

Immortals

Chapter 8

Rosalie laughed as Harry shot a spitball at a man on the opposite side of the movie theatre. Her vampire eyes easily tracked the wet blob of paper as it sailed through the air of the darkened room before joining the three dozen of its brethren on the backside of the man's cowboy hat. Why he was wearing a cowboy hat in a theatre in L.A. she would never know. She could easily tell that Harry was drawing a penis in spitballs on the man's hat. They weren't even paying attention to the movie. Harry handed her the paper and the straw, clearly challenging her to take up the mantle of "Spitballer Extraordinaire". She snatched it from his hands and bit off a healthy portion of the straw's paper wrapper. Chewing it up until it was nice and gooey, she balled up the paper in her mouth and used her tongue to stick it in the back-end of the straw. With that done, she took careful aim and fired.

"Bullseye!" Harry yelled out when her shot finished the testicle portion of the artwork.

"Shhhhh!" erupted from several different places. Rosalie rolled her eyes and handed him back the straw.

"That's some mighty fine shootin', Tex," he told her, now wearing his own cowboy hat.

"Take that off. You look ridiculous," she smiled at him, talking in a whisper so as to not further anger the crowd. His hat disappeared, and he placed his arm around her shoulders. Rosalie leaned in and rested her head against him. She felt him bury his face in her hair and kiss the top of her head. She always got a jolt, or perhaps a strange feeling when he did things like that. It wasn't a bad feeling. Far from it. She liked the feeling quite a lot. It was a feeling of being human. When she was with Emmett, she didn't feel that way. It wasn't Emmett's fault. He didn't have the abilities that Harry had. When they were together, all that they could do was vampire things. No sunlight, no human food, no spending the day doing stupid human things.

When things like this crossed her mind, she would immediately feel guilty. She felt bad about it like she was cheating on Emmett, no matter that he agreed with this. When she confessed to Harry about her feelings, he told her that it was normal to feel that way. He said that it would just take more time before she was ready. Right now, her guilt was keeping her from truly opening up to Harry. However, she had a feeling that she was close. Neither she nor Harry could tell when she would be ready, but all she could do was keep going until she was.

When she looked up at him, he smiled and leaned down. She closed her eyes and accepted his lips. They started out slow before things started to get heated. Her mouth opened and soon, their tongues were massaging each other while their lips danced. A clearing of the throat broke the magic.

"Do you mind?" an old lady said, clearly not amused by their behavior.

"If you wanna have a go with me, then you'll have to wait your turn. Don't be greedy, Lady!" Harry told her. The woman looked scandalized, and Rosalie smacked his chest. Suddenly, everyone in the theatre froze. "You want to get out of here?" he asked her. Rosalie nodded.

"Yeah. I don't even know what this movie's about," the gorgeous blonde replied. Harry stood up and took her hand when she did the same.

"Can I show you something cool?" he asked. Rosalie smiled. She liked when he asked permission before using his awesome powers.

"Of course," she said sweetly.

"Okay. This will feel very weird, so don't freak out," he explained. He held out his hand and a dome of energy surrounded them. Suddenly, everything beyond the dome turned black. It wasn't just black, it was the darkest of colors that she had ever seen.

"It's the complete absence of light which makes it so dark," he told her, knowing what she was thinking. Just then, there was a loud boom that made her flinch. Her stomach started doing flips, which wasn't very comfortable for her.

"That's the sensation of missing a step that humans talk about," he explained once again. Now it made perfect sense to her. The sensation wasn't very nice, but she was glad to experience another part of being human since meeting Harry. Beyond the dome, things started flashing and blurring. With her perfect eyesight, she could see that it was landscapes that were changing too fast to keep up. Out of nowhere, another boom made her jump again. This time the landscape was static beyond the dome. When the dome fell, she could tell that it was much hotter than the air-conditioned movie theatre, not that it bothered her. There was sand as far as she could see.

"Look over there," he said, pointing into the distance. Rosalie turned and gasped. There was a giant pyramid in the distance, shining white and capped with a golden tip.

"Is that ...?"

"The Pyramid of Khufu or the Great Pyramid of Giza, whichever you prefer," Harry said.

"What year is it?" she whispered, too amazed to talk properly.

"2614 B.C.," he answered. "The two smaller pyramids haven't been built yet."

When she told him about her fascination with ancient Egypt, she never expected him to do something like this. "Can we go closer?"

"No, sorry. It's best if we don't interact with the past on a personal level. We could accidentally mess things up. It's better if we look from a safe distance," Harry told her. "I'll create a copy of ancient Egypt in false space so you can explore all you want some other time."

Suddenly, Rosalie jumped on him and began kissing him harder than she ever had. Her jean-covered legs wrapped around his waist as he held her up by her shapely ass. Suddenly, she was placed on a soft bed that appeared beside them.

"Don't worry. No one will be able to see us," he moaned against her lips. Harry broke the kiss and he saw hunger in her eyes, but not for blood. She wanted pleasure, and she wanted it now. Harry grabbed her shirt and tore it from her body like it was nothing. That's one thing he loved about female vampires, you don't have to watch your strength around them. Harry placed a hand on her incredibly smooth belly. He felt the coldness of her skin as his hand explored her smoothness. Her temperature didn't bother him, just like his didn't bother her. His lips found her belly button, and her back arched as her hand rested on the back of his head.

