

Apocalypse 495

Chapter 495 Will You Treat me Like A King?

'I could even laugh in my sleep,' Kisha thought, giggling to herself. Duke, with a smile, buried his nose into Kisha's neck and chuckled along with her.

Though he didn't know exactly what had made her so happy—certain that she hadn't shared the full story—he chose not to pry. Her joy was undeniably infectious, and that was enough for him.

Kisha, meanwhile, returned her attention to her status window, unable to resist admiring how much her stats had skyrocketed thanks to the boosts from her new title and achievements.

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[Kisha Aldens]

Level 2 (Exp: 0/1000 X 0.0)

Strength: 220 (+20)

Stamina: 302 (+20)

Defense: 490 (+20)

Agility: 220 (+20)

Mental Capacity: 970 (+270)

Charm: 320 (+120)

Leadership: 570 (+270)

Luck: 310 (+20)

Mana: 690 (+20)

Spiritual Energy: 690 (+20)

Title: 100th Life (additional 10 stat points in all stats), City Lord (See Description...), The Hope of Humanity, Commander of a Thousand

Skills: Telekinetic Level 1 (5 SP for 20 seconds of continuous use and 1 SP per second), Perception Level 0, One Body Level 1, Rainbow Cube, Lion's Roar

Passive Skill: Healing Dome Level 1, One Man Team, People's Heart

Talent: Close Combat, Heightened Senses

Gift: Pheonix's Nirvana, Eye of Truth Level 1

Ability: Telekinesis (Mental)

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Another giggle escaped Kisha's lips as she stared at her status window. Her stats had never been this impressive before.

With these upgrades, she felt like she could rival a level 5 or 6 evolved zombie on her own, a thought that made her feel almost invincible.

For a fleeting moment, she even dared to think she might be stronger than Duke.

In her previous life, Duke's strength had always been unmatched, towering at the top of humanity's ranking system for the strongest awakened ability users.

His power had seemed bottomless—a force no one could fully measure. Yet, that boundless strength had been sacrificed... for her.

Kisha's good mood plummeted, crashing into a pit of despair as the memory of Duke's sacrifice resurfaced.

'I promised to make it up to you in this life,' she vowed silently, her heart aching with guilt and determination.

Seeking solace, she buried her face against Duke's chest, his steady heartbeat and familiar masculine scent grounding her.

The calming warmth of his presence eased the storm of emotions swirling inside her, bringing her a measure of comfort amid the turmoil.

"Are you alright?" Duke asked, his perceptive nature instantly picking up on the shift in her mood.

He tightened his embrace, offering silent reassurance as his deep, husky voice carried a note of concern beneath its lazy tone. His eyes searched her face, worry evident despite his relaxed demeanor.

"Hmmm, yeah, just a random thought," Kisha replied softly, avoiding elaborating it.

She couldn't bring herself to confess the truth—that in her previous life, Duke had died because of her.

The fear of his potential hatred loomed too large, silencing the words she desperately wanted to say.

Sensing her emotions beginning to spiral, Duke tightened his embrace, pulling Kisha closer as if trying to absorb whatever was troubling her to himself.

They stayed like that for a while, wrapped in silence, his warmth grounding her.

When they finally stepped out of the tent, the outside was already bustling with activity.

Warriors were hard at work constructing the walls, their focus unwavering.

At the same time, Aston's men arrived with the breakfast delivery. Aston himself was absent, busy collaborating with Tristan to set up the workshop. The camp thrummed with energy, progress evident in every corner.

Kisha immediately guided Duke to a nearby bench. "Sit here; I'll grab our breakfast," she said with a warm smile, eager to return the care he so often showed her.

Most of the time, it was Duke who played the perfect partner, ensuring she had everything she needed to focus on her tasks without worry.

But today, she wanted to turn the tables. Duke had always been the one giving—his unwavering support, his quiet acts of service, his steadfast presence.

He deserved just as much in return. To Kisha, he wasn't just her husband but her partner in every sense of the word.

And if she was his queen, it was only right that she made him feel like the king he truly was.

"Honey, it's my job to serve you," Duke said, his voice dipping into a deep, alluring tone as his gaze locked onto hers, filled with warmth and affection. The gentle glint in his eyes spoke volumes about his devotion.

Kisha shook her head, a playful smile tugging at her lips. "Let me do this for you," she replied, her tone light with a teasing edge, though her eyes betrayed her earnestness. "You always treat me like a queen, and I want you to feel like the king you are."

Duke pulled Kisha onto his lap, his strong arms circling her waist with a possessive yet gentle hold.

His lips hovered just behind her ear, his warm breath brushing against her skin and igniting every nerve.

A tingling warmth surged through her, sending a wild churn to her core. Kisha shivered, her lashes fluttering as she fought to suppress a gasp.

"Honey," Duke murmured, his voice low and seductive, a velvety caress to her senses. "I love pampering and doting on you. But if you really want to treat me like a king..."

He paused, his lips curving into a wicked smile she could feel against her skin. "It might be better done in bed instead. I'd enjoy that far more than breakfast service."

His thumb traced lazy, teasing circles around her belly button, and Kisha could only stifle a breathless laugh, her cheeks burning as she tried—and failed—not to melt into his embrace.

"And more than that," Duke murmured, his voice dropping to a sinful growl, "the breakfast I'd truly love to devour... is you."

His lips brushed against her ear as he whispered the last word, his baritone chuckle following like a melodic echo, warm and deep.

The sound sent a shiver down Kisha's spine, but it was his words that made her body react as though a surge of electricity had just danced through her veins.

Her breathing quickened, her heart racing wildly as her mind betrayed her, replaying flashes of Duke's passion and intensity in bed.

She felt her cheeks flush, heat pooling in her core. But before she could utter a single protest—or invitation—Duke's lips descended to her earlobe, capturing it gently.

His warm mouth and teasing tongue made her gasp softly, her resolve melting like snow under the sun.

"Say, my queen, will you treat me like your king?" Duke's voice deepened, rich with desire, each word laced with a restrained hunger.

"Because I'll tell you this—my staff is more than ready." A faint pant escaped his lips, his control clearly wavering.

"My God, wifey," he groaned, the rawness in his voice sending a shiver through her.

"I want you so badly. I need to be inside you, to feel your tight pussy gripping my cock. But more than that, I want to hear you scream my name."

Kisha's back pressed firmly against his chest, and she felt every rise and fall of his labored breathing.