

Apocalypse 366

Chapter 366 Giving Me Too Much Credit

WARNING!!!

A little more than [MATURE CONTENT] in this chapter!!!

As they kissed, Duke guided Kisha's hands to help her remove her top, while she reciprocated by pulling off his shirt. Duke's muscular chest and stomach were revealed, his back muscles rippling with each movement. Kisha's fingers lingered over his taut skin, savoring the firm texture of his chest and abs as she explored him slowly.

Duke gasped at Kisha's touch, his eyes darkening with a primal hunger as he fixed his intense gaze on her. The sight of him struggling to restrain his desire only fueled Kisha's playful intent. Leaning in, she unfastened her bra with a teasing smirk, then extended her tongue to trace a slow, tantalizing lick across Duke's nipple.

Duke let out a deep, sensual groan as he watched Kisha tease his nipple with her tongue, mirroring what he had done to hers. The sensation sent a shiver through him, making his scalp tingle with a mix of pleasure and ticklish delight.

Gritting his teeth, he sucked in a sharp breath, trying to regain control, but the temptation was overwhelming. With a swift move, he pushed Kisha onto the bed, determined to take the lead again.

Like the queen she was, Kisha didn't back down. Instead, she continued her teasing, her hand slipping down to rub Duke's hard cock. The contact sent a shockwave through him, and he let out a low, primal snarl. Unable to resist, Duke leaned back onto the bed, surrendering to the intense sensation building deep within him as Kisha maintained control, fueling his desire.

Kisha swiftly unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his pants, revealing his hardened cock. Just as Duke tried to regain control and sit up, she leaned in and playfully bit his nipple, making him groan in pleasure.

"Ugh! Baby!" he gasped, his voice thick with desire, as Kisha kept him pinned under her dominance.

Kisha didn't give Duke a moment to regain his composure. Without hesitation, his hard cock sprang free from his pants, and she began stroking him with a slow yet firm rhythm.

"Ugh! Ah!" Duke moaned, his breath hitching as she expertly worked her hand, leaving him powerless under her touch.

Only now did Kisha truly understand why Duke loved teasing her the way he did last time—it was intoxicating, the feeling of power, the control. It made her feel unstoppable. She kept stroking his shaft while her mouth and teeth teased his nipple, sending shivers through Duke's body.

He was writhing beneath her, his intense gaze locked onto hers, unable to tear his eyes away as he succumbed to the overwhelming pleasure she was giving him.

A playful smirk danced on her lips as she stuck out her tongue, giving his abs a slow, sensual lick while moving downward. Duke's breath hitched, his stomach trembling under her touch.

He let out a muffled grunt, watching with hooded eyes as Kisha traced her way down his abs, every stroke of her tongue igniting sparks of pleasure through his body.

This only heightened Duke's excitement and anticipation, causing his cock to twitch and throb in Kisha's hand. She stroked it with slow, deliberate circular motions, remembering how much Duke had liked it the last time. His breathing grew heavier with each stroke, the tension in his body building under her skillful touch.

Duke's shaft was thick and long, so much so that Kisha had to use both hands to cover some of its length. As her fingers brushed over his pubic area, Duke let out a slow, deep sigh, his chest heaving with anticipation.

Kisha caught his eye, flashing a mischievous smirk before leaning in to lick the tip of his cock. Without hesitation, she took him into her mouth, making Duke groan in pure pleasure.

Duke sank deeper into the bed, his left hand covering his eyes as he gasped for air, his chest rising and falling in quick succession. His right hand instinctively reached for Kisha's head, but she swatted it away, maintaining control.

Locking eyes with him for a moment, she leaned in and began to deep-throat him, drawing a loud, guttural moan from his lips as his body tensed in response to the intense pleasure.

"Ugh! Wifey, fuck... you're going to make me cum too fast if you keep this up," Duke groaned between ragged breaths.

Kisha didn't respond; she persisted even as she began gagging and choking on his size. Her eyes welled up with tears, and she felt a sob escape her as she struggled to keep up.

Every time his cock reached the back of her throat, she felt her eyes rolling back, the overwhelming sensation causing her to tear up even more.

She felt like she was stretching her jaw to its limit just to accommodate his shaft, and the effort was almost overwhelming. It seemed like her jaw might dislocate, but seeing the pleasure etched on Duke's face fueled her determination.

She was driven by the idea that it was a mutual exchange of pleasure, and she was committed to giving her best.

The stretch was becoming unbearable, and when Kisha finally decided she'd had enough and started to pull back, Duke reacted instantly. His hand shot out like lightning, gripping her hair firmly. Without giving her a chance to protest, he guided her head up and down his shaft, maintaining control as he pushed her limits further.

Kisha and Duke locked eyes, her red-rimmed gaze narrowing in protest as she silently communicated her discomfort. Duke, gasping for air, stared back at her with his lips slightly parted. "Wifey," he croaked, his voice raw with desire.

Biting down hard to stifle a moan, his body tensed when Kisha, despite her silent plea, tightened her grip on his shaft, then shifted her other hand to massage his balls, pushing him even closer to the edge.

Kisha's eyes crinkled slightly in amusement at Duke's reaction. Before he could utter another word, she deep-throated him again. Realizing he had no intention of letting her go, Kisha resigned herself to continue, determined to push him to finish quickly if she wanted to escape his grip.

With just a few more strokes, Duke's body tensed, a low grunt escaping his lips as he leaned back. "Wifey, I'm cumming!" His grip tightened as he guided Kisha's movements faster, his breath ragged and heavy. The sound of his guttural snarl filled the room just before he released, sending hot streams of his seed deep into Kisha's throat, filling her completely.

Kisha felt her breath hitch as Duke thrust his shaft deep into her throat, her core tightening, and a strange, wild churn stirring in her stomach. 'Fuck! Am I a masochist?' she wondered, feeling her blood surge through her body with an odd rush of exhilaration. When Duke finally let her go, she coughed a few times, gasping to clear her airway.

Cough!

Cough!

When she finally caught her breath, Kisha shot a piercing glare at Duke, who was still panting heavily, his chest rising and falling as his dark, intense eyes locked onto hers. It was as if he was silently saying, 'You started it, I just finished it.' But before she could retort, he softened, backing down with an apologetic grin.

"Sorry, wifey, I lost control. Maybe you're giving me too much credit for my self-control when it comes to you," he teased, his grin widening between ragged breaths.