

Immortals

Chapter 40

Harry lounged on the sunken couch in the living room of the beach house while the news anchor droned on with headlines that he only half-listened to. He was far more interested in watching the way Rosalie shifted her weight on the other end of the couch. She tossed her blonde hair and glared out the window at a chirping bird that was disturbing her peace.

Rosalie's belly was now visibly swollen, and it stretched out the front of her thin white tank top. He glanced at her breasts and saw that she wasn't wearing anything else beneath it, which pleased Harry intensely. He liked the way her pregnancy had made her body more curvy and arousing. The fabric of her top stretched tight over the rounded curves of her tits and showed the faint outline of her nipples. When she caught Harry glancing at her, she stretched her leg out, drawing his eyes down past her flawless thighs to her bare feet.

She leaned over abruptly and snagged a handful of grapes from a silver bowl. She stuffed three into her mouth at once, and she chewed them while smirking at Harry. "You're staring again," she said, though her voice hinted that she really didn't mind.

Harry didn't bother to deny it. "I like looking at you," he answered, and Rosalie rolled her eyes. Still, he could tell she was pleased by his response.

But it wasn't only Rosalie who currently occupied the beach house. All of the Cullens had come to stay at least temporarily. Most were out exploring the island, but Bella sat in the armchair by the window with her legs tucked beneath her, reading a battered paperback. Although she'd been a vampire for only a month, Harry could see that she was adjusting faster than anyone had expected. Her skin was just as pale as Rosalie's, and her hair fell in a glossy brown curtain around her face. Much to Alice's chagrin, she still dressed in oversized jumpers and plaid pajama pants as if refusing to acknowledge her new sexiness.

Edward hovered nearby, standing ramrod straight with his arms folded. He stared out at the sea as if every cresting wave constituted a personal offense, and he remained strangely possessive of Bella. Harry could tell that it was starting to annoy her.

The rest of the Cullens had scattered. Emmett, Alice, and Jasper were somewhere outside, probably hunting the new game Harry had brought to the island. He wasn't sure where Bree was, but he could see Carlisle and Esme through the window. They were on the beach, enjoying the warm sun.

Seeing Bella's eye twitch in annoyance, Harry decided to give her a break. He snapped his fingers, and suddenly, time on his private island froze. Rosalie and Edward were as stiff as boards, and outside, Carlisle was frozen while in the middle of throwing a seashell into the sea. Esme had been frozen while adjusting her small bikini top. Even the bugs and birds had

stopped buzzing and chirping. The only two who were still in the world of the living were Harry and Bella.

Bella raised an eyebrow and looked at Harry. Harry smiled and ushered her over. She smiled, put her book down, and got up from her chair. "I figured you needed a break," he told her.

"It was beginning to feel a bit claustrophobic," she admitted. Harry held out his hand, and Bella eagerly took it in hers. They suddenly disappeared from the island.

They landed in a sunlit villa nestled among the rolling hills of the Italian countryside. The air was warm and thick with the scent of vegetation. Harry's cottage was small but beautiful, with whitewashed walls, a tiled roof, and a garden bursting with color. There were no neighbors within ten miles.

Bella blinked at the sudden change in scenery and then smiled genuinely as she took in the view. "Wow," she said. "It's beautiful."

Harry nodded while putting his hands on her shapely hips. "I come here to get away from the noise."

Bella smiled up at him, and she let him take her by the hand and lead her into the cottage. They went straight to the bedroom, and Bella knew exactly what he wanted. She certainly wasn't opposed to the idea.

The bedroom in Harry's cottage was small but charming, and the open window let in a pleasant breeze. Bella took a deep breath, and the tension that had lingered on the island seemed to fade away. She turned in the doorway, and Harry was right there, smiling as he set a hand on her hip.

She let herself fall backward onto the bed, and she laughed as the springs creaked. Harry followed, caught himself with his palms against the mattress, and hovered over her. Bella's hair fanned across the pillowcase as Harry leaned down and brushed the hair from the side of her neck. He kissed the exposed skin while his fingers explored the curve of her waist.

