

Immortals

Chapter 39

Dawn stretched over the island, and every window of the beach house filled with sunlight. Harry sat at the kitchen island, sipping a mug of hot tea. The Cullens were fanned out in their various little groups. Rosalie crossed and uncrossed her perfect legs on the sofa, Emmett clapped his enormous hands in anticipation, and Alice bounced in place, while Jasper hovered at her shoulder with careful eyes on everyone but her. Esme and Carlisle whispered to each other in the corner like married couples often do. Everyone in the house waited expectantly.

Bella lay on the master suite's bed, already wearing a brand new silk dress. She didn't move an inch. Her skin had taken on the porcelain color of the Cullens. Her eyelids twitched every so often. Edward sat with one cool hand on her shin and the other braced on his knee, unmoving except for the rhythmic squeeze of her leg, as though he could urge her into wakefulness.

The transformation lasted days, but luckily for Bella, Harry was using his godly powers to dampen the excruciating pain she would have otherwise felt. When it finally came, it happened with a quick warning from Alice. "Any moment now," she told them, and right on cue, Bella's red eyes snapped open, wide and calm.

Alice was the first to break the silence. "Dang, Bella, you are absolutely stunning." She glided over to the bed in a blink and ran her fingers through Bella's hair to make it look better.

Bella sat up so fast the air moved. She blinked, astonished at how every detail was now crystal clear. She looked around the room, her new eyes flickering over every detail. She marveled at the way Harry's hair caught the light, the glimmer of dust motes, and the individual capillaries in the petals of the hibiscus that curled from a vase. Then she stared down at her hands and flipped them over. Even her nails gleamed.

Bella was as stunningly beautiful as the other Cullen women. Her long brown hair practically glimmered, and her pale skin was perfectly flawless. Every facial feature was devastatingly gorgeous, but beneath the new, enhanced beauty, the old Bella still existed.

Edward slid beside her, cupping her face between his palms. He searched her expression for anything out of the ordinary. "You're okay?" he asked, still concerned for her well-being. Bella answered by kissing him, and Edward and the Cullens laughed. It was the first time Harry could remember that Edward sounded like someone who knew joy. Harry sipped his tea and watched.

"I'm thirsty," Bella said, and swallowed the venom pooling in her mouth. Her voice sounded melodic. "Very thirsty," she added.

Rosalie stood, arms folded under her chest, and tossed her hair like she was in a shampoo commercial. “No surprise there. Harry brought in a bunch of new wildlife onto the island, so there’s plenty to choose from.”

“Go with Edward. Try not to decimate the population.” She exchanged a pointed glance with Harry. “I believe we can trust them to keep the house intact. Let’s give them some privacy.”

Edward took Bella’s hand and tried to pull her toward the door. Edward’s body jerked to a stop when he couldn’t budge her an inch. Harry watched the flicker of surprise as she realized the strength of her body. Edward chuckled in response. Bella looked embarrassed, but her skin didn’t turn pink. Her thirst made itself known again, and they blurred out the back door.

With the new couple gone, a wave of post-party boredom set in. Carlisle leaned back in his chair, lacing his fingers behind his head. “She’s much calmer than any newborn I’ve come across,” he said to no one in particular. “That bodes well for her ... and us.”

After a few more minutes of talking, Harry transferred everyone back to the Cullen house. He took Esme to another island he had set up for Bree for the time being.

Immortals

Harry had rented a luxury suite in New York when Rosalie said that she wanted to do some shopping, and, of course, he could never tell her no. He stood on the plush carpet, and his nakedness seemed to fit in well with the hotel’s arrogant decadence. He looked down with a smirk as his hands tangled in Rosalie’s golden hair.

She was on her knees with her pregnant belly pressed into his shin, and she sucked his cock like she wanted to swallow the entire thing. The bloodless flush of her cheeks only made her lips more vivid. Her lips were as tight as a vise as she dragged her mouth up his shaft with a slow, teasing pull, before plunging down in a single, choking motion. Every time she bottomed out, she made a small, satisfied sound in the back of her throat, as if she were drinking from the world’s best milkshake.

