

Apocalypse 714

Chapter 714 Doting On Her Hubby

After finishing, Duke turned to Kisha with a playful glint in his eyes. "Wifey, it's done! Did I do a good job?" he asked, deliberately acting cute. Kisha knew exactly what he was after—her praise and a little extra affection. Amused, she didn't hold back.

Smiling sweetly, she tiptoed and placed a soft kiss on his cheek. That was all it took for Duke's face to instantly light up with a wide, satisfied grin.

Kisha leaned closer to Duke, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Hubby, do I smell good now?" she asked coquettishly, her voice laced with playful charm.

She had once promised herself that she would do everything to pull Duke out of his shell, to make him open up to her completely and express his raw emotions. But as time passed, she realized something unexpected: instead of him, it wasn't just her helping Duke; it was Duke who was helping her heal.

Without her even noticing, he was gently guiding her past the shadows of her past lives, making her feel safe and at ease in his presence.

She carried countless insecurities, mental barriers, and lingering shadows that refused to fade, no matter how hard she tried. Despite her best efforts, the past still clung to her, refusing to be forgotten. But with Duke by her side, she was slowly healing.

Because of him, she was learning to open up again—to express her emotions freely, to let go of the weight she had been carrying for so long. With Duke, she could laugh, tease, and be playful, just like she used to be before the apocalypse changed everything.

Duke had done so much for her, silently yet unwaveringly. He adjusted to her needs and desires without question, always attuned to her, always watching closely—not out of possessiveness, but out of love, ensuring he could provide whatever she might need before she even asked.

Duke's patience and devotion to Kisha were extraordinary. Unlike him—who openly expressed his love, clinginess, possessiveness, and even his flaws—Kisha often struggled to break free from the cold, indifferent shell she had built around herself.

The weight of responsibilities the system constantly threw at her made it difficult to be anything but serious.

Yet, Duke's playful nature added color to her otherwise dull and rigid life, reminding her that there was more to living than just survival and duty.

Little did Kisha know, though she wasn't as openly expressive, her sincere feelings were all Duke ever needed. To him, she was the one who brought meaning and warmth to his world.

Since childhood, his life had felt bleak and dull, but with Kisha by his side, he truly felt alive. That was why he never held back in showing his love for her—he didn't fear rejection or restraint. Sometimes, he couldn't even stop himself from expressing what he truly wanted.

They completed each other in ways they hadn't even realized, and everything between them felt effortless and natural.

Kisha felt deeply touched by Duke's unwavering devotion. He treated her like a queen without asking for anything in return, making her want to cherish him even more.

She realized she could let her guard down and allow herself to be pampered by him—something she had never thought she deserved before.

Sure, he could be a little clingy and occasionally playful in a mischievous way, but wasn't that just part of love? If he were still distant or indifferent, wouldn't that be more concerning?

Instead, Duke openly showed how much he cared for her—how much he loved her, desired her, and wanted to be close to her in every way: mind, body, and soul.

And so, she decided to give back the love she received. This was the perfect opportunity to shower Duke with the same affection and cling to him just as much as he did to her.

Hearing Kisha's playful, coquettish tone, Duke felt a pleasant tickle in his heart, his dotting smile growing even deeper. He lowered his head, leaning in closer to her, and took an audible sniff, inhaling her scent.

"Wifey smells so good... so sweet," he murmured, his voice laced with satisfaction. "My appetite suddenly awakens..."

A mischievous smirk played on his lips as he met her gaze, his words carrying a teasing double meaning. He was testing the waters, gauging her reaction—seeing just how far he could push before she either indulged him or playfully pushed him away.

Kisha's face turned crimson as Duke's teasing words sank in, and she quickly averted her gaze, trying to ignore the implication. But Duke wasn't done yet. He leaned in even closer, dipping his head down to her neck and then playfully trailing toward her underarms before taking another exaggerated, audible sniff.

"Mmm, it really does smell nice," he murmured, flashing her a toothy grin.

