

Apocalypse 288

Chapter 288 Learning Beast Taming Technique

Kisha remained skeptical about Bell's reassurance. Understanding the principles of an unfamiliar technique was one thing, but applying them was another, especially given the vast differences between the Murim world and her own. The techniques and methods from Bell's world might differ significantly from what Kisha was accustomed to, presenting additional challenges in teaching the kids effectively.

Before Kisha could voice her concerns, Bell transmitted a massive influx of information through their connection, flooding Kisha's mind. The sudden deluge of data caused Kisha to jolt in pain as her head throbbed violently, with veins visibly bulging in her forehead and neck.

Duke, immediately noticing Kisha's distress and pain, rushed to help her soothe her back, and attempted to comfort her by gently massaging her temples and offering support.

This alarmed everyone in the room. Kisha attempted to suppress her pain, hoping to avoid alarming anyone, but the effort was in vain. The pain was overwhelming; her hearing was muffled, and her vision blurred as her brain struggled to process the flood of information.

The onslaught of data was so intense that it felt as if her mind was being forcibly crammed with knowledge about beast taming—its principles, techniques, and cultivation manuals. The information was overwhelming her, making it nearly impossible to focus or remain composed.

It took Kisha a full hour to process the overwhelming influx of information Bell had transmitted into her mind. By the end, she was drenched in sweat, and the room was filled with worried onlookers. As soon as Duke sensed that Kisha's pain had diminished, he carefully lifted her and carried her out of the room, leaving the others in silence and concern.

Since no one officially adjourned the meeting, everyone remained in the office, understanding that Duke had only taken Kisha out to change clothes. The process had drained much of Kisha's strength and energy, leaving her limp in Duke's arms. Although she could still hear and feel her surroundings, she was too exhausted to open her eyes or speak.

She needed a moment to catch her breath and regain her strength. After carrying Kisha out of the office, Duke took her directly to their room, where he carefully laid her on the bed. He then headed to the bathroom to draw a warm bath for her.

While the water filled the tub, Duke went to the walk-in closet to fetch a fresh set of clothes for Kisha and placed them neatly at the foot of the bed where she was resting.

He helped Kisha out of her clothes with a focused, concerned demeanor. His mind was consumed with worry and questions about what had happened to his wife, leaving no room for any inappropriate thoughts or admire her naked form. His sole focus was on gently and carefully undressing her, ensuring she was comfortable as he prepared her for the bath.

He handled Kisha with utmost gentleness, as though any sudden movement might trigger her pain again. It took him a little while to carefully undress her, and by the time he was done, the bathtub was already overflowing with warm water. Undeterred by the mess, Duke carefully eased Kisha into the tub before finally turning off the faucet.

Duke heard Kisha make a soft, contented hum, and he realized that the warm bath was likely soothing her. He watched as her tense muscles gradually relaxed, though her eyes remained closed. Gently, he used a sponge to dab the warm water onto her face and head, trying to bring her further comfort.

Every movement was deliberate and tender; whether he was applying soap or shampooing her hair, he handled her with the utmost care, as if afraid that any extra pressure might cause her harm.

Kisha, though still exhausted, relished the tender care Duke was giving her. The warm bath, combined with Duke's gentle touch, made her feel considerably better. She found herself more appreciative than ever of having Duke as her husband. She hadn't realized just how gentle he could be; his touch was soft and feather-like.

Even without opening her eyes, she could sense the concern and worry radiating from him, which brought a subtle smile to her lips.

This lovable side of Duke was so sweet and new to her but it felt great to be the receiver of such love. As she basked in his care and evident worry, her heart swelled with emotion. Kisha made a silent vow to herself to never hurt Duke, to protect his feelings, and to cherish him with the same depth of love and respect that he bestowed upon her.

Duke spent a full 20 minutes bathing Kisha, meticulously ensuring the water remained warm by continuously using his fire ability to maintain the temperature. After gently washing her, he wrapped her in a large, fluffy towel that cocooned her completely. He then carefully carried her back to the bed, where he tenderly dried her body and hair.

With great care, he blow-dried her hair, avoiding any hot air on her face to ensure her comfort.

It was a lot of work, but Duke remained silent throughout, his anxiety and concern evident in his every move. Once he finished drying Kisha's hair, he carefully dressed her in a set of clothes designed for her comfort. Afterward, he settled beside her, pulling her into his embrace and resting his nose gently on the top of her head.

Throughout Duke's attentive care, Kisha stayed awake but couldn't manage to open her eyes. She even felt her eyes well up with tears from the gentle treatment she was receiving. When Duke noticed the tears glistening at the corners of her eyes, his worry deepened. The sight of Kisha's tears pained him immensely, and he wished he could take her suffering upon himself to spare her any distress.

After another 30 minutes, Kisha finally regained enough strength to open her eyes. As she did, she met Duke's worried gaze. His eyes, reddened around the rims, searched her face anxiously, looking for any signs of lingering pain. When Duke saw that Kisha's discomfort had eased, he hugged her a little tighter, though still gently, ensuring not to cause her any further pain.

"I'm alright," Kisha croaked, her voice hoarse and dry, sounding weak and pitiful. Duke responded by holding her even tighter.

"Don't make me worry like that again," Duke murmured, his voice thick with emotion. "I don't think my heart can handle such scares." He struggled to keep his emotions in check as he spoke.

"Alright, I'll listen to my husband," Kisha teased, her weakened state making the words sound even more endearing. Duke squeezed her gently in response.

"Let's go back. We've been away for a while, and everyone must be growing worried. Plus, we still have a meeting to attend," Kisha said, taking a deep breath.

"No, I'm going to take care of things. You stay here and rest," Duke said firmly, not accepting Kisha's suggestion.

Kisha shook her head, not accepting Duke's insistence. "If I don't go, then all the pain I endured will have been for nothing. Do you really want to let it all be in vain?" She looked up at Duke with a pleading gaze, though she felt reluctant to use such a tactic. It was the only way she could convince him to let her return to the meeting.

Moreover, what she said was true: if she didn't join the meeting, the pain she endured would feel utterly wasted. She couldn't bear the thought of her suffering being in vain.

"Master..." Bell's voice trembled with embarrassment and remorse in Kisha's mind. "I'm truly sorry for not warning you about the pain from the information transfer. It was a mistake on my part. Please, punish me if you must."