

The Last Guardian

Chapter 21

Lana stared out the passenger window as the small town disappeared behind them, and the long two-lane highway stretched far ahead. The sun was lowering, and everything it touched radiated with golden light. She thought it was quite beautiful. She watched it all slide past in a blur, but her real focus was the man next to her. His strong hands were on the wheel, and his hair was mussed from fighting a losing war with the wind.

Harry looked perfect. He was wearing an old Metropolis Sharks football t-shirt that clung to his chest in a way that was completely unfair. His forearms were thick with muscles that flexed with every correction to the wheel. There were three buttons on the dash he hadn't yet figured out, and every time he tested one and found out what it did, he smiled in boyish delight. She loved that about him. He sang, off-key and unconcerned, to a song on the radio, and Lana found it endearing when he got some of the words wrong. Between verses he'd reach over and squeeze her thigh.

She'd caught herself staring at him at least ten times in the last half hour, and every time she tried to stop, her eyes just found their way back to him. The constant throb in her chest and lower in her body was making her crazy, and she'd given up fighting it.

The new truck was clean and shiny, and the bench seat was wide enough for four thin adults. Lana had started the drive with a healthy, respectable distance between herself and Harry, but by the halfway point, she'd inched closer, and now she was pressed right up against him.

He caught her looking, and he smiled kindly. "You've been staring at me the whole way home," he said, though he didn't sound annoyed or concerned. He didn't seem to mind at all.

"I can't help it," she said with a slight blush. "You're distracting."

Harry chuckled and shifted gears. The truck lurched as the transmission slipped into gear, and she felt the vibration travel through his arm into hers, up to her shoulder, and straight down to the hungry, throbbing center between her legs. It was like there was a low-voltage electrical circuit running straight from Harry's body to hers. Even the simple act of watching him drive was enough to make her thighs tense.

She glanced down at her jeans. She was wearing her favorite dark ones. They were the ones with the slightly frayed knees and the perfect, hugging fit around her hips. They just so happened to be her favorite pair because Harry had told her how good her ass looked in them. She rubbed her thighs together, and the friction sent a spark right to her pussy. It was ridiculous, really, how little it took now. She used to be a good girl. She was the kind who could go months without even thinking about sex, but since Harry had entered her life ... Lana stopped and

corrected her thoughts. Since Harry had entered HER ... the very idea of being a prude seemed laughable.

Lana tried to distract herself, but her mind kept replaying last night. The image of Harry's cock stretching her open was hard to forget. All she could think about was the sound of his breathing when she arched her back, and the pressure of his palm between her shoulder blades, pinning her to the bed and using her exactly how she wanted to be used. She squeezed her legs together and bit her bottom lip a little too hard. The ache there wasn't half as sharp as the one growing between her thighs.

The truck's cab was filled with the thumping of the tires driving over the uneven road and the sound of her heart hammering in her ears. She watched Harry out of the corner of her eye. His jaw was chiseled and covered in a five o'clock shadow. Lana desperately wanted to lean in and start laying soft kisses along it, and maybe even bite down a little to see if she could make him growl. She wanted to make him lose control. She wanted him to take her and claim her body over and over again. The thought alone was enough to tip her over from "thinking about it" to "doing it."

She moved her hand to his knee, but by the time she reached his thigh, she felt like her hand was on fire. She squeezed, just a little. Harry raised an eyebrow but didn't say a word. He kept his eyes on the road. The fact that he didn't react just made her want to push harder. So she did.

Lana slid over until there wasn't even a sliver of air between them. Her hand ran up his thigh, then back down. She couldn't believe how bold she felt, but also how natural it was. It was like something had taken root in her, and now every inch of her was desperate for Harry. Harry chuckled with an easy confidence that drove her wild.

"Are you bored or something?" Harry finally asked, glancing at her with a teasing smile.

"I just like how you feel," Lana replied. Her voice came out softer and more breathy than she meant. She dragged her nails along his inner thigh. "Would you mind if I ... ?" She let the question hang.

He grinned wider, but his voice stayed steady. "Not even a little."

That was all she needed. Lana reached for his belt buckle, and the sound of the metal clinking was twice as loud in the cab. She nervously and shakily fumbled for a second, but she forced herself to keep going. She slid the belt free and popped the button on his jeans. Harry kept driving, but she could feel the change in his body. His muscles tensed under her palm, and she saw the corner of his mouth twitch.

She pulled down the zipper. Even through the thin cotton of his boxers, the heat radiating from his body was incredible. She hesitated just a second, not because she was nervous, but

because she wanted to remember this. She wanted to remember how it felt to do something crazy like this. She slid her hand under the waistband, and her fingers closed around his cock.

