

Apocalypse 390

Chapter 390 Sharing The Spiritual Crops

Duke could sense the tension and worry etched on Kisha's face. Though he offered her words of reassurance, he knew they wouldn't be enough.

He wanted to stay by her side, to provide comfort, but duty called—he was needed at the western wall.

When it came to decisions involving Kisha, Duke's loyalty was unwavering. He would choose her over everything—even if it meant the base would be overrun or razed to the ground.

His family, and especially Kisha, would always be his priority. Seeing the worry in her eyes over Rose, Duke quietly sat beside her, offering his silent support.

Kisha was just as surprised. She had specifically tasked Duke with overseeing the defense of the western wall while she stayed behind to watch over Rose.

After all, aside from herself, Duke was the most powerful person in the entire base. She trusted him to step into her shoes, ensuring the defense of the western wall without letting a single life be lost.

"I'm not leaving you alone," Duke declared firmly. He didn't need Kisha's permission; his mind was already made up.

After all, why would he let her shoulder all the burden when he was the man in their relationship, meant to protect her?

And besides, if things took a turn for the worse and Rose did end up becoming a zombie, at least he and Kisha could handle the situation together.

Two heads are better than one, after all—just like when he helped her during that last battle with the unique zombie.

"Why aren't you leaving?" Kisha asked, raising an eyebrow, though she didn't push him to go.

"Why would I leave knowing you'd be facing a great danger alone?" Duke replied. "Besides, we're in your territory. What's the harm if we're not around for an hour or two? The base won't crumble just because we're absent for a little while, right?"

"If that were true, it would mean we haven't done a great job making the base self-sufficient or resilient without us," Duke said, half-joking, though his words carried a certain gravity. Kisha knew he wasn't entirely kidding, but she chose not to respond.

But Duke was right—everything he said made sense. Now that he was there, Kisha felt a wave of relief wash over her.

She gradually let go of the worries that had been consuming her thoughts about Rose.

The two sat quietly, side by side, gazing at the block of ice in front of them, a peaceful silence settling between them.

Another hour passed, and still, there was no movement from Rose. It had already been over 24 hours, edging closer to 35, far beyond the expected time for the awakening, which was supposed to last only half a day to a full day.

Now, more than fear, Kisha was starting to feel deep concern for Rose. A strange thought crossed her mind, comparing Rose to a chick that dies inside an egg before it can hatch.

'What if Rose, instead of becoming an evolved zombie, was stuck in some irreversible state—like an egg that never breaks?'

"008, is there truly no way we can check Rose's progress using my gift, the 'Eye of Truth'?" Kisha asked through their mind link, her thoughts tinged with a little desperation.

"Host, I've already attempted to scan her, but it seems the crystal ice is interfering with the process. Either that, or she's in a limbo state—neither transforming nor awakening. That's why every scan results in an error," 008 explained, uncertainty creeping into its usually confident tone. No matter how many times it tried, the result remained the same: error.

"Hmm," Kisha murmured, her mind spinning with another wave of thoughts. Duke noticed the intensity in her expression, glancing at the crystal ice before turning back to her.

He could feel the growing tension between them, the uncertainty of how much longer they'd have to wait for Rose's emergence weighing heavily on both of them.

The longer they waited, the more palpable the tension became.

Three more hours passed, and still, there was no movement. Kisha's stomach churned with rising nervousness.

The prolonged silence from Rose's side could only mean one of two things: either she would emerge far stronger than before, or she was truly trapped in a limbo state.

If she emerged as a powerful awakened superhuman, that would be ideal. But if she came back as a zombie, both she and Duke would be in serious trouble.

However, if she remained in a limbo state, it would mean she was essentially vegetative, with her energy core and brain likely damaged by the overwhelming energy she couldn't contain.

This is the reason why there was so little chance of someone bitten by a zombie successfully awakening. It was close to zero chance.

After a whirlwind of overthinking, Kisha felt drained. She decided to cast her worries aside and settled quietly onto the boulder.

Instead of dwelling on her concerns, she shared the spiritual crops and fruits with Duke.

Having trained intensely for so long and anxiously awaited Rose's emergence, they had forgotten to eat.

This moment presented a perfect opportunity to share the spiritual crops with Duke, allowing them both to experience any differences.

For some reason, Kisha couldn't quite sense any changes, no matter how much she consumed.

"Host, perhaps it's because you now possess both mana and spiritual energy. Alternatively, it could be that your large energy pool is causing the spiritual crops, which contain relatively low spiritual energy, to gradually have a more significant effect over time?" 008 offered, contributing its thoughts to the discussion but even then it still sounded uncertain.

"In the Murim World, spiritual crops and fruits are highly coveted and extraordinarily expensive, typically reserved for the wealthy. However, in your case, you have an abundance of them," 008 remarked, hoping to uplift Kisha's spirits after a long day of worry, overthinking, and unproductive experimentation.

After hearing everything 008 said, Kisha felt a sense of relief. Because, it would feel as if she held a treasure in her hands, only to realize it wasn't benefiting her as she had hoped.

Instead, she found herself watching as others made use of it while she remained unable to tap into its potential.

Kisha pulled out two tomatoes, each the size of a regular apple, and shared one with Duke.

Their deep red color and nearly perfect shape glistened under the sun, captivating both of them for a moment before they took a bite.

The flavor was a delightful balance of sweet and sour, and as they bit into the juicy fruit, the rich aroma filled the air, tantalizing their senses.

Although it wasn't Kisha's first time tasting the tomato, its exquisite flavor was so delightful that she felt she could never tire of it. Despite its size, the interior contained very few seeds, making it easy for both Kisha and Duke to enjoy every bite without distraction.

However, after devouring the large tomato, both Duke and Kisha felt even hungrier than before, and Kisha's stomach protested with a loud grumble.

Realizing that the fruit alone wouldn't be enough to satisfy their hunger, they decided to look for something more substantial.

Kisha then settled cross-legged on the grassy ground, pulling out a butane stove and a medium-sized pot, out of her inventory.