

Immortals

Chapter 28

“Esme! Move your ass!” she heard Harry call out from the living room.

“Alright ... Hold your horses!” she called back as she stood in front of the mirror. She went over her hair one last time to make sure it was perfect. She only wore enough makeup to accent her already devastating beauty. Her eyes lowered, and she studied her body in the reflection.

Esme Cullen was wearing the most scandalously small bikini she had ever worn. There was no way she would ever wear something that small out in public. However, she wasn't out in public. She was with the future father of her child, and they were getting ready for a dip in the hot tub. It was strange how nervous she was. Certainly, part of it was that she had been spending so much time with a man who wasn't her husband. Even though Carlisle had given his full blessing, she couldn't help but feel like she was betraying him. That particular emotion, she would just have to deal with. Her desire for a child was stronger than any emotion she was currently experiencing.

The other reason for her nervousness had to do with Harry himself. Any time they were alone together, he would slow down time to give them a chance to get to know each other better. It had worked. Over the last few days, they had spent an equivalent of several weeks together. Over that time, Esme had begun to feel something more than friendship for him. It didn't compare to how she felt for Carlisle, but she couldn't deny that she had a very large crush on him that was growing by the day. She noticed that she was looking at Harry the same way Rosalie would whenever he walked into the room. It was easy to see that a part of Rosalie was deeply in love with him, and Esme feared she would soon feel the same way. She only hoped she was like Rosalie, and there was enough room in her heart for two men.

Her burgeoning feelings for Harry were only part of the reason why she was so nervous to step through the door. Esme had chosen this particular bikini during their last trip. Harry had taken her on a day trip to Milan, and while shopping, she had secretly purchased this tiny bikini to wear for him. She didn't know why she had decided to do that. She had a dozen or so bikinis at the beach house. Wearing such a small swimsuit was far from normal for her. She had never even worn one for her husband. Still, she did it anyway. Now, Esme was nervous because she wanted him to like it. She wanted him to see her body and desire it. Deep down, she knew she was very beautiful and desirable, but she couldn't stop the doubts from creeping into her mind. She did the only thing she could do. Esme gathered her courage and stepped out of her room.

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Harry smiled at Esme as she exited her room. He immediately noticed she was acting a bit bashful, and it was easy to see why. Her bathing suit was little more than a few tiny triangles held together by thin strings. Her large, pale breasts were spilling out on every side, and the

small triangle covering her crotch wasn't doing a very good job. The upper part of her smooth mound was sticking out of the top, and her hips were almost entirely bare. The only thing covering her hips was the two knotted strings holding her bottoms together. Esme's stomach was very sexy. She was slim with just the slightest bit of meat on her bones. It was the same with every other part of her body. He could tell that her nipples were hard underneath the thin fabric of her bikini top. Two little bumps indicated exactly where the tips of her nipples were located. Much to her credit, she didn't cover up when he so blatantly checked her out. His eyes traveled from her gorgeous face down to her cute little feet. She allowed him to study every inch of her smooth, sexy body.

"You're certainly a sight for sore eyes," he said, glancing at her generous cleavage one last time before meeting her eyes.

"Do you like it?" she asked, sounding unsure of herself. "I know this is something a much younger woman would wear, but I ..." she began to ramble, but Harry put a stop to that.

"You look incredible, Esme. You put those much younger women to shame," he spoke truthfully. Esme graced him with a shy but pleased smile. Harry took her hand and led her outside through a side door. They walked along the short path until they reached the hot tub. Harry had magically added it at her request. The night was warm, and the stars were bright. Harry kept hold of her as she walked up the stone steps. As she passed him and climbed the steps, Harry came face to face with her ass. The back of her bikini bottom was a string hidden between her perfect cheeks. Her shapely cheeks bounced up and down with every step. Esme stepped into the tub, and he let go of her hand. With barely a thought, Harry appeared next to her. He sat down, and Esme joined his side, sitting so close that their legs and shoulders touched. Harry slipped his arm around her shoulders. Esme was of average height for an adult woman, but she appeared tiny next to Harry's large frame. As such, the tips of his fingers grazed the top of her breast as his arm hung down her front. Esme didn't shy away from the touch. Instead, she snuggled deeper into his side and rested the back of her head on his shoulder. She stared up at the night sky.

"It's a beautiful night," she sighed as her eyes reflected the starlight. Harry could feel her rubbing the side of her leg against his. Lately, she had been sending him quite a few signals, and that bikini was the biggest of them all. Harry decided not to waste any time beating around the bush. He slowly leaned in, giving her time to stop him if that's what she wanted. Esme didn't stop him, and his lips touched hers. She didn't move at first. Her body seemed to have frozen in place. After a second or so, her lips began to move.