Rosalie closed her eyes and let out a soft moan as his tongue dipped into her belly button. His skin was so soft and smooth and it felt wonderful against hers. His lips began peppering their way up her belly until they reached her bra. Rosalie obviously didn't need one. No vampire female did, but she wore them anyway to keep her nipples from showing when they occasionally got hard. Her bra went the same way as her shirt. It was torn from her body like it was nothing. His hands slid up her ribs, and he cupped the sides of her breasts and pushed them together. Her large C-cup breasts created a tantalizing sight as they were pressed together and formed a deep, lovely valley of cleavage. She saw him staring at her hard, light pink nipples with fascination. Finally, his head lowered and he began kissing all over her perky tits. Harry's clothes disappeared as he settled himself between her legs.

"Harry!" she let out a whispered gasp when he bit down on her nipple. Emmett could never do any biting since there was a very big risk that he would leave her body scarred due to the vampire venom. That was something that a vain woman like her just wouldn't stand for. She felt his teeth pinch her hard nub before he began tugging on it. Rosalie bit her lip and when his tongue started wiggling against the tip, she let out a loud, deep moan. Harry smirked around her nipple and channeled some of his magic through his tongue.

Rosalie's body bucked wildly when she felt what she could only describe as an electrical shock of pleasure strike her nipple and travel down her body until it reached her clit. Already swollen and engorged, it immediately became more sensitive than normal. Just rubbing against her silk panties was enough to drive her crazy. She needed to be free of the rest of her clothes.

"Harry, my jeans," she choked out as he feasted on her hard nipples, going from one to the other before switching back. He had just begun sucking on her underboob when he nodded. Giving her tit one last kiss, he sat up and brought her legs with him. The first to go was her shiny, red, strappy high-heels. He easily worked the buckles open and placed them aside. He

held one of her perfect, bare feet to his lips and kissed all over it. Rose's eyes fluttered as more magic was injected into her body through his lips.

Wanting more, she reached down and unbuttoned her jeans. Lifting her bottom up, Harry took the hint and started peeling her skin-tight jeans off of her shapely legs.

The scent of her arousal wafted over him as her jeans uncovered her panties. He continued to peel them off of her, revealing inch after inch of pale, flawless skin. His lips did their best to kiss every inch of her bare legs until finally, her jeans slipped off of her dainty feet. Harry tossed them onto the ground as she smiled and spread her legs in front of him. Now only in panties, he could see a wet spot on the silky, red material. Her panties were so tight that they looked practically painted on. He could see them riding up between her lips and creating the most perfect vision that he had seen in a very long time. Her pale, plump lips were practically hiding the thin string of her panties as they spilled out. In the light of the desert sun, he made sure to block her skin from sparkling so that he could see her wetness glistening off of the uncovered parts of her pussy.

He must have been staring at her wet pussy for too long because he was brought out of his daze by her bare foot rubbing against his naked chest. Rosalie was breathing heavily while she placed her legs together and peeled the panties from her sloppy, wet pussy. He watched as the damp material slid up her perfect legs until they were tossed aside. She was about to spread her legs, but Harry stopped her. He held her legs together and lowered his head. Harry breathed in the heady scent of her aroused pussy while he examined her pussy. Her plump, hairless lips were pressed tight together, and he could see that her clit was pink and swollen. Dragging his tongue from her asshole up to her clit, he made sure to leave a trail of his magic in its wake which had the gorgeous blonde wailing in pleasure. His lips touched her clit with a kiss before moving onto her smooth mound. Her belly was worshipped next before his lips attacked her jiggling breasts.

Rosalie could feel her pussy tingling badly as her juices dripped down and coated her asshole. Having had enough stalling, she pulled him up her body and kissed him deeply as she wrapped her legs around him. Rubbing her wet pussy against him, she made sure that he knew exactly what she wanted. He gasped into her mouth as he lined up and sank into her with one push. Rosalie broke the kiss and moaned loudly. She buried her face in his neck as he stretched her again. Because of her vampire body, she always went back to the perfect amount of tightness. That meant that she had to be stretched every single time that they had sex. Harry absolutely loved it. Her pussy was so wet that he easily sank into her. Once bottomed out, they began kissing again. He had just started sucking on her tongue when his hips moved.

She could tell that he was hitting her with his magic with every thrust. His cock was already abnormally long and when it hit her g-spot, she felt a flare of pleasure that made her walls clamp onto him. They both let out a shuddered moan as her pussy squeezed him tight. It didn't want to let him go. Faster and faster he moved until all that could be heard was their moans and the wet squelching of her pussy being stuffed. Rolling him over, she straddled his waist and rolled her

hips so fast that they were nearly a blur. Her tits were jiggling and shaking so much that he had to reach up and steady them. Rosalie cried out and arched her back as she contracted around him. Harry pulled her down and kissed her as he threaded his fingers through her long, blonde hair. Her pussy milked him until he gave her what she wanted. He gripped her ass and pushed his hips upward. She groaned as a thick string of cum spurted inside of her. He kept thrusting and seeding the deepest parts of her. When his balls were dry, she laid down on top of him, making sure that he stayed inside of her. She spent the rest of the day spying on the ancient people of Egypt and making love in the hot Saharan desert.