

## Apocalypse 254

### Chapter 254 I Want To Hit Someone

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WARNING!!!

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

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Duke continued to tease Kisha gently, aiming to help her relax as he positioned himself between her legs. With a look of feigned innocence, he asked, "Wifey, can I?" His eyes were soft and pleading, though in reality, he was barely able to restrain himself. He had wanted to fully connect with Kisha from the start, but he hesitated out of concern for hurting her with his size.

He sought to understand her desires before taking that final step.

Seeing Duke's pitiful, puppy-like expression, Kisha's heart softened, and her lust surged anew. She gazed at him and gave a hesitant nod, her body torn between anticipation and trepidation. As soon as she nodded, she felt a sharp, intense pressure as something hard and solid began to stretch her.

Duke grunted in discomfort as he too paused, adjusting to the tightness, both of them caught in a moment of mutual discomfort.

Only the tip had entered Kisha, and Duke already felt the extreme tightness gripping him. As a groan escaped his lips, he heard Kisha gasp loudly with a hint of pain, causing him to freeze and hold himself back from moving further.

"I'm alright, I think. I'll get used to the size, just give me time," Kisha said, her voice hoarse as she grimaced in pain. Duke maintained their position, sweat forming on his forehead as he stayed still. His cock throbbed with excitement, eager to continue thrusting, but the extreme tightness held him back.

Duke adjusted his position and held both of Kisha's legs closer to her stomach, causing her face to turn even redder from being fully exposed. He could see their connected private parts in full view and looked back at Kisha with a devilish smirk. To help Kisha relax, he started rubbing her clitoris, sending shivers of pleasure through her core.

As Duke pushed deeper, Kisha moaned in pleasure, her fan-like eyelashes fluttering as she tried to keep her eyes open, but the waves of pleasure from their connection made it impossible.

When Duke felt Kisha's muscles relax and the tightness ease, he began to thrust slowly, his thumb continuing to rub her clit.

It took all of Duke's self-control not to shove his full length inside Kisha and take her roughly, as he had always imagined in his dreams. He began by thrusting only halfway, allowing her to adjust to his size and the rhythm. When Kisha started to writhe in pleasure, clutching the bedsheets and gasping with each thrust, Duke made a bold move, thrusting deeply until he was fully inside her.

Kisha screamed in surprise, but it was a scream of pure pleasure.

"Ah! Oh god!" Kisha's scream of pleasure emboldened Duke even more. Her widened eyes locked with his, and she saw the depth and darkness in his gaze, filled with unrestrained lust. At that moment, Kisha knew that the last thread of Duke's restraint had snapped.

His slow thrusts transformed into a piston-like rhythm, rough and hard. He pulled his cock out, leaving only the tip inside before shoving his full length back in, making Kisha moan louder each time. Duke repeated this a few more times, their moans intertwining in the enclosed space.

His moans sounded beastly, occasionally snarling deeply, while Kisha could only whimper as his relentless thrusts sent her mind into oblivion from the overwhelming pleasure.

"Ah! D-duke!" Kisha gasped, her words fragmented by the intensity of Duke's thrusts, as if each one was pushing the air out of her lungs. "This is too much!" she managed to say. But Duke leaned in, swallowing her words with a deep, hard kiss. He sucked on her lips, their moans mingling as his hips continued their relentless rhythm, driving her wild with pleasure.

After a bout of rough play, Duke changed his pace, pumping into her fast and hard. The overwhelming pleasure left Kisha breathless, her throat going dry as relentless moans spilled from her lips, unable to be contained.

Duke seemed to have turned into a ravenous beast, growing hungrier the longer he went on. He relentlessly plowed into Kisha, hard and fast, showering her with kisses. Occasionally, he'd bite her collarbone or shoulder, unable to contain the intense pleasure coursing through him, his gums tingling with each surge.

"Ah! Du-Duke! I'm cumming!" Kisha cried out, her eyes fluttering and rolling back. Her entire body started to tremble as a delicious sensation built in her core. She bit her lower lip, trying to contain the tingling filling her nerves, her scalp going numb from the overwhelming sensation.

Duke felt Kisha's inner walls tighten around him, as if trying to push him out, but instead of pulling back, he thrust faster and harder, riding the wave of pleasure. He could feel his own release nearing. "Kisha, let's cum together!" he groaned, clutching her hips tighter and thrusting as if his life depended on it.

Kisha wrapped her legs around Duke's waist, clinging to the bedsheet, but nothing could calm the storm of pleasure within her. She felt Duke's cock swell inside her, knowing he was about to cum just as she reached her climax.

Their intertwined moans reverberated through the room as they both reached their climax. Duke didn't stop thrusting, determined to deposit every last bit of his seed deep inside her. Finally, he collapsed on top of Kisha, panting hard as sweat rolled down his body.

Kisha struggled to keep her eyes open as her consciousness drifted. She didn't have the energy to see Duke's satisfied and refreshed expression; all she wanted was to fall asleep. Her body felt sticky from sweat, but before she could voice any complaints, she felt a shock of incredulity. Duke had collapsed on top of her, and his cock was still deeply buried inside her. He hadn't pulled out yet.

But after that strenuous exercise, Duke still seemed eager for another round. Kisha could sense it wouldn't be long before he voiced his desire, making her feel a bit uneasy.

"Wifey..." Duke's deep, hoarse voice, thick with lust, echoed near her ear. Even without seeing him, Kisha could sense the smug look on his face and knew he was about to say something that would put her at a disadvantage. As much as she wanted to run, Duke had her anchored to the bed with his own body. "Let's go for another round," he said.

Kisha felt a surge of frustration and felt an urge to hit Duke right then, her body still aching as if she had suffered a great fall. The bites Duke had given her stung whenever they made contact with their sweat.

Kisha weakly clenched her fist, ready to hit Duke, but he quickly seized her hand, coaxing her with slow, lazy thrusts. "Wifey, didn't you challenge me? I thought you wouldn't be satisfied with just a 15-minute man like me, so I'm doing my best to serve you," Duke said with a coy smile, peppering her face with gentle kisses.

Kisha was at a loss for words as she felt another wave of pleasure building inside her, a soft whimper escaping her lips. She tried to respond, but Duke was already one step ahead. He captured her lips in a passionate kiss, swallowing all her words and enveloping her in his embrace.