She felt Harry's fingers brush against the exposed skin between her shirt and her pajama pants, and she shifted her body so more skin was exposed. Harry's lips traveled from her neck to her jaw, and Bella turned her face to accept his kiss.

Harry's hands slipped under the hem of her shirt, his fingertips teasing the skin just above the waistband of her pajama pants. Bella shivered despite not being cold. She reached up, wound her fingers into his hair, and held him close as his tongue brushed against her lower lip. It then slipped deeper into her mouth.

When he started to lift her shirt, Bella lifted her arms overhead and let the fabric slide up and off her body, exposing her white cotton bra. Harry took in the sight, and she smirked at how intently he watched her.

“You never get tired of this?” she teased.

“Do I ever get tired of pleasuring beautiful women?” he asked with a smirk. “Never,” he said, and she could hear the honesty in his voice. Then he brought his hands up and cupped her breasts through the bra. His thumbs brushed over the soft triangles of cotton, and the stiff peaks of her nipples were already pressed tightly against the fabric. Bella let out a quiet groan and arched her back, pressing herself into his palms. She could feel his erection against her hip, and she rocked into it, making him growl sexily.

He kissed her again, then reached behind her and unclasped the bra. Bella slipped her arms out, and Harry pulled it off her, baring her naked chest to the light.

Harry drank in the sight of her half-naked body. Bella’s breasts were full and perfectly perky, with a delicate upward curve that defied gravity even when she lay flat on her back. Her skin was smoother than it ever had been, and while it would feel as hard as marble to a normal human, it felt incredibly soft under Harry’s hands.

Her nipples were stiff and pale pink, and they jutted out from the creamy skin around them. The areolas were small and tight, and the tips were hard and ready to be sucked. Harry ran his thumb across one nipple, and he watched it pebble even further under his touch. The delicate flesh of her areola tightened, and Bella squirmed.

Harry smiled and brought his lips down to her breast. He kissed all around it before running the tip of his tongue around the stiff, sensitive peak. Bella gasped and threaded her fingers in his hair again. She held him tight while he lavished attention on her. Harry sucked the nipple into his mouth and swirled his tongue over it, making Bella mewl cutely.

He alternated between gentle licks and firmer, hungrier sucks, and her nipples grew even harder under his loving ministrations. Bella reached down, grasped his wrist, and guided his hand to squeeze her other breast, and she bit her lip to stifle a moan when he did. The soft flesh yielded under his fingers, and Bella gasped and arched her back. Harry’s hands were large and warm, and he seemed to know exactly how much pressure it would take to make her squirm and push up against him.

Harry pulled back, and he couldn’t help but marvel at how beautiful she looked. She was sprawled on the bed with her arms above her head. Her breasts were perfectly framed by her brown hair as it spilled across the white sheet. Her nipples were stiff and wet from his mouth.

He kissed down between her breasts, down her stomach, and nuzzled his nose against her belly button. Bella let out a breathy laugh and ran her nails along his scalp, encouraging him to

go further. When he glanced up, she met his eyes and smiled prettily. She then spread her legs and made her intentions clear.

Harry reached for the waistband of her pajama bottoms and hooked his fingers beneath the elastic. Bella smiled at his patience, arched her back, and lifted her hips to help him pull them down. He dragged the fabric over her smooth, creamy skin and exposed her sexy legs as he pulled the pajamas down her thighs. Every time the cotton bunched around her knees, Bella kicked or wiggled to free herself, and the playful struggle made Harry grin. He loved how willing she was to let him take control, but she still purposely teased him with her erotic movements.

The more he revealed, the more he noticed the changes in her body since the transformation. She was still Bella, but she looked as if she had been carved out of ivory and polished to a silky shine. The skin of her thigh was flawless, unblemished, and perfectly smooth, and the muscle tone was slightly more pronounced than he remembered. He slid the pajamas down past her knees, over the delicate curve of her calves, and finally off her feet. A faint and intoxicating scent of arousal drifted from her, and Harry's cock twitched hard in his trousers.