It was already half-hard and growing by the second, and the sensation of it made her lightheaded. Lana had never thought of herself as a girl who did things like this. Even when she was with Clark, she had never once considered giving head in a moving vehicle. But with Harry, she wanted to do things she'd never dreamed of. She wanted to make him moan and lose that cool composure he always had. She wanted him to remember this every time he started the truck, every time he heard her voice, and every time he thought about her.

She stroked him under the boxers. Lana moved her hand slowly at first, but once she got into a rhythm, she began to stroke him harder. Harry shifted in his seat, and his knee bumped the steering wheel, causing the truck to swerve a little. He corrected immediately, and Lana giggled.

"Careful," she teased. "We wouldn't want to crash and have to explain this at the hospital."

Harry shot her a sideways look that was cocky and amused. "You're the one with your hand down my pants, love."

"I could stop," she teased, but she had no intention of stopping. She wanted to see how far she could push him.

She moved her hand up to the waistband of his boxers and tugged them down just enough to free his cock. His impressive meat sprang out, and she couldn't help but stare at it. The sight of his long, thick cock made her blush, but also made her want to taste him. She leaned over, braced herself on the edge of the seat, and kissed the tip, letting her tongue flick over the slit.

Harry sucked in a breath, and his foot pressed harder on the gas. "You're going to us both if you're not careful," he said, but the way he said it made Lana feel like she could do anything.

She licked him again, swirled her tongue around the head, and tasted the saltiness of his precum. She'd gotten more confident with every try, and now she was determined to do it right. She opened her mouth and took him in, loving the weight of him on her tongue. Lana really enjoyed the way his cock twitched when she hollowed her cheeks and sucked. It was obscene how much she liked it. Every time he hit the back of her throat, she gagged a little, but she just kept going, wanting to see how much she could take.

"Good God, Lana," Harry grunted, and the sound sent a thrill through her. She felt his hand drift from the wheel to the back of her neck, and his fingers curled into her hair, but he didn't force her down or try to control her. He just held her there, letting her know that he wanted her, and that she was making him feel as good as he made her feel.

She moved faster, using her hand to stroke what she couldn't fit in her mouth. Her lips were wet, and she could feel saliva dripping down her chin and onto his cock, but she didn't care. She wanted it messy. She wanted to be messy for him.

Harry's breathing got heavier, and she could feel the tension building in his thighs. He tried to keep driving, but she heard the way his voice changed. He was starting to lose control. He moaned, and that alone was enough to make Lana feel like a goddess.

Harry groaned loudly, which only made her suck harder and faster. "Lana, I'm about to ..." His voice broke, and she felt his cock throb in her mouth. The first shot of cum hit the back of her throat, and she swallowed instinctively, not wanting to waste a drop. He came hard. She could feel the heat of his cum, and she could taste it on her tongue. The messiness of it made her shudder with pride.

She kept gently sucking, milking the last drops from him until he went soft in her mouth. She pulled away, wiped her lips with the back of her hand, and looked up at him, grinning.

Harry was white-knuckling the steering wheel with a slack jaw, and his eyes were glazed over in bliss. He glanced at her, then burst out laughing. "You're incredible, Lana."

She flushed with pride and refastened his jeans with shaking hands. "That's for last night," she said. "And for being perfect."

Harry glanced over, and his face showed something sweeter than lust. "You're not too bad yourself."

They drove the rest of the way home in silence, but Lana knew he was thinking about her the whole time. She watched him out of the corner of her eye, and the next time his hand landed on her inner thigh, she pressed her legs together and trapped his hand there. She smiled to herself, already planning what she wanted to do to him when they got home. She had a feeling it was going to be a very long night.

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Lana could barely get her seatbelt off before Harry was around the truck and opening her door. He scooped her out with one arm, closed the door with his free hand, and spun them toward the house. The breeze was cold and crisp, and she squealed when it hit her face, but she didn't really care. Her legs wrapped around his hips, and she dug her fingers into his shoulder, bracing herself for whatever craziness Harry had in store for her.

Inside, he set her down just long enough to turn and shut the door behind him. The second it was closed and locked, he grabbed her by the waist, lifted her like a sack of potatoes, and threw her over his shoulder. Lana shrieked with laughter. Her face was mashed into his back, her hair

spilled down past her eyes, and she couldn't see anything but the long strides of Harry's legs as he charged for the stairs.

