

Metal and Magic

Chapter 8

Harry felt “Natalie” jump on his back, drape her arms over his shoulders, and wrap her smooth, shapely legs around his waist. Her large breasts were firmly pressed against his back, and he could feel her warm, pleasant breath against his neck.

“So you want a ride back to shore?” Harry amusedly asked. Natasha smiled, leaned forward, and kissed his cheek.

“Yes, please. I’m pretty tired,” she told him. They had been splashing around in the ocean for over an hour, so it wasn’t surprising that she would be tired.

“Alright ... Hang on,” he told her and began making his way back to the beach. Large waves hit them from behind as Harry carried her piggyback. She was rubbing all over him, making the front of his shorts especially tight. When they reached their laid-out towels, Harry set her on her feet. Natasha sat down on hers and stretched her body out. She looked very sexy lying there in the sun. The sunlight glistened off the beads of water scattered across her pale, sexy skin. Harry took another few seconds to appreciate her beauty before lying on his own towel. Natasha grabbed her sunglasses and put them on.

“The water’s rough today,” Harry stated as he lay down with a sigh. “I’m gonna be sore in the morning.”

“Poor baby,” Natasha teased good-naturedly and turned to look at him. He could see a cheeky smile on her pretty face. “Do you need me to stay over and help nurse you back to health?” she teased. Harry chuckled.

“I wouldn’t say no to that,” Harry teased back. “People complain about the healthcare in this country, but I’m guessing none of them had had you as a nurse.” Natasha laughed and rolled onto her back. Her breasts bounced around in her tight bikini top, drawing his gaze once again. Harry’s eyes moved down her toned belly and over her barely-hidden mound. Her wet bikini bottom clung to her skin, and Harry could see the exact shape of her womanhood. His eyes traveled further down and over her sexy thighs. He wasn’t sure if she knew how hard he was checking her out, but if she did, she obviously didn’t care.

They spent another hour lying there chatting while catching some sun. They then returned to the water where Natasha did her best to keep his cock as hard as a rock. More than once, she threw her arms around the back of his neck and furiously made out with him. Her full lips were incredibly soft, and he discovered that she was an amazing kisser. She even moaned into his mouth when his fingertips tickled her spine as they crept down her soft skin. He didn’t want to move too fast and offend her, so he kept his hands on her wide, fleshy hips, but Natasha seemed hell bent on testing his resolve. Her tits were mashed into his chest, and he could feel

her hard nipples poking his skin. Natasha then broke her latest kiss and dragged her tongue across his lips. Not content to let her have all the fun, Harry leaned in and sucked her tongue into his mouth. He tickled the bottom of her tongue with his, making her shudder and moan into his mouth. By then, he threw caution to the wind and slid his hands down her hips and onto her wide, jutting ass. Seeing that she wasn't about to pull back and smack him, he squeezed her thick cheeks and greedily groped her mostly-bare ass. Not only did she accept his lustful behavior, but she pressed harder against him and ground her ass against the palms of his hands.

Her cheeks were so smooth and warm, and he loved how pliable her flesh was when he squeezed them. Though there was a lot of sexy flesh on her bottom, he could feel that her ass was quite toned, and he could tell she worked out. Natasha broke the kiss and leaned her head in. Her lips found his neck, and she began sucking on it while her tongue tickled his skin.

"Boy, you're quite the woman," Harry chuckled at her saucy behavior. He squeezed both of her cheeks and pried them open slightly before letting go and allowing them to snap back into place. He then gave her wet bottom a soft smack.

"Mmm," she hummed into his skin. "You don't know the half of it."

Harry then lifted her by her bottom and kissed her again. Natasha didn't seem to mind one bit. In fact, she wrapped her legs around his waist and began grinding her crotch against his stomach. Their revelry was ruined when they heard hooting and hollering from the shore. They broke the kiss and looked toward the beach. Two college-aged men were walking down the beach with beers in their hands. It was clear they weren't hollering for him. They wolf-whistled one last time before they walked out of earshot. Harry shook his head and chuckled.

"It seems I'm not the only one who appreciates your curves," Harry teased her. Natasha smiled and rolled her eyes as Harry set her back down on her feet.

"It's the price you pay for being a young, attractive woman in LA. Luckily for you, I'm letting you do more than appreciate my curves," she teased him back and ran her soft hands up his forearms as he played with her hips. His fingers brushed over the tied strings on her hips, and all he could think about was how much he wanted to pull those strings and free her of the small triangle covering her crotch. He obviously kept himself from doing so. A public beach wasn't the place for it. "How about we go get some food? I'm starting to get hungry," she said. Harry smiled and nodded.

