

The Last Guardian

Chapter 19

Harry and Lana materialized in the living room in a burst of green light. The storm outside was still going, and the windows rattled each time a large gust of wind hit the house. Inside, though, it was warm and safe, and Lana didn't let go of him right away. Instead, she tipped his chin down with her hand and kissed him like she'd been waiting hours for it. She pressed her body close against his, and her lips were soft and hungry. Harry let do whatever she wanted for as long as she wanted. When they parted, she smiled with a quiet satisfaction and said, "I'm ready for bed. Are you?"

He smiled and nodded, and they climbed the stairs together. For a moment Harry just watched Lana moving ahead of him. His eyes followed the curves of her body, and they finally landed on her lovely ass. She glanced over her shoulder, caught him staring, and rolled her eyes in mock exasperation. "Are you coming, or are you gonna stare at my ass all night?"

He grinned and chuckled. "Not all night," he corrected her. "But maybe for a few more seconds," Harry added.

She snorted, grabbed his hand, and led him up the stairs and into the bedroom. She then ducked into the bathroom. Harry listened to the familiar sounds of her brushing her teeth, spitting, and rummaging through the medicine cabinet. Meanwhile, he peeled off his clothes and tossed them into the hamper. His muscles ached from the day's effort. Using his powers for so long really had put a strain on his body. Luckily, he knew he would be right after a good night's sleep. He leaned against the frame of the bathroom door and watched Lana rinse her mouth with mouthwash. She caught him watching again and flicked water at him. Harry smirked in response.

Lana squeezed past him, and she made sure to give him a sweet peck on the cheek as she did. She pulled the hair tie from her ponytail, shook her hair out, and made her way into their bedroom.

Harry brushed his own teeth. He didn't really need to. He could have just used his powers, but he still liked doing it the old-fashioned way. It felt normal. He inspected his tired face in the mirror. He still wasn't entirely used to the man staring back at him. His green eyes glowed faintly, and his cheekbones looked to have been cut from marble. He finished up, turned off the bathroom light, and joined Lana in the bedroom.

Lana was already sitting on the edge of the bed with her back to him. She bent over as she peeled off her socks. She was wearing that loose, oversized sweater she loved. Her jeans were already on the floor. He watched as she pulled the sweater up and over her head before tossing it carelessly on top of her jeans. The sudden vision of her sexiness made Harry's breath catch.

Now, she was only wearing a pair of skimpy, pale blue panties, and as she stood to stretch, her perky breasts jiggled in a way that instantly made him hard.

She caught him staring, and her expression was both amused and pleased that he clearly liked what he saw. "What? You've seen me in less," she teased.

"And it always takes my breath away," he teased back.

Lana smiled and shook her head, but the way she swayed her hips on the way to the bed was purely for his benefit, and Harry felt his pulse quicken in spite of his exhaustion. He pulled back the covers and slid into bed. The sheets were cool against his bare skin. Lana hesitated a moment, then walked slowly around to the other side of the bed. Her thong-clad ass swayed like she wanted every inch of his attention on her body. She climbed in next to him. The mattress dipped as Lana crawled across to him, and she curled up against his side with her head on his shoulder, and her hand splayed across his bare chest.

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Lana lay beside Harry in the quiet bedroom, listening to the wind against the window glass and the steady, soothing rhythm of his breathing. She loved being in bed with him. She loved the way his bare skin felt under her palm, the gentle heat radiating from his body, and the scent that was somehow unique to him. She had made up her mind days ago ... maybe even weeks ago, depending on if you counted naughty daydreams. However, it had never felt quite so real as it did now, with his warm, muscled body so close to hers. Harry had never once pressured her, which was amazing, considering they often slept together fully nude. That was part of what made her love him, but it also meant the next step was entirely up to her.

