

Immortals

Chapter 35

The wind was fiercely bowing the large trees on each side of the road, and sleet was pouring onto the windshield of his car. His windshield wipers were struggling to clear the slushy ice from the glass, making it hard to see. At least it would have if Harry were a normal man. As it was, he could perfectly see everything around him. The street was dark, and there wasn't even a single other car on the road. A storm had blown in, and very few were crazy enough to drive around in these icy conditions. Only the most desperate would.

As he pulled into Jessica's family's shop, he spotted her car parked there, waiting for him to arrive. He hoped the poor girls weren't freezing their butts off. Harry pulled up beside them and rolled down the window. The passenger side window followed, and he spotted Angela's pretty face staring back at him. "Harry!" she happily chirped.

"Hey, Angela," Harry smiled at her. She beamed back at him, clearly happy that the storm hadn't kept him from seeing them. "Do you want me to hop into your car, or do you girls want to come with me?" he asked them.

"We'll come with you. I'm scared to drive in these conditions," Jessica said, leaning across Angela's lap in order to see him.

"Well, hurry up and get in. It's getting really cold out here," he told them. They rolled up their windows, and he watched as the two girls got out of Jessica's car and quickly got into his. Since Jessica arrived at the passenger side first, she was able to slip into the passenger seat while Angela was forced to ride in the back. He had to keep himself from laughing when he saw what they were wearing. Both girls had on jackets, but that was pretty much the only protection they had from the cold. Both wore dresses underneath, and neither dress passed mid-thigh. It was obvious they dressed to impress him, and he felt slightly bad seeing them shiver. Harry turned the heat up to full blast when the doors closed behind them.

"I'm surprised you girls didn't cancel. The weather turned bad really quickly," Harry said as he looked them over.

"My father didn't want us going out in this weather, but I told him we would be fine. We're adults after all, and we really didn't want to cancel on you," Jessica admitted. Angela nodded from the back seat.

"We haven't seen you in so long," she added. Harry chuckled and placed his hand on Jessica's bare thigh. He could feel the goosebumps on her cold skin. She shuddered when he possessively squeezed it and squirmed when he gently caressed her inner thigh. Her legs slightly parted, hoping he would move his hand a little higher.

“Well, I’m here now,” he happily told Angela, who was staring at his hand as it played with Jessica’s soft, smooth skin. “It’s not safe to make any long trips. So, I’m not sure what we should do,” Harry said, tickling the skin behind Jessica’s knee.

“We can go back to your place,” Jessica immediately suggested. Even in the darkened car, he could see the flush in her pale cheeks.

“Unfortunately, I have guests staying with me,” he admitted. The Denali girls absolutely refused to go back to Alaska without him. “However, I did rent a motel room here in town. We could ...”

“Let’s go!” Angela eagerly said before he could finish his sentence. She wanted what Jessica was currently getting. She was already rubbing her thighs together in anticipation. Harry turned and smiled at her.

“Sounds good,” he said and threw the car into drive. He pulled out of the small parking lot, traversing the icy roads with ease. It seemed that neither girl could wait. Jessica was greedily groping his thigh, and her hand was dangerously close to his crotch. Angela was reaching around the seat and trying to unbutton his shirt. Thankfully, Forks was a small town, and it only took a few minutes to arrive at their destination. He pulled into the parking space right in front of the motel room door and turned off the car. “Let me unlock the room door before you get out. The wind is getting really bad,” he told them. Every tree he could see was bending so badly that it looked like they were about to snap in half.

“Hurry up,” Jessica breathlessly said, moving her hand to his crotch and squeezing it. Harry exited the car and chuckled to himself. These ladies were something else, he thought as he jammed the key into the door lock. He opened the door, turned on the lights, and used his powers to make the room nice and toasty. He then turned to the car and waved them over. As soon as they got out of the car, they squealed as the fierce wind lifted their dresses, exposing their panties. They hurriedly pushed the bottom of their dresses back down and held them in place as they scampered into the room. Harry shook his head with a smile and closed the door behind him.

“I told you it was windy,” Harry laughed.

“No kidding,” Angela said, shivering from the blast of frigid air.

