

Immortals

Chapter 27

Rosalie bit down hard on the pillow with her eyes clenched tightly shut. Ever since she got pregnant, sex had become twice as good as before. Her body was so sensitive, and every little bit of sexual stimulus would have her pussy tingling. She would never admit it, but she very much preferred Harry as a bed partner over her husband. She loved Emmett very much, but Harry could make her body practically melt with pleasure. As if to prove her correct, Harry switched angles, causing Rosalie's eyes to roll into the back of her head. Her wet, silky walls squeezed his invading cock and massaged his shaft with every powerful thrust. Her nipples had never been more sensitive, and they seemed to grow even more so with every day of pregnancy that passed. Her body jerked forward every time his hips collided with her wide ass, forcing her hard nipples to glide across the silk sheets of Harry's bed.

While she absolutely loved having sex with him, it was the little things that made her love him as a person. The silk sheets on his bed were just one such example. Harry didn't care for silk sheets. He had admitted that to her during their time alone together when she was trying to get pregnant. "They're too slippery and make me feel like a prancing aristocrat," he told her. Rosalie, of course, found the whole thing amusing, but Harry still switched to silk sheets whenever she visited him. When asked why, he simply said, "Because you like them."

Harry was certainly right about that. She adored the way silk sheets felt against her skin. The way the delicate fabric rubbed against her hard, aching nipples nearly had her cumming from that sensation alone. However, much to her satisfaction, that wasn't the only thing almost making her cum. Harry's fat cock pushed forward, rubbed against her walls, and hit her g-spot right before his thighs clapped against her pillowy cheeks.

"Right there," Rosalie gasped as pleasure raced up her spine. "Keep doing that," she begged, and Harry responded by sliding his hands from her waist, down to her fleshy hips. He grabbed two handfuls of flesh and lifted her upturned ass even higher. His hips started moving faster, pounding against her poor, abused g-spot. Rosalie squealed into the pillow, loving every second of it. Harry then leaned down, moved the blonde hair from her bare shoulder, and kissed it softly, making Rosalie purr with delight. Harry chuckled and kissed it again.

"You've been visiting more and more recently," he said as he slowed his thrusts. It drove Rosalie crazy how he knew when she was just about to cum. He always slowed down and let her upcoming orgasm settle before starting over again.

"I can't help it," she moaned as Harry's hand moved underneath her. His hand slid down between her legs, and his fingers found her swollen clit. One after another, each finger flicked over her damp bead, sending shocks of pleasure throughout her body. "Lately, I've been horny all the time. My body craves your touch," she admitted without feeling any self-consciousness. She was very happy to admit that she wanted Harry to fuck her day in and day out.

"It's all the hormones," Harry said, slowly thrusting while her tight pussy gripped his cock. "Your body isn't used to them." Harry then pulled out of her pussy and pressed the head against her ass. Rosalie gasped and moaned when he pushed in. Slowly, his cock sank into her ass, stretching her out. His fingers rubbed circles around her throbbing clit, making her pussy quiver with pleasure. "But I'm more than happy to take care of your needs," he assured her.

Once balls deep in her ass, Harry pulled back until only the head was in. He thrust forward, not worried in the slightest that he might hurt her. Her vampire body could easily handle it. Rosalie moaned loudly and clenched her asshole, squeezing him tightly. His fingers moved from her clit and found her drenched slit. He pushed two of them inside her and let her pussy attempt to milk them as he fucked her ass.

"You better take care of my needs!" she squeaked from the naughty pleasure of having her ass taken. "Especially when I let you do THIS to me," she shuddered. Harry chuckled and pulled out of her ass. He shoved his cock all the way in her pussy to re-lubricate it before switching back to her ass. Rosalie cried out in pleasure, and her body bucked with such strength that it nearly threw him off of her.

"Don't pretend you're only doing this for me," Harry teased and began to thrust faster. "We both know how much you love it when I take your ass," he said, giving her round cheek a good, hard smack. Her pussy was pulsating around his fingers, and he could tell how close she was to finishing. Harry ran his thumb over her clit, causing her pussy to clamp down on them with a crushing force.

