

Apocalypse 118

Chapter 118 Take Responsibility

Realizing she was also perspiring from their exercise, Kisha hurriedly dashed to the bathroom to change her own clothes. As she ran, her knees threatened to buckle beneath her, a testament to the intensity of their passionate moment. Meanwhile, Duke remained behind, trying to regulate his breathing after his climax.

Amused, he couldn't help but chuckle softly as he watched Kisha's hurried retreat to the bathroom.

Duke's eyes took on a contented crescent shape, brimming with satisfaction and a hint of mischief as if he had just won the lottery. As Kisha disappeared into the bathroom to change, Duke settled onto the bed, relishing the lingering sensations of their intimate encounter. However, he had to abruptly halt his reverie, lest he stirs up his arousal once more.

Kisha, on the other hand, stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her face was flushed, her lips red and slightly swollen—not the natural plumpness they usually had. It was evident she had just shared a passionate kiss, and she couldn't help but facepalm herself at the thought.

There was no way anyone wouldn't notice, and she dreaded the inevitable questions and speculations about what had transpired behind closed doors.

Even after living through a hundred lives, Kisha still felt inexperienced when it came to love. In her 99th life, she had a lover, but they never had the chance to be intimate.

"Host, more like you never even wanted to be touched by him," 008 interjected into her thoughts before retreating back into the depths of her consciousness.

Kisha ignored 008's jab and returned to her thoughts. Reflecting on her past, she realized that not being intimate with that asshole for a long time might have been the reason he cheated on her and ultimately betrayed her. 'I guess treating someone well isn't always enough to keep them as a lover,' she mused.

After regulating her breathing and calming herself, Kisha took a quick shower and changed into fresh sportswear. When she stepped out of the bathroom, she found Duke leaning against the door frame, waiting for her. He flashed his most charming smile, satisfaction radiating from his face—he was practically glowing. "From now on, you're my wife," Duke declared possessively.

Kisha's lips twitched at his words. Duke's glowing satisfaction was almost blinding, leaving her unsure of how to feel. She felt as if she had jumped right into a pit dug specifically for her. The one who benefited the most stood right in front of her, and Kisha couldn't help but feel a pang of frustration.

Her frustration was evident, especially in her eyes. Duke chuckled as he watched her expression shift from embarrassment to irritation, clearly enjoying the sight. He hadn't expected things to turn out this way just because of a spoonful of honey, but he couldn't deny he was happy with the outcome.

He had been worrying about how to further their relationship when the opportunity presented itself, and he was so delighted that he wanted to secure her for himself as soon as possible. The thought of her making the same mistake with another man made his blood boil; he knew he would lose it and might crush some skulls right then and there.

"I'll take responsibility. From now on, you are my wife... Hmm?" Duke repeated when Kisha didn't respond the first time. His serious expression and possessive gaze were unmistakable, and he made no effort to conceal them from her. The intensity of his aura made Kisha swallow hard, a lump forming in her throat as tension radiated through her body.

Unaware that her playful teasing would escalate to this, or perhaps recognizing it as an ill-timed jest, especially following his consumption of the Scarlet Honey, she couldn't help but acknowledge its peril. "That honey was dangerous," she mused, resolving to keep it away from prying eyes.

"No need to shoulder any responsibility. Nothing happened, after all. Let's simply move on and focus on what needs to be done," Kisha attempted to maintain a façade of nonchalance as she walked past Duke.

But Duke intercepted her, pulling her back into his embrace. "Running away, are we? Or shall I summon my parents to initiate the proper procedures for you to consent to becoming my wife?" Duke's demeanor turned icy, unwilling to let her slip away. Despite benefiting from the situation, he was unwilling to forfeit the opportunity that lay before him.

Kisha pursed her lips and met Duke's gaze. "Why do you speak as if I took advantage of you?"

"You did, in a way. You claimed all my firsts," Duke retorted, a smirk playing on his lips.

Kisha choked from his response. 'What does he mean by "took his firsts"? He was the one who took my first kiss and even the first intimate touch.' Fuming with frustration, Kisha simmered inwardly.

But before Kisha could express her anger, Duke pressed on. "No woman has ever laid a hand on me, nor have I kissed anyone. So, technically, that was my first kiss and the first time someone touched me," Duke explained, his voice taking on a seductive tone as if attempting to reassure his wife.

His words were like a sultry purr, stirring something within Kisha, yet she couldn't shake off her skepticism. Given Duke's status and position, countless women would undoubtedly vie for his attention, providing him with ample options to choose from.

He was undeniably attractive, possessing a magnetic charm that could easily captivate any woman. However, the claim that he had never allowed a woman to touch him or kiss anyone seemed impossible to Kisha.

Unaware of her doubtful expression, Kisha's skepticism subtly etched across her face, a revelation that Duke couldn't overlook. Sensing her disbelief, he felt a surge of frustration at her lack of trust, though he quickly opted for a teasing approach. "You know what? I might have made a mistake. Those weren't my firsts," he quipped, a smug smirk playing on his lips.

And sure enough, Kisha's expression shifted ever so slightly, her eyes narrowing dangerously in response to his words. 'Is he playing games with me?' she seethed inwardly.

"The very first woman was, of course, my mother. She even saw me naked and surely kissed me many times when I was young but she surely never touched me inappropriately. So yeah, you are still the one who stole all my first when it was supposed to be for my wife.

To make things right, wasn't it only right that you accept me as your husband?" Duke said confidently, bearing the demeanor of a businessman who never accepts defeat.

Feeling foolish for taking Duke's words seriously, Kisha pinched the side of his stomach, causing Duke to wince and cease his teasing. "Are you just going to dine and dash? Hmm?" He quipped.

Kisha choked up, realizing it sounded like she was the one evading responsibility, so she retorted, "You're the one who stole my first kiss though."

"Then I'll take responsibility and make you my wife," Duke declared, turning on his heel and heading straight to the bathroom with a satisfied grin as if he'd just pulled off a successful heist.

'Did I just fall into his trap?' Kisha asked herself incredulously.