Harry angled his body so he could face her. His arm was still around her shoulder, and he rested his other hand on her thigh. Esme froze again for a split second before she started kissing him again. Her kisses were soft and slow at first, but before long, her lips parted, and her tongue joined the fray. He discovered that Esme was a very good kisser. Her kisses remained soft and slow, but they were full of passion. He ran his hand up the inside of her thigh but stopped short of touching her covered pussy. He gently caressed the skin just beyond the safety

of her bikini bottom. As he did, her kiss deepened. His fingers trailed down her inner thigh until he reached her knee. He moved them behind her knee and tickled her soft skin. Esme broke the kiss and moaned.

“Harry!” she gasped and squirmed under his touch. “Maybe we should slow down,” she suggested while collapsing forward so her face was pressed against his cheek. She was breathing heavily, and her breath cooled his skin.

“We can if you want,” Harry told her, sliding his hand down the outside of her thigh. His fingers reached her bare bottom and grazed the crack of her ass.

“That’s the problem,” she shuddered. “I don’t want to. I want to take it even further,” Esme admitted. “But I’m married.” Harry turned his head, and Esme closed her eyes, expecting another kiss. Instead, he softly kissed her chin, making her squirm against his body. Her large, round tits rubbed against his chest, making his cock throb with need.

“I thought Carlisle gave you permission,” Harry said, laying kisses along her jaw while his fingers danced along the crack of her ass.

“He did, but ...”

“You’re scared about taking the next step?” he asked. He felt Esme nod against his cheek. He kissed her lips softly and then kissed the tip of her nose.

“That’s perfectly understandable,” Harry told her as he moved his hand from her ass. He let it rest on her wide, fleshy hip. “We don’t need to rush into anything,” he assured her. Esme straightened up and appeared relieved and disappointed. She then sighed.

“I know I’m being silly,” she admitted, shaking her head sadly.

“You’re not,” Harry smiled and rubbed her arm. Esme smiled kindly at him and then looked up at the sky for a couple of seconds. A thousand thoughts must have gone through her mind during that time, because when she looked at him again, her face was a little more relaxed and edged with excitement.

“Can we meet in the middle?” she suddenly asked. Harry raised an eyebrow, wondering what she was talking about.

“The middle?” he asked for clarification. Esme answered him by throwing a leg over his waist and straddling his lap. She then reached behind her back and pulled the string holding her top up. The tightly stretched material holding her tits in place suddenly became slack. She pulled the string at the back of her neck and pulled her top completely off. Esme bared her breasts to him, and Harry greedily watched. Her breasts were perfect. They were round, incredibly perky, and capped with hard, light pink nipples. Esme placed her hands on his muscled shoulders.

"Maybe, just for now, we can stay above the waist?" she asked hopefully. Even as she asked, her hips began to roll. When he first met the Cullens, he would have never believed that Esme would be giving him a lap dance in a hot tub, but here he was.

"Sure, Esme," Harry smiled at the stunning creature. Her eyes shone with happiness as her hips rocked back and forth. She pressed down hard against his erection, pinning it against his stomach. Her breasts swayed back and forth with her movements, beckoning his lips to them. He slid his hands up her sides and squeezed her naked tits. The pads of his thumbs flicked over the stiff tips of her nipples, making Esme close her eyes and moan. Her hips started moving faster.

Esme seemed to love having her nipples played with. Every time he pinched or rolled the little beads, she would gasp or mewl cutely. "You can kiss them if you want," she said, giving him full permission to have at them. It was obvious she wanted him to.

Harry took her up on her offer. He leaned in while using his hands to lift her considerable tits to his lips. He kissed all over her hard nipples before taking one into his mouth. Harry sucked hard on it, letting his tongue slip and slide all around the tip. By then, Esme's hips were bucking wildly, sending hot water splashing over the side of the tub. Harry moaned against her nipple and moved to the other. Esme's hands clutched the back of his head while she attempted to stuff the entirety of her breast into his mouth. Harry lightly bit down on her nipple, forgetting about her vampire strength. "Harder!" she cried out, and Harry complied. He bit down hard and pulled with his teeth. Esme squealed and arched her back. Her hips began quivering, and they bucked a few times. He then realized that she had just climaxed. Her head dropped, and she pressed her face against the top of his head. He could feel her breathing raggedly.

She then climbed off of him and stuffed her hand down the front of his shorts. Her hand wrapped around his length, and she began beating him off with such speed that it only took a few seconds for him to cum. Harry grunted and spewed all over her hand. Her movements slowed, letting him ride out the orgasm. When he finished, she took a moment to grope his balls before pulling her hand from his shorts. He looked at her, and she looked slightly embarrassed by her actions.

"I thought you said to stay above the waist?" Harry chuckled. Esme smiled cutely.

"I wanted you to finish as well," she admitted. Harry chuckled again and pulled her onto his lap. Esme leaned back against him and mewled while he played with her naked breasts. Her head turned, and she captured his lips in a passionate kiss. It wasn't long before she turned around and straddled him again for another round of fun.