“Let me warm you up,” Harry said with a smile, removing her jacket. He tossed it away, revealing the sexy dress underneath. Angela wasn’t particularly busty, but the cleavage on display was more than enough to capture a man’s attention. Harry slipped an arm around her waist and pulled her in. Angela stumbled forward as he pressed her against his body. Her breathing was ragged as Harry leaned in. Her brown eyes closed, and she hummed in pleasure when his lips touched hers. Harry loved the feeling of her soft lips and warm tongue. Jessica pressed against his side, and he could feel her face very close to his cheek. Knowing what she wanted, Harry turned and kissed her as well. She moaned deeply when he tickled her tongue

with his while his hand pawed at her ass. Down below, Angela's hands began undoing his trousers while Jessica fumbled with the buttons on his shirt. Harry broke the kiss and helped them out.

He took a step back, kicked off his shoes, and removed his shirt. The girls stood there staring at his chiseled chest while he pulled down his trousers and kicked them off. Their eyes lowered to the magnificent rod of meat pointed directly at him. "Arms up," he gently ordered, and both girls instantly complied. Their arms rose, and Harry pulled Jessica's dress over her head. He tossed it onto the table and did the same for Angela. He then pulled both of them to him and reached around their backs. Expertly, he unclipped their bras with one hand each and tugged them from their arms. The girls shyly looked at each other, blushing, but neither of them hid their perky tits or hard nipples. "Sit on the bed," he told them, and they immediately complied.

They sat on the edge of the bed, and Harry placed his hands on their chests and gently pushed them back so they were lying on the bed with their legs hanging over the end. He pulled the heels from their feet and grabbed the waistband of Angela's panties. He slowly tugged them down her thighs and pulled them from her feet. She watched him, breathing heavily as he rubbed his thumb against the wet spot on the crotch of her silky panties. His eyes lowered from her perky tits, down her slender belly, and over her smooth, hairless mound. He dropped her panties on the ground and moved over to Jessica. Jessica was rubbing her panty-clad pussy while her eyes followed his bouncing cock. When he settled between her legs, she lifted her bottom, ready to have her light pink panties removed. Harry didn't disappoint. He slid them down her hips and legs, exposing her smooth mound and glistening, pink lips. He tossed her panties aside and reached between their legs. Both girls spread their legs and gasped when his fingers glided along their slick folds. Jessica cutely bit her lower lip while Angela's eyes fluttered. Outside, the storm was still raging, and he could hear pellets of hail hitting the motel room's windows.

"You girls may have to stay here tonight," Harry smirked at them while massaging their swollen clits with his thumbs. "Is that okay?"

"Oh, god, yes!" Angela gasped and ground her damp pussy against his fingers.

"Jessica?" Harry asked, looking down at her. Her back was arched, and her body was quivering. Her ample tits jiggled around, and her light-colored nipples were crinkled and stiff.

"Mhmm," she affirmatively hummed, still biting her lower lip. Her pussy was even wetter than Angela's.

"Good. Now, sit up," he said, moving to stand between them, and they pushed themselves up. Harry gently slid his hands behind their heads and guided their faces to his cock. Each of them took a side and began dragging their tongues along his length. From base to tip, they lathered his shaft with their saliva. Harry pressed the tip against Angela's mouth, and she instantly began sucking on it. Before she could get too far, Harry pulled out and did the same for Jessica.

Jessica was a bit greedier and quickly began bobbing her head. Harry pulled out, and they looked up at him, their faces flushed pink with excitement. "Lie back, Jessica," Harry told the blonde.

Jessica did as she was told and dropped down with her legs spread, eagerly expecting her pussy to get stuffed. "Now, climb on top of her, Angela ... Facing me," he told the brunette. Angela's face burned bright with embarrassment, but she was quick to follow his instructions.

Angela threw her leg over her friend and scooted down her body until they were in the sixty-nine position. Angela gasped when she felt Jessica's warm breath hitting her overheated pussy. Jessica's hot, fragrant pussy was right below her, and she could see the juices clinging to her womanly folds. Harry tilted her head upward by the chin, and Angela nearly lost herself in his smoldering gaze. He leaned down and kissed her sweetly. Angela moaned into his mouth and desperately tried to deepen the kiss. Ever since leaving Forks, every night she had dreamed of being in his arms again. Now that it was actually happening, her heart was thumping loudly in her chest in anticipation of what was to come. Harry kissed her lower lip and then her upper before pulling away. Harry then smiled sexily at her, which made her pussy drip on Jessica's face. "Lower yourself onto Jessica's mouth," he told her.