"Harry! Put me down!" she laughed, but she didn't mean it. Lana loved being manhandled by him. She kicked her legs for show, but Harry didn't break stride. He smacked her butt, and the sharp sting made her yelp, then giggle even harder. He jogged up the stairs, taking them two at a time, and Lana nearly slipped off his shoulder. He clamped her thighs tighter and said, "If you keep squirming, you're getting another one."

"Another what?" Lana grinned into his shirt, feigning innocence.

He smacked her ass again, and the sting made her shiver all over. "You know exactly what."

She didn't even try to hide her excitement. Lana loved their little game, and she loved how strong Harry was. She loved how easily he could toss her around, and how safe she felt when he did it. The old part of her ... the Smallville girl who was always polite, put-together, and careful ... would have been mortified to be carried through the house with her ass in the air. The new Lana found it hilarious ... and more than a little sexy.

He reached their bedroom and tossed her onto the bed like she weighed nothing. Lana bounced once, then sat up, scrambling to her knees. Harry kicked off his shoes and stalked toward her. The way he looked at her made her heart pound. Harry climbed onto the bed, straddled her knees, and reached for the hem of her t-shirt. "Off," he commanded. The word rumbled from his chest.

Lana lifted her arms and let him peel the shirt away. She wore nothing underneath except a plain black bra, but the sight of her half-naked torso made Harry pause. He looked her up and down, and Lana felt every bit of his gaze on her bare skin. She waited for that old, familiar feeling of embarrassment, but it didn't come. Instead, she felt excited.

Harry leaned in, and she thought he was going to kiss her, but instead, his fingers slid up her ribs and around her back to the clasp of her bra. With one practiced flick, it popped open, and he peeled the straps off her shoulders. He tossed the bra aside, then sat back on his heels and stared.

Lana could feel her own nipples tighten under his gaze. She cupped her breasts with both hands and jiggled them at him. "Do you like them?" she teased.

Harry's voice was gravelly. "You know I do."

She dropped her hands, arched her back, and presented her tits to him like an offering. Harry's breath caught, and for a second, he didn't move. It was as if he was committing the sight to memory. Then he reached for her. His hand was warm and big, and he wrapped it around her side, pulling her toward him.

His mouth went to her left breast first, and Lana shivered at the feeling of his lips on her skin. He kissed the top, then the side, then sucked gently on the nipple. Lana gasped and dug her fingers into the back of his neck, holding him in place. He swirled his tongue around the stiff peak, then switched to the other breast. He was slower with this one, kissing a path down to the bottom of her tit. When he reached her nipple, he gently nipped at it before latching on. The suction sent a jolt of pleasure through her whole body.

She wanted to tell him how good it felt, but all that came out was a whorish moan. Harry switched back and forth between her breasts, worshiping them with his mouth, hands, and the rough scrape of his stubble. Lana closed her eyes, leaned her head back, and let the pleasure roll through her.

He kissed her cleavage, licked down to the underside of her breast, and sucked hard on it. He didn't stop until she was squirming on the bed, grinding her knees together and pressing her tits into his face. Every time he took her nipple between his lips, Lana felt a dizzying tingle go straight to her pussy. She couldn't get enough.

At some point, Harry shifted positions and moved her so she was sitting on his lap with her legs on either side of his hips. Her naked chest pressed against his t-shirt. She could feel the warmth of his body and the hardness of his cock against her stomach. He kept kissing her, kept sucking on her tits, and kept making her feel like she was the only person in the world worth touching.

"You're so beautiful," he told her while moving his mouth back to her nipple. Lana felt herself flush. She wanted to tell him that he was perfect, too, but she couldn't stop gasping and moaning.

She looked down and watched the way her breast looked in his hand. His mouth left a slick ring around her nipple, and the raw hunger in his eyes when he looked up at her made her squirm on his lap. She wrapped her arms around his neck and mashed her tits against his face, wanting him to suck harder. He did just that.

"Harder," she gasped, and he gave her exactly what she wanted. He sucked her nipple so hard that she nearly came on the spot. The sensation left her legs trembling.

She moved her hips, grinding her pussy against his jeans, and the friction made her dizzy. She wanted him inside her. All she could think about was being filled by his thunderous cock. She squeezed her thighs and rolled her hips, riding his lap and pressing her tits into his mouth. She wanted to drown him with her jiggly breasts.

Harry must have sensed what she was thinking, because he slid his hands down to her ass and squeezed, holding her in place. He sucked her nipple, then bit it gently, making her squeal. Harry then soothed it with gentle laps of his tongue. She was losing her mind.

"You're so greedy," he amusedly said as she continued to grind her jean-covered pussy against his bulge.

