

Apocalypse 796

Chapter 796 - Unleashed

WARNING!!!

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

His cock twitched in response, and he had to restrain the urge to take her right then and there. His chest rose and fell heavily, but he didn't rush. Instead, he reached out and gently traced her bottom lip with his thumb, his touch tender yet charged with need.

"Wifey..." he murmured, his voice a low, sensual rumble, "tell me what you want."

The words hung between them like a prayer, thick with promise. Kisha's throat felt dry as she swallowed the lump rising within it, her body shivering under his touch.

"Go on," Duke coaxed, pressing his cock slightly firmer against her bare stomach as he leaned in, his lips brushing her ear. "Say it."

"I... I want you inside me," Kisha finally whispered, her voice trembling as her hands pressed against his chest. She could feel the fierce pounding of his heart beneath her palms—strong, urgent, and wild. It made her bolder, knowing she stirred him just as deeply as he did her.

The moment the words left her lips, Duke smirked—and then moved. In one swift motion, he swept her off her feet and pinned her against the cold tile, his need roaring to the surface. He lifted her, aligning her entrance with his hard cock, and captured her lips in a ravenous kiss, as if surrendering completely to the hunger he'd tried to restrain.

The instant his cock found her entrance, he thrust inside with a raw, powerful motion, dragging loud moans from both their throats—two beasts finally unleashed.

"Ugh..." Duke groaned, his eyes clenching shut as her tightness enveloped him. "Easy, wifey... you're squeezing the life out of me."

But he didn't stop. He pulled back slowly—agonizingly—then drove into her again, hard and deep. Kisha cried out, her body arching, her arms wrapping around his neck like she'd fall apart if she let go.

Duke didn't stop. He kept thrusting into her with relentless rhythm, each deep stroke driving him to the hilt, until he was pressing against her womb. Kisha's moans rose into unrestrained cries of pleasure, her self-control unraveling as desire overtook every reasoning she had left.

He leaned in, his face near her chest, and caught one of her bouncing breasts in his hand while his other hand gripped her ass firmly. His index finger slipped lower, teasing the tight ring of her back entrance.

Kisha's eyes flew open as he pressed his finger in. Before she could speak, Duke captured her nipple with his mouth, sucking hard, his tongue swirling and flicking, teasing it mercilessly. The sensation sparked a ripple of heat through her entire body, from her nipple to her toes.

His finger in her ass made her gasp. It was strange, unexpected—something between discomfort and intense stimulation. She squirmed beneath him, breathless.

"D-Duke... it's dirty there... take it out..." she said weakly, but even she didn't believe her own protest. Her voice trembled, betraying her need more than resistance.

Duke only growled low against her skin, deepening both his thrusts and the motion of his finger. Her body reacted instinctively, clinging to him, shuddering under the overwhelming waves of sensation.

Duke's powerful thrusts sent Kisha bouncing in front of him, her body ablaze with desire. But he was just as consumed—every time he drove deeper, her inner walls tightened around him, making his head snap back from the overwhelming sensation. Instead of slowing, he plunged harder, deeper, pulling raw, desperate cries from Kisha's lips.

Her eyes shut tight as heat surged through her body, the cold tile beneath her now warm from their friction. Every nerve in her body felt like molten fire, teetering on the edge of explosion.

"D-Duke... cumming—I'm cumming!" she gasped, barely coherent.

The pressure inside her peaked, and her core tightened violently. Ecstasy hit like a crashing wave—her mind reeled, her scalp tingled, her breaths came in short, ragged bursts. When the release finally came, she screamed, her walls clenching so hard around Duke that he groaned, nearly losing control.

But he wasn't finished.

Even as her climax rocked her body, Duke kept thrusting, now with even greater intensity. The overstimulation pushed Kisha into another realm of sensation, her body hypersensitive, trembling beneath each stroke.

"Duke... stop—I just came..." she managed to whisper, barely able to form the words as another tremor rolled through her.

Another climax was building fast—Kisha could feel it crashing toward her like a tidal wave. Her body convulsed, overwhelmed by the relentless stimulation. She was cumming again, barely moments after the last orgasm had shattered her.

But Duke wasn't done.

As if her back-to-back orgasms had only spurred him on, he slid another finger into her ass, thrusting rhythmically while his cock pounded into her deeper and harder. His pace was merciless, driving her higher with each movement.

Kisha's moans spilled out louder and louder, her voice unrestrained. She didn't care who heard—only Duke mattered now. To him, her cries were music, a siren's love song in the heart of a storm. It sent a primal urge coursing through him, pushing him to the edge.

He lost track of time, lost in the rhythm of their bodies. He wanted to fuse with her, to keep her wrapped around him forever. His core burned with rising heat—his release was coming fast.

Kisha had lost count of her orgasms. The feel of Duke's fingers working her ass, his cock pounding into her, and his mouth teasing her nipple from time to time—it was all too much. She was shaking, breathless, utterly undone.

And this time, they were falling together.

"Wifey... let's cum together," Duke whispered, his lips brushing her skin as he pressed a kiss to her chest—leaving behind a blooming mark, like passion painted on a blank canvas.

Kisha couldn't form words—her throat was too dry, and her voice was reduced to breathless gasps and moans. But she managed a weak nod, her hazy eyes locking with Duke's. Their gazes met, and something primal surged between them—an electric connection that tipped them both over the edge.

Duke thrust deep one final time just as Kisha's walls clamped down around him, tight and pulsing, as if her body was trying to draw every drop from him. He groaned, his climax crashing through him like a wave. His release was total—mind blank, heart racing, lost in her. He leaned in, capturing her lips in a ravenous kiss, their bodies pressed together, slick and trembling.

Still inside her, Duke didn't stop. His hips moved with hungry intent, each thrust slow but deep, dragging out every last drop of his seeds out. Their breaths mingled in the steam-filled air, ragged and hot, their skin burning from exertion and desire. Kisha clung to him tightly, wrapping herself around him, surrendering to the heat and intensity.

When Duke was finally spent, he paused, still buried deep within her. He lifted his head, breaking the kiss, panting heavily. His dark eyes fixed on hers—not just satisfied, but burning. He looked at her like a man possessed, like the fire inside him hadn't dimmed but only grown stronger.

And Kisha could see the still burning desire in his gaze lingering, undiminished., and neither of them was ready to let go.