

Apocalypse 365

Chapter 365 Duke's Redemption 2

She cherished how Duke guided their intimate moments, and she truly enjoyed the experience. His attention made her feel wonderful, even though her stamina couldn't quite match his. Despite this, she felt an overwhelming sense of euphoria.

'Damn, he was good at it!' Kisha thought.

At the same time, her fear stemmed from the fact that this was her first experience with a man, leaving her unsure of how to fulfill his needs. Unspoken anxieties also lingered from her past life, where betrayal and deception led to tragic consequences. These unresolved scars made her apprehensive, even though she deeply wanted to be close to Duke and share these moments with him.

Due to these underlying fears, she's unintentionally pushing Duke away and retreating periodically. Although she never openly admits it, her feelings for him are deep—love even—but her intense emotions also make her fearful of making mistakes and leaving a negative impression.

Although she never admits it, deep down she's aware that what that woman said has subtly affected her. She fears that she might not be able to fully satisfy Duke in bed and worries that he might find her dull or uninteresting once he's experienced her.

Perhaps she didn't trust Duke enough to believe his feelings were genuine and distinct from those of the scumbag she had known before. As a result, her mind became so deeply troubled that these fears insidiously emerged, taking hold without her even realizing it.

Her head was messed up really good and she knew it.

Perhaps she was as clumsy with love as Duke, and her failure to communicate her feelings led to this misunderstanding.

Kisha smiled wryly to herself, then looked at Duke. Gently cupping his face in her hands, she gazed directly into his eyes.

"I suppose we're just as foolish as each other," Kisha said with a soft laugh, resting her forehead against his. Duke understood her unspoken words, feeling his tumultuous heart finally calm. As their hearts began to beat in unison, a sense of peaceful connection enveloped them.

Kisha and Duke felt as though a long-lodged bone had finally been dislodged from their throats, bringing a sense of relief and calm. For Kisha, her once-turbulent mind, akin to a stormy sea, now felt more serene. The chaos of her overthinking was gradually being drowned out by this newfound tranquility.

She felt deeply insecure after her first time with Duke. The woman's words, suggesting she was merely beautiful but dull, had lodged in her mind, making her worry if Duke might grow tired of her once his urges were satisfied.

Since they were each other's firsts, she feared that if he ever experienced intimacy with someone else, he might compare her to them and see the difference as that woman had suggested.

The woman had told her that men often seek variety because they crave new experiences, implying that women like Kisha were simply not exciting. That's why, whenever she sensed Duke's desire, she would retreat—not out of exhaustion or fear of him, but because she was haunted by the echoes of her past and those damaging words.

Reflecting on it now, she realized she hadn't given Duke the credit he deserved. She had forgotten that Duke was nothing like that scumbag—who only thought with his lower half and bit the hand that fed him. Unlike him, Duke might appear cold on the outside, but he was warm and loyal on the inside.

She had allowed those words to unsettle her mind, and if Duke hadn't come forward to apologize and reassure her, she didn't know how long this turmoil would have continued. It might have even jeopardized her relationship with him due to this misunderstanding.

Now, she felt foolish for letting a snake's words stir such worry and ruin her peace of mind.

Kisha smiled genuinely as she gave Duke a long, passionate kiss filled with her emotions. "No, I should be the one apologizing. You've been amazing, my love. You might be domineering in bed, but that's what made our first time so unforgettable—I've been feeling sore and wonderful all night," she joked. Her playful comment, however, only seemed to stir things up further.

"What did you call me?" Duke asked, pulling Kisha over and laying on his back with her sitting on top of him. His gaze was intense, as if looking straight into her soul.

"M-my love?" Kisha replied hesitantly. When she saw Duke's eyes light up, swirling with emotion, she smiled affectionately and leaned in to kiss him again. "You don't like it, hubby?"

"No." Duke's voice was deep and low, he took over and led the kiss. His right hand firmly held onto Kisha's nape. "I love it, I love hearing my wife using endearing names to call me, it's making me hard and horny."

Kisha chuckled through Duke's lips but she didn't break the kiss.

"Are you sure it's alright for me to always be so horny for you, my wife? Can we make love anywhere, anytime?" Duke asked. Though his tone sounded playful, his seriousness was unmistakable, and Kisha could feel his hardening cock pressing against her.

"Hmmm." The sound of their kissing echoed in the quiet room. "Let me share a secret with you," Kisha murmured, her voice sultry. "Hearing you talk dirty makes me even wetter." She grinned, her eyes dark with desire.

"Ugh!" Duke grunted, he just felt his cock instantly stand in attention. "I think so too, I even felt your pussy grip me so hard the last time, I thought you'd milk me dry." Duke didn't forget to add up, before they dove into another passionate kiss.

While kissing, they both shared a giggle before it turned into moans, Kisha eagerly ground her hips while Duke was holding both her butt cheeks to support Kisha and guide her hips on grinding on his hard cock.

"Fuck! Wifey! If we do not stop now, I might not really be able to stop myself on time and devour you." Duke grunted again as he tried to break the kiss but he was reluctant and him wanting to stop was so feeble that it didn't even sound like he wanted to break free.

"I'm giving you permission alright." Kisha giggled, after all, she had this passive skill that would help her recover her stamina, so, what is there to worry about now?

"Jeez, host! I didn't know you'd misuse your skills for personal use!" 008's voice suddenly echoed in Kisha's mind, causing her to flinch in surprise. Despite the interruption, she didn't stop kissing Duke; instead, she pushed 008 to the back of her mind and locked their connection. Since Bell and Zeus weren't present, she only needed to sever the link with 008.

'Host, instead of welcoming me back, you are locking me away?! You don't love me anymore! Hmph!' 008 grumbled at the deepest part of Kisha's mind.

Little did Kisha realize she was digging her own grave. While her passive skill allowed her to recover her stamina endlessly, Duke would also be affected. Just imagine an insatiable beast driven by relentless desire, going at it nonstop because his stamina was endlessly recovering.

But, Kisha would only realize this a little late and she wouldn't be able to back down anymore because she already poked the bear in the butt.