"That's beside the point," she choked out through her moan. "You think I'd just let anyone fuck me in the asshole?" Harry had to laugh at this. He pulled out and flipped her onto her back. His eyes traveled over her nude body. Her breasts were getting bigger, and her nipples were slightly darkening. Her belly was protruding a bit, but he still found her incredibly sexy. Rosalie rubbed her thighs together as she squirmed in his bed. He moved into position, and her legs instantly parted. The moment he moved between them, Rosalie wrapped her legs around his waist. Harry hovered over her and easily slipped into her wet depths. Her back arched from the penetration, and Harry took the opportunity to lean in and suck on her neck. Rosalie's fingers threaded through his hair, keeping his head in place. Her pussy was fluttering wildly as he fucked her, and he knew she wouldn't be able to hold on for much longer.

Rosalie pulled his head up from her neck and kissed him. She loved his soft, warm lips, especially when they danced with hers. Her mouth opened, allowing his tongue in. Down below, she could hear how wet her pussy was, and Harry moaned from the tightness. Rosalie felt flushed with pride knowing how much he enjoyed being in bed with her. Harry angled his thrusts again, hitting her special spot and flooding her sensitive body with pleasure. She couldn't help but squeal into his mouth as her pussy clamped down on him. Her hands and feet tingled from the sudden rush of pleasure, and her body bucked and thrashed uncontrollably. Harry paid it no mind. He continued fucking her all the way through her orgasm and didn't show any signs of

wanting to stop any time soon. 'I'm gonna be late for dinner,' popped into her head through the mind-blowing orgasm she was experiencing. At the moment, she couldn't care less. All she wanted was to spend a little more time in his bed with him buried deep within her.

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"Hey, Carlisle," Rosalie said as she entered the Cullen house with a big smile on her face. She always wore a goofy grin after getting fucked by Harry. Harry was right beside her with his hand on her lower back.

"Rosalie," he looked up from his newspaper and greeted her back with a smile.

"Where is everyone?" she asked. Typically, there would be several family members in the living room.

"Emmett, Jasper, and Alice are out hunting. Edward is with Bella, and Esme took Bree to Port Angeles. Esme wanted to get her some new clothes before Harry returned them to the island," he explained.

Bree had been doing fairly well since becoming a vampire, though much of it was due to Harry's intervention. He had placed an invisible bubble around her head that filtered the scent of human blood. She could still smell it, though the scent was heavily diluted. It was a good way to get her used to it while keeping everyone safe.

"When do they want to go back to the island?" Harry asked him.

"Later today. While Bree is doing a remarkable job, she's still very new to this way of life, and thus, has her moments of unpredictable behavior," he told him. Harry nodded in understanding. It would still be a year or more until Bree could start getting her emotions in check. Until then, it was better to keep her away from the human population. Rosalie's stomach suddenly growled, and Harry looked at her. Rosalie's cheeks slightly blushed in embarrassment, something she couldn't do before getting pregnant.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"A little. I'll make myself something in the kitchen," she told him.

"Or you can let me get you something," Harry smiled at the sexy vampire.

If he expected her to say, "No, no. You don't need to go through the trouble," or something similar, then he was dead wrong. Instead, she immediately said, "Taco Bell. You know what I usually get."

Harry snorted while Carlisle chuckled. Rosalie just smiled at him and went to her room to wait for the upcoming feast. Harry shook his head and disappeared.

Close to an hour later, Harry came down the stairs after making sure Rosalie had eaten as much as she wanted. Bree was sitting as stiff as a board in the living room. She still hadn't learned to act like a human yet. "Hey, Bree," Harry greeted her. She smiled shyly at him.

"Hi, Harry," she replied, looking him over.

"Are you ready to go back to the island?" he asked, sitting down next to her. She nodded.

"Being around so many humans is a little scary. I'm afraid I'll do something bad and ruin everything for the Cullens," she admitted.

"You don't need to worry about that. I'm always keeping a close eye on everything," he said, patting her knee encouragingly. Bree smiled prettily at him. Esme chose that moment to come down the stairs and join them. She was holding a large bag that looked filled to the brim. It was practically bursting at the seams, but she held it as though it weighed nothing.