Harry’s cock was longer and thicker than it had any right to be, and each vein had been mapped by Rosalie’s tongue. Her hand fisted around the base of his shaft, and she stroked it in counterpoint to her mouth. The other hand wandered, fingering the seam of his balls, and rolling them gently. “Christ,” he muttered, not even attempting to hide the wobble in his voice. “How is your mouth still so soft?”

She pulled off with a wet pop, her lips shining. “Who knows? Just enjoy it,” Rosalie said, lovingly kissing the tip of his wet cock. Harry gently ran his nails along her scalp, and she practically purred in delight. She popped the head back into her mouth and drove her face forward.

She inhaled him until her lips were wrapped around the base, and her nose was mashed against his abs. The sight sent a little thrill up his spine, and he tightened his grip in her hair. She moaned, and her throat vibrated around his cock. He felt her tongue wiggle against him teasingly. When she pulled off again, she left a string of saliva that gleamed in the room's soft gold light.

Rosalie got to her feet, but her hand continued to jerk on his shaft. "You look like you're about ready to cum," she said.

Harry shook his head and smiled. "You know me. I can go all night. Now get on the bed, and ..."

She didn't wait for him to finish the sentence. Rosalie shimmied the lace panties down her thighs and climbed up onto the mattress on her hands and knees. She presented herself with blatant boldness. Her wide, jutting ass rose like a pale, perfect moon above the gentle swell of her pregnant belly. Even in the dim light, the smooth skin across her hips and legs shimmered. She arched her back in a dramatic pose, parting her thighs until Harry could see the slick, pink lips of her pussy, trembling and inviting. He could see the delicate, tight ring of her asshole puckering in anticipation.

Harry let himself enjoy the sight for a moment, committing every angle and every detail to memory. Then he knelt behind her and ran both hands down her thighs, and he used his thumbs to spread her wider. Her pussy glistened and was practically dripping, and the scent that hit him made his cock throb.

He let the tip of his cock brush her slit as he teased it between the folds, dragging it up and down to cover himself in her wetness. "You want it here?" he asked, his voice dropping to a low, rough growl. He emphasized the word "here" by nudging at her entrance.

"Mhmmm," Rosalie hummed and rolled her hips, meeting him halfway. The head of his cock slipped inside her with almost no resistance, swallowed by her wet, greedy pussy. She was inhumanly tight, and yet her body welcomed him in, slick and hungry for every inch. The angle, with her hips tilted up and her knees spread wide, made the fit almost painfully good.

Rosalie groaned as her wet, silky walls stretched around him. "Fuck, you're huge," she moaned as her pussy began fluttering.

Harry started slow, letting himself stretch her out while watching the way her pussy clung to him with every withdrawal. Her lips refused to let go, as if they were fighting a losing battle to keep him inside forever. Each time he thrust in, her back arched higher. Her hands dug deeper into the sheets, and her moans grew louder and more insistent. He could see the muscles in her back trembling as she was overcome with pleasure.

"You're so damn wet," he said through a moan. Each thrust was punctuated with a loud, wet squelch of her pussy. He pulled out nearly all the way and then slammed back in, letting the force of it drive a gasp from her lips.

Rosalie twisted around, and her golden hair fell over her eyes. She wiped her hair away and shot him an impatient glare. "Harder," she commanded. "I'm not going to break."

That was all the encouragement he needed. Harry grabbed her hips with both hands, and his fingers dug into her flawless skin. This time, he didn't hold back. He pounded into her, letting the pleasure take over. His balls slapped against her throbbing, swollen clit with every pump of his hips. The sound of their fucking was obscene and completely unrestrained. Every time he bottomed out, Rosalie shoved back against him, meeting him thrust for thrust, as if she wanted to be broken by his battering ram of a cock.

The bed started to rock on its frame, thudding against the wall with every movement. Rosalie reached down and frantically rubbed her own clit. She ground herself against his cock as if she was determined to wring every ounce of pleasure from the moment. Her whole body tightened as she began to whimper, and then she came. Her orgasm was hard and sudden. The orgasm rippled through her, making her clamp down on Harry's cock with a force that bordered on painful. She screamed loud enough to pop every eardrum in the hotel. Thankfully, Harry placed magical protections on the room to keep all noise from escaping. Rosalie kept screaming as the orgasm tore through her, never letting up on the pressure.

