

Apocalypse 75

Chapter 75 Taking Care of Oneself

Duke's direct response left Kisha momentarily speechless. She felt torn, caught between acting on her desires and hesitating out of concern for the potential complications it could bring to their relationship. Their current dynamic was already somewhat ambiguous, and Kisha didn't want to risk reducing their connection to mere physical attraction.

Kisha bit her lower lip, grappling with the desire to be forthright with Duke. As if sensing her internal struggle, Duke spoke up before she could voice her thoughts. "But don't worry," he reassured her, "I won't do anything to make you feel uncomfortable or used.

I genuinely came here to sleep with you on the same bed, so I can be here in case you have another nightmare." Duke offered the explanation to ensure Kisha didn't misunderstand his intentions, although his body's honesty betrayed the simplicity of his words.

Yet, he made sure to convey it clearly to Kisha. "But as you can see," he began, his voice husky with sincerity, "I'm nothing more than a healthy, normal man. So, unless you give me permission, I won't do anything that might hurt you." With that, Duke leaned in and placed a gentle peck on Kisha's temple, surprising her with his tenderness.

Kisha found herself torn between laughter and tears at Duke's words. However, the rhythmic patting on her back proved to be a soothing lullaby, coaxing her into a deep slumber. Before long, she drifted off in Duke's embrace, leaving him to contend with his own inner turmoil.

Once Kisha's breathing had steadied, indicating she was truly in a peaceful sleep, Duke quietly slipped away and returned to the bathroom. He needed a long, cold shower to relieve the tension coursing through his body. The discomfort he felt was excruciating; it seemed like his member might explode at any moment.

He couldn't help but ruefully reflect on the consequences of his actions, feeling the full weight of shooting himself in the foot this time.

Despite standing under the cold shower for a full ten minutes, Duke found no relief from his intense desire. The realization that he was showering in Kisha's room, separated from her only by a wall, only fueled his excitement further. The image of Kisha's vulnerable form lying on the bed just beyond that wall played over and over in his mind, intensifying his longing rather than abating it.

His breath hitched, and a flush spread across the nape of his neck as he leaned against the cold tiled walls. There was a palpable conflict within him, a battle of desires waging silently.

The mere thought of Kisha being just on the other side of the wall tipped the scales, compelling him to give in to the impulse, compelling him to yield to the mounting desire and seek release, if only to alleviate the tension and bring an end to the internal turmoil.

Once again, he began to stroke his shaft slowly, the sensation causing a noticeable twitch in his palm as his excitement grew. Despite the water cascading down his face from the shower, his breaths came in ragged gasps, making it difficult to breathe. His chest heaved violently as his strokes became more rushed and a little rougher.

Soon, the bathroom was filled with his muffled groans echoing against the tiled walls.

He made a conscious effort to keep his moans subdued, not wanting to risk waking Kisha from her slumber. However, the thought of her being so close only fueled his excitement further, causing him to arch his back and increase the pace of his strokes on his shaft.

Despite his efforts to stifle the pleasure that is coming out from his lips, the sounds of his aroused groans only grew louder, and seemed to escalate even more, his desire reaching unprecedented heights. It was almost as if, deep down, a part of him secretly longed for Kisha to awaken and discover him in this vulnerable state, adding an exhilarating edge to the already intense moment.

'Oh, how I yearned to kiss her soft, moist lips as I imagined ramming my hips roughly at her,' Duke thought. However, the fear of potentially frightening her held him back, causing him to hesitate.

The mere thought of the possibility heightened his sensitivity to such an extent that he felt a tingling sensation in his gums as if every nerve in his body was electrified. With gritted teeth, he found release in the most satisfying way possible at that moment.

His chest heaved as he struggled to catch his breath following his release. Leaning against the walls for support, his left arm bore the weight of his body. As the intensity of his desire gradually subsided, he felt a sense of calm settling over him.

However, once he regained his composure, he couldn't help but slap his forehead in frustration, berating himself for even entertaining such thoughts about Kisha while seeking his release.

He felt like he disrespected her in many ways. Determined to regain control over his desires, he resolved to exercise restraint in the future. It was his first time experiencing such intense romantic and physical attraction to a woman, and he struggled to comprehend that these feelings were normal.

However, he couldn't shake the feeling that he had behaved like a brute, particularly after a period of abstinence.

After spending nearly two hours in the cold shower, Duke returned to bed beside Kisha. He pulled her closer to his body in a warm embrace, but his skin, chilled from the prolonged exposure to cold water, contrasted sharply with her warmth. As their skins made contact, Kisha trembled ever so slightly, a reaction Duke found endearing. Unable to resist, he let out a soft chuckle in response.

Soon, Duke also drifted off into a dreamless sleep. When he awoke, a few hours had already passed and the only light was the soft glow from the nightstand lamp on the bedside table, and Kisha was still peacefully asleep in his arms. Though his arms felt numb, he resisted the urge to move, not wanting to disturb her slumber.

Instead, he watched her sleep, his gaze tracing the delicate contours of her porcelain-like skin, smooth and flawless. He found her small, pointy nose endearing, and her slightly parted, plump lips hinted at the peacefulness of her slumber as she breathed evenly. Long eyelashes cast a delicate shadow under her closed eyes.

This time, she slept serenely, free from the nightmares that had plagued her in the past. It brought him immense joy to see her rest peacefully, without the tears and restlessness he witnessed before.

Just the memory of her broken state during those nightmares felt like a vice clenching around his heart, inflicting a sharp pain. Offering her his presence and comfort in moments like these was the only solace he could provide, a way to help alleviate any pain she might endure in her dreams.

Whether those nightmares were echoes of past experiences in the apocalypse or remnants of multiple lives lived, he was determined to spare her from suffering as much as possible.

Lost in thought, Duke found himself entranced by Kisha's serene expression as he studied her face. Suddenly, he was snapped out of his reverie when her eyes fluttered open, meeting his striking blue orbs. Duke realized he hadn't even noticed when she had awoken, but now they held each other's gaze in silent communion for a timeless moment.

As Kisha gradually opened her eyes, she sensed an intense gaze fixed upon her. Her breath caught in her throat as she found Duke's eyes meeting hers. Trying to piece together the events of the night, she wondered how long she had been asleep and how long Duke had been awake, his unwavering stare adding to her uncertainty.

In that vulnerable moment, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of insecurity about her appearance, particularly given that she had just woken up.

Curiosity nagged at her, prompting her to discreetly check if she had drooled in her sleep. However, the thought of openly examining herself felt too embarrassing, causing her to become absentminded as a multitude of questions swirled in her mind.

Interrupting her reverie, 008's voice broke through her thoughts, reminding her that it was almost 4 in the morning. It was a playful jab, intended to keep her from being too swept away by Duke's presence in that moment. Although Kisha knew it was a tease, she found herself at a loss for words.

In that instant, she couldn't help but be captivated by Duke's handsome face, so close to hers, and his intense gaze that seemed to ensnare her completely.

She quickly sat up in bed, a sense of urgency flooding her. "We need to prepare," she declared her tone firm. "It's almost 4 in the morning."

"Alright, I'll join you shortly," Duke replied, his voice still husky from just waking up. The mere sound of his words sent a jolt of electricity through Kisha's body. Hastily, she made her way to the bathroom, eager to wash away any lingering impure thoughts.

Watching her hurried pace, Duke couldn't help but chuckle in amusement, pleased by Kisha's reaction to him. With a contented smile, he slowly sat up in bed, taking a moment to massage his numbed arm from sleeping while Kisha was in his embrace overnight.