"Sure. I'm hungry as well," he told her. Natasha smiled back and gave him a soft kiss. She then took his hand and held it all the way to the beach, where they put their clothes back on and loaded up her car.

They went to a nearby burger joint and ate their fill. After they were done, they decided they had had enough of the beach for the day. Natasha drove him back to the hotel and pulled up to the

front. "You can come up if you want," Harry told her as he ran his hand up and down her thigh. "It's still early."

She was obviously some type of spy or something, but seeing as she hadn't killed him yet, he saw no reason to keep her at arm's length. Natasha smiled happily and nodded. "I think I will. I can use a shower."

Truer words had never been spoken. Harry felt grimey from the dried seawater on his skin, and there was sand in every crack and crevice. He guessed she was suffering the same fate. "Great! The parking lot's over there," he said, pointing to the right side of the hotel. She pulled back onto the street and turned into the parking lot's entrance, where she parked. Harry exited the car and grabbed his bag.

"Grab mine too," she said as she opened her door. "I've packed a change of clothes."

Harry did as she asked and grabbed her bag as well. With both bags in hand, Harry led her into the hotel and up to his room. He fished out his card and jammed it into the electronic lock. When the lock beeped, he pushed the door open and let her in. He was quite glad that all of his stuff was locked safely in his car. He only had a bag with some clothes, toiletries, and money in his room. Harry dropped the bag onto the ground, and Natasha put hers on his bed. "This is a pretty nice room," she said, looking around. The hotel room was spacious, featuring a large flat-screen TV and a big, comfortable-looking bed. The view was pretty good as well. He could see the beach in the far distance.

"And it's priced accordingly. I'll go broke if I stay here too much longer," Harry joked, fishing some clothes out of his bag. Natasha chuckled and turned to him, smiling cutely.

"Would you mind if I showered first?" she asked, turning on the charm. She reached out and grazed his forearm with her delicate fingertips. "I really need to get all this sand off of me. It's driving me crazy."

"Of course. I have some soap and shampoo here in my bag if you want," he said, going through his bag and pulling them out. "I'm sure it's better than whatever's in there." Natasha gratefully accepted his offer and took the bottles of shampoo, conditioner, and body wash from him. She held them in her arm and stepped up to him.

"Thanks. I won't be too long," she smiled and kissed him sweetly on the lips. She pulled away before he could deepen it. She winked at him as she walked to the bathroom, her wide hips swaying with every confident step. The shorts she wore made her ass look extra good, and by the time the bathroom door closed behind her, he was hard again. He heard her turn the shower on, and he sighed and stood there, not wanting to get sand all over the bed. Instead, he grabbed the TV remote and turned it on. He was still flipping through the channels fifteen minutes later when the bathroom door opened. He turned and saw Natasha step out with a towel wrapped around her curvy body. The tops of her breasts were spilling out of the towel, and

the bottom of the towel barely reached her upper thighs. A second towel was wrapped around her head, keeping her wet hair in place. She smirked when she saw him so blatantly checking her out.

“Hit the showers and cool off while I put on some clothes,” she teased, dragging her fingertip down his chest. Harry chuckled and shook his head.

“Sure, Natalie. I’ll make it quick,” he said, scooping up his clothes. Harry took them into the bathroom and closed the door behind him. As soon as the door closed, Natasha went into her bag. She opened a secret compartment and pulled out several electronic listening devices. All were battery operated, which wasn’t ideal, but unfortunately, she didn’t have the time to wire them into a better power source. She placed several of the bugs around his room, in places he hopefully wouldn’t find. She then quickly dug through her bag and pulled out her garments. Natasha knew that she shouldn’t be taking things this far this quickly, but she had little choice. She needed to be around him as much as possible to get the information she needed. When she held out her choice of attire, she smirked. There was no way he would send her away after seeing her in these. She dropped her towel and quickly dressed.

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Harry turned the shower off and wiped the water from his face. He stood there for a few seconds, letting as much water drip off of him as reasonably possible. He then stepped out and grabbed a white, fluffy towel from the rack. After drying himself off, he put on a pair of boxers, a pair of shorts, and a t-shirt before trying his best to tame his wild hair. Once done, he left the bathroom and stepped into the room. He could hear her flipping through the television channels just as he had been doing while she was showering. When he turned the corner and saw the bed, his eyes went slightly wide. Natasha was lounging on his bed wearing a very thin, silk camisole top, a skimpy pair of panties, and nothing else. It was more than obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra. Her nipples were incredibly stiff and poking through the thin top. She looked at him and smiled.

