

Immortals

Chapter 30

Bella tried for a fifth time to read through a paragraph in her book when the thunder once again broke her concentration. Outside, the wind was howling, and the tree by her bedroom window was swaying violently and creaking as the trunk was put under tension. Bella had always gotten nervous during storms, and this one was particularly brutal. The rain was hammering against the roof, and flashes of lightning brightened her room every time it cracked across the blackened sky.

Charlie had to work a double shift that night. "There are always accidents when a storm like this hits. Do me a favor and stay inside. It's not safe out on the roads," he had told her. Bella didn't need to be told twice. She was scared enough in her room with a blanket wrapped around her. Sadly, Edward wouldn't show up for another few hours at least. His thirst had gotten a little too hard to handle, so he was forced to go out hunting. He wanted to stay close to the house, but Emmett and Jasper convinced him to go further north to hunt mountain lions. As an explosive crack of thunder made her squeal and jump, Bella kicked herself for helping them convince Edward to go. She pulled the blanket tighter around her.

For another twenty minutes, she stayed in bed before her stomach began to growl. She hadn't eaten since lunch, and she was getting pretty hungry. "Crap," she muttered and crawled out from her blanket. She exited her room and walked downstairs through the dark house. The storm had brought an unnatural chill, and not wanting to stay down there alone for any longer than necessary, Bella didn't bother turning on the heater. She shivered and rubbed her arms as she entered the kitchen and turned on the light. She went straight for the refrigerator and opened it up.

Bella pulled out some leftover meatloaf and put it on the counter. As she was reaching into the cabinet for a plate, Bella heard something scraping across the counter. She looked over at the counter and found everything as it should be. Thinking she was just hearing things, Bella stood on her tiptoes to reach the upper level of the cabinet when she heard the sound again. Once again, she looked at the dish of meatloaf. Suddenly, a crack of thunder rang in her ears, and the right side of the dish jolted and clanked loudly against the countertop. Bella let out a short, high-pitched scream and stepped back. She was breathing heavily as she stared at the dish. It wasn't moving. 'Did the thunder make it move?' she asked herself. The thunder was very powerful that night.

She kept her eyes on it for several minutes, but it didn't move. Gathering her courage, Bella edged closer to the dish and poked it with her finger. She squeaked in fright and jumped back. Still, it didn't move. Feeling slightly braver, she moved closer to it. As she did, she noticed that the meatloaf didn't smell right. Had it gone bad, she asked herself. She wrinkled her nose in disgust as she leaned in to get a better look. Lightning flashed through the nearby window, and the counter vibrated from the thunderous boom that quickly followed. Just as the flash of

lightning dimmed, the meat from the middle of the loaf squelched disgustingly and split apart. Looking back at her was a bloodshot eye with a glazed, milky iris. Bella screamed, but before she could stumble backward, spider legs ripped from the side of the loaf, sending chunks of rotting meat flying across the kitchen. It jumped at her, latching onto her face. Bella screamed out a terrified wail as the legs wrapped around her head. She grabbed the meatloaf, desperately trying to rip it from her face as she thrashed from side to side. Bella screamed again when she felt something biting down on the skin of her cheek. With one last desperate effort, Bella wrenched the creature from her face and screamed as the thunder boomed once again.

Bella shot up in bed, and the open book resting on her lap fell to the floor with a clunk. Bella's eyes were wide, and she was breathing heavily. She looked around while her heart beat loudly in her chest and found that she was in her room. Panicked, she rubbed at her face and sighed in relief when she found nothing on her. She wiped the sweat from her forehead and let out a panicked laugh. Another crack of thunder made her whimper as she lay back down and pulled the blanket up to her chin. "Harry!" she squeaked in fright. Much to her relief, Harry appeared at the foot of her bed.

"What's wrong?" he asked her while she lay there trembling.

"Nightmare," she squeaked.

"Was it about the meatloaf again?" Harry asked, chuckling. Bella nodded, and Harry rolled his eyes in response. A couple of days ago, Bella accidentally ate a piece of meatloaf that had gone bad, and every night since then, her sleep had been plagued by nightmares of that stupid meat. The previous night, she dreamed that she had gotten rabies from eating it.

"Bella, Bella," Harry sang, smiling as he shook his head. "What am I going to do with you?" he joked. Thunder rumbled outside, which made Bella's body jerk. She pulled one side of her blanket up, revealing the empty spot next to her.

"Get in," she demanded. "Quick!"

Harry continued to chuckle as his clothes disappeared. Bella quickly became distracted by his naked body. She eyed him up and down as he walked to the side of the bed. As soon as he got in bed with her, Bella covered him with the blanket and rolled onto her side, draping herself over him. With just a thought, Bella's clothes disappeared, leaving her equally naked. Harry could feel her still trembling against him, so he lovingly rubbed her back. Bella gasped as he lightly ran his fingernails down her spine. She pressed tighter against him while he cupped her ass with his free hand. Bella blushed when his fingers began rubbing her slit.

"Stay with me?" she asked. Harry smiled at her, and he was so handsome that Bella nearly came on his fingers.

"Of course. You don't even have to ask," he told her. Bella's cheeks felt very hot from the sudden rush of emotions. She then realized how important he truly was to her. She hadn't called for Edward in her time of need. She immediately called out for Harry without thinking twice. She was blushing madly at the realization, but that didn't stop her from throwing her leg over his waist and lying directly on top of him. Bella leaned in and kissed him deeply as his cock rested against the length of her slit.

