

Apocalypse 117

Chapter 117 Don't Look

Every touch from Kisha sent a tingling sensation racing across his scalp, elevating him to cloud nine. It felt even better than when he was doing it on his own. "Kisha, faster, okay?" he urged, then began nibbling on her earlobes, overcome with arousal.

Kisha instinctively followed Duke's words, and he slowly released her hand so she could continue on her own. Unaware that she was still instinctively obeying his command, Kisha suddenly realized what she was doing. She could have stopped right there and left Duke hanging, but considering she had initiated the teasing and Duke took it seriously, she decided to bite the bullet.

With resolve, she used her hand to stroke his member through his pants.

Despite the fabric acting as a barrier between her hand and his throbbing boner, Kisha could still feel the heat emanating from it. Duke's nibbling on her sensitive earlobe only served to further cloud her mind, igniting a rising sense of arousal within her as well.

As the minutes passed, Duke began gasping for air, the hot breath escaping from his mouth teasing Kisha's ears. His occasional groans only fueled Kisha's eagerness to please him further. She found herself craving more of Duke's reactions, each one igniting a growing excitement within her as if his pleasure were her own release she sought after.

"Kisha, Kisha..." Duke's voice trailed off as he closed his eyes, overwhelmed by the sensations coursing through his shaft from Kisha's strokes. Each movement left him craving more from her touch. She stroked from the head of his shaft to the base, her pace quickening slightly from when she had started, and her movements were now less clumsy, smoother, and more confident than before.

Duke and Kisha were now sweaty and flushed with heat, having been at it for a solid 15 minutes. Kisha's hand was starting to feel sore from the continuous stroking of Duke's shaft. She hadn't anticipated that Duke would last this long, and her hand began to ache with exertion.

Duke's hand glided from Kisha's waist to the curve of her back, slipping beneath her clothing to explore the soft, supple skin with his slightly rough fingers. Each caress sent a delicious shiver down Kisha's spine, her eyes fluttering as a gasp parted her lips. But Duke's touch only intensified as his other hand found the back of Kisha's head, gently urging her closer to him.

With a hungered breath, he captured her lips in a searing kiss, igniting a fire between them.

Kisha was caught off guard by Duke's hungry yet gentle kiss, which gradually escalated into a passionate exchange as he teased her lips with his tongue. His exploration was deliberate, inching closer to find her small dainty tongue, and when they finally met, it sent a jolt of electricity through Kisha's body.

After a while, Duke pulled back, and a thin strand of saliva lingered between them, a silent testament to their heated exchange. "Don't stop, I'm almost there..." Duke urged his voice husky with desire, reminding Kisha to continue stroking him. Then, without hesitation, he dove back into the kiss with renewed fervor, as if unable to quench his thirst for her.

As Kisha resumed stroking Duke's shaft, their passionate kiss continued unabated. The sensation was overwhelming, causing Kisha's knees to weaken until she could no longer stand upright. Fortunately, Duke's strong arms wrapped around her back, preventing her from collapsing, as he maintained the intensity of their kiss.

His skilled hands roamed over Kisha's back, while the other held her head close, deepening their connection. Meanwhile, Kisha found herself equally drawn into the moment, her free hand instinctively

reaching up to entwine in Duke's hair. This silent gesture conveyed her unspoken desire and eagerness to fully immerse herself in the passionate exchange.

If Duke hadn't exercised restraint, he might have already carried Kisha to the bed. However, he hesitated, fearing that such a move would only intensify their intimacy to a point of no return. He wasn't confident that he could halt the momentum once it reached that stage.

Duke, with a slight pinch on Kisha's back, fervently explored every inch of her mouth before abruptly ending the kiss. "I'm cumming!" he exclaimed, biting Kisha's lower lip once more. His body trembled with pleasure as a louder groan escaped his lips, signaling his release.

Duke's scalp tingled with excitement, sending electrifying sensations coursing through his gums. As he experienced his release shooting powerfully inside his trousers, he found the sensation ten times more intense than when he was doing it alone. The taste of Kisha on his lips felt incredibly sweet, and his heart pounded so hard in his rib cage that it felt like it could shatter at any second.

His release sent waves of pleasure coursing through his entire body, causing his toes to curl inside his shoes. As he felt his climax continuing unabated, he couldn't help but let out a satisfied chuckle. Gently, he pressed a peck to the edge of Kisha's eyes. "That felt amazing," he murmured, his voice filled with contentment.

Kisha pursed her lips, recognizing that their relationship had just taken a significant leap, skipping over some levels that might not be deemed appropriate for outsiders. However, she reasoned that they were now living in a post-apocalyptic era, where societal norms had shifted, so she pushed those thoughts to the back of her mind.

She observed Duke panting from his release, his trousers stained and damp where the head of his member was. She noticed that he was still hard, but at least it didn't seem to be throbbing as painfully as earlier.

"If you keep looking, I might get aroused again, and I don't know how things will progress from there," Duke said in a seductive tone, his gaze intense as he seemed to silently request more.

Kisha's breath caught in her throat, feeling the weight of his gaze. She quickly retrieved a new set of clothes for Duke to change into, realizing that his current attire was no longer suitable.