Angela's face grew hot, but she did as she was told. She slowly lowered her bottom down until she was practically sitting on Jessica's face. She felt her pussy touch her lips.

"Make her feel good, Jessica," he called out to the horny blonde while gently stroking her sopping wet cunt. He kept his eyes on Angela's pretty face, and when she suddenly gasped, he knew that Jessica had started licking her slick pussy. He then kissed Angela again as he penetrated Jessica to the hilt. He heard Jessica's muffled squeal as the head of his cock hit her g-spot. Harry then broke the kiss and pulled out of Jessica. He gently guided Angela's head down until she was cleaning the pussy juice from his shaft. Harry moaned as Angela's soft, full lips worked his shaft. Harry then slid his shaft from her mouth while Angela tried to keep it in. He slid back into Jessica and could feel her silky walls fluttering around him and gripping his shaft. His hips began to slowly piston back and forth while Angela looked up at him with a desperate look in her eyes.

"How does her tongue feel?" Harry teased her. Angela blushed madly and trembled as she straddled Jessica's face. He could hear Jessica slurping up her juices while moaning from getting fucked.

"G-Good," Angela stuttered and then shuddered hard. Her hips were now moving, and he could see that she was grinding herself against Jessica's mouth.

"Maybe you should return the favor," Harry told her while massaging Jessica's clit with his thumb. Angela bit her lip and slowly lowered her head. Harry took his thumb from her clit while Angela turned her head and rested the side of her face against Jessica's flat belly. From her angle, she had a close-up view of Jessica's pussy being stuffed. The smell of Jessica's arousal

flooded her nostrils as her face inched closer to the point of penetration. Jessica's clit was hard and swollen, and when she finally flicked her tongue over it, she felt Jessica buck underneath her. Harry ran his fingers through her hair and gently scratched her scalp, sending shivers down her spine. Angela flicked her tongue over it again ... and again. She then scooted closer and pressed her tongue hard against it. She wiggled her tongue around in a way that Angela herself enjoyed having someone perform on her. Jessica was gasping and moaning hard into her pussy, and the vibrations of her voice against her clit made it feel even better.

Harry smirked as he stared down at Angela, wiggling her tongue around Jessica's clit. Jessica was squirming badly as the duo worked on her together. It wasn't long before Harry felt her tighten around him and squeal into Angela's pussy. Harry pulled out of Jessica and scooped Angela into his arms. He flipped her over and laid her flat against Jessica's front. As she stared down into Jessica's eyes, Harry grabbed Angela's hips and lifted her ass. He slid the slick head of his cock up and down the length of her dripping slit and thrust forward when he reached her opening.

Jessica blushed wildly as she stared into her friend's eyes. Angela's mouth opened, and she cried out when Harry entered her. Her body began being jerked back and forth, and though she couldn't see it, she knew Angela was getting pounded from behind. Angela's top half collapsed onto her, and all Jessica could do was wrap her arms around her as she cried out in pleasure. "Jessica," she called out breathlessly as their hard nipples rubbed together. Jessica could smell the scent of her own pussy on Angela's lips, and the thought of it turned her on even more than she already was. It was strange that the two of them never fooled around when alone, but when they were with Harry, all their inhibitions seemed to vanish. Harry always seemed to bring out the sluts in both of them. There was no point in denying it. Jessica knew the best thing to do was just embrace it. She pulled Angela's head down and kissed her deeply. Angela didn't even try to stop it. In fact, her tongue slipped into Jessica's mouth right before she squealed through her first orgasm of the night.

Harry switched it up and re-entered Jessica, who was barely starting to come down from her orgasm. As soon as he entered her, her walls clamped down on him and massaged his thrusting shaft. Her waning orgasm immediately flared, and she squealed into Angela's mouth. They broke the kiss and stared into each others eyes as Harry took turns fucking them both. When one of them orgasmed, he immediately switched to the other. Before long, they were both a twisted pile of spasming bodies, and Harry showed no sign of slowing down. They both knew it would be a very long night, and they were both very eager to see it through.