"Are you ready, Bree?" she asked. Her voice was soft and beautiful, just like the rest of her. Bree nodded to the older woman and stood up. She grabbed an equally large bag and walked over to Esme. "Can you do us the honor, Harry?" Esme asked with a dazzling smile.

"Of course," he answered, joining them. He stepped between the two and placed a hand on each of their lower backs. The next thing they knew, they were standing inside the beach house. Bree let out a sigh of relief and thanked him. She then blurred away with her bag. He heard her inside her room, putting her things away. Esme thanked him and chuckled at the girl before going to her room to do the same.

While there, Harry decided to spend a bit of time on the beach. The cold, dreariness of Forks didn't bother him, but, like Bella, Harry preferred the warmth of a tropical paradise. He appeared on the beach wearing swim trunks and ran straight for the water. With a mighty lunge, he flew through the air and landed in the water hundreds of feet from the shore. He stayed in the ocean for a while, swimming down to the reefs and watching the strange fish swim. Once he had had his fill of underwater exploration, Harry returned to the beach and found Esme sitting in her beach chair and enjoying the afternoon sun. The first thing he noticed was that she had purchased a new bikini. Knowing the Cullen women, he reckoned she had probably bought a dozen. This bikini was a bit smaller and more revealing than her previous ones. It was dark purple and really popped against her pale skin. Harry slicked his hair back and walked toward her. Esme smiled prettily at him as he came near. She patted the beach chair next to hers, and he sat down.

She remained quiet for a few minutes before talking. "Carlisle and I had a talk," she suddenly stated.

“Oh?” Harry asked, turning to her. Esme nodded and turned to him.

“After Rosalie has her baby, I’d like to have one as soon as possible,” she told him. This wasn’t exactly news to him. He already knew they were planning something like this.

“As soon as possible?” Harry asked, raising an eyebrow. “Don’t you want to take some time to help care for Rosalie’s child?” He always called it Rosalie’s child or baby since he wouldn’t be the father ... strictly speaking. He would instead take on the role of their protector. Esme laughed lightly.

“I imagine Rosalie will never let the baby out of her sight ... except when hunting. She’s waited too long to become a mother, as have I. I’ll, of course, help take care of the baby at every opportunity, but I doubt there will be many,” she said, a small smile playing on her face. Harry didn’t doubt her words. Rosalie would certainly hog the baby’s attention.

“Besides, I can do that while carrying a child of my own,” she said. Her hand drifted down to her belly as though she were feeling a nonexistent baby bump.

“And Carlisle is okay with this?” he asked.

“We’ve talked it over many times. I made sure he was in agreement,” she nodded.

“And what about you?” he asked Esme. “How do you feel being away from your family? I can dilate time so it’ll only be a few weeks for them, but you and I could be alone together for several months.”

“Yes, Rosalie explained everything to me. I’ll certainly miss my family during that time, but I’m thinking of it as more of a temporary adventure,” she said, amusement clear on her lovely face. Harry chuckled.

“And what about you and me? Are you okay with us ...”

“Making love?” she asked, finishing his question.

“Yeah.”

“It may be strange at first. I’ve never let another man touch me since I met Carlisle,” she said, looking at the crashing waves. “But you don’t understand how much I’ve wanted a child ... especially after losing my first.”

Harry remembered the story of when she was still a human. “So this is what you truly want?” he asked, making sure.

"It is ... If you're willing," she added, looking to him again. Her eyes were big and beautiful, and he could see the desperate need in them.

"If this is what you want, then yes, Esme. I'm willing," he told her with a smile. Esme smiled brightly at him. "How about we spend some time together so you'll be comfortable when our time comes?" he suggested.

"That's a wonderful idea," she said brightly. Harry stood up and held out his hand.

"Then let's take a walk on the beach, and we can get to know each other better," he told her. Esme took his hand and stood up. The pair walked down the long beach for several hours, talking, teasing, and joking until the sun had waned and the moon had risen.