

Apocalypse 326

Chapter 326 The Two Energies

Her heart, which had been thundering uncontrollably, began to slow, and the throbbing in her brain eased as the icy energy coursed through her veins, pushing back the overwhelming heat. She could feel the cold qi from the earrings counterbalancing the raging mana and spiritual energy within her, forcing them into an uneasy harmony.

Her breath, ragged and shallow, became steadier, and for the first time since the ordeal began, Kisha could feel a glimmer of control returning. The overwhelming pressure that had gripped her heart and mind started to lift, and though she wasn't fully out of danger, there was a flicker of hope. The cold energy was her anchor, pulling her back from the brink.

This time, Kisha finally had the chance to catch her breath. The chaotic storm within her body had subsided enough to give her a moment of reprieve, though she remained physically drained from the earlier clash of energy. Her limbs were still heavy with fatigue, and every movement felt like a struggle, but the unbearable pain that had gripped her was beginning to fade.

Duke, who had been watching her intently, immediately noticed the shift in her expression. The tightness around her eyes and mouth softened, and her body, once tensed in agony, began to relax, though not completely. He let out a deep sigh of relief, the tension in his own shoulders easing as he saw her recover, at least in part.

But despite this visible improvement, Duke stayed close by her side, refusing to let his guard down. His eyes never left Kisha, still wary of any sudden changes, as he kept vigil, ready to step in should she need him again.

Kisha's eyes remained closed as she fought to steady her breathing. Slowly, she cracked them open, her vision still slightly hazy but her determination unshaken. With a shaky hand, she reached into her

inventory and retrieved a vial of blue liquid. Without wasting a second, she uncorked the vial and gulped it down in haste, the cool liquid rushing down her throat like a lifeline.

The effect was almost immediate. As the elixir coursed through her system, the open wounds littering her body began to seal themselves shut, the torn flesh knitting together with supernatural speed. Her skin, once streaked with blood, cleared up, but the veins that had bulged ominously moments before remained visible—though far less threatening than before.

They no longer throbbed as if on the verge of bursting, but instead pulsed faintly, a reminder of the imbalance that had nearly consumed her.

Although the worst had passed, Kisha still felt the strain. Her body was still weak, and the lingering tension from the mana and spiritual energy conflict weighed heavily on her. She wiped a bead of sweat from her brow and sat still, letting the healing potion do its work while she tried to regain her strength.

Kisha carefully placed her trembling hands on the ground, steadying herself as she sat with her legs crossed. Her fingers dug into the cold surface beneath her, grounding her amidst the chaotic storm still raging inside her body. Though the immediate danger had passed, the clash between the two energies—her spiritual energy and the newly introduced mana—had not ceased entirely.

They no longer battled with the same violent intensity as before, but the struggle for dominance persisted, each force refusing to yield to the other.

Kisha closed her eyes again, her breathing deep and controlled as she centered her mind. She knew that brute force alone would not solve this. Instead, she needed to focus, to feel both energies clearly, understand their nature, and somehow find a way to harmonize them within herself.

It was as if her spiritual energy, long accustomed to flowing freely through her system, was rejecting the intrusion of mana, a foreign force it wasn't prepared to coexist with.

Bit by bit, she visualized the two opposing forces. The spiritual energy, a warm, familiar glow, hummed in her mind like an old friend. The mana, on the other hand, was cold, distant, and vast—yet somehow ancient and powerful. She could sense its potential, but its coldness sent shivers through her core. It wasn't hostile, but it wasn't at peace either.

Each time the two forces collided, Kisha felt a small shock ripple through her system, though nothing compared to the earlier agony.

With slow, deliberate breaths, she attempted to guide the energies. Instead of forcing them apart, she tried something new—urging them to flow side by side. She knew that if she could make them coexist, she might unlock a new level of power.

However, the process wasn't easy; every time the mana tried to settle, her spiritual energy would flare up in resistance, unwilling to share the space it had once claimed as its own.

Despite the lingering pain, Kisha remained resolute. She couldn't afford to let these two energies tear her apart.

The battle for dominance raged on for what felt like an eternity, though no one could truly tell how much time had passed. The air in the room seemed to thicken with tension, the only sounds being Kisha's labored breathing and the occasional crackle of energy within her. Duke remained steadfast at her side, unwavering in his silent vigil.

His eyes never left her, his every sense attuned to the slightest shift in her condition. Though his heart raced with worry, he kept his hands steady, ready to intervene if things took a turn for the worse.

Duke knew that Kisha was locked in a fierce internal struggle. Her body, though still and unmoving on the outside, was undergoing a transformation he could only begin to imagine. He had no knowledge of the war waging within her, but he could feel the power swirling around her—a strange, untamed force clashing violently with what he assumed was her familiar spiritual energy.

She was trying to harness something new, something dangerous, and yet Duke understood instinctively that this was a pivotal moment for her. She was on the cusp of claiming a new power, but the process was perilous.

He glanced at the faint sheen of cold sweat that still clung to her forehead, her muscles tense despite the calm façade she was trying to project. Her body remained in place, locked in that meditative stance, but he knew she was vulnerable. If anyone were to attack now, it could be catastrophic. Duke reached out to get his spear in his grasp.

Duke's grip tightened on his spear, his senses sharpening as he kept watch over her, determined to protect her from any external threats while she fought the battle within.

The room felt charged with energy, a hum of power hanging in the air that made the hairs on Duke's arms stand on end. He could sense how far away Kisha's mind was, completely absorbed in the depths of her own consciousness as she worked to bring balance to the chaotic forces inside her. She wasn't aware of her surroundings—of him, of the room, of the dangers that still lurked in their world.

Yet Duke remained vigilant, fully aware that any interruption—whether from an external enemy or from the unpredictable energy inside her—could unravel everything she was trying to achieve. His gaze

flickered over the door, scanning the shadows for any sign of movement, every muscle in his body coiled with readiness.

He didn't know how long this would last, but he wasn't going to leave her side until she emerged from this, no matter how long it took.