

The Last Guardian

Chapter 20

The sun was barely peeking over the horizon, and the birds outside were chirping loudly, but inside Lana's bedroom, it was dark, loud, and smelled of sex. The covers were bunched on the floor where Harry had pulled them off her, and the room was full of the sounds of flesh slapping, wetness, and Lana's own helpless cries. She lay flat on her chest with her face buried in the mussed sheet, while Harry had her ass gripped tightly in both hands and was fucking her so hard that every thrust dragged her breasts against the mattress. It was messy and rough, but she wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

Lana had never imagined this position would be her favorite, but the moment Harry pressed his palm between her shoulder blades and told her to "arch your back ... just like that," it became her new obsession. She liked how it made her feel wild and dirty, as if she were just a body for Harry to use. The first time he did it, she could barely form words afterward, but she always remembered the hoarse tone of his voice when he growled, "God, you're so tight." She found herself craving that particular roughness, and she loved the sensation of being pinned down and filled up. Every time she was on her back with her legs spread, she would sneak a glance down to see the stretch of her pussy around him, and the visual alone would make her shudder with excitement. Sometimes she wondered if she was a freak for how much she loved to watch herself get fucked. She couldn't help it.

This morning was probably their fifth or sixth time in the last twenty-four hours. She had lost count. They'd woken up together, and Harry slid his rigid cock between her thighs. He'd wanted her immediately, but Lana had been the one to roll onto her belly and spread her legs for him, feeling a greedy need to be filled. When he'd entered her, she strangely felt whole again, like this was her new norm. Harry seemed just as desperate for her as his hands feverishly clutched and squeezed her shapely hips.

She wondered if it was normal to want sex this much, or to want it so bad that you couldn't think about anything else. It didn't matter if she was doing chores or working a shift in the Talon. Lana would find herself getting wet just at the memory of Harry's mouth, or his hands, or the way his cock felt. Sometimes she would catch herself daydreaming about him fucking her in places that made no sense, like in the backseat of her car or the Talon bathroom, and she'd have to physically shake her head to clear the thought. She worried that Harry would think she was broken in some way, but if anything, he seemed to love how needy she was. Either way, he certainly wasn't complaining.

Harry was gentle when he needed to be, but after such a short time as her lover, he quickly learned what she really wanted. Sometimes he liked to whisper filthy things in her ear while he fucked her slowly, but Lana liked it best like this. She loved when he fucked her rough and hard, when she could hear his hips smacking into her ass, and when it felt like he was splitting her in two. This morning, he'd started slow, with his fingers on her clit until she was almost begging to

be fucked. He then slid inside her and didn't stop. Her whole lower body was tingling and numb, and she could feel every vein and ridge as he slammed into her over and over. At one point, she clawed at the sheets and gasped, "Harry, I can't ..." but she didn't want him to stop, and he knew it.

He leaned over her, pressed his chest to her back, and amusedly said into her ear, "You can, Lana. I know you love it." He was right ... She did love it. He kissed her shoulder, then reached under to pinch her nipple, and that sent a jolt of pleasure through her entire core. She made a strangled noise and buried her face deeper in the pillow, and Harry's hand found its way between her thighs. His fingers rubbed her clit in tight, relentless circles until she couldn't tell if she was begging him to stop or to keep going. Her orgasm was so fierce she thought she might black out.

She shuddered and twitched for a long time, and when she finally caught her breath, she felt Harry's swollen, throbbing cock still inside her. He fucked her through her orgasm, and Lana kept thinking, "Oh god! It will never be enough ... I will never stop wanting this." She liked the feeling of being conquered, even when she knew she could make Harry melt with a single touch in return. Perhaps that was why she loved being dominated by him ... because in return, Harry would do anything within his vast powers to make her happy.