"You're the one who can't keep your mouth off me," she shot back with a wobbly voice.

He chuckled and kissed her hard, and Lana immediately shoved her tongue into his mouth. Then he moved his mouth back down, kissing a line between her breasts and licking every inch of exposed skin. His hands explored her back, her ass, and the curve of her hips, and every touch left a trail of tingles in its wake.

Lana couldn't take it anymore. She needed more. She reached for the waistband of Harry's jeans and tugged. He helped her by lifting his hips so she could unbutton and unzip. She didn't bother with subtlety. She yanked his jeans down and practically tore them off, freeing his cock. Lana stared at it hungrily. It was already rock-hard, thick and glistening at the tip. She licked her lips.

"Let me," she said, and slid off his lap, settling between his thighs. She wrapped both hands around the base and stroked slowly, loving the way it throbbed under her grip. She kissed the tip, licked it, then took him into her mouth.

Harry moaned, and the sound made her even wetter. She sucked him slowly, using her tongue to tease the underside, and she could feel his hands gripping her hair. She bobbed her head, working more of his cock into her mouth. She then pulled back and licked a line from base to tip.

He let her go at her own pace, but every time she glanced up, his eyes were fixed on her, full of lust. She loved how much she could wreck him with just her mouth and hands. She worked him until he was trembling, then pulled off with a wet pop. "Now it's my turn," she said, pulling down her jeans. The denim slid over her hips and down her thighs. Lana pulled them from her small, bare feet, leaving her fully nude. She climbed back into his lap, straddling him with her bare breasts pressed against his chest.

"Now you have to finish what you started," she said, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him hard.

Harry cupped her breasts again, squeezed them together, and licked between them. Lana moaned and rocked her hips, rubbing her slick pussy against his bare cock. She could feel the wetness leaking down her thighs and onto his jeans. She wanted him to feel it, and to know how much she wanted him.

He must have, because he lined up his cock with her entrance and rubbed the fat head between her sopping lips. She didn't hesitate. She grabbed him, guided him in, and dropped her hips.

The first stretch was always the hardest, but she relished it. She loved the way her body opened for him, and the way he filled her so completely left her breathless. She sank down slowly,

taking him in inch by inch, until she was fully impaled, and then she sat there, clinging to his shoulders and panting while her tight walls rippled around his shaft.

Harry kissed her lips, then her jaw, then her neck, making Lana mewl cutely. He just barely rocked his hips, letting her adjust. Lana started to move. She lifted her hips and then dropped them, riding him slow and steady. She loved the wet, silky friction, the fullness, and the way every thrust sent tingles up her spine.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and supported her as she rode him. She leaned back, put her hands on his thighs, and let him watch her. She wanted him to see the bounce of her perky tits, the way his cock disappeared into her wet pussy, and the look of wild pleasure on her face. She wanted him to see everything.

He matched her rhythm, lifting his hips to meet every drop. The wet slap of their skin and the squelch of her tight pussy being stuffed filled the room. Lana moved faster, chasing the pleasure building inside her. She watched Harry's face twist with pleasure, and she saw how close he was. She responded by squeezing her cunt and bouncing harder.

Her orgasm hit quickly and unexpectedly in a white-hot flash that ripped through her. She gasped, screamed, and clung to him as her pussy spasmed around his cock. Harry held her tight and kept thrusting, making her orgasm last even longer. His breathing became ragged, and Lana knew he wasn't going to last too much longer. She put all her effort into squeezing her pussy as tight as it would go, and she was rewarded with a groan. Harry buried his face in her neck as he unleashed inside her. Lana felt every throb and spurt, and it made her cum again.

Lana draped herself over Harry with her head resting on his shoulder and her breasts pressed to his chest. She loved the way their bodies fit perfectly together, especially after sex. Lana continued to buck and spasm, and with Harry's cock still buried to the hilt inside her, it prolonged her orgasm to the point where she was gasping for breath. Harry gently stroked her back. "You okay?" he asked.

She nodded, nuzzling into his neck. "I'm perfect."

He squeezed her tight and kissed the top of her head. Eventually, Lana rolled off and cuddled into his side. Harry cupped her ass while Lana looked lovingly upon him while playing with his semi-hard cock. Harry smirked and began toying with her tight asshole, making Lana gasp. Her hand squeezed his cock tight, and it rapidly inflated. It wasn't long before Harry rolled her onto her hands and knees. 'I'm in for another long night,' she thought just before his cock slipped inside and hit her g-spot, instantly making her cum again. 'A very long night,' Lana corrected herself.