

Metal and Magic

Chapter 27

Harry practically knew Natasha and Maria's living room better than his own. He spent more time there than he did at the mansion. He had slumped onto the couch cushions that were already molded by his ass, and the glow of the TV flickered over everything in the small living room. Maria sat pressed against his right with a pillow tucked neatly behind her back, and her bare legs were draped over his thighs. Her shorts were so short and tight that they were nearly swallowed by her pussy, and her camisole was so thin that Harry could see the stiff tips of her nipples. Natasha was on his left with her arms crossed behind her head, practically melting into the couch. Her tank top barely covered the top curve of her breasts, and the crotch of her black thong did nothing to hide the shape of her plump pussy lips.

They were supposed to be watching a show about criminals, lawyers, and double-crossings, but he was distracted by the two sexy bodies on either side of him. Harry's hands were caressing their inner thighs, and neither woman did anything to stop him. He drew lazy circles on the inside of Maria's left thigh, inching higher each time. Maria's lips parted, and she let out a slow, shaky breath. She shifted her weight so his finger nestled against the edge of her shorts.

On his other side, Natasha watched with a lazy smirk as if she knew what would happen and was happy to let it play out. Harry's left palm grazed her knee, and she didn't move. Harry slid his hand up to the crease of her leg, and Natasha let her knees fall open.

He thought Maria might protest, but instead she squirmed closer. He slipped his hand higher, his fingers brushing the hemline of Maria's shorts. She sucked in a sharp breath and pressed her wrist against her mouth, her eyes darting from Harry's face to Natasha's, like she was embarrassed to be in this position. Natasha, with much more confidence, uncrossed her arms and flicked the TV off with the remote. The sudden silence snapped the tension in the room. Maria exhaled and let her head drop against Harry's shoulder. Natasha reached for Harry's left hand and casually guided it higher up her thigh, all while keeping her gaze pointedly fixed on Maria.

Harry's hand was halfway underneath Maria's shorts, and the tips of his fingers grazed the smooth skin of her mound. Maria twisted away at the last second, trapping his arm between her thighs.

"Not in front of Natasha," she said, but her eyes were glassy, and she made no move to extricate his hand.

Natasha smirked teasingly. "I don't mind," she said. "Unless you're scared."

As if to take a jab at Maria, Natasha grabbed Harry's wrist and pulled his hand up between her thighs. She then shoved his fingers down the front of her black thong. Her mound was warm

and soft, and Harry could feel the way her lips yielded to his fingers. Natasha bucked her hips, grinding herself lazily against his hand. Her eyes rolled back as she tried to force his fingers deeper inside her panties. She reached down and palmed her own breast without breaking eye contact with Maria, who stared back in open-mouthed disbelief. Natasha pinched her nipple through her thin tank top and moaned quietly. Harry's fingertips slid along the length of her slit, and he teased her entrance until she started to tremble and gasp.

Maria watched all of this in stunned silence at first, but her expression shifted quickly from embarrassment to irritation, like she was tired of always being the one to act like an adult. She elbowed Harry, hard enough that he yanked his hand back from Natasha's pussy, but Natasha only laughed and let her legs fall open wider. Maria straightened her spine and jerked her own shorts higher up her thighs, as if daring him to touch her too.

Harry got the message. He reached over and cupped Maria's bare knee, then stroked up her leg until his hand disappeared under the hem of her shorts. Maria's skin was very soft and sensitive. The first brush of his fingers against her lips made her gasp, but this time she didn't pull away or hide her face. Instead, she hooked her ankle around his and shifted her hips to give him more access. Harry could feel the heat coming off her. Her pussy was fever-hot and sticky, and he could tell how horny she was by the way she squeezed her thighs around his arm.

Natasha smirked and watched the whole thing unfold. "You want him to touch you, don't you?" she said, her voice throaty as she pressed her own hand harder against her panty-covered pussy. "Just let it happen, Maria. It's better that way."

Maria shot her a glare and opened her mouth as if to argue, but then Harry's finger slid along the length of her slit, and her protest melted into a ragged gasp. He explored the gentle curve of her lips, then pressed in until he found the source of the slippery dampness. Maria shuddered and dug her fingers into the couch.

Natasha scooted closer, draping her leg over Harry's knee and planting her heel on the edge of the coffee table. She leaned into his shoulder and whispered, "Go ahead, Harry. Make the bitch moan." Then she licked his earlobe and palmed the bulge in his crotch.

