

## Apocalypse 496

### Chapter 496 Like The View?

His cock, hard as steel, pressed insistently against her rear, igniting a heat between them that was impossible to ignore.

Duke's finger trailed downward, hovering tantalizingly close to Kisha's clit, teasing her in a way that sent shivers through her body. His tone was low and inviting, laced with seductive hunger.

"Hmmm, I'm starving," he murmured, his voice thick with desire.

"How about you spread those beautiful legs of yours so I can feast on that sweet, pink pussy? That's the kind of breakfast I'm craving right now," he growled, his words dripping with carnal intent.

'Oh shit! I think I just poked the sleeping bear,' Kisha thought, swallowing hard as a lump formed in her throat.

Her heart pounded wildly in her chest, the anticipation sending a rush of heat through her. She could already imagine Duke's next words, knowing all too well what he was capable of—he'd proven it to her before.

As Kisha's breaths grew more labored, Duke chuckled softly behind her ear—a sound both seductive and teasing.

He rested his chin on her shoulder, exhaling deeply as he wrestled with his desire.

He knew this wasn't the time or place for such feelings.

The setting was far from intimate, and Kisha was focused on completing their mission, with the deadline rapidly approaching.

Even so, he couldn't resist teasing her, a move that both stoked his frustration and gave him a hint of satisfaction.

Reluctantly, he pulled back, inhaling her scent one last time in an attempt to calm the storm of longing within him.

"I'm letting you go for now, wifey. But you'd better be ready to satisfy this king soon," he teased, his voice laced with playful mischief.

Chuckling, Duke gently set Kisha down on the bench before heading off to fetch their breakfast.

Kisha, still reeling from what happened, felt a mix of frustration and longing. She couldn't shake the feeling of being both cheated and riled up, and the worst part was the fire Duke had ignited within her had nowhere to burn.

Kisha felt like strangling someone at that moment, but her frustration only deepened as she watched Duke stride toward the delivery truck with an unmistakable spring in his step.

He looked to be in a great mood, seemingly unfazed by the noticeable tent in his pants.

Thankfully, his windbreaker partially concealed the evidence, and he chose to ignore the discomfort.

What lingered in his mind, though, was the look on Kisha's face before he walked away.

That expression told him everything—she wanted him just as much as he wanted her.

The thought made his day, filling him with a sense of reassurance and satisfaction that was more than enough to keep him grinning.

While Duke was basking in his happiness, Kisha was simmering in frustration for the first time.

'Is this what they call unfulfilled desire? Damn it, Duke. What a great husband you are,' she fumed silently, her glare locked on him as he headed toward the truck.

Duke, feeling the intensity of her gaze, glanced back—only to be met with a look that could pierce steel.

Her expression, complete with flaring nostrils as though smoke might burst out any second, made him laugh out loud on the spot.

He found her glare irresistibly adorable, but the moment he thought that, but he soon regretted that thought.

When Duke returned with two trays of breakfast, Kisha didn't spare him a glance.

She focused intently on her own business, pretending he was nothing more than a breeze passing by—anything to quell the fire still raging between her thighs.

Her core tingled and clenched, a lingering reminder of the spark he'd ignited.

Memories of their passionate nights together resurfaced unbidden, and without her realizing it, a flicker of anticipation began to build within her.

Her body betrayed her, responding to the desire, while her mind struggled to maintain logic.

The result was a maddening frustration, one she squarely blamed on Duke, who had lit the flame and then walked away, leaving her to deal with the aftermath.

"W-Wifey, are you mad?" Duke asked hesitantly, inching away from Kisha like a scolded puppy.

His eyes were droopy, his expression radiating regret.

Kisha shot him a sidelong glance and could almost picture imaginary dog ears drooping alongside a tucked tail.

He looked utterly pitiful, but she wasn't about to let him off the hook so easily.

Stifling a laugh, she snorted instead and continued eating, pretending to be angry despite the amusement bubbling just beneath the surface.

In an attempt to pacify her, Duke kept offering Kisha bits of his food, carefully choosing the dishes he knew she liked.

"What's this? A peace offering?" Kisha snorted, rolling her eyes.

Despite her sarcasm, she popped the food into her mouth, trying to mask her enjoyment.

Duke's grin widened at her reaction, and without missing a beat, he placed another piece of tamagoyaki onto her plate.

'Hmph! You're lucky I'm not teaching you a lesson! I just promised to make it up to you, and this is what you do?' Kisha fumed inwardly as she shoved another piece of tamagoyaki into her mouth.

She shot Duke another sharp glare before resuming her meal, but he only watched her with a soft, adoring gaze.

The way he looked at her—like everything she did was the most amusing and entertaining thing in the world—made her chest tighten in frustration.

'Damn it! How am I supposed to stay angry with that face?!' she thought, clenching her jaw as she hurried to finish her food.

She needed to get to work on the wall's construction, to get as far away from him as possible.

Otherwise, the tingling coursing through her core wouldn't go away, and she desperately needed a distraction to clear her mind.

As Kisha lowered her head to eat, her eyes inadvertently flicked to the tent in Duke's pants—it still hadn't gone away.

The sight made her freeze, and before she realized it, the food in her chopsticks slipped back onto her plate.

Duke, noticing her distraction, glanced at her face and then followed her not-so-subtle gaze.

He burst into laughter, his amusement echoing around them, snapping Kisha back to her senses.

Her cheeks flushed as she quickly averted her eyes, pretending nothing had happened.

"Wifey, eyes up here," Duke teased, a wolfish grin spreading across his face, his eyes gleaming with mischief and amusement.

"If you'd like, I'll even give you a free pass to touch. After all, this is all yours anyway..." His voice carried a playful tone, laced with just enough seduction to make her cheeks burn.

To emphasize his point, Duke leaned back on the bench, letting his windbreaker fall aside to fully reveal the bulge in his pants.

Kisha's eyes flicked downward involuntarily, and she even caught the slightest twitch.

Her face flushed as she snapped her gaze back to his with a fiery glare, though it only made Duke's grin widen further.

"Like the view? Hmmm?!"

Kisha felt the urge to smack the smug smile off Duke's face as he reveled in her flustered reaction, her cheeks burning bright red.

But before long, she couldn't help but laugh with him. The playful exchange felt so natural, so much like what a loving husband and wife should be.

The anger she'd been trying to hold onto melted away, and they settled into a comfortable rhythm, chatting casually as they ate.

They talked about their day yesterday, their thoughts, their plans, and everything in between.

Time seemed to slip away unnoticed, and before they realized it, more than an hour had passed.

With a shared glance, they both jumped up, suddenly aware of the time. Without missing a beat, they hurried off to get to work.

"Wait"