

Apocalypse 257

Chapter 257 | Held Back

To claim that he didn't intend to impregnate her would be dishonest. Deep down, he knew it was his true desire, which is why he took every measure to ensure that every drop of his seed stayed inside her.

However, he also recognized that now was not the ideal time to conceive. He was acutely aware of the dangers that lay ahead and the lack of a secure environment for his wife and potential children. As he reflected on this, he realized that his actions were driven more by his desires than rational thought, leading him to act impulsively and repeatedly with the woman he loved.

He felt a surge of frustration and considered punching himself in the gut, but with the situation now beyond his control, he focused on finding a solution. His plan B involved locating some emergency contraceptive pills for Kisha. Grunting in resignation, Duke stood up and headed to the bathroom to prepare a warm bath for her.

He found a rose petal bubble bath bomb and tossed it into the water as it filled the tub. As the water continued to flow, he checked around to ensure there were towels and shampoo available for Kisha's bath.

Once he finished preparing the bath, Duke returned to the bedroom and carefully lifted Kisha from the bed, placing her gently into the tub. He made sure she was secure and wouldn't slide before heading back to the room. There, he hastily changed the sheets and blanket that reeked of sweat and mixed fluids.

Though he fumbled initially with the sheets, he quickly got the hang of it and moved more efficiently. Soon, he was back in the bathroom, sliding into the tub with Kisha. He began to gently massage her muscles, aiming to ease any potential soreness she might feel when she woke up.

It was only then that Duke noticed the stinging pain on his back from the claw marks Kisha had left. He had been so absorbed in the pleasure and his focus solely on Kisha that he hadn't realized the extent of the marks until now.

He also noticed the kiss marks and bites he had left on Kisha's fair skin. Almost every part of her body bore evidence of their passion, with glaring red marks and teeth impressions especially prominent on her neck, shoulders, and collarbone.

He wasn't sure whether to grin or feel regret, as both emotions swirled within him. On one hand, he was elated that Kisha was now officially his, which gave him a profound sense of assurance. On the other hand, he felt remorse for his inability to control himself and for not being gentler with her during their first time together.

Remembering that it was also Kisha's first time filled him with such joy that he couldn't help but break into a wide smile. As he helped her bathe and gently rubbed her muscles, he made sure the water stayed warm, using his fire ability to heat it whenever it began to cool. He was meticulous, afraid of making any mistakes that could hurt her, especially when washing her long hair.

Not being very familiar with managing long hair, he took his time, carefully untangling any knots as he washed her beautiful locks, ensuring she was comfortable and well-cared for.

Throughout the process, Kisha remained completely unconscious, her soft, rhythmic snoring bringing a chuckle to Duke's lips. After finishing her bath, he carefully dried her hair, blow-drying it with as much gentleness as possible, worried that the sound might disturb her rest. Fortunately, her exhaustion kept her deeply asleep, allowing him to continue without interruption.

Once he had finished, he dressed her in a comfortable pair of pajamas he had in the room, ensuring she was settled and cozy before he finally allowed himself to relax.

As he attended to Kisha, Duke recited every sutra and calming chant he knew. The proximity to Kisha was enough to keep him aroused, and he was only halfway satisfied—he had intended to continue until dawn if she hadn't passed out. Despite his lingering desire, he accepted this development with a sense of contentment, appreciating the moment for what it was.

After finishing his own bath, Duke settled beside Kisha, pulling her into his protective embrace before drifting into a deep sleep. When he awoke, the sun was already streaming through the gaps in the curtains, and Kisha had nestled comfortably against him, finding warmth and comfort in his presence as it dispelled the chill from her.

Duke shifted in bed and gently tucked Kisha in with the blankets, his gaze fixed on her serene sleeping face. Watching her sleep filled him with a profound sense of contentment he had never known before. He felt more complete and fulfilled than ever as if he were destined for this moment—devoted to the woman before him and committed to spending the rest of his life protecting and cherishing her.

Duke was jolted from his reverie by Kisha's weak, hoarse voice. "How long are you going to stare at me?" she croaked, her voice sounding parched. Concerned, Duke quickly stood up and hurried to get a glass of water for her.

Duke handed Kisha the glass of water with a teasing smile. "I think I was waiting until you woke up," he replied, his tone light and playful.

Kisha rolled her eyes as she attempted to prop herself up, only to grimace in pain from the soreness between her legs. Unable to sit up properly, she looked up at Duke with evident resentment, only to see

him feigning innocence with a nonchalant shrug. With a mix of anger and frustration, she heard him say, "I held back... a lot."

Kisha had never felt so exasperated with Duke before. "What do you mean, you held back?!" she demanded, her voice tinged with anger and her nostrils flaring.

"Wifey, I really mean it," Duke said, his tone almost earnest. "If you hadn't passed out, I was ready to go for at least two more rounds before calling it a day. But since you were already out cold, I had no choice but to hold back and convince myself that maybe your stamina will improve in the future." He looked at Kisha with a feigned innocence that only made her tremble with anger.

'Is that what you call holding back?' Kisha thought to herself, struggling to calm her intense anger. At the same time, she felt a pang of regret for teasing Duke from the start, not fully understanding what she was getting herself into. She had believed she could handle it, only to be confronted with the stark reality that it was far beyond her expectations.

Kisha suddenly felt that the Duke from her past life seemed far cuter compared to the one before her now. If this was his idea of holding back, she couldn't even begin to imagine what would happen if he let loose. Her insides trembled, though she couldn't tell if it was from fear or anticipation. Feeling a flush rise to her cheeks, she wanted to slap herself for her own conflicting emotions.

To avoid meeting Duke's gaze, she turned away and pretended to be angry.