Her heart fluttered in her chest, and she felt stupidly nervous for someone who had already decided what she wanted. She brushed her thumb across his chest, feeling the steady beat of his heart. Then, as if it was as natural as breathing, she let her hand drift lower, past the taut ridges of his abdomen and onto the smooth line of his hip. Harry was so physically perfect it was unfair, but he always acted like he didn't notice. Lana's fingers trembled, but she didn't stop. She let them trail down until they came into contact with his erection. Harry shifted slightly, but said nothing, and the only sound was the soft hush of the sheets as she eased her hand lower.

It felt new and thrilling, even though she'd done this with him a hundred times before. Harry was already hard, and Lana wrapped her fingers around his length, momentarily shocked by how big and hot he was. She always had the exact same reaction. Her breath caught in her throat, but she gripped him gently, marveling at how it felt in her hand. She held him for a long moment, enjoying the sense of power she had. Harry remained still, but she could hear his breath catch in his chest. He looked over at her, and his eyes were both soft and lustful. He didn't say anything. He just waited, letting her decide what happened next. The freedom of it made her braver than she expected. She began to stroke him slowly, working her soft palm up and down his length.

The storm outside rattled the window every few seconds, but she felt safe and protected here in their bedroom. Her skin tingled as she slowly worked his shaft, and her heart skipped a beat when she heard him moan. Harry placed a hand on the back of her head, and he began gently scratching her scalp with his fingernails. Lana shuddered. She always became super wet when he did that. Her thighs pressed together, and the ache between her legs was impossible to ignore. The longer she touched him, the more it built, until her panties clung wetly to the shape of her pussy, and every shift of her body made her more uncomfortable and more desperate. She thought about saying something, but just the idea made her cheeks burn and her chest flutter. Her hand was still wrapped loosely around Harry's length, and he was hard, hot, and perfectly still. He waited, refusing to rush her, and the restraint was somehow even hotter.

She wanted it, she told herself, and she wanted him, but it was still hard to bridge the gap between wanting and asking, especially when it involved something as intimate as this. She squeezed him gently and felt him twitch in her hand.

She could feel her own heartbeat pounding, and she wondered if he could hear it or if he was as nervous as she was. She glanced up at his face, and he looked back with a kind, loving smile. He wasn't moving, urging, or prodding her. He just let her do whatever she wanted, and the power in that made her bold. She shifted a little, and her thigh brushed his, and she felt a fresh wave of wetness soak her panties.

Lana took a shaky breath, and then she giggled nervously, unable to help herself. The sound was soft, but Harry looked at her questioningly. She flushed even harder, and she tried to look away, but Harry's hand slid up her back and gently threaded through her hair, making her feel a little more confident. Lana pulled the covers down and ran her finger under the waistband of her tiny panties.

She swallowed nervously, but her words still came out softly. "You can take these off ... if you want." Even saying that felt like a ridiculous leap of faith, but as soon as the words left her lips, she felt a thrill of excitement. She tried to sound casual, but her voice quivered, and she couldn't keep from giggling again. It was a breathy sound that would have embarrassed her if Harry hadn't smiled so sweetly at her.

He didn't say anything at first. He just looked at her, and his eyes were dark, warm, and full of understanding. "Are you sure?" he asked, giving her every chance to change her mind. Lana was instantly relieved that he understood what she was hinting at. She nodded and said, "Yes. I want to."

Harry leaned in and kissed her, and Lana moaned into his mouth. He shifted, and for a second she thought he would just reach down and peel them off. But instead, he rolled so they were facing each other, side by side. The sheets were bunched up at her feet, and the air was filled with the scent of her own arousal.

He ran a finger up her thigh, and she shivered against him, feeling goosebumps burst across her skin. She was suddenly acutely aware of how little she was wearing, and how soaked through her panties were. Harry's hand lingered at the hem of her panties, but he didn't move to pull them down right away. Instead, he gently toyed with the elastic, letting the tension build until Lana was all but vibrating with need.

