

Apocalypse 368

Chapter 368 Playful Teasing Turned To...

WARNING!!!

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

She had thought she could dominate him this time, but he proved to be a beast in bed, far beyond her reach.

Kisha felt her core tightening as a wave of intense pleasure began to build. Her body started to convulse, overwhelmed by the familiar, delicious ecstasy rising within her. It was about to reach a crescendo, surging to a breathtaking climax.

In perfect sync, Duke groaned, "Fuck! Wifey, you're so tight—I feel like you're going to milk me dry!" he gasped between breaths. Kisha could feel his cock swelling and growing even harder and bigger inside her, heightening the intensity of their connection.

"Fuck, I'm about to cum!" Duke groaned, his thrusts growing more intense. Kisha arched her back, sinking deeper into the bed as her eyes rolled back in ecstasy. Her body trembled, reaching a fevered crescendo.

As Kisha's inner walls clenched around him, Duke came, flooding her with his thick seeds. He let out a low growl, his eyelashes fluttering as he gritted his teeth, the grinding sound echoing in the intensity of his clenched teeth to control the ticklish sensation overwhelming his gums.

But Duke didn't stop thrusting. Instead, he drove into Kisha harder, emptying the last of his seeds deep inside her. Kisha trembled and convulsed, her mouth open in a moan that bordered on a scream, as every inch of her felt ablaze with overwhelming pleasure.

After Duke was certain he had released every last drop, he leaned in and captured Kisha's lips with his own. His kiss was fierce and hungry, conveying just how much he craved her. This time, Kisha stayed conscious, which only fueled Duke's grin as he kissed her deeply, his joy evident in every touch.

While Kisha and Duke were in the throes of their passion, Kisha's system notifications kept flashing across her view. Fortunately, 008 stepped in without her having to ask, muting the notifications and shifting them to the edge of her peripheral vision.

This way, she could stay immersed in the moment without the distraction of constant alerts signaling that her passive skill was active.

Even as they panted and sweat, neither of them felt the slightest hint of fatigue.

Duke maintained a steady, slow thrust as he kissed Kisha with intense passion, his hand gently cradling her face. His thumb brushed against her chin, encouraging her to open her mouth and extend her tongue.

Kisha complied, sticking her tongue out eagerly. Before Duke could capture her tongue, she traced his lips with her tongue, her eyes narrowing into crescent-shaped smiles.

Duke felt an intense surge of heat spread through his body, as if he were ablaze and his veins were on fire. In that instant, Kisha sensed Duke's cock, which had softened slightly, becoming as rigid as steel once more. She gasped in surprise and choked up, feeling the sudden and powerful change.

She had been merely playful and teasing, but she hadn't anticipated the effect would be so intense.

Before she could protest, Duke reignited the rhythm with a fierce passion in his eyes. He placed Kisha's left leg on his shoulder and pressed the other leg firmly against the bed, spreading her open to thrust deeper.

Duke began with a slow, powerful thrust that seemed to steal Kisha's breath with each movement. "Ha!" she gasped as he drove into her deeply. "Duke!" she exclaimed with the next forceful push, but Duke didn't relent; he continued his rhythmic thrusts, moving with relentless intensity.

Only now did she realize that Duke was just as affected by her passive skill as she was. Being so close to her, and with her skill's effect extending a 5-meter radius, Duke's already monstrous stamina was amplified. 'If this continues, will we be tangled up for the whole night, me being at his mercy?' Kisha thought, her mind racing.

But Duke swallowed her protest when he leaned in to kiss her, further stretching her and giving Duke deeper access to her pussy.

Duke let out a strained grunt as he was balls deep into Kisha's pussy and Kisha could feel him pushing on her womb, pushing so deeply that Kisha felt the pressure against her womb, almost as if he were tapping on it.

Duke's thrusts became more urgent and intense, causing Kisha to recoil slightly. Her voice grew hoarse and dry from moaning, and her face was damp with sweat. Duke, too, was sweating profusely, with droplets occasionally landing on Kisha's chest and cheeks. Despite his exhaustion, his gaze remained fiery and insatiable.

The more Duke saw Kisha writhing in pleasure and gasping for breath as he moved inside her, the more invigorated he felt, turning her into a moaning mess. He pressed his body against hers, eliciting a heavy, drawn-out sigh from Kisha before he captured her mouth again and again, muffling her moans with his kisses.

He intertwined his tongue with hers, savoring and teasing it before gently sucking on it.

Occasionally, a silver thread of saliva would bridge the gap when Duke pulled away to let Kisha catch her breath. Each thrust made Kisha's stomach bulge against his, and when he pressed closer, she would clench tightly around him, sending waves of pleasure through Duke and eliciting deep groans.

He continued his movements rhythmically, sensing a familiar tension building within him as Kisha grew tighter and her moans louder. Her body trembled, eyes rolling back in her head. Duke quickened his pace, causing her to hold her breath as her body convulsed once more.

Before long, Duke let out a low growl. "Kisha, I'm about to... Let's cum together!" His words came out more as a command than a plea. But Kisha was barely listening to him, her head spinning in pure ecstasy as Duke continued to thrust inside her.

Duke continued his relentless thrusting until he released all his remaining seed deep inside Kisha. He pumped a few more times, ensuring she milked him completely before finally collapsing on top of her. Kisha remained trembling, her eyes fluttering as she absorbed the intense sensation.

Their heavy breathing and panting filled the room as they stayed in the same position for a while. When Duke finally managed to get up, he covered Kisha with a blanket before rushing to the bathroom to start drawing a warm bath.

While the tub filled, he hurried back to the walk-in closet to grab fresh clothes for both himself and Kisha.

He placed the clothes by the bathroom sink and prepared a fresh set of bedsheets and blankets, moving around in a flurry while Kisha remained unconscious.

When Kisha finally stirred, Duke was already carrying her in a bridal hold to the bathroom. He gently lowered her into the bathtub before joining her and settling in behind her.

Feeling too relaxed to move, Kisha allowed Duke to continue caring for her. She actually enjoyed his gentle touch as he washed her body with meticulous care, as if he feared that too much pressure might harm her delicate skin.

Kisha wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry at how different Duke was when they weren't making love. In bed, he was an insatiable beast, but afterward, he treated her with the tenderness of someone caring for a cherished treasure.