

Apocalypse 367

Chapter 367 Little Revenge

WARNING!!!

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

After a brief moment to catch their breath, Duke began to push himself up from the bed, a mischievous grin spreading across his face as he prepared to take charge and return the favor to Kisha.

But before he could fully sit up, Kisha didn't give him the chance—moving swiftly to keep him exactly where she wanted him.

He hadn't even noticed when Kisha managed to slip out of her pants, but before he could react, she had him pinned down on the bed again.

Hovering over him, a mischievous grin spread across her lips as she stared down at him, now clad only in her panties. The look in her eyes made it clear—she was in control.

Seeing Kisha's body, her bare chest exposed and only her panties barely covering her, left little to Duke's imagination. The sight alone sent a surge through him, making his cock throb wildly again, even though he had just released so much in her mouth moments before. Everything about her was reigniting his desire.

Duke took a deep, shaky breath, swallowing hard as he eagerly awaited Kisha's next move. The anticipation was palpable, and Kisha could sense the thrill she was igniting in him.

Kisha slowly helped Duke out of his pants, maintaining eye contact the entire time. The suspense was almost unbearable for Duke; his heartbeat hammered in his chest, growing louder with every passing second.

His cock twitched in anticipation, eager for Kisha to take the next step. Duke was itching to seize control, but he remained still, captivated by the tension between them.

"Wifey, you're teasing me, aren't you? Trying to get back at me for earlier?" Duke asked breathlessly, his ocean-blue eyes locked onto Kisha with a mix of frustration and anticipation.

Kisha didn't respond, but a wide smile spread across her face. Once she had removed Duke's pants, leaving him naked and eager, she wasted no time. Pulling her panties to the side, she guided Duke's hard cock to her entrance. As he slowly slid inside her, both of them gasped at the intense sensation of him filling her.

It was only then that Kisha realized she was the one who was impatient. Duke's hands found her legs, resting on either side of his waist, as he let out a groan. "Ugh! Kisha! Fuck!" His voice was strained, unable to form coherent words as he felt himself sliding slowly into her wet pussy.

Once Duke was fully inside her, Kisha felt a deep sense of fullness and pressure, making movement difficult at first. She could feel his cock twitching within her. Determined to be in control, she maintained her gaze locked with Duke's and began to slowly rock her hips up and down, taking command of their shared pleasure.

She felt as though her soul was being drawn into his intense gaze, a magnetic force pulling her deeper. The connection was so profound that her body, mind, and soul seemed to merge as one, amplifying her desire and passion as they made love.

Duke's grip on her legs tightened as he bit his lower lip, his breath quickening as he fought to stifle his moans. Each movement of Kisha's body sent shivers through him, feeling every contour of her inner walls as she slid up and down his shaft. His eyes were riveted on her, watching her ample breasts bounce enticingly with each motion.

After a few strokes up and down, Kisha felt an overwhelming wave of pleasure gripping her core, the intensity growing with each movement. She began to pump harder, her moans escaping uncontrollably as she leaned back slightly, anchoring herself with her hands gripping Duke's strong legs for support.

Duke began to rock his hips in sync with Kisha's rhythm, intensifying the pleasure and making her moans grow louder. The sound of their bodies slapping together filled the room, echoing off the walls in a primal symphony.

"Ah! Duke!"

"Ugh!"

Duke used the pillow behind him for support, pulling himself closer to Kisha. His hands eagerly sought out her enticing, ample breasts, which had captivated him since earlier. He grasped them, savoring their softness, and began to fondle them, gently rubbing and pinching her nipples.

Each touch elicited gasps from Kisha and made her inner walls tighten around him, as she felt a delicious mix of pleasure and pain from the pinching sensation.

After a while, Duke's yearning to do more than just touch her breasts intensified. He adjusted their position, sitting up with his legs drawn up, while Kisha steadied herself with her hands resting on his knees.

As Duke drew closer, she felt his hot breath against her chest. Without hesitation, he took hold of her left nipple and began to nibble on it, eliciting a loud gasp and causing her to squirm. Despite the heightened sensation, Kisha's hips continued their relentless rhythm on Duke's shaft, which had grown even harder.

Duke's right hand slid to Kisha's left butt cheek, gripping it firmly as he guided her to lift her hips higher. This allowed her to come down harder on his shaft.

Soon, both of his hands gripped her buttocks, bracing herself as Duke lifted and lowered her with increasing speed and force. Kisha clung to his neck, gasping, while Duke covered her neck and chest with fervent kisses, leaving a trail of passionate marks.

Duke captured Kisha's mouth in a fervent kiss, his lips and teeth teasing her with a mix of gentle bites and intense pressure.

When Kisha gasped from the force of his thrusts, he plunged his tongue into her mouth, silencing her moans. She clung to his neck, her legs wrapped tightly around his hips, as he continued to drive into her with relentless passion.

Duke's grip on Kisha's soft, perky ass tightened, leaving red marks as he drove her harder onto his shaft. Their muffled moans mingled with the heat of their shared passion, their tongues entangled in a fervent dance.

Kisha clung to Duke's neck with desperate intensity, as if her very existence depended on the fierce connection between them.

However, their position restricted Duke's movement, making it difficult to find the right angle for deeper thrusts. To remedy this, he lifted Kisha while they remained connected, slowing his pace to give her time to breathe and adjust.

Duke carefully laid Kisha's upper back on the edge of the bed, propping her hips higher to maintain their connection. He pulled back slightly, positioning himself to fully appreciate the sight of Kisha gripping the bed sheets with both hands, her legs still wrapped around his waist.

Duke's smirk widened as he thrust harder and deeper into Kisha, eliciting louder moans from her. Her eyes, now glazed with pleasure, locked onto his as she succumbed to the intensity of his movements.

Duke gripped Kisha's hips, using his hold to control his thrusts as he drove deeper into her. Kisha matched his rhythm, rocking her hips in sync with his movements, her smirk flickering between gasps of pleasure.

Sweat dripped down their bodies, leaving a glistening trail on their skin. Duke didn't slow down; instead, he quickened his pace, thrusting harder and faster, turning Kisha into a moaning, writhing mess.

She had thought she could dominate Duke and control the situation, but she was sorely mistaken.