He stopped and thought for a second. He found it strange that she would have these sexy clothes in her bag if she was just planning on going to the beach. A fresh pair of panties ... yes, but a camisole top? Not likely, Harry thought. That meant that she had packed them for a reason, and the only logical reason was that she had planned on seducing him and getting him to invite her back to his place. If that was her plan, it had worked to perfection. He still wasn’t sure why she wanted to be here so badly, but he was sure he would figure it out in time. In the meantime, he certainly wouldn’t let such a good opportunity go to waste. Natasha had a very sexy look on her face when she patted the spot next to her. Harry smiled back and got on the bed next to her. She then turned the TV off and set the remote aside.

“I hope you don’t mind that I’m wearing so little,” she said, drawing his attention to the fact that so much skin was exposed. She then rolled over and straddled his lap. She leaned over a bit, and the low-cut top she wore hung down even lower, exposing more of her glorious cleavage.

The neckline hung so low that he could almost see her nipples. "It's more comfortable," she cheekily added, rocking her hips so her big, dangling tits would sway. Harry placed his hands on her waist and slid them up her sides. His hands crept underneath the bottom of the loose top, and his fingers tickled every rib along the way. He noticed that she didn't react. She either wasn't ticklish at all or had excellent self-control.

"I definitely don't mind," he assured her, lightly dragging his short fingernails down her spine. Natasha shuddered and pressed harder against his crotch. Harry was blatantly hard, and he knew there was no way she didn't feel it. Harry's hands moved around her sides, and he let his fingers explore her slim belly. Natasha closed her eyes and basked in the pleasure of having her delicate skin played with.

"That feels good," she breathily stated as she began to roll her wide hips. He had to admit, she looked incredible as her hips rolled back and forth. She placed her hands on his pecs and supported herself with her arms as she teased his cock through his shorts. Harry moved his hands back up her sides, and this time, his fingers brushed the sides of her breasts. Natasha didn't protest. Instead, she encouraged him by moving her hips faster. Harry took the chance and slid his hands up her belly and cupped both breasts. They were so soft and warm, and they spilled out of his hands. Natasha started breathing heavily, and her pale cheeks began to grow pink. He lightly flicked his thumbs over the hard, crinkled tips of her nipples, making the sexy redhead shudder. "Keep doing that," she demanded softly while grinding on his cock.

"You like that, huh?" Harry asked in a teasing manner while he toyed with her nipples. He could feel that her skin had broken out in goosebumps.

"I love having my nipples played with," she truthfully admitted. "They've always been sensitive." She particularly liked the way he lightly pinched and pulled on the tips. He was neither too rough nor too gentle, and it was making her pussy tingle pleasantly. She could tell the crotch of her panties was a bit damp. She could feel the thin fabric clinging to her pussy lips.

"They're so soft," Harry said, flicking his thumb over them while caressing her perfect tits. Natasha answered him by leaning down and kissing him. Her mouth opened, inviting him in. Harry removed his hands from her breasts and moved them down to her ass. He loved how thick and juicy her cheeks were. He would squeeze them all day if she allowed it. He discovered she was wearing a thong, and the string was hidden between her two pillowy cheeks. His fingers crept down into the crack of her ass, and he palmed her cheeks and spread them apart.

Natasha moaned into his mouth while wondering how far she should take this. She was already grinding her panty-covered pussy against his erection. Granted, he was wearing clothes, but still ...

As attractive as she was, Natasha rarely had the time to indulge in carnal delights. She was constantly traveling the world while on one mission or another, and that didn't leave much time to have a social life. Sometimes she thought she was wasting the best years of her life, and she

only hoped that she wouldn't regret it someday. Her current mission was a bit of a blessing, she thought. Harry was a pleasant fellow, and she found his appearance pleasing. He was a good kisser, and he was obviously talented when it came to pleasuring her body. 'It wouldn't be so bad to give in once,' she told herself. Even so, she knew it wouldn't be a smart idea to fully give in right from the start. They were supposed to be on a first date after all. Natasha gasped when her clit rubbed against his bulge, and his finger rubbed against the string that was barely covering her asshole. She could feel an orgasm approaching, and she didn't want to miss out.