Kisha's face burned even redder at his shameless teasing, and without thinking, she lunged at him, aiming to smack his back. "You—!"

But Duke was already one step ahead. He had darted away before her hand could even lift, laughing as he dodged her playful attack. Not one to back down, Kisha chased after him, the two of them running around like carefree children, their laughter echoing through the air.

After some time, when the two had their fill of horsing around, Kisha finally stopped, crossing her arms as she caught her breath. Duke followed suit, halting a few steps away before casually strolling toward her. His face was glowing with laughter, his features looking even more striking at the moment—fresh, carefree, and undeniably handsome.

Kisha found herself staring, completely mesmerized. And Duke, ever the shameless tease, didn't look away. Instead, he held her gaze, making sure she took in every bit of his charm.

"Enjoying the view?" he drawled, a playful smirk curling at his lips. "Want me to shed a few layers to give you an even better one?"

Before Kisha could react, Duke grabbed her hands and slid them under his shirt, guiding them over his chiseled abs with slow, deliberate movements.

"Feels much better, right?" he murmured, his voice deepening, his eyes darkening with mischief and something more. He was no longer just teasing—he was openly seducing her now.

Kisha bit her lip, her gaze locking onto Duke's with an intensity that made his smirk falter for just a second. Without a word, she grabbed his arm and tugged him closer. As she tiptoed, she pressed a quick, teasing kiss against his lips—a soft smack at first. But then, her experience took over.

With a sultry glint in her eyes, she nipped at his lower lip, a playful yet seductive bite that sent a jolt of heat through Duke's body. His grip on his control snapped.

Growling low in his throat, he wrapped his arms around her, effortlessly lifting her off the ground. Kisha gasped as he pulled her against him, making her straddle his waist while his hands found their place, firmly cupping her curves to support her weight.

"You're playing with fire, wifey," Duke murmured, his voice thick with desire, his hold on her tightening as his lips hovered dangerously close to hers.

Kisha chuckled against Duke's lips, her voice dripping with playful defiance. "What? Are you the only one allowed to seduce me? Can't I turn the tables on you?" Her sultry gaze gleamed with mischief, daring him.

That was all it took for Duke to throw his remaining restraint out the window. With a growl, he pressed her against the sturdy bark of a tree, his lips crashing into hers with unrestrained passion.

"Wifey, stick out your tongue," he murmured, his voice deep and magnetic.

A shiver ran down Kisha's spine at the commanding tone, and without hesitation, she obeyed. The moment she did, Duke didn't waste a second—his tongue tangled with hers in a heated dance, devouring her like she was the very air he needed to survive.

Kisha gasped, trying to push against his chest to steal a moment to breathe, but it only spurred Duke on further. His grip tightened, his kisses growing deeper, more demanding.

A low, possessive growl vibrated from his chest as he teasingly bit down on her tongue before trailing his lips to the corner of her mouth, leaving behind a faint silver strand of thread.

Kisha barely had time to gulp in a breath before Duke claimed her lips again—slurping, biting, tasting—like a starved beast determined to explore every inch of her mouth, making her head spin and her body melt into his embrace.

"Hmmm..." Kisha let out a soft moan as a tingling sensation spread from her scalp down her spine. With Duke's insatiable needs and boundless stamina, she was certain that if they were just a normal couple living an ordinary life—without the constant chaos of the apocalypse—he would seize every opportunity to indulge in moments like this, every single day.

But reality was far from kind. With so much weighing on their shoulders, these rare, stolen moments of intimacy were few and far in between. And now that Duke finally had the chance, he wasn't holding back—acting like a starved wolf finally sinking his teeth into the feast he had been craving for.

Without hesitation, Duke pressed himself closer to Kisha, his body flush against hers as he began grinding against her core with slow, deliberate movements. His breath came out ragged, heavy with desire, as he leaned in, his lips grazing her ear.

"Wifey... I want to fuck you senseless right now," he growled, his deep, husky voice laced with raw need, every word dripping with the excitement surging through his veins.