Then, Harry slipped his fingers under the waistband at her hip, and Lana gasped at the sensation. She lifted her hips a little, and he tugged the panties down to her knees. The damp fabric clung to her skin before finally snapping free. The cold air hit her wet pussy and made her shiver. The feeling was overwhelming and so much more intense than she'd imagined. For a second, she was mortified by how wet she was, but Harry looked at her like she was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen, and every bit of her shame turned to outright lust.

Before she could say anything, Harry surprised her. Instead of just stripping her or touching her, he knelt over her, moved lower, and kissed the inside of her thigh. The touch was exquisite, and Lana nearly kicked him from the sudden jolt of pleasure. Her breath hitched, and she grabbed a fistful of the sheets.

Then Harry slid her panties from her bare feet and pressed his face between her legs, and Lana gasped. He nuzzled her gently, and she felt his nose brush against her slick lips. She heard him inhale, and her whole body flushed with embarrassment. Harry moaned, and she realized exactly what that meant.

He loves it, she thought. The idea that Harry wanted her, and that he liked the way she smelled, tasted, and felt, made her dizzy with arousal. The embarrassment didn't go away, but it got buried under a tidal wave of desire. She couldn't keep herself from moaning a little and thrusting her pussy closer to his mouth.

Harry's tongue was teasing, and he licked her just enough to make her desperate for more. His lips pressed gentle kisses to every inch of her, and he worked his way up and down her thighs until she thought she couldn't take it anymore. She whimpered, and he finally licked her hard, and Lana thought she would explode from the rush of pleasure. Her whole body locked up, her pussy began to quiver, and it was all she could do not to scream.

As Lana's body shook, she reached for him. He kissed her, and she could taste herself on his lips. She loved the naughtiness of it.

Lana sat up and looked down at Harry. The muscles of his chest rose and fell with every measured breath, and the subtle, open-mouthed smile on his face made her breath stutter in her throat. She gripped his cock again, but now that he had tasted her, she felt a heady sense of power. Her heart thudded, and her body felt very tingly. She knew he'd let her set the pace. He was always patient and so careful not to push, but the way his hands flexed at his sides told her he wanted her badly. She wanted him too, and more than that, she wanted to be taken by him.

She took a steadying breath and shifted onto her knees. Her thighs trembled, but not with fear. She felt emboldened by the way Harry's eyes followed her every move. With a nervous giggle, she swung a leg over his hips and straddled his waist. For a moment she just hovered there, not quite believing what she was about to do. Her hair spilled over her shoulder and tickled his bare chest, and she could feel the thick, heavy length of his cock resting against the inside of her thigh. She took a second to look at him, searching his face for any sign of uncertainty, but all she saw was an open affection and hunger that made her pussy ache with need.

Carefully, Lana reached behind her and guided his cock until it lay flush against her soaked slit. Her hands trembled as she pressed herself down, and she gasped, shocked by both the heat of his cock and the way her wetness instantly made everything slippery. She shifted experimentally, dragging her pussy along the underside of his shaft, and the instant pleasure made her squeal.

"Oh my god," she whispered, unable to control the way her hips bucked forward and made her pussy grind against him. The head of his cock slid past her clit, and she shuddered. Her hands rested on Harry's heaving chest for balance. Harry's hands shot to her hips and gripped them gently but firmly as he held her steady. The look on his face was almost comically stunned, and that made her feel even bolder.

She started to move slowly, dragging her slit up and down his length, and feeling the thick head catch on her hard clit every time she passed over it. The sensation was so intense it made her head spin. She could feel her whole body flush with heat, and her exposed nipples tingled with every pass. Harry's eyes never left hers, and she realized he was letting her have every ounce of control. He was letting her use him however she wanted. Every time she pressed herself down or rocked her hips, his body twitched in response, but he held himself perfectly still, as if he was determined to make this all about her.

