

Apocalypse 252

Chapter 252 He Got Carried Away

WARNING!!!

A little more than [MATURE CONTENT] in this chapter!!! Please be warned...

Even without much experience, Kisha couldn't help but tease Duke, sensing his mounting anticipation as he struggled to contain his desire to pin her down on the bed. As her hand reached his navel, she leaned in closer and planted a sensual kiss there, leaving a damp, soft trace where her lips touched.

The unexpected sensation made Duke gasp slightly, the heat around his core intensifying with every touch.

Noticing Duke's gaze darken with desire, Kisha smirked triumphantly, savoring the moment. Duke, his thoughts a mix of anticipation and resolve, gently guided Kisha's hands to his throbbing cock. As he watched her intently, Kisha's expression was a blend of concern, anticipation, and lust.

She hesitated, rubbing the tip of his cock while examining its length and thickness, her mind racing with thoughts of whether it would fit.

Kisha thought, "This is so big, I don't think it will fit." Despite her doubts, she couldn't deny the intense desire she felt. They both had numerous responsibilities and challenges ahead, yet their current situation offered a rare opportunity for comfort and intimacy.

Amidst their chaotic lives and endless battles, moments like these provided a precious escape, a chance to be vulnerable and connected in ways they might not have again for a long time.

When Kisha looked at Duke, she pushed aside her embarrassment and fully embraced her desire for the man she loved and adored. She realized that, despite his seemingly overbearing nature, Duke had been carefully holding back to ensure she felt comfortable. His insistence was not about control but about gauging her responses and respecting her boundaries.

His patience and care for her were evident, as he was willing to adjust his actions based on her reactions, demonstrating just how deeply he valued and respected her.

That's why Kisha decided to take a more proactive approach. As she began to stroke his hard shaft slowly, she kept her eyes locked on him, watching as he bit his lower lip to stifle a moan. Duke's sensitivity was heightened compared to when he touched himself or when Kisha had touched him before, intensifying the pleasure he felt from her gentle touch.

His heart raced and his stomach fluttered, every nerve in his body tingling with electrifying sensation. His toes curled and his mind buzzed with delight. Kisha's every stroke and her soul-stirring gaze sent waves of pleasure through him, making him want to thrust into her mouth. Despite his intense desire, he restrained himself, placing both hands behind him to hold back and maintain control.

It was as if Kisha could sense his thoughts. She brought her mouth closer to his hard cock, starting with a teasing lick at the tip, savoring the precum. Her small tongue traced a path from the base to the tip, circling the crown with deliberate, slow movements that heightened his anticipation.

The sensation was too much for him to bear. His desire surged, overriding any remaining rationality. He moaned loudly as pleasure overwhelmed him. Kisha took him fully into her mouth, and Duke gasped at the intense pleasure. His hands instinctively reached for the back of her head, gently urging her to take more of his length deeper into her throat.

Though Kisha was guided purely by instinct, her actions brought Duke intense pleasure. When he urged her to take him deeper and momentarily lost control, Kisha choked, drool spilling from the corners of her mouth. Duke tensed in response, but as she felt his grip on her head loosen, Kisha pressed on, taking him as deeply as she could. This movement elicited even louder moans from Duke.

"Fuck! Kisha, darling, right there! Ah," Duke gasped, his voice strained with pleasure as his hand gently guided her head.

Kisha didn't let her other hand idle; she used it to gently massage Duke's balls, sending waves of pleasure through him. Duke trembled and grunted, his breaths ragged, while his eyes stayed locked on Kisha. The sound of her slurping and the sight of her trying to take his big cock into her mouth with drool escaping made Duke smirk with satisfaction.

The pleasure Duke was experiencing intensified, and soon he felt an overwhelming sensation building in his core. Kisha could feel Duke's cock swell even further, and as she heard his groan, she realized what was about to happen. "I'm cumming!" Duke gasped, unable to hold back. He thrust deeper into Kisha's throat as he released his seed, filling her deep in the throat.

Kisha was taken aback by the intensity, and in her surprise, she grabbed onto Duke's firm buttocks with one hand while the other hand tried to pull away. However, it felt as though Duke was using all his strength to keep her in place, his grip tight and his release coming with a fierce snarl. Kisha struggled to breathe, feeling tears and a mix of snot on her face as she fought to regain control.

The urge to claw at Duke to make him let her go was overwhelming, as she desperately needed air.

When Duke came to his senses after he came, he immediately released Kisha, who gasped for air and coughed heavily. Duke felt a pang of guilt for being too rough, and he gently rubbed her back, his voice hoarse with remorse. "I'm sorry, wifey. I got carried away," he said, his tone sincere.

Even as he still felt the lingering pleasure pulsing through him, he was deeply satisfied and honestly, deep inside, he was satisfied and if he was given a chance, he might do it again. His guilt was compounded by his own conflicted feelings of satisfaction.

Kisha wipe her face with the sleeves of her silk nightgown as she struggled to stop herself from coughing and panting at the same time, her chest was constricting. After wiping her face, she lifted her face to look at Duke with resentful eyes and Duke was clearly guilty.

So to get back at him, Kisha kissed him passionately and let him have a taste of himself that was still remaining in her mouth after he came into her mouth.

Duke did not protest and let Kisha do what would make her happy, he returned her passionate kiss and let their tongue dance, sometime pulling and pushing each other as they slowly settled on the bed.

Duke indeed had a taste of how his cum tasted like, he frowned a little as how bitter it was and with its unique taste that he himself don't want in his mouth but thanks to Kisha's sweet taste that overwhelmed him, he soon forgotten about it and he slowly took off Kisha's nightgown.

Duke's kisses cascaded over Kisha's face and neck, leaving her clad only in her silk panties. Despite her resolve, she felt a twinge of embarrassment under Duke's intense gaze as he admired her form. Subconsciously, she tried to cover her ample breasts with her arms. Duke gently seized her hands, pulling them away to fully appreciate her.

His eyes were drawn to her large, round breasts, which bounced slightly with her movements. Amused and increasingly aroused, Duke marveled at their softness, swaying like jelly with every slight motion.