He finished a few minutes later, groaning her name and squeezing her ass while he pumped her full of his hot, sticky cum. She quickly overflowed, and she could feel it leaking down her inner thigh. Lana liked that, too. She liked feeling the proof that she had done her job and that she had made him feel good. He stayed inside her for a while, breathing hard. He then pulled out gently and flopped onto his back with his arms behind his head. Lana rolled over next to him, feeling her whole body tingle pleasantly. She glanced down at the mess between her legs and bit her lip. She was both embarrassed and proud. It was dirty and obscene. And it was perfect.

Lana then glanced between Harry's legs. His cock was still hard and glistening with her wetness and his cum as it bobbed lazily above his stomach. It was so thick that she could see the veins running along the shaft, and the head was flushed and swollen. His balls were massive, hanging heavy between his thighs. She wanted to reach out and play with them, but she refrained.

The sight was obscene, and she couldn't look away, not even when she knew she should have been embarrassed or shy instead of greedy for more. Instead, Lana felt proud. She was proud of how good she made Harry feel, and she was proud to see the evidence of their lust all over his body. Lana inhaled deeply, and she flushed at the smell. His body smelled like her pussy, and the thought that she had just marked him with her sent nearly gave her another orgasm. She shifted onto her elbows and propped up her chin on upturned palms. Lana stared at his cock like she was studying it for a test.

At first, she just glanced at it, but the longer she stared, the more she wondered about it. How would their combined juices taste? How would his slippery cock feel in her mouth? She remembered the first time she'd tried to give him a blowjob. She remembered how awkward

she'd been, and how she'd spent more time worrying about what to do with her teeth than anything else. But that wasn't entirely her fault. His cock was long and thick, and if she tried to wrap her hand around it, her fingers wouldn't touch. She admired it, and she ached to feel it in her mouth. Lana wanted to make Harry lose control the same way he made her lose control.

Her curiosity became a need, and she bit her lower lip just thinking about it. She didn't know why she was suddenly obsessed with the idea of sucking Harry's cock clean, but the feeling built until she couldn't ignore it. She couldn't help but feel embarrassed, but she quickly realized that there was nothing to be embarrassed about. He was hers, she wanted him, and she was going to have him.

She slowly crawled between Harry's legs, feeling her pussy tingle at the prospect. He was watching her with his hands folded behind his head and a lazy grin on his face. When she reached his hips, she brushed her hair back behind her ears and wrapped one hand around the base of his cock. It was so thick and hot that she shuddered, and she loved how it felt throbbed in her grip. She stuck out her tongue and licked the tip, gathering a bead of sticky cum on her tongue before swallowing it. Their combined taste was salty and musky, and it made her pussy clench with desire.

She licked him again, running her tongue up the shaft, and then down to his balls. For some odd reason, she was obsessed with his balls. She just loved to play with them. She sucked one into her mouth, rolling it gently between her lips, and Harry groaned softly. The sound made her shiver. Emboldened, she took the head of his cock in her mouth and started to suck slowly, letting herself get used to the size. He was so big she couldn't take even a third of him, but she tried anyway, stretching her lips and hollowing her cheeks as she bobbed her head up and down.

It was hard to breathe, but she loved the feeling of his cock filling her mouth, the weight of it resting on her tongue, and the taste of her own pussy mixed with his cum. She sucked harder, swirling her tongue around the tip, and Harry's hips bucked just a little. He was trying to hold back, but she wanted him to lose control. She wanted to make him beg.

She moved one hand to his balls, cupping and squeezing them gently while she stroked the part of his cock that wouldn't fit in her mouth. Harry had instructed her on how to do this properly, and she was thankful for it. She heard herself moan, and it vibrated through his cock. Harry's breathing quickened, and he tensed his thighs, but he never told her to stop or slow down. He just watched her with lustful eyes, as if he couldn't believe how much she wanted him.

The longer she sucked, the more determined she became to take him deeper. She pressed forward every time, trying to relax her throat, but she gagged a little and had to pull back. She coughed, feeling embarrassed, but Harry reached down and stroked her hair. "There's no need to rush. Take it slow," he gently instructed. Lana nodded and decided to use her tongue to her full advantage. She swirled it hard around the head, and she tickled the underside of the head

with rapid flicks of her tongue. "God, Lana, you're incredible." The praise made her flush with pride. She wanted to please him, and she wanted to prove to herself that she could do it.

