

Apocalypse 797

Chapter 797 - The Death Of Him

WARNING!!!

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

Both of them were still riding the high, fire still smoldering in their eyes, breath ragged and uneven. But Duke, sensing Kisha's trembling frame, decided to give her a moment to recover. He gently cradled her in his arms as he began to draw a hot bath. They were both still panting, their bodies slick with sweat and tension.

Sitting at the edge of the tub with Kisha nestled in his lap, her eyes closed in quiet exhaustion, Duke couldn't help but gaze at her—soft, vulnerable, and beautiful in a way that only deepened the desire he had been holding back for so long.

In the chaos of battles and the constant brush with death, Duke had learned not to take time for granted. Every close call reminded him how fleeting life could be. He didn't want to live with regrets, especially not when it came to her.

Though he tried not to be pessimistic, the weight of their circumstances made it impossible not to think about what could be lost at any moment. And so, in this quiet, fragile space, he clung to her—to the warmth of now, to the love he could still hold.

Duke pressed a tender kiss to Kisha's forehead. Her long, curly lashes fluttered, and she instinctively bit her lower lip—soft and plush like a pufferfish's pout. The sight made Duke chuckle quietly. His hand slid over her toned thighs, eliciting a shiver that danced up her spine. Her toes curled, the lingering sensitivity in her body still humming from before.

As the warm water slowly filled the tub, Duke stepped in first, settling in with Kisha positioned in front of him. He leaned back against the edge, gently guiding her to rest against his chest. Steam curled around them as the water rose, enveloping their bodies in heat.

His hands, never idle, began to explore again—his left hand cupping her breast, thumb brushing over her nipple before rolling it between his fingers in slow, teasing circles that made her breath hitch. Kisha squirmed slightly, caught between ticklish tension and growing desire.

Then his lips descended—soft, featherlight kisses trailing along her neck, barely there but scorching all the same. His tongue slipped out, drawing a sensual path along her shoulder between kisses, until he reached the nape of her neck and lingered there. At the same time, his right hand roamed lower, caressing her abdomen with slow intent, making her core tighten with anticipation as the heat between them began to burn anew.

"Wifey, you are so beautiful," Duke murmured, his voice a velvety baritone—deep, rich, and devilishly seductive. He knew exactly what that voice did to Kisha. It wasn't just the words, but the way they rolled off his tongue, sending shivers down her spine and stirring something deep within her.

To her, Duke's voice was temptation itself—a sound that could make knees buckle and hearts race. It was the kind of voice people joked could get a woman pregnant just by whispering in her ear.

Kisha had always found his voice just as irresistible as the rest of him—handsome, strong, attentive. He was the complete package. And with him this close, his breath brushing her ear, his words vibrating against her skin, she couldn't help but squirm.

She bit her lower lip, trying to hold back a moan. Her body was still trembling from the aftershocks of multiple orgasms, aching for rest... but Duke, ever relentless, was awakening her all over again.

His hardened length pressed against her lower back, and she could feel his desire as clearly as her own returning heat. Duke's right hand slid from her lower abdomen down to her core, fingers parting her folds while his thumb found her clit, circling it with practiced care. At the same time, his left hand continued to fondle her breast, fingers teasing her nipple in sync with the rhythm of his touch below.

Then his lips captured her earlobe, sucking gently before dragging his tongue along its edge, making Kisha shudder. The combined sensations—his voice, his hands, his mouth—pulled her back into the storm of pleasure. Her right hand shot up behind her, fingers tangling into his hair as she gasped his name, already beginning to spiral into ecstasy once more.

"Duke..." Kisha gasped, her voice catching in her throat as her body trembled. But Duke didn't answer with words—instead, he plunged his fingers deep into her entrance, watching with dark, hungry eyes as her body arched involuntarily, overwhelmed by the wave of pleasure crashing through her.

He pulled her closer against him, not letting her escape the pleasure she could barely handle. Kisha could only squirm, her legs trembling, as Duke's fingers thrust in and out of her with increasing speed, his touch mercilessly precise. The rhythm built, fast and firm, and Kisha's control shattered—her moans

echoing in the enclosed bathroom, the sound mingling with the soft splash of rising water and the hiss of steam fogging the glass.

Duke still hadn't turned off the faucet—the water climbing slowly toward the brim—but neither of them cared. Kisha, nearly delirious with sensation, began to roll her hips instinctively, grinding down onto Duke's fingers with a needy rhythm, as if she were riding him already. Feeling her move like that, Duke's lips curled into a satisfied smirk.

"That's it, wifey," he growled in a low, ragged voice. "Ride my hand... fuck, I want you to ride me just like this."

His eyes dropped to her movements, watching her hips rock and her soft, round perky butt cheeks roll against his painfully hard cock. Every grind sent a jolt of pleasure up his spine. Kisha was driving him wild—and she didn't even realize just how much power she had over him in that moment.

"Fuck," Duke hissed, his restraint finally snapping. He suddenly gripped Kisha and turned her to face him, catching her completely off guard. The abrupt movement halted the delicious buildup in her lower abdomen, leaving her breathless—and frustrated. She puffed her cheeks in protest, clearly displeased by the interruption.

Seeing her expression, Duke chuckled lowly, the sound rough and teasing. "My little ancestor," he said with a devilish smirk, "can't you take pity on me and ride me instead?"

He leaned back against the tub, arms spread with mock innocence as he surrendered the lead to her. With a tilt of his head and a crooked smile, he gestured toward his hard cock. "Go on. This little Duke's got more to offer than my fingers," he added with a wink.

Kisha raised an eyebrow, feigning hesitation for only a moment. Then she flashed him a sly smile, eyes gleaming with mischief. She was only pretending to be shy—if he wanted a show, she would give him one. 'Let's see if I don't drive you insane,' she thought.

Straddling him with slow, deliberate grace, Kisha aligned herself, gripping his cock and positioning it at her entrance. Then—without warning—she dropped her hips hard onto him, swallowing him whole in one stroke.

Their groans echoed in unison, pleasure crashing over them like a tidal wave.

"Ugh—wifey," Duke growled, his hands flying to her hips. He gripped her ass tightly as if grounding himself. "You're gonna be the death of me."