

Apocalypse 59

Chapter 59 What to Do

Duke rose swiftly, closing the distance to Kisha in just a couple of strides. His right arm wrapped around her slender waist, drawing her close, while his left hand rested on the counter, supporting his weight.

Witnessing the intimate moment between Duke and Kisha, Sparrow and Vulture exchanged knowing glances before discreetly making their exit. They opted to patrol the perimeter instead, sharing a smirk that mixed happiness for their boss with a touch of incredulity at the sudden turn of events.

Duke enveloped Kisha with his entire body, his warm breath caressing her forehead. Kisha's long eyelashes trembled as she slowly blinked, gobsmacked by the turn of events.

She just wanted to get back at Duke for teasing her, and she knew that this kind of teasing had not affected him one bit in their previous life.

Now caught in this situation, she began to second-guess her understanding of Duke and how his mind operated. The weight of his body pressed against hers, their chests intimately pressed together, prompted her to reconsider the depth of her knowledge about him and his intentions.

Kisha's breath caught in her throat as she felt a pulsating, thick long rod-like thing against her stomach, instantly recognizing what it was. Her eyes widened in shock as she glanced up at Duke, who wore a taunting smirk. Despite the playfulness of his expression, his eyes retained their dark, seductive allure.

Duke maintained a composed facade, but internally, he grappled with an identity crisis. His conflicting desires waged war within him: one urging him to lose himself in her completely, he wanted to bury

himself inside her right then and there, while the other, his rational side, cautioned against the impulsive act.

He feared that succumbing to his desires might jeopardize their relationship, causing her to turn against him.

After a moment's pause, Duke closed his eyes and rested his chin on top of her head. Kisha could feel his wildly beating heart and the heat coming from his body.

"So, he finally snapped, huh?" 008's voice echoed in Kisha's mind, its tone laden with implications.

"What do you mean?" Kisha inquired, her hand resting atop Duke's rapidly pounding heart.

008 did not answer but remained quiet. But Kisha was dying to know the answer, she felt like there was something she did not know that 008 was aware of but was refraining from sharing with her.

She contemplated issuing another threat to 008, but before she could, Duke drew nearer. "I trust you'll accept the consequences of your actions," his voice was husky, carrying a seductive undertone. As his hand found its way to the back of her neck, a jolt of electricity surged through Kisha's entire being, eliciting an involuntary moan that caught her by surprise.

That lone moan ignited Duke's desire even further. "Kisha..." His voice resonated deep within his chest, sending shivers down Kisha's spine and stirring her very soul.

As Duke called her name, a tremor coursed through her body and soul, but it wasn't sparked by desire; instead, an overwhelming urge to cry washed over her. It felt as though her heart, along with the pit of her stomach, was being yanked violently, yet the sensation had nothing to do with lust, disgust, or anger.

Instead, it was a profound longing tinged with melancholy, a yearning for something intangible and elusive.

Unbeknownst to her, tears began to stream down her cheeks, marking the first time in ages that she had allowed herself to succumb to silent sobs. Overwhelmed by a wave of sorrow and melancholy, she found herself unable to contain her emotions any longer.

Feeling a dampness against his chest, Duke couldn't resist the urge to glance down, only to discover Kisha silently weeping.

He felt as though a bucket of cold water had been thrown over him, instantly extinguishing the flames of desire and replacing them with panic.

This marked the first time he had witnessed Kisha shed tears, and it was undoubtedly the first time she had let her indifferent facade crumble, revealing the vulnerability she typically shielded herself from others to avoid being belittled or taken advantage of.

Kisha's true nature belied the facade she presented to the world. Beneath her tough exterior lay a woman of kindness and honesty, shaped by the relentless struggles she endured in the harshness of the apocalypse. The trials she faced left her battered, weary, and broken, bearing witness to unfathomable despair.

Despite the turmoil she endured, Kisha recognized the futility of tears. Instead of succumbing to despair, she chose to adapt and evolve. She shed her naivety and learned to view the world through a more discerning lens, guarding herself against exploitation and manipulation.

She felt the weight of all the pain she had carried in her heart, the burden that had eaten away at her from within. It felt as though she was drowning, suffocating under the weight of her grievances. At that moment, Duke became her lifeline, and she clung to him desperately, seeking solace and support.

Duke witnessed the transformation in Kisha's demeanor, the shift in her aura, and the anguish etched across her face, and panic surged within him. For the first time in his life... he felt scared....

He was at a loss, unsure of how to comfort Kisha in her distress. He cursed himself for allowing things to escalate to this point, for even considering acting on his desires at that moment.

'I must have scared her.' As he contemplated his actions, Duke's complexion fluctuated from pale to dark, his expression cycling through various emotions in rapid succession. If anyone had witnessed the scene, it might have appeared somewhat comical.

"Kisha, I'm sorry. This is all my fault," he confessed, his voice betraying a hint of tremor as he spoke.

He carefully lifted her and seated her on the countertop, his left hand tenderly running through her hair while his right hand gently stroked her back in an attempt to soothe her distress. His eyes were filled with genuine concern and self-reproach.

Kisha felt his warm hand on her back, but instead of calming down, she wailed even more. Like an aggrieved child who has been wronged and wants to tell on the culprit. This only made Duke even more panicky than he already was.

Kisha couldn't gauge how long she had cried or how much effort Duke had put into comforting her. But after releasing all her pent-up emotions, she couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle at the sight of Duke's panic-stricken expression.

"Are you hungry? Would you like something to eat?" Duke's typically cold tone softened, resembling a gentle summer breeze.

Kisha nodded, attempting to wipe her tears, but Duke gently brushed away her swollen eyes with his cold thumb. His gaze conveyed a mix of self-reproach and affection, coupled with tenderness.

"I'm sorry for scaring you." Duke solemnly apologized as his lips were tightly pursed together.

Kisha couldn't help but chuckle. "Do you think I was easy to be scared away? It was just due to hormones." Kisha felt bad seeing Duke blaming himself when she herself did not know why she cried in the first place, she could only find an excuse that typically used by other women in the menstruations. The only difference is, it's not the time of the month yet.

Duke nodded silently, though he didn't seem entirely convinced by her excuse. He moved to take care of the ingredients, but the funny thing was, that he had his phone open to a cooking tutorial, silently following each step as he worked.

Kisha found this revelation novel, as she had always assumed that Duke knew how to cook. 'So, does that mean he only learned how to cook post-apocalypse?' she mused. However, she quickly realized there was nothing wrong with it; in the apocalypse, having a warm meal was already a luxury, let alone a delicious one.

She silently watched Duke bustling around the kitchen while she remained seated on the countertop.

Sparrow and Vulture returned quietly, observing the scene before them. They exchanged a knowing look, silently communicating, 'They look like a newlywed couple.' Sharing a private chuckle, they continued to watch from a distance.

However, they couldn't resist snapping a stolen picture of Duke diligently preparing a meal for his 'little wife'.