The power was intoxicating. Lana quickened her movements and rolled her hips in slow, measured circles, rubbing her pussy along the length of his cock. The friction was incredible, and she felt her thighs begin to shake with the effort of holding herself up. She tossed her hair back and moaned, not caring how loud she was. She felt herself getting wetter with every pass, and the sensation of her slick lips gliding over Harry's cock was so filthy and unbelievably erotic, she almost couldn't stand it.

Harry's grip tightened, and his eyes grew dark with urgency, but he didn't say a word. He just watched her with his lips parted, and his breathing grew ragged. The tension built between them, and the air was filled with the scent of her drenched pussy. Lana leaned forward, bracing herself on his chest. She ground her pussy against the underside of his shaft, feeling the throbbing vein as she moved. The head of his cock bumped against her swollen clit, and she cried out, trembling as a wave of pleasure tore through her. Her body clenched, and she nearly collapsed on top of him from the intensity of it.

She let herself ride out the pleasure, grinding and shuddering against him until she could barely breathe. When it finally subsided, she giggled again. She was flushed and glowing, and she looked down at Harry. He was smiling at her. His expression was full of adoration, and it made her feel like the most powerful person in the world. Lana whimpered, and she kept moving, addicted to the taste of power and the feeling of Harry completely at her mercy. She wanted more.

Lana's heart hammered in her chest, and her hands trembled just a little as she lifted her hips and reached back for Harry's cock. It was slick and hot in her palm, and the throbbing weight of it made her draw a shaky breath. The head was thick, spongy, and wet, and when she rubbed it up and down her slit, she gasped at the wonderful, obscene sensation. The delicate folds of her pussy parted easily for him, and each time the head of his cock grazed her clit, she jerked helplessly while her thighs squeezed around his waist. It made her laugh lightly because it was so different and so much more intense than she'd expected.

She tried to be smooth about it, but her hand fumbled and slid, and she kept missing the mark. The anticipation was dizzying, and she glanced up to see Harry's eyes watching her every move. He didn't say anything, but his hands stroked her thighs soothingly, like he was letting her know there was no rush, and that she could take all the time she needed. Lana steadied herself, focused, and pressed the head of his cock against her opening again. This time, she felt it catch, like a puzzle piece slotted into place, and she let out a breathless little "oh."

She pushed down a little, and the head slipped inside her. There was a tightness that bordered on pain, but the excitement almost numbed her to it. The first inch felt impossibly big, and she paused there, waiting to see if it would be too much. For a second, she panicked. Maybe she couldn't do this. Maybe it wouldn't fit, but the throbbing of her own arousal was overwhelming. She could feel how badly she wanted it, and how slick and ready she was. She braced her hands on Harry's chest and willed her muscles to relax. Harry must have seen the look on her face, because he stroked her leg and offered words of encouragement. "Just go slow, Lana. I promise, you'll get used to it."

That helped, and she nodded with her lips pressed tight. Lana let herself sink down another fraction of an inch. The stretch was intense, and she whimpered, unable to stop herself. She was distantly aware of how wet she was, and how much the sensation had already made her body shake, but she couldn't look away from Harry. He watched her with a strange, reverent awe, and she could tell he was doing everything possible not to thrust up or pull her down harder. He was letting her be in control, and that made her feel a little better.

It took several tries. She'd get a little more inside her, then stop to breathe and let her body adjust, then try again. Each time, the pain dulled a little and the pleasure grew sharper, until it was just a slow, burning fullness that got more and more addictive. She was biting her lip and sweating a little, and when she finally managed to bottom out, she moaned so loudly that she startled herself. She could feel herself stretched to the limit, and she could feel Harry's cock throbbing deep inside her. The sensation was so incredible that she shivered and collapsed

forward onto his chest. Her hair spilled everywhere, and she hid her burning face in his shoulder, panting and shuddering against him.