She tried again, and this time she angled her chin and let her jaw go slack. She made it almost halfway down before she gagged again, but instead of pulling away, she just kept his cock buried in her throat, and Harry moaned her name. He placed his hand on the back of her head, not to force her, but to stroke her hair and encourage her. She pulled back, sucking hard, and then dove down again, determined to get him all the way to the back of her throat.

Her eyes watered, but she didn't care. She drooled a little, and it dripped down his shaft, making a mess of her chin and Harry's balls. She stroked the base with both hands while twisting and squeezing, and she bobbed her head and licked the underside of his cock. She could taste everything on him, and she loved it.

She stopped for a moment to catch her breath. Harry was staring at her, and his chest rose and fell with his heavy breathing. "You don't have to keep ...," he started, but Lana shook her head.

"I want to," she said. Her voice was shaky, and she was so turned on that she felt herself dripping all over the bed.

She took him back in her mouth, going slower this time, and she closed her eyes to focus on the feeling. She felt strong and powerful, like she had Harry completely at her mercy. She sucked him softly but insistently, and when she looked up, his face was twisted in pleasure. She kept going, and she could tell from his breathing that he was close.

He tried to warn her. "Lana ...," he groaned. "I'm gonna ..." but she didn't stop. She wanted to taste his seed and drink it all down.

Harry gasped, and then his cock throbbed in her mouth. Lana felt the first shot hit the back of her throat, and she swallowed hard, not wanting to lose a drop. More followed, and she kept sucking and milking him until he was spent. She swallowed every bit, then licked him clean.

When she finally let go, she looked up at Harry, and a string of saliva connected her lips to the head of his cock. She wiped her mouth on the back of her hand and smiled at him, feeling a little happy and very satisfied.

"I think you just blew my mind," Harry said. He sounded dazed.

Lana giggled, then slid up his body and flopped next to him. She wiped her mouth again, then kissed his cheek. "I've been wanting to do that all morning," she admitted.

Lana lay on her side, breathless and sore in the best possible way, yet her body still thrummed with need. She could feel Harry's cum slowly seeping from her pussy and smearing across her inner thigh and onto the sheets. The feel of the messy stickiness made her so much wetter. She

wanted him again, and her body ached for it. She loved the feeling of being filled, stretched, and claimed.

She let her hand slide down between her legs, and her fingertips grazed her swollen clit. Lana trembled violently. The touch was almost too much, but it only made her crave more. She rolled onto her back, ignoring the cooling slickness coating her thighs, and pulled her knees up to her chest. She squeezed her legs together, which pressed her pussy lips into a taut, glistening seam. The position made her feel exposed and a little dirty, but she loved it all the same. She loved the way it made her body look, and she especially loved the way Harry stared at her when she did this.

He'd been watching her the whole time with his arms still behind his head. His cock lolled heavy and half-hard on his stomach. Harry's eyes tracked the movement of her hand, and then, when she lifted her knees, his pupils dilated with desire. She felt a hard tingle between her legs as she realized how much he wanted her. She looked at his cock and saw it swelling back to full attention.

"You don't waste any time, do you?" he teased.

"If you're not up for another round, you could just say so," Lana shot back with a playful tone. She loved the way they teased and provoked each other. Their banter only made the sexual tension hotter.

Harry sat up on his knees, and his cock bobbed as he watched her. She could see it growing and thickening until the veins stood out vividly. It was almost intimidating, and she wondered for a moment how she ever managed to take all of him. That was part of the thrill. Harry was so much larger than average, and every time he entered her, it felt impossible at first. It was too much, too deep, and too wide. But the discomfort was always brief, and what followed was pure, shuddering pleasure.