Bella deepened the kiss further and squirmed up his body until she could feel the tip of his cock touching her lips. Without thinking, she drove her body down and engulfed him with her pussy. Bella squeaked in pain from suddenly being stretched, and then whimpered as her pussy constricted around him. She broke the kiss and rested the side of her head on his chest as she waited out the initial pain. Like the gentleman he was, Harry rubbed her back to try to distract her from the discomfort. His fingertips grazed her sides and sent tingling sensations down her spine. All it took was that small touch to make her insides flutter around him. After a few minutes, the pain dulled into a slight throb, and Bella rested her hands on his broad shoulders.

"I'm ready," she shakily told him. Harry obviously knew what she wanted. She made that very clear by impaling herself on his perfect cock. Harry's hands cupped her cheeks, and he began kneading her soft flesh while slowly moving his hips up and down. Bella whimpered into his chest as she experienced full penetration for the first time. Every time he slid in, her walls stretched around him, scraping every inch of his shaft and coating it with her wetness. Harry was very slow and gentle as he took her. Bella, unfamiliar with this particular activity, squeaked and squirmed against him when he bumped her g-spot for the first time. After a few minutes of slowly making love, the discomfort had disappeared and was replaced by the greatest pleasure she had ever felt. When he hit her g-spot again, Bella moaned deeply and nuzzled his neck with her lips.

"Oh!" she gasped. "That feels really good," she said through a shudder.

"You feel really good, too," Harry responded as he pulled back and then thrust into her, making her wet pussy squelch as it was stuffed full. "You're so tight," he complimented her body.

Bella blushed hard and was glad her face was hidden against his neck. She didn't want him to see how embarrassed she was by his words. Still, she was very pleased that he liked her body so much. She was especially pleased when he thrust into her again and moaned from her tightness.

"You can go faster ... If you want," she said in a hushed voice while trying to keep from moaning too loudly. Harry responded by picking up the speed. His hands spread her cheeks open as he pushed harder and faster into her. Bella could hear their flesh clapping and lightly bit down on his shoulder when the pleasure intensified.

Bella never knew that sex could be so good. Every time the head of his cock hit the deepest part of her, it was like an explosion of pleasure that had her squeaking like an idiot. Her thin

frame was being jerked back and forth, causing her hard nipples to rub against his chiseled chest. Even though Harry was very big and she was very tight, his cock still glided against her walls with ease due to her abundant wetness. Even her blanket couldn't hold back the smell of her wet pussy. Bella could smell her arousal as it escaped the confines of the blanket and filled the room with her womanly scent. For some odd reason, this turned her on even more.

Harry's arms snaked around her slim waist, holding her in place as the tempo increased. Bella could feel her cheeks rippling as he took her hard and fast. The overload of lust clouded her brain, making her feel lightheaded. Her lips found his neck, and she began laying kisses all over it while her pussy fluttered and clutched his thrusting cock. Thankfully, she was mentally too far gone to notice all the embarrassing noises her pussy was making as Harry pistoned in and out of her. He suddenly flipped her onto her back and kissed her passionately while angling his thrusts to hit all her best spots. Bella started squirming uncontrollably, and her face felt flushed. Her heart was hammering in her chest, and suddenly, her back arched as the best orgasm she had ever experienced washed over her. Bella squealed into his mouth while her pussy clamped down on his thrusting rod. Her vision blurred, and she broke the kiss and cried out.

Her entire body tingled as she bucked and thrashed under him. Harry's lips found her neck, and Bella's eyes rolled into the back of her head. She suddenly felt him release inside of her and was pleasantly shocked by how good it felt. She mewled and wiggled her hips while he filled her. Once he was done, Harry rolled over and took her along for the ride. Bella found herself back on top of him while he was fully buried inside of her. She could feel her walls continuing to flutter around him while he caressed her smooth body.

"Mmm," Bella hummed in pleasure while resting her head on his chest. She yawned loudly while listening to his beating heart.

"That was ... wow," Bella said and then moaned when he moved, causing his cock to accidentally hit her g-spot again.

"I thought you were going to wait," Harry said, sounding amused. It was then that Bella realized what she had done.

"I was! Oh, no!" she gasped. What would Edward say?

"What am I going to tell Edward?" she said, starting to panic again.

"It depends. Did you want to wait, or was it Edward's idea?" Harry asked.

"Edward's," Bella truthfully answered.

"I thought so," Harry snickered. Bella playfully smacked his chest.

"This is serious!" she chastised him. "He's going to be so mad."

"Then don't tell him," Harry shrugged. Bella looked up at him in confusion.

"It's his fault for waiting. If you want, I can use my powers before your wedding, and he'll never know," Harry smirked. Bella thought about it for a second. Harry was right. It was Edward's fault. Bella had wanted to take their relationship to the next level, but Edward was stuck in his old-timey ways. Was it her fault that Harry was always there to provide her with anything she wanted or needed? No, of course not. Besides, Harry was there when the Cullens left her high and dry after that cursed birthday party she never even asked for. After thinking about it, maybe Harry deserved to be her first. What harm would it do if she kept this little secret to herself?

"It's probably better if we keep it a secret," she admitted. Harry chuckled and patted her bare bottom.

"Whatever you want, Bella," he amusedly said. By then, Bella began lightly bouncing her hips and slowly fucking herself on his cock. She had already gone this far. Why not go a little further? Harry moaned as her hips began to move faster, and he ran his hands up and down her curves. 'It's probably a good idea to get some practice in before the big day,' she told herself. 'I don't want to disappoint my future husband,' she added before sitting up and straddling him. Her hips bucked wildly as she furiously rode his cock to another blissful climax.