He didn't press her. He just wrapped his arms around her and held her tightly, rubbing slow, soothing circles up and down her back. His breath was hot and heavy against her neck, but he didn't make a single move to take over. Lana felt her body relax, and the initial shock faded into a warm, aching fullness that made her tingle all over. She nuzzled into his neck, and whispered, "Oh, my god, Harry. You're so ... I'm not sure if I can move."

He laughed softly, and the sound was so full of tenderness that it made her heart clench. "You don't have to go anywhere," he said, and he pressed a kiss to the corner of her jaw. "We can do this however you want." His hands squeezed her hips and kneaded the muscles there until she felt every last bit of anxiety melt away. She could feel the throb of his cock inside her, and it was making her dizzy with desire again.

She shifted her hips slightly, and the feeling was so intense she whimpered against his neck. The movement made it easier, though, and after a few experimental rocks of her hips, she found a rhythm that didn't make her ache as much. Harry's hands guided her, and he murmured encouragements into her ear every time she managed something new. "You're incredible," he told her. "God, you feel so good. I love when you do that with your hips." He continued with the compliments until she was grinning, trembling, and feeling like she could do anything.

Eventually, she found the courage to sit up. She planted her palms on Harry's chest and looked at him with a nervous confidence. His hands were on her hips now, and his thumb caressed the line where her thigh met her pelvis. He watched her with a hungry, worshipful reverence that made her want to show off for him. Lana grew bolder and arched her back to proudly display her perky breasts. She knew how much Harry liked them. She lifted herself up and felt the head of his cock nearly slip free. Lana quickly sank back down, shuddering at the slow, wet slide of his cock against her silky walls. It was easier every time, and the pleasure grew with every downward stroke. Eventually, the pain had completely gone, and there was nothing left but the raw pleasure.

She rode him slowly at first, learning what felt good while searching for that perfect angle where his cock pressed against her sweetest spot. Harry's hands wandered. They sometimes clutched her slim waist, and sometimes they slid up to cup her breasts, play with her nipples, or stroke her hair. He never lost eye contact, and Lana felt like she was the only person in the world when he looked at her that way. She grew bolder and ground her hips in little circles. She then bounced just enough to feel the whole length of him fill her. It made her gasp every time, and she could hear the slap of their wet skin.

"Is this okay?" she asked in a breathless voice.

"It's perfect," Harry said, lifting his head to catch her nipple in his mouth. He sucked gently, and Lana arched her back and nearly lost her balance. She laughed shakily, then leaned down and

kissed him. The taste of his lips mixed with the faint taste of her own pussy sent a fresh rush of heat straight to her core. She moved faster now, and Harry began working in rhythm. His hips rose just as her pussy slid down his shaft. He was never too rough or fast.

Every time she came down, the shock of pleasure grew more intense. Harry's hands clutched her tighter, and she knew he was close. She wanted them to finish together. She gripped his chest, ground down hard, and let herself unravel. The orgasm came on like an out-of-control freight train. Her pussy clenched, her vision whited out, and she cried out, not caring who heard or what she sounded like. It was pure, unfiltered joy, and she rode it out, shuddering and whimpering until she collapsed on top of him again. Lana squealed when Harry took over the thrusting duties. He penetrated her over and over, prolonging the orgasm that was making every muscle in her body flutter. Finally, she felt a flood of warmth inside her, and she knew that she had made Harry cum. Knowing that she had done her job and made the man she loved feel good was a feeling she would never forget. She promised herself that she would make him feel that way any chance she got.

When she finally caught her breath, she was still trembling, but she felt invincible. She looked down at Harry, and he was smiling at her in a way that made her feel beautiful. She giggled, half in relief and half in disbelief that they'd actually done it, and she kissed him again, softly and sweetly.

Harry let her rest and stroked her back until her body until she yawned. He then gently flipped her onto her back and pulled the blanket over both of them. Lana scooted closer and pressed as hard as she could against him. She threw her leg over his waist and buried her face in his neck. She continued to breathe in his scent until she finally drifted off, feeling happier than she ever had before.