Maria tried to act unfazed, but her whole body was tense, and her thighs quivered every time Harry's fingers made contact. He hooked his thumb over the waistband of her shorts and tugged it lower, just enough to see her puffy, hairless mound and the pink, needy lips beneath.

Natasha turned her attention to Maria, her voice soft and teasing. "You always pretend you're so innocent, but you're soaking wet," she said. "Why don't you show him what you really want?"

Maria hesitated, but then she reached down and peeled her shorts down to mid-thigh. Her pussy glistened with arousal, and Harry could see how much she wanted this. Harry grabbed her shorts and pulled them all the way down. He pulled them from her bare feet and tossed them across the room. She wouldn't be needing them tonight. He slid his hand back between

her legs, this time using two fingers to spread her open and stroke her clit. Maria made a sound somewhere between a whimper and a laugh.

Harry folded his arms under Maria's knees and lifted her legs. He then eased her back until she was lying flat along the length of the couch. He tucked her calves over his thighs to keep them open. Maria let out a nervous laugh and twisted her body, but every movement only brought more attention to her pussy, which was sticky and shiny with her own wetness.

Natasha climbed behind Harry and hugged his waist, and her breasts pressed against his back. She rested her chin on his shoulder and looked down between Maria's legs, her eyes hungry and calculating. She wrapped one hand around Harry's chest like she was trying to keep him for herself, and her other arm snaked down along his bicep until her fingers grazed Maria's inner thigh.

Maria instinctively tried to cover herself, and she clapped both hands over her mound. But Harry gently pried her hands away and pinned her wrists back against the cushion. "C'mon, let her see," he teased, glancing over his shoulder at Natasha. Maria blushed a deep red and squeezed her lips together, but she didn't fight him. Instead, she turned her face into the pillow and let him spread her legs wider.

Natasha grinned and ran her nails over the soft skin just above Maria's slit. "You're such a tease, Maria," she said. "Always pretending you don't want attention." Her fingers drew slow patterns along Maria's thighs, never quite touching her pussy but always coming close. Harry watched them both, and his pulse raced as the two women stared each other down. Maria squirmed, and her hips jerked involuntarily every time Natasha's nails got close to her clit.

"Stop looking at me like that," Maria mumbled into the cushion, but her voice was weak.

Natasha laughed and moved her gaze to Harry. "She's pretending she hates it, but I'm pretty sure she likes it." She let her hand drift higher, and she pushed her thigh aside even more. Maria's pussy was completely exposed. Her pink labia were puffed and glistening, and her pink, swollen clit stood stiff and proud.

"She's so sexy, isn't she?" Harry said. He reached out and cupped her pussy in his palm, rubbing two fingers along the length of her slit. Maria moaned into the pillow and arched her back until her ass lifted off the couch.

Natasha snuck her hand past Harry's and pressed her fingers against Maria's mound. She spread Maria open with two fingers, framing her clit, then bent down to inspect her handiwork. "You look so good like this," Natasha whispered, soft enough that only Harry and Maria could hear. She rolled Maria's clit between her thumb and knuckle, and Maria whimpered. Her whole body shivered, and she writhed on the couch in embarrassment and pleasure.

Harry pulled Maria's wrists higher above her head, stretching her body out so every inch of her was visible. Natasha turned his face and kissed him on the mouth, then reached down and slid one finger into Maria's pussy. Maria gasped and clenched her legs together, but Harry gently pushed her legs back open as Natasha kept fingering her slowly.

Maria's face was flushed, and her breath came in quick, ragged bursts. "Harry?" she begged, but she was already bucking her hips against Natasha's hand.

Natasha smirked. "You like it, don't you?" She curled her finger, then added a second, pressing deeper inside. Maria's pussy clenched around her fingers, and Natasha teased her clit with her thumb while Harry watched, mesmerized by the erotic sight.

Natasha shifted and propped herself up on one knee. Her black thong stretched tight across her pussy as she leaned further over Maria's body. She started fingering Maria faster, and her hand moved in smooth, expert motions. Maria's moans grew louder, and she twisted against the couch, her whole body tense as she tried to ride out the pleasurable sensation.

The scene was something Harry would never forget. Maria's embarrassment had melted into lust, and Natasha was loving every second of her control. Harry just watched as the two women played out their complicated game.