Lana kept her knees together and reached between her legs again, this time using two fingers to part her lips and expose the sensitive, flushed pinkness beneath. She tilted her hips so Harry would have a perfect view. Her clit was swollen and throbbing with need.

"See anything you like?" she asked, pretending to be coy.

Harry slid over to her, and all the teasing was gone from his face. He knelt between her raised legs, and his hands moved to her thighs and gently pushed them farther apart. He didn't push them all the way open, but just enough to have better access. He caressed her body, cupped her ass, and spread her open, exposing her messy, glistening pussy. His cock pressed against her entrance, and she whimpered at the hot, heavy pressure.

"I could look at you all day," he said in a gravelly voice. But instead of thrusting in, he ran the head of his cock up and down her slick slit, gathering her wetness on the tip and teasing her

mercilessly. Lana writhed, arched her back, and ground her hips against him, desperate for the stretch and the fullness that always made her toes curl.

She loved this position. She had loved it since the first time Harry had fucked her like this. The angle was perfect, and it made her feel dominated in a way that thrilled her. From this angle, she could see her own body, her knees bunched up against her chest, and her pussy split open on Harry's cock. She would find herself blushing at the way her pussy swallowed him whole and tried to keep him inside, but she couldn't look away.

When he finally pushed inside, Lana moaned loudly, and her head dropped back onto the pillow. The first inch was always a mixture of ache and relief. She could feel every ridge and vein, and it made her want to cum instantly.

"Oh, god," she moaned. "You're so big. You're going to break me."

Harry smiled, but there was something tender in the way he cupped her chin and kissed her forehead. "You can take it. You always do."

He pressed in deeper, and Lana's pussy stretched to accommodate him. There was no resistance. She was soaked, allowing him to glide in easily. The fullness was overwhelming, and she could feel the head of his cock drive right against her g-spot. Every thrust set off sparks in the back of her eyes, and pleasure radiated out from her core and made her whole body tremble.

She grabbed at Harry's forearms as he set a slow, punishing rhythm. He angled his hips just right, and every time he bottomed out, Lana saw stars. The slippery friction was intense, and she craved it. She wanted to feel used.

"Harder," she gasped, and Harry did just that. He braced himself and fucked her harder and faster, never breaking eye contact. It was so much that Lana could barely form words. She bit her lip and squeezed her thighs even tighter together. The added pressure made every thrust more intense, and she could feel her body winding up for a release that would leave her shaking.

She could hear the obscene sounds their bodies made, and her pussy messily squelched as it stretched around his cock. It was dirty and raw, and it only turned her on more. She wanted to stay like this forever.

He reached down and rubbed her clit with his thumb, never letting up on the pace. The contact pushed her over the edge. Lana's whole body went rigid, her toes curled, and her hands clawed at the sheets. She screamed as the orgasm hit in a blinding wave that left her gasping and limp. She could feel her pussy spasming around Harry's cock as it milked him.

He didn't stop. He kept fucking her and prolonging her orgasm until she was squealing with pleasure. She was lost to everything except the intense feeling of her orgasm as she came over and over again.

It was only when Harry grunted her name while thrusting hard and deep that Lana realized he was close. She braced herself. She wanted to feel him cum inside her again, and she wanted him to fill her until she couldn't hold any more. It came only a few seconds later. Harry groaned, and there was a fresh flood of cum being pumped into her cumming pussy. Lana's beautiful eyes fluttered and rolled into the back of her head. Harry kept thrusting until her body couldn't be filled anymore. Hot cum poured out of her quivering cunt and dribbled over her puckering asshole. Lana whimpered pathetically when Harry rolled over and slipped out of her. She wanted him to stay inside.

To fix this, she straddled him, slid back down on his cock, and lay on his chest. Harry chuckled and lovingly rubbed her back while Lana mewled cutely. She looked at his handsome face while he breathed heavily. She couldn't stop herself from leaning in and nuzzling his neck with the tip of her nose. If Lana had it her way, she would stay like this forever.