

Apocalypse 798

Chapter 798 - Sleep

WARNING!!!

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

Spank!

"Hiss—!" Kisha gasped, her eyes flying open when Duke suddenly landed a sharp smack on her butt cheeks. She looked at him in disbelief, but he only grinned back at her, unapologetically smug.

That grin wavered just slightly when her inner walls clenched involuntarily from the impact. Duke's entire body trembled beneath her, his grip tightening as he fought to hold back.

Seeing Duke struggle to control his body's reaction after her inner walls clenched around him amused Kisha. A spark of satisfaction lit up in her eyes—right now, she was completely in control. Every move she made determined his fate: if she stopped, he would be left aching; if she rode him harder, he'd unravel, teetering on the edge of madness.

That power thrilled her.

She began to move her hips—slow, deliberate rolls that circled in rhythm, grinding down with teasing precision. Kisha kept her eyes on him, watching with growing satisfaction as Duke's composed facade began to crack. His gaze, once steady, was now burning and glazed with lust, locked on her like she was the only thing anchoring him.

When she hit the perfect rhythm, Duke bit his lower lip, his cock twitching inside her in response. The reaction only spurred Kisha on. She picked up the pace, slamming her hips down harder, faster, each movement pushing Duke closer to the edge. His hands gripped her ass tightly, fingers digging into her flesh as his chest rose and fell in ragged breaths.

Kisha leaned forward, letting her fingers trace along the sculpted lines of his chest. Her touch slid across the ridges of his toned muscles until she reached one of his nipples. Mimicking the way he usually teased her, she circled it with her fingertips, then pinched gently.

Duke hissed, a shudder running through his entire body. The added stimulation made his pleasure spike, and his eyes locked on hers—wild, desperate, and completely consumed.

As Kisha moved rhythmically, riding Duke with rising intensity, she relished the way he squirmed under her touch—his expression taut with pleasure. Her own body arched back, lost in the shared heat of the moment. But then, she felt Duke's fingers teasingly circle the sensitive ring of her ass again.

Her eyes narrowed sharply at him in warning. "Don't you even think about it."

Duke met her glare with feigned innocence. "Wifey, I haven't even done anything yet."

But within seconds, his fingers breached her once more, slipping inside with maddening ease. Kisha gasped, the sudden intrusion catching her off guard—but she didn't stop. She couldn't. The pace she'd built was too precious now, the rhythm too close to tipping her over the edge again. If she stopped, she might lose it.

Duke, of course, knew exactly what he was doing—and took full advantage. His fingers moved in and out, slow but deliberate.

"I mean it," Kisha hissed through heavy breaths. "Don't even think about putting that thing in there."

Her voice trembled with a mixture of threat and desperation. The mere thought of him trying to fit his cock there—so thick, so unforgiving—made her body tense. 'There's no way I could take it,' she thought. 'He'll break me.'

"Wifey, I was just curious how it might feel," Duke said with a wicked smile, biting his lower lip as he watched her through half-lidded eyes. His fingers never stopped going in and out of her ass, testing boundaries as Kisha continued to move atop him, undeterred, her pace full of passion and intensity. He was clearly enjoying every second—her reactions, her control, the way her body responded to his every touch.

"In your dreams," Kisha managed between heavy breaths. She was curious too—just a little—but not enough to entertain the idea seriously. Just imagining it made her wince. She wasn't sure what would happen if Duke ever got bold enough to try; just imagining Duke's cock in there made her legs tremble, she doubted she'd be able to sit for a week. The risk felt far too real, even through the fog of lust clouding her thoughts. There were some lines she wasn't ready to cross.

"Alright, alright," Duke said with a laugh, hands raised in mock surrender. "I'll listen to my wife."

He leaned back, letting her take the lead again, his gaze locked on her with deep appreciation. Her body moved with purpose and grace, her breasts swaying in rhythm, and Duke drank in the sight like a man starved. In a world torn apart by chaos, having these stolen moments with the woman he loved felt like the rarest kind of blessing.

As Kisha felt the climax building inside her, she sensed Duke was right there with her—his cock swelling, his grip on her hips tightening, fingers digging into her flesh. Without needing to say a word, they both gave in to the overwhelming wave of pleasure crashing over them.

Their movements quickened, desperate and in sync, until release tore through them. Kisha clung to Duke's neck, her teeth unintentionally grazing his shoulder as her body convulsed in ecstasy.

"Ugh—" Duke grunted, a low sound of pleasure and pain mixed, but he didn't pull away. Instead, he buried his face into the crook of her neck as her inner walls tightened around him, triggering his own release.

"I'm cumming, baby," he groaned, his voice rough with intensity.

She felt it—hot, thick, and deep inside her—filling her so completely it made her tremble. Her body collapsed against his, limp and spent, and they stayed that way, holding one another in the aftermath of their shared ecstasy.

Neither spoke.

They didn't need to.

The soft sound of water spilling over the edge of the tub filled the air, mingling with their breathless gasps. The air was thick with heat, steam, and the lingering remnants of passion. Only then did Kisha, without opening her eyes, use her telekinesis to finally turn off the faucet. Wrapped in Duke's arms, she let the calm settle over her, her heart still racing.

"Wifey, you're amazing," Duke murmured, his voice low and filled with satisfaction. Even without looking, Kisha could picture the wolfish grin stretched across his face—completely pleased with himself. Or maybe not completely... she knew all too well how relentless his stamina could be.

Her long lashes fluttered as she took a slow breath, already calculating how many more rounds they might go before the night was over. But as she considered their likely entanglement-to-sleep ratio, something caught her attention—Duke's breathing had steadied. He hadn't said another word, nor had he moved. His cock was still buried deep inside her, yet... no follow-up?

A flicker of suspicion crossed her face.

Kisha carefully tried to pull away, but Duke didn't budge.

"Duke?" she called, furrowing her brows.

Still no response.

Then she heard it—soft, rhythmic breathing.

Her expression darkened instantly.

"Good. Very good..." she muttered under her breath, her face darkening with deep lines of frustration forming across her features.

He had fallen asleep. Just like that. Still inside her. Not even bothering to let her go.

With no other choice, Kisha sighed and used her telekinesis to lift them both out of the bathroom. They floated midair, still intimately joined, as she tried not to think too hard about how ridiculous the situation was. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment.

'Seriously, who falls asleep like this?' she thought, resisting the urge to bury her face in her hands.