He held her ankles together for a moment, appreciated the way her legs looked as they were pressed together, and then slipped the pajama pants completely off her feet, which were covered with a pair of fluffy, slightly silly pink socks. Now she wore only her cotton panties and those fluffy socks, and Harry could not help but laugh softly at the contrast between the two. Bella looked slightly embarrassed at the attention, but she didn't try to hide away from it.

Instead, she stretched her legs, pointed her toes, and displayed them for him. He trailed his hands up her shins and over her calves, making Bella shudder. He paused at her knees and then moved up the inside of her thighs, which she obligingly opened to him. Harry saw a suspiciously dark and wet patch at the crotch of her panties, and his trousers bulged at the crotch.

He kissed up her right calf, over her knee, and then up the soft skin of her inner thigh. Bella's flesh was cool and smelled faintly of vanilla, but there was a new undertone that was all her own. He nuzzled her sensitive flesh and enjoyed the way her thighs tensed and trembled as he moved higher. When he reached the edge of her panties, he breathed hot air against the damp fabric, and Bella shivered sexily while a fresh trickle of her juices darkened the cotton further.

He kissed along the elastic and then trailed open-mouthed kisses over the soaked spot. Bella moaned softly, bit her lip, and arched her back again. Harry slid both hands up her thighs to her hips and played with the waistband of her panties. Bella pressed her legs together, squeezed them over his hands, and trapped them there.

"Are you always such a tease?" he joked.

She looked at him with heavy-lidded eyes and managed a raspy laugh. "I can't help it. You always make me so wet."

Harry grinned and pinched the waistband of her panties gently. He expected her to raise her hips again, but instead she folded her legs and tucked her knees up to her chest. She clutched her shins in her arms and, with a grin, she rolled onto her side and temporarily hid her ass and the front of her panties from view. She was teasing him again.

Harry rose to the bait. He gently rolled her onto her stomach and admired the way her panties hugged the firm curves of her ass. He let his hands roam freely, and he squeezed and teased the jiggly flesh. Bella giggled into the pillow and wiggled her hips so that the wet fabric nestled deeper between her cheeks. He kissed down her spine, licked at the small of her back, and watched as the cotton stretched tight across her ass while the fabric at her crotch darkened even more from the juices seeping from her pussy. He could see the outline of her plump outer lips pressed together beneath the soaked material.

He reached for the tops of her socks, peeled them down, and exposed her small, delicate feet. Bella giggled again as his fingers danced across her ankles and heels. He tossed the socks aside and then ran his fingers up the soles of her feet, up the backs of her calves, and all the way up to the curve of her ass. She trembled as he squeezed her thighs.

“While I love seeing you in a pair of wet panties, I would rather see you in nothing at all.”

Bella turned her head and smiled over her shoulder while her hair fell across her face. “Then do something about it,” she replied.

He hooked his fingers into the waistband of her panties and slowly tugged them down. Bella lifted her ass to help him, and he peeled the fabric down past the perfect roundness of her cheeks, over her thighs, and off her legs. The scent of her arousal grew stronger and thicker, and Harry found himself nearly dizzy with the need to taste her. He tossed the panties into the growing pile of clothes, knelt behind Bella, and took in the full sight of her naked body.

She was breathtaking. Her body was toned in all the right places, and delightfully curvy in the rest. Her back had a gentle arch, and her hips flared beautifully. The insides of her thighs gleamed with wetness, and Harry couldn’t help but run his hands up from her knees, over the soft skin of her inner thighs, and onto the swollen lips between her legs.

Bella parted her legs for him, and Harry used both hands to spread her open. He marveled at the delicate folds of her pussy and the pale outer lips that were puffy and ready to be fucked. She was completely hairless, and the skin looked impossibly soft and inviting. Her clit peeked out from between the folds, and it was already swollen and flushed. A thick bead of arousal trickled from her entrance, rolled down her asshole, and dropped down to the sheet beneath her.