Harry felt the incredible pressure of her pussy clamping down, and it sent him over the edge. Rosalie's spasms milked him past the point of no return, and he emptied inside of her, filling her pregnant pussy with his thick seed. He stayed buried inside her as her pussy kept squeezing out every last drop.

Finally, Rosalie slumped forward and collapsed onto sheets and pillows. She looked over her shoulder and shot him a sexy, satisfied look. Harry dropped onto his side and pressed himself against her naked back. Rosalie stretched out on her side with one hand protectively over her swollen belly. She smirked and rubbed her ass against his still-hard cock.

Harry let his hand drift down to the curves of her ass. Her body was impossibly soft, and she trembled as his other hand caressed her sensitive flesh. He kissed the hollow at the base of her neck, and she shivered. He nipped her skin, and she giggled, before letting out a moan of pure desire. She thrust her ass back into him, grinding her heat against his cock in a silent demand.

Harry grinned, loving her insistence and the way her need overpowered every semblance of restraint. He reached between her thighs and found her swollen lips. They were still slick and parted from the pounding he'd just delivered. He slipped two fingers inside and felt her walls flutter in greeting. With his other hand, he spread her ass cheeks and let his thumb tease the tight, puckered hole nestled between them. Rosalie's whimper rose in pitch. She twisted her head around and met his gaze with a half-lidded, wicked look.

"Don't tease," she said in a husky voice. "You know what I want."

Harry kissed her neck and then sucked on her earlobe. "You want it in your ass?" he teasingly asked, making sure she knew he was going to give her exactly what she wanted.

"God, yes," Rosalie said, and her body arched to present herself even more brazenly. She reached back and grabbed her own ass, spreading herself open for him in a shameless show. Harry's cock throbbed in his hand. He lined himself up and rubbed the tip against her tight hole. With gentle pressure, he began to push, letting Rosalie control the pace as her body adjusted to the intrusion.

Her muscles resisted at first, but then she sighed and relaxed, and the head of his cock popped through. Rosalie gasped in pleasure, and Harry waited for her to nod before pushing further. Inch by inch, she swallowed him, her ass squeezing him with a vice-like grip. He could feel every subtle shift of her body as she adjusted to the fullness, and every tiny movement sent a lightning bolt of pleasure up his spine.

"God, I love your ass," he groaned, and his hands gripped her hips as he started to rock his way in and out. Her ass sucked him in with each thrust, refusing to let go, and Rosalie's breathing turned into fast, needy pants. She reached between her legs and rubbed her clit furiously, and her body shuddered with every stroke.

"Harder," she begged, her voice breaking into desperate moans. "Don't hold back, Harry. I want to feel every inch of you."

He lovingly kissed her bare shoulder and slammed his hips forward, driving his cock deep into her ass. The colliding of their skin echoed off the penthouse walls. Rosalie met every thrust with a fierce shove of her ass, greedily taking everything he could give. With her face buried in the soft pillows, she screamed with each impact, and Harry could feel her entire body start to tense.

"I'm about to cum," she choked out, and then her whole form convulsed around him. Harry watched as she squirted onto the sheets in a violent, messy explosion. Her asshole clamped down on his cock as she came, milking him with inhuman strength.

The pressure was too much. Harry felt his own orgasm spike, and he pulled out just in time to spray ropes of his cum all over the glistening, quivering lips of her pussy. The sight of her trembling, cum-stained body was spellbinding. Rosalie looked like a goddess in the throes of passion.

Rosalie collapsed face-down on the pillows, laughing in short, breathless bursts. Harry lay beside her, stroking her hair and kissing her shoulder as she came down from the high. "I think you broke the bed," she mumbled, sounding more satisfied than exhausted. "The hotel's going to make you pay for that."

“Worth it,” Harry said as he caressed her wide hip. He pulled her into the curve of his body, spooning her gently as he palmed her large, round breast. Rosalie turned her head and kissed him deeply, and she giggled into his lips when he began rolling her stiff nipple between his fingers. It wasn’t long before they were both ready for round three.