

Apocalypse 295

Chapter 295 Need To Run

Like an incubus that awakens the desire in a woman, he was hoping that Kisha would wake up and join him so that he could make his fantasy into reality and slam his him unto her and pump deeper into her pussy while making her cum over and over again to make her lost in the ecstasy of lovemaking.

Thinking about this sent tingling sensations through every nerve in Duke's body. He gritted his teeth as pleasure built up, his eyes fluttering before he finally released, a stream of cum shooting out and landing on the floor, only to be washed away by the water still flowing from the shower.

When Duke finally finished, he was a panting mess, his back pressed against the cold tiles that had warmed from his body heat. He stared up at the ceiling, trying to catch his breath and calm his racing heart. To avoid his thoughts drifting back to Kisha and her irresistible body, he forced himself to focus on difficult math problems.

The last thing he needed was another hard-on, especially after how much effort it took to satisfy his desire—his arm felt like it was about to fall off from all the stroking.

It took Duke a while to calm down and finish his cold shower. By the time he was done, dawn was approaching, and his skin felt as cold as ice. Despite wanting to fall asleep with Kisha in his arms, he didn't want to wake her or disturb her rest with his chilled body. Silently, he slipped under the blankets, keeping a small distance between them.

He watched her peacefully for a few moments before finally drifting off to sleep.

When Kisha woke up, she found Duke's arm tightly wrapped around her waist, his nose buried in her hair. Concern immediately washed over her—how could he breathe properly like that? Gently, she tried to lift his arm and shift her head away, hoping to give him some space to breathe more easily.

Duke seemed to be in a deep, peaceful sleep, showing no signs of discomfort. Kisha glanced at the window, noticing the bright sunlight streaming in. Realizing it was already late, she hurriedly tried to pry Duke's arm away, but it was harder than she expected. He was like an immovable boulder, refusing to budge.

Kisha struggled to free herself from Duke's embrace, but despite all her efforts, he didn't wake up. She couldn't tell if it was because he was completely at ease around her or if something was wrong. Concerned, she instinctively reached out to touch his forehead. Feeling that his temperature was normal, she sighed in relief before heading to the bathroom to wash up.

When she finished, Duke was still asleep, so Kisha decided to head downstairs and make breakfast for him. It had been a while since she last cooked for Duke, and she felt a bit nervous, but she went straight to the kitchen and began preparing the ingredients. The villa was eerily quiet as she moved through it, so she glanced at the wall clock to check the time.

Sure enough, it was already 9 AM, and everyone else had already gone off to work, leaving Kisha and Duke alone in the villa. She decided to make a simple meal: clam chowder, Hungarian sausage, two fried eggs, and a glass of orange juice. Just as she was about to wake Duke, she heard him coming down the stairs. Without missing a beat, Kisha began serving the food on the table.

"Hurry up and eat your breakfast," Kisha said, bustling around the kitchen after setting the food on the table. "Sparrow and the rest are probably waiting for you at the square for the daily training. If you want anything else, just let me know—I'll cook it for you."

Instead of sitting at the dining table, Duke made a beeline for the kitchen and wrapped his arms around Kisha from behind. "I'm thrilled that my wife is cooking for me. What kind of reward do you want?" he asked, his tone playful.

Kisha couldn't quite tell if he was offering a reward or hinting at what he wanted, but it was clear from his early morning enthusiasm that he had something specific in mind.

Kisha couldn't help but wonder if Duke had been a rabbit in his past life, given how often his thoughts seemed to revolve around lovemaking. Smiling to herself, she decided to play along. "It's part of my duty as a wife to take care of my husband, isn't it?" she replied calmly.

"Now, hurry up and eat before the food gets cold." She gently guided Duke to the dining table, making sure he settled in before the breakfast she prepared lost its warmth.

Duke grinned playfully, his voice tinged with a hint of seriousness. "Oh, so you'll take care of me? Does that mean you'll also look out for my little brother?" His teasing tone belied the underlying seriousness that made Kisha feel a surge of frustration.

Kisha shot Duke a sharp glare, but before she could truly get upset, Duke swiftly retreated to the dining table where his food was served. Kisha followed and took a seat opposite him.

Duke smirked as he glanced at the sausage and eggs on his plate. "Oh? I didn't realize my wife was so naughty," he teased. Kisha looked up with a raised eyebrow, puzzled by his comment. Curious, she peered at Duke's plate and noticed that the Hungarian sausage seemed to point directly at her, while the two fried eggs were positioned suggestively at Duke's side at the end of the sausage.

Kisha hadn't realized the placement of the food might be suggestive, and she felt a blush creeping up her cheeks. Duke, noticing the arrangement, began to stand up from his chair, his eyes darkening with an unmistakable desire. Kisha gulped, realizing that Duke had taken the arrangement as a hint, though it was entirely unintentional.

Kisha felt a surge of nervousness and fear as she realized that Duke might not let her go until he was satisfied. The thought of facing him after such an encounter was far more frightening than any threat from zombies or death itself. In a panic, she quickly stored her breakfast in her inventory and dashed out of the villa, still wearing her apron, driven by her fear of what might happen next.

Kisha didn't stop running until she reached the south wall, leaving a trail of confused onlookers in her wake. Her serious expression, combined with the comically misplaced apron, made her seem more endearing than intimidating.

Instead of appearing as a fearsome City Lord, she came across as someone deeply dedicated to her duties—so dedicated that she had forgotten to take off her apron after making breakfast for her family. Her hasty departure only added to the positive impression others had of her commitment.

Duke stood there, stunned, gripping the back of his chair for support. He was about to rise when he realized that Kisha had already vanished, leaving him alone. He stared at the door, his lips twitching as he struggled to process the sudden and unexpected departure.

Duke was torn between exasperation and amusement at Kisha's reaction. He knew she wasn't truly afraid of him, just flustered. He recalled how she had fainted twice during their intimate moments, and it made sense why she had fled. She still had a lot to do, and if she got entangled with him now, especially since she was already running late, she wouldn't accomplish anything.