Harry ran his thumb along her slit, collected the wetness, and then circled her clit with the pad of his finger. Bella shuddered and let out a helpless moan. She reached back and blindly grabbed

at the bedspread with one hand before burying her face in the pillow to muffle her sounds. He gently teased her clit and rubbed the slick bud in slow circles. Bella gasped and rolled her hips just as he ducked his head and kissed the place just above it. He felt her entire body tense the moment his lips touched her delicate skin.

He wanted to take his time with her, but Bella's need was so desperate that she tried to force her clit into his mouth. He lowered his mouth to her pussy and licked up the length of her slit, gathering every drop of her juices on his tongue. Bella gasped, jerked her hips, and pressed her dripping cunt hard against his mouth. Harry opened his lips and kissed her pussy in a way that made her toes curl. Harry flicked his tongue over her swollen clit and then circled it with slow and steady strokes while her wetness coated his chin.

Bella whimpered, arched her back, and spread her legs even wider, exposing more of her pussy and giving him more room to operate. Her hands balled into fists, and she pushed her hips toward him with increasing force so that her folds parted wider around his tongue. Harry wrapped his arms around her thighs and held her in place as he used his tongue to massage her engorged clit. Harry's mouth then moved down her entrance. He lapped at her greedily and drank the fresh flow of juices that spilled from her as she grew more aroused.

He glanced up and saw that Bella's back was arched, and her head was thrown back. She was openly moaning now, and every wet sound her pussy made only spurred him to go further. He slipped one finger into her tight, silky hole and met no resistance. Her pussy instantly clamped down around the intrusion. He slowly fucked her with his finger while licking her clit in firm circles, and soon Bella was panting with raw need.

Bella moaned loudly and ground her swollen clit into his mouth, and Harry was more than happy to take everything she had to offer. He kept his tongue moving in time with his finger. Every time he curled it upward against the sensitive spot inside her, Bella squealed in delight, and her walls fluttered around him.

He stretched her open with a second finger, and she let out a throaty moan as her juices ran down his hand. "That feels so good," she gasped, and Harry answered her with a low and pleased hum that vibrated against her clit. This made Bella moan louder, and she shoved her clit harder onto his lips.

She was shaking now, and her whole body was taut with impending climax. Her voice rose in pitch, and she let out a string of desperate whimpers as her inner muscles clenched and released around his fingers. Harry increased the speed of his fingers, thrust them deep, and pressed his tongue harder against her swollen clit. Bella cried out. Her legs shook violently, and a squirt of pussy juice flooded his hand and mouth and coated his face. She cried out his name so loudly it echoed off the villa walls while her pussy spasmed and milked his fingers.

Harry didn't stop until he was sure she was completely satisfied. He licked up every drop of her release and then kissed along her inner thighs and up over her smooth, puffy mound. Bella was still shaking when he finally crawled up beside her and gathered her into his arms.

She turned to face him, and her eyes were wide and shining with a mix of disbelief and gratitude. "Holy cow," she whispered, and Harry laughed softly. He loved how easily he could fluster her.

He gently kissed her, and Bella tasted herself on his lips and tongue. She smiled and, without hesitation, she straddled his waist and pinned him to the bed with surprising strength. She was not done with him yet, and she made that very clear as she reached for the waistband of his trousers.

"You're overdressed," she informed him.

Harry smiled and let her have her fun. With a single tug, his trousers were ripped off in shreds, and his thick, hard cock sprang free. She easily tore off the rest of his clothes before running her soft palm up and down his shaft. Bella eyed it hungrily, and her still-wet pussy clenched at the sight. "How long can we stay here?" Bella breathlessly asked him as she slowly stroked his cock.

"For as long as you want. The Cullens will never realize we were gone," he told her. Bella's face brightened, and Harry knew their little adventure had just begun.