Maria's cries started low and uncertain, but then built until her voice was a high, desperate squeal. Her back arched off the couch, pushing her pussy up toward Natasha's hand, and her whole body trembled with the effort of holding back the orgasm that threatened to tear through her. Harry watched as Natasha's fingers worked in and out of Maria's slick entrance. Her fingers were buried to the third knuckle and moving in a rhythm so fast that Maria could hardly catch her breath between moans.

"Ah ... I'm gonna ... Oh!" Maria started, but the words came out slurred, and her thighs locked tight around Natasha's wrist.

But Natasha wasn't interested in mercy. She kept up her relentless fingering, curling her fingers up inside Maria while her thumb worked rapid circles over Maria's clit. The sound of Maria's pussy was wet, obscene, and needy, and it filled the room, louder than any of their voices. Maria's face screwed up in desperation, and she looked up at Harry as if he would save her from Natasha's relentless onslaught, but he only grinned and gently rubbed Natasha's shoulder to encourage her.

Maria finally broke. Her cry rose to a shriek, and her whole body bucked against Natasha's hand. However, just as she reached the point of no return, Natasha abruptly pulled her fingers out, leaving Maria teetering on the edge of orgasm with nothing to push her over. Maria's hips stuttered as she tried to reach her orgasm, but Natasha just wiped her hand on Maria's thigh and stood up, a sly smile on her full, pink lips.

“What the fuck?” Maria gasped breathlessly, her face red and her hair stuck to her forehead. “You can’t just leave me on the edge and ...”

Natasha cut her off. She stretched her arms overhead, got to her feet, and stalked toward the hallway, the motion making her breasts bounce under the white tank top. She paused at the threshold, then peeled the top over her head with one smooth motion, flipping her hair as she bared her chest to both of them. Her nipples were stiff and pink, and her pale skin seemed to shimmer in the light. She let the shirt fall to the floor, then hooked her thumbs in her panties and shimmied them down her thighs, never breaking eye contact with Maria.

“You both are welcome to join me in my bedroom.” She stepped out of her panties, flicked them into the living room with her foot, then disappeared into the darker hallway.

Maria lay panting on the couch, her pussy aching and sticky. Her body was still shaking from the orgasm that had almost, but not quite, happened. She glared at Harry, but there was no real malice in it. “Are you going to help me, or just stand there like an idiot?” she demanded.

Harry didn’t answer. He leaned over and kissed Maria on the mouth, tasting her sweet lips, and he slid his hand between her legs to stroke her. Maria shivered against his palm and grabbed his wrist to force him deeper. Harry fingered her slowly, circling her clit with his thumb. He watched her beautiful face as her hips began to rock again, chasing the climax that Natasha had denied her.

Maria startled herself by letting out a shaky giggle. “This is so fucked up,” she said, but she didn’t tell him to stop.

“Isn’t it what you wanted?” Harry asked, grinning. “You and Natasha did want to work on me together, if I remember correctly.”

“Oh my god, shut up,” Maria muttered, and grabbed at his shirt, trying to pull him closer. He helped her by twisting out of his T-shirt and then yanking it off over his head. Maria’s fingers fumbled with the button of his jeans, but her hands shook enough that Harry had to do it himself. Once his jeans hit the floor, Maria reached for his boxers, but Harry caught her by the wrist and held her hand still.

He searched her face, looking for some sign that she wanted to slow down. Maria only looked back, her eyes glassy and determined. She bit her lip, squirmed beneath him, and then rolled over and pushed herself up on her elbows. She started to kneel, but Harry grabbed her waist and guided her up. He scooped her into his arms with a suddenness that made her yelp. He hoisted her up and slung her across his shoulder, her bare ass in full view, and Maria squealed in shock.

“We’re not actually doing this caveman shit, are we?” Maria protested, but she was giggling even as she kicked her feet in fake protest.

“Harry want snu snu,” he said in his best caveman voice, and he smacked her on the ass, making it jiggle. The sharp sound echoed in the apartment, and Maria gasped, then started giggling harder.

He carried her down the short hallway, her legs kicking weakly, and shouldered open the door to Natasha’s bedroom. The room was lit only by a soft lamp on the nightstand, giving the walls a soft glow. Natasha was already sprawled on the bed, one leg crossed over the other, her arms folded under her head. She watched them with that same sly smile, and her breasts rose and fell with quick, excited breaths. She was totally naked and completely unself-conscious, and her long hair spread out on the pillow like a fan.

