

## **Apocalypse 305**

### Chapter 305 How To Pacify The People

Colored and rainbow crystal cores aren't essential in the early stages of superhuman development, as normal crystal cores are sufficient for leveling up at first. However, as superhumans advance, it becomes increasingly difficult to progress and break through bottlenecks to reach higher levels.

At that point, colored and rainbow crystal cores become invaluable, providing the extra power needed to overcome those barriers and achieve significant growth.

To break through these bottlenecks, superhumans not only need to be extremely lucky but also possess significant potential. Additionally, they require a substantial amount of colored crystal cores that align with their specific ability. Without these, progressing to higher levels becomes nearly impossible.

If a normal crystal core provides 10 spiritual energy when consumed and a level 1 crystal core gives 25 spiritual energy, a level 1 colored crystal core offers the same energy. However, if it matches the user's ability, the spiritual energy is doubled or sometimes even higher.

As ability users reach higher levels, normal crystal cores become ineffective for further progress unless they are of a higher level.

Like zombies, humans also possess energy cores, but unlike zombies, all human cores are inherently colored and function similarly to zombie cores. This has led some superhumans to resort to killing other superhumans to harvest their energy cores, in a desperate attempt to advance and gain more power. This harsh reality only adds to the chaos and difficulty of surviving in the apocalyptic world.

That's why superhumans eventually prioritize collecting colored crystal cores, using regular ones primarily as currency. At this point, Kisha had already obtained one colored crystal core from a previous zombie kill and one normal level 1 core. Now, she figured this rare rainbow crystal core must have come from the zombie that failed to fully awaken.

Kisha held the rainbow crystal core tightly in her hand, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "You like that kind of core?" Duke's raspy voice came from behind as he wrapped his arms around her and pressed a kiss to her shoulder. "I'll find more for you, alright?" he murmured, his tone full of affection, making Kisha's smile widen.

The two remained in the room for a while, savoring the quiet moment together. When they finally descended the stairs, they were met with the sight of the Winters and their subordinates already gathered in the living room, concern etched on each of their faces.

As Kisha and Duke reached the bottom of the stairs, hand in hand, everyone exhaled a sigh of relief, though their anxiety lingered at the sight of Kisha's bandaged body. It was only then that Kisha became fully aware of her condition—or perhaps she simply remembered the extent of her minor injuries. She gently touched the bandage around her throat, as if acknowledging the toll the battle had taken.

"Don't worry, it's just a minor injury," Kisha said with a smile. Unlike her, Duke's expression darkened as his brows furrowed at her words. To call it "minor" felt wrong—he had nearly needed to stitch her throat from how deep the wound had been. But he knew Kisha well; she would likely down a vial of the blue healing liquid the moment she woke up, easing his concerns slightly.

She was already awake, but she still hadn't taken the vial, so Duke gently reminded her, "Wifey, why don't you take the vial of blue liquid? It'll heal all your injuries instantly." His face was still etched with worry and a hint of sorrow as he spoke.

"I'll take the vial later, but for now, we need to visit the medical facility and address the concerns of the people and the family of the deceased," Kisha said. It was only then that everyone realized her intention. None of them were naïve, especially the Winters, who had spent years in the business world.

Their subordinates had seen countless manipulative tactics used to gain sympathy and trust, and they were well aware of the strategy Kisha was employing.

So, Kisha's approach wasn't new to them; they understood what she was doing. A significant incident had occurred within the base, and Kisha had taken charge, leading the effort to confine the sick to the medical facility. She had instructed the medical staff to move other patients into the hallway while isolating those affected by the incident.

No matter how it was viewed, the blame would inevitably fall on Kisha. After all, five patients had been zombies food simply because they were left in the hallway. If Sparrow and the others hadn't arrived in time to eliminate the infected, there could have been a catastrophic zombie breach inside their walls.

The vulnerable patients would have been left defenseless, likely leading to numerous casualties.

It was an unfortunate accident, but the blame would still rest heavily on Kisha. People would likely distrust her, but her actions in dealing with the zombie and sustaining injuries in the process would mitigate some of their hostility.

By checking in on the patients as soon as she regained consciousness, Kisha would demonstrate her genuine concern for their well-being, which would help to soften their earlier anger and rebuild their trust.

Understanding her plan, everyone fell silent and followed her lead. Duke kept a steadying arm around Kisha, supporting her as she walked. Kisha's right leg wounded deeply, oozing more blood with each step, causing her to limp noticeably.

Duke was tempted to carry Kisha like a princess, but she insisted on walking. As they exited Villa #1, they were met with angry stares from onlookers. However, when they saw Kisha's bandaged body, still stained with fresh blood, their anger was tempered, and they fell silent.

Soon, Kisha's entourage grew as more people began to follow her, curious about her next move. They remained silent, their eyes tracking her every step. As Kisha and her group made their way toward the medical facility, a distance away, the journey took longer due to their slower pace. When they finally arrived, the facility appeared deserted.

It seemed the incident had frightened everyone, causing them to avoid the medical facility out of fear that another patient might turn into a zombie and trigger another crisis. When Kisha and her group arrived, the only onlookers were those who had followed their entourage.

Kisha paid little attention to the stares as she entered the medical facility. Inside, she was pleased to see that some of the patients had already regained consciousness. Her face brightened with a genuine smile as she glanced at each patient, visibly relieved and happy to see them awake.

"How do you feel?" Kisha asked as she stepped closer. She used her "Eye Of Truth' To asses those who regained consciousness to see if they have awakened their ability and what kind of ability they have.

Seeing that most of the patients had indeed awakened their abilities, Kisha nodded with satisfaction. Although none of the patients could respond to her inquiries due to their disorientation, she promptly instructed the medical staff to conduct thorough examinations. Her goal was to ensure that each patient was in stable condition before they were sent home.

Although Kisha was confident that the patients were doing fine, she insisted on having the doctors conduct their examinations. This was to ensure that those following her witnessed the thorough process and were reassured of the patients' well-being.