

Apocalypse 289

Chapter 289 I'll Take Care Of You

"No need to blame yourself, Bell. It will happen regardless, and even with a warning, I would have still experienced the pain. What matters is the value of the information you provided. I appreciate it greatly, and I want to thank you for that," Kisha reassured Bell, trying to alleviate its self-reproach.

Kisha then turned her attention to Duke, who was gazing at her with pursed lips, clearly wrestling with whether to let her return or not. "Can you explain what caused the sudden pain you experienced?" Duke asked, his voice soft and coaxing.

He lowered his tone almost to a whisper, the warmth and subtle vibration in his voice, from his Adam's apple, adding a touch of masculinity that made his concern feel even more intimate.

Kisha met his gaze with a look of genuine happiness before she began to explain. "As you know, I reassigned Gant and Mike from their duties caring for the animals. I did this to spare them the heartbreak of seeing the creatures they've grown close to being sent to the slaughterhouse for our survival.

Given their awakened abilities, it's nearly impossible for them to care for the animals without forming strong bonds. I was on the verge of rejecting their pleas for this reason, considering they are still too young for such a responsibility, which could potentially shatter them emotionally."

"But then, Bell reached out to me with a solution. She mentioned a way to prevent Gant and Mike from forming emotional bonds with the animals they're caring for, while still allowing them to use their abilities to aid the animals' growth. To implement this, I needed to learn the technique myself so that I could teach it to the kids."

"Unfortunately, learning the skill the traditional way would have taken too much time and required a high level of comprehension. So, Bell decided to transfer the information directly into my mind. The sudden influx of knowledge overwhelmed me and caused the pain I experienced." Kisha sighed, a look of resignation on her face as if she had done everything she could to help the situation.

Duke's brows furrowed in displeasure upon hearing how it happened. He resented the fact that Kisha had to endure such pain for the sake of others. His cold expression and pursed lips betrayed his frustration and concern. Unable to bear seeing him so troubled, Kisha reached out to gently smooth his furrowed brows, offering a comforting touch.

"I'm not doing this just to help others achieve their goals," Kisha said gently, her eyes locked on Duke's with affection. "I'm doing this to create a safe and self-sustaining base for ourselves and our future family."

Duke's displeasure softened at her words, and he felt a surge of conflicting emotions. His urge to scold Kisha for not prioritizing her well-being dissolved as he fixated on the phrase "our future family." His mind drifted to a vision of a little version of themselves, living happily within their safe base.

He realized, with a deep sense of resolve, that he too wanted to contribute to making that vision a reality.

"But I don't want you to get hurt," Duke said, his voice thick with concern. "You should let me handle the hard work. After all, I'm your husband, and it's my responsibility and duty to protect you." His eyes were full of worry and a silent plea as he looked at Kisha.

Kisha chuckled softly, brushing her fingers gently against Duke's cheek. "You know I don't like being at a disadvantage, right? This situation was an exception and unavoidable. Besides, Bell couldn't share the information with you; it wasn't connected to you in any way."

"And besides, as your wife, I'm just as responsible for taking care of you and pampering you. So, just enjoy it," Kisha added with a playful smile.

Duke's smile broadened in appreciation, his heart swelling with happiness. It was the first time someone had offered him such a gesture, and his eyes crinkled in delight as he gazed lovingly at Kisha. "Then, I will do my best to serve my wife and ensure you're completely satisfied." Duke looked so innocently happy that it took Kisha a moment to fully grasp the meaning behind his words.

Her face darkened. "This cunning fox! Have I walked straight into his trap again? Did I really just offer myself up so willingly? He knows how to play his cards well; no wonder he's at the top of the business world. Damn it!" Kisha fumed internally, realizing Duke had skillfully turned her offer into something much more intimate.

She felt trapped, as if every step she took, Duke had already set a snare to ensure she'd willingly accept her fate. Now, she dreaded their bedtime, realizing that Duke, with his seemingly innocent expression, was hiding his true intentions behind a façade. His actions spoke volumes more than his words, and she couldn't escape the trap he had expertly laid.

Duke eagerly gave Kisha's perky ass a playful squeeze and placed a tender kiss on her forehead. "How about I start taking care of you tonight?" he murmured with a hint of mischief in his voice.

Kisha felt like vomiting blood in anger at how shameless Duke had turned into. Kisha immediately pushed herself away and stood up from the bed before storming off their bedroom, when she reached

the hallway, she heard Duke's contagious laughter echoing in the room which made Kisha smile before she headed back into the study, not long after, Duke also followed behind Kisha.

When the two came back to the office, everyone was still there and was discussing other matters regarding their own position that needed help from other departments, mostly from Mr. Winters of the Supply Center for the supply allocation and distribution.

When the door opened, everyone looked up with concern, expecting only Duke to return after settling Kisha to bed. Seeing Kisha come back with Duke behind her, they grew worried about her overworking herself. They shot disapproving glances at Duke, particularly his family, who had reproachful looks on their faces.

Duke immediately raised both hands in a gesture of surrender, his expression one of helplessness as he shot a glance at Kisha. She merely chuckled and headed back to the desk, with Duke trailing closely behind like a devoted shadow. His swift movement to the leather chair, pulling Kisha onto his lap, had become so routine that no one paid much attention to his antics anymore.

Instead, their focus was on Kisha's pale face.

"Sweetie, how are you feeling?" Mrs. Winters asked with concern, her eyes red-rimmed as if she might start crying at any moment. "Why don't you go back to your room and rest? We'll continue the meeting and make sure to send you the report first thing in the morning so you'll know how everything went."

Kisha's expression softened as she looked at Mrs. Winters. "Mom, please don't worry about me. I wasn't overworking myself. What happened was that I gained some valuable insights on how to help Gant and Mike use their abilities more effectively without causing them pain from bonding with the animals."

Her explanation left everyone gasping in surprise and excitement. Gant and Mike, who had initially looked dejected after Duke carried Kisha away, now shared an excited glance before turning to Kisha, their faces bright with newfound hope and happiness.