Harry set Maria down on the edge of the bed and let her legs dangle for a moment. He grabbed the hem of her camisole and pulled it up and over her head, leaving her chest bare for them to see. He gently pushed her backward, so she landed on the mattress. Maria immediately pulled her arms over her chest, as if she was only now realizing how exposed she was. She sat up awkwardly and crossed her legs, hiding her wet pussy from view. She glanced around the room, taking in the details. The black sheets on the bed were rumpled, the nightstand was cluttered, and the faint scent of perfume clung to everything. The room was smaller and more intimate than the living room, and the way Natasha stretched herself across the bed made it clear whose territory this was.

Natasha teased them by spreading her legs and patting the space beside her. “Come on, Maria. Don’t be shy,” she purred. “You’re already halfway there.”

Maria stayed near the edge of the bed, her arms folded across her bare chest and her knees drawn up almost protectively. She watched Natasha reclining in the center of the mattress, stretched out with the assurance of a queen in her own domain. Harry hovered at the threshold, caught between the two, his eyes darting between Natasha’s open invitation and Maria’s hunched indecision. The room was filled with silence, each of them waiting for someone else to make the next move.

Maria’s thoughts were all over the place. She barely knew Natasha, and she definitely didn’t consider her a friend. Natasha was bold in ways Maria could never manage, and Maria was painfully aware of her own hesitation. The safe move would be to grab her shirt, mumble an apology, and retreat to the living room. But that would mean leaving Harry alone with Natasha, and the thought felt like swallowing a mouthful of sour milk. Maria knew Natasha would waste no time, and Harry wouldn’t exactly resist.

She could feel Harry behind her, close enough that his breath stirred the fine hairs at the nape of her neck. Maria shivered and shifted, not sure what to do with her hands. Natasha’s sly smile only grew wider, and she patted the empty spot on the bed again, this time with an edge of impatience. “It’ll be more fun if you join us, Maria. Unless you’re too much of a prude?”

That last part stung. Maria considered her options with a cold, logical clarity. If she left, she'd regret it. If she stayed, she'd be in direct competition with Natasha. She weighed her pride against her curiosity, her jealousy against her horniness, and came up even. She inhaled slowly and exhaled deeply. She then let her arms fall to her sides and crawled slowly over the rumpled sheets.

Natasha caught Maria's wrist and tugged her closer, until their faces were only inches apart. Maria could smell the perfume on Natasha's skin. Natasha let go and tucked a stray lock of hair behind Maria's ear, her fingers trailing down Maria's jaw. "See? That wasn't so hard," she teased, and ran her palm down Maria's bare shoulder, past the soft slope of her breast.

Harry watched the two women with wide, hungry eyes. Maria tried not to notice his stare, but she could feel it like a sunbeam against her skin. She looked down at the sheets, her cheeks burning, but Natasha didn't give her time to get embarrassed. Natasha leaned in and kissed Maria. Her tongue slipped past Maria's lips with casual expertise. Maria froze for a second before opening her mouth, her body loosening under Natasha's touch.

Harry shifted his weight, and Maria glanced over to see him stroking his cock, his gaze fixed on their kiss. It seemed like he couldn't believe what he was seeing. Natasha broke the kiss and shot him a look. "Are you just going to watch?" she teased in an aroused voice.

Harry grinned and scooted closer. He reached for Maria's hand and squeezed it, then moved to Natasha's thigh, stroking up and down the length of it. Natasha guided Maria's hand to Harry's erection, and Maria didn't resist. She curled her fingers around him, feeling the heat and weight of it. Harry's breath hitched, and Maria found herself grinning despite her slight panic.

Natasha slid her hand between Maria's thighs and stroked her pussy while Maria stroked Harry's cock in time. Maria's heartbeat thudded in her ears, but the awkwardness quickly faded. Natasha kissed her again, then kissed Harry.

It became a blur of hands and mouths. Maria let herself get pulled under, losing herself to the pleasure while letting Natasha direct the action. Her legs were spread by a pair of strong hands, and Maria looked down only to see Harry's face disappearing between her thighs. After the first lick, Maria felt her self-consciousness burning away, replaced by the raw fire of desire.