies to tend to her wounds.

Duke's touch was as gentle as a feather, careful not to wake Kisha or exacerbate her injuries. He tended to her wounds with meticulous care, ensuring he didn't apply too much pressure. Once he had finished dressing her wounds, he moved to the kitchen to prepare a simple remedy to help replenish her lost blood.

As he diligently brewed the medicine, his expression was filled with sadness and worry, resembling a forlorn dog with its ears and tail drooping.

Duke remained by Kisha's side, ensuring he was there when she woke up.

When Kisha regained her senses, she felt a pressure on her stomach and a grogginess that made it hard to remember what had happened. It took her a moment to piece together the events of the morning. Glancing out of the window, she saw it was still early, perhaps just noon. Turning her gaze to her side, she saw Duke sleeping beside her, his brow furrowed and lips tightly pursed.

Kisha chuckled softly and gently smoothed Duke's furrowed brow. As soon as her fingers touched his skin, his eyes flew open, revealing a swirl of emotions as he locked onto her amber gaze. He didn't speak right away but stared at her for a moment before pulling her into a tight embrace, burying his head against her chest and trembling slightly.

Kisha realized immediately that she was the source of Duke's distress. Gently, she began to stroke his hair, as if soothing a frightened pet. Her fingers ran tenderly through his soft locks, a silent acknowledgment of her mistake and a gesture of surrender.

She understood that Duke was deeply worried and likely both angry and anxious about her decision to confront a powerful zombie, with little rationality on her own.

She was fortunate that the zombie she faced, despite its strength and minimal rationality, was still less cunning than a grown man. Its behavior resembled that of a child yearning for its parent. However, if she had encountered a zombie with the intellect of an adult coupled with its brute force, it could have easily overwhelmed and pulverized her.

She was also fortunate that she had maxed out her stats before leveling up, which helped balance the odds. Without the Scarlet Honey, she would have been easily overpowered or even killed by the zombie.

This confidence stemmed from her preparation and the trust she had in Duke. Knowing that he would follow and assist at the right moment—whether by helping her land a blow, distracting the zombie, or delivering a crucial sneak attack—gave her the assurance she needed. Now that the danger had passed, she finally felt a sense of relief.

Her trust in Duke had paid off significantly. As she closed her eyes to sense the energy fluctuations within her, she noticed another energy shift behind her. When she turned around, she saw a rainbow-colored level 1 crystal core, radiating at the peak of its level. This vibrant crystal promised to be a substantial aid for any superhuman, greatly enhancing their abilities regardless of their power.

A rainbow crystal core is far rarer than the colored crystal cores that represent specific zombie abilities—such as red for fire, brown for earth, blue for water, and purple for lightning. Despite its rarity, the rainbow crystal core is just as valuable, if not more so, when used by the right person.

For example, when a fire ability user harnesses a fire crystal core, their energy core can expand twofold, essentially equating to a level-up. The rainbow core, with its universal enhancement properties, offers a similar potential for significant advancement across various abilities.