

## Apocalypse 795

Chapter 795 - Like What You See?

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WARNING!!!

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

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Kisha, overwhelmed by the tingling sensation from Duke's mouth on her nipple, accidentally turned on the shower. Thankfully, it was still set to warm. But Duke didn't stop. His lips trailed down her skin, leaving a path of hickeys across her pale flesh—each mark a vivid contrast that stood out clearly. Kisha didn't care.

Her mind was fogged with desire, her thoughts scattered. All she knew was that she needed this just as much as he did. She let Duke take the lead, surrendering herself to the moment.

His lips found hers again, kissing her deeply, hungrily—again and again. But his hands weren't idle. Gently, he set her down on her feet, and his hand slipped inside her pants... then beneath the thin fabric of her panties.

"Ah!" Kisha moaned, her voice echoing in the steamy air as she glanced back at Duke. He was watching her every movement, every sound she made, with the intensity of a predator stalking its prey.

His gaze was dark and burning with desire as his fingers moved in slow, deliberate circles over her clit, each motion drawing a shudder from her body. She squirmed under his touch, biting her lower lip to stifle another moan.

"Hnnn..." Kisha tried to keep her eyes locked on his, but every stroke of his fingers sent jolts of pleasure rippling through her nerves, making her eyelids flutter and her eyes roll back in bliss. Her knees buckled under the pleasure, threatening to give out, and she instinctively reached for Duke, arms wrapping around his neck for support.

As her thighs began to close reflexively from the overwhelming sensations, Duke slipped a knee between her legs, holding them open and ensuring she couldn't escape the pleasure he was giving her.

But Duke wasn't finished—what he'd given her so far was merely the appetizer. Slowly, he knelt in front of Kisha, his hands skillfully sliding down her pants and panties, revealing her in all her beauty. He took a moment to admire her, his gaze devouring her from below, eyes gleaming with unfiltered hunger. Kisha squirmed under his stare, heat rising to her cheeks.

"Stop staring..." she murmured weakly, her voice laced with flustered embarrassment—but instead of deterring him, her words only seemed to fan the flames of Duke's desire. His lips moved closer to her sensitive nub, and then, with a slow, tantalizing lick, his tongue made contact—drawing a sharp, full-body shiver from Kisha.

"Duke... you tease," she gasped, her voice ragged. Her hands instinctively found his head, fingers brushing through his hair before curling tightly into it. She didn't know if she wanted to pull him away before her legs gave out—or pull him closer and beg him to push her over the edge.

"Good girl," Duke murmured, looking up at Kisha through the curtain of warm water cascading from the shower. The droplets slid down his face and body, clinging to his skin, but he didn't seem to notice—or care. If anything, it made him look even more irresistible, drenched and focused solely on her.

His voice, deep and rich, sent a vibration through her core—literally. The sensation traveled straight to her clit, intensifying the pleasure already building inside her and making her legs feel like jelly.

As if determined to completely unravel her, Duke continued lapping at her clit with practiced strokes of his tongue. Then, without pause, his right hand moved with precision—his index and middle finger found her entrance while his left hand lifted one of her legs to rest over his shoulder, opening her up to him completely.

Without warning, he thrust his fingers deep inside her. A fluid, upward curl of his fingers followed—scratching just right against her G-spot.

"Ah—Duke!" Kisha cried out, her moan echoing in the tiled shower. This time, she didn't bother holding back. The pleasure was too much, too sudden, too intense—and Duke had no intention of letting her go until she came undone in his arms.

"Ahhh!" Another moan tore from Kisha's lips as Duke increased his pace, his eyes locked on her like a hawk watching its prey. The look in his gaze—dark, intense, full of hunger—sent shivers down her spine. Her breaths came in heavy gasps, her body trembling under the weight of the overwhelming sensations coursing through her.

When she looked down and met Duke's eyes, her heart skipped a beat. That gaze—it wasn't just lust. It was focus, devotion, a possessive kind of worship that made her feel utterly claimed. It was too much, too deep. She felt as if her soul itself was being dragged into the pleasure, surrendering to something more powerful than she'd ever known.

Duke felt the subtle clench of her inner walls around his fingers, and he knew—she was close. And he wasn't about to let her fall short. He intensified his rhythm, curling his fingers with expert precision, his tongue never letting up. He didn't break eye contact—not for a second.

The pressure inside Kisha reached its peak, and then, like a dam bursting, she came with a sharp cry, her body arching as her orgasm washed over her in waves. The release was so intense, her body reacted on instinct—she squirted, unable to stop herself.

Duke's eyes gleamed with pride and satisfaction, his face slick but smiling. He chuckled low, voice rough with pleasure. "That's it," he murmured, licking his lips. "Cum for me—right on my face."

Hearing him say something so wicked only made Kisha's excitement surge higher. She surrendered herself completely to the rush of emotions and pleasure. As her climax faded, Duke slowly rose to his feet. Even with the warm shower cascading over him, the shimmer of her essence still clung to his lips and chin—undeniable, intimate, possessive.

Noticing her dazed gaze fixed on his mouth, Duke gave a slow, deliberate lick of his lips, never breaking eye contact. His eyes remained dark and heated, locked on hers as he began peeling off his clothes, piece by piece. As his bare skin was revealed, so was the restrained power in his frame—muscles flexed slightly, veins bulging, a testament to just how much control he was using to hold himself back.

Kisha couldn't look away. Her gaze devoured every inch of him with hungry reverence. This man—once the one she quietly admired from afar, once cold and untouchable—was now her husband. And now, he burned hotter than the sun, too intense to handle, too addictive to resist.

"Like what you see?" Duke asked teasingly, his voice rich with amusement and lust.

After tossing the last piece of clothing outside the shower, he stepped closer. Kisha's eyes instinctively followed the path of his sculpted abs down to the defined lines near his hips—down to where his hard cock stood proudly, thick and ready, aimed straight at her. Her breath caught in her throat, chest tightening with anticipation as he closed the remaining distance between them.

Seeing Kisha's reaction, Duke stepped closer with quiet confidence, letting his hard cock press against her stomach. The weight and heat of him made Kisha flinch slightly, her breath hitching as she looked up at him. Her eyes were wide with need, dark with desire. The moment her tongue darted out to lick her lips—whether intentional or not—it sent a jolt of hunger straight through him.