'I can't remember the last time I came,' she thought as she pushed down harder and mashed her panty-clad clit against his cock. If she couldn't remember, then it was already far too long, in her opinion. Harry tickled the bottom of her tongue, and every time he did that, it made her pussy throb with need. She was finding it difficult to keep a clear head. Her instincts were to pull his shorts off and ride his cock to completion, but she had to resist. Then his fingers slid underneath her thong and brushed against her wet slit. Natasha squealed into his mouth and bucked her hips. The crotch of her panties suddenly got a whole lot wetter. She collapsed forward and lay her head against his chest. She didn't realize that her ass was sticking up like a bitch in heat. Her breathing was ragged and lustful, and she couldn't stop her body from shaking. His fingers didn't stop there. They slid all the way up her slit and bumped into her swollen clit. Natasha whimpered hard, and Harry responded by rubbing circles around her little bead, using her own wetness as lubrication. Natasha bit down on his shirt and cried out as the orgasm crashed over her. Her body trembled badly, and she closed her eyes as the wave of wonderful pleasure washed over her. Harry then slid his fingers back down her slit to relubricate them, and then moved them back to her clit. "Please, Harry!" she gasped and flinched away. "It's too sensitive!" she pleaded, her breathing almost uncontrollable.

Harry chuckled and pulled his hand from her pussy. He moved it back to her ass and held it like he owned it. Natasha remained on top of him, sucking in deep breaths as the orgasm slowly tapered off. She didn't realize that she had slid her hand under his shirt and was caressing his chest until the orgasm finally faded into just a wildly tingling pussy. By then, she saw no reason to stop. "You're pretty talented with those fingers," she said, yawning and snuggling into his chest. There had been too many days when she had only gotten a few hours of sleep a night. The exhaustion was finally starting to catch up with her.

"I aim to please," he joked, which made her chuckle. Harry's hand moved to the back of her neck, and he gently played with the small hairs at the base of her hairline. It felt really good, and she couldn't stop herself from mewling cutely. She also couldn't stop herself from drifting off. She yawned one last time as her brain started getting hazy from tiredness. His heart was beating loudly, and the sound soothed her as she gave in and succumbed to her sleepiness.

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Natasha was jolted from her sleep by an annoying sound. She heard it again and tried her best to ignore it. She was warm, comfortable, and didn't want anything to interrupt her much-needed sleep. Thankfully, the noise finally stopped, and she smiled and snuggled deeper into the

comfortable warmth. Then, the damn noise started again. Her eyes fluttered open, and she groaned. "Sorry," she heard a male voice say. It took a second to remember who it was.

"Harry?" she asked sleepily. A hand moved under the back of her top, and she felt warm fingers caressing her skin. The sensation made her body tingle pleasantly.

"It's my phone. Hold on," he answered and rolled her off of him. Natasha huffed, annoyed that her comfort had been violated. She rubbed her eyes and watched him get off the bed. Looking through the window, she could see that it was late in the afternoon, and she had likely been sleeping for at least a couple of hours. Harry grabbed his phone and answered it.

"What's up, Tony?" he asked. Natasha was immediately on alert. In all likelihood, he was talking to Tony Stark, and she listened carefully. "Uh-huh," Harry said, listening. "That's cool. Alright ... Keep me up to date. Later," he said, and ended the conversation. Harry then walked back to the bed and set his cellphone down on the bedside table. He climbed back on the bed, and Natasha took her place by his side. She scooted closer to him, and he slid his arm around the back of her neck. Snuggling into him, she moved her hand under his shirt again. She didn't know why she liked doing that so much.

Pretending to be falling asleep, Natasha asked through a yawn, "Who was it?"

"My friend Tony," Harry answered, playing with the soft skin of her shoulder.

"Mmm," she mumbled as her hand crept lower. "I hope it wasn't anything important." Her fingers played with his stomach.

"Not really. He was just keeping me informed about some tests he was running. We might go into business together," he told her. Unbeknownst to her, Harry was watching what he was saying. He was sure she knew he was talking about Tony Stark, and he didn't want to accidentally give too much away. Even so, he felt it was okay to tell her about the business thing. If it went through, it would all be public anyway.

"That's interesting ..." she said, suddenly sounding a bit more awake. Her hand slid down the front of his shorts. "What kind of business?" Harry couldn't stop the small smirk from forming on his lips as her hand found his rapidly inflating cock. It seemed his darling Natalie was quite eager to hear all about it. As her fingers glided over his shaft, he knew this would likely be the best interrogation of his life.