

Metal and Magic

Chapter 33

The safehouse was a small rectangular house with blackout curtains hung over every window and a thick steel door that looked like it would survive a siege. Harry and Natasha tiredly trudged up the walkway. Harry scanned the street behind them and checked for tails, but he only saw the quiet sprawl of old Soviet-era apartment blocks. Harry did a quick magical scan before opening the door.

Harry set Natasha's duffel bag on the flimsy kitchen table, which wobbled under the weight. Natasha immediately twisted the two deadbolts. She exhaled loudly and let her forehead thump against the door for a moment. Her hair was streaked with crud from the tunnel, and there were blue circles under her eyes that hadn't been there before the operation. She was still beautiful, but the last two days had obviously taken a toll.

"We should be safe here until the pickup is ready," she said, not looking at him, and Harry nodded. He was tired, but Natasha seemed utterly exhausted. Harry guessed that even super spies could still buckle under the weight of too much stress.

She lifted her foot onto a chair and began unlacing her boots. Harry watched as she leaned against the wall with one leg drawn up to her chest and pulled the first boot free. The sock underneath was dark with filth. She made a face but didn't say anything. He started to do the same, and there was a minute of silence while they both removed their wet shoes and socks. The only sounds in the room were the dull thuds and snaps of wet clothing hitting the floor.

Natasha finished first. She stood and faced him with her hands on her hips. "Let's take a shower," she said, pointing down the hallway with a commanding jerk of her chin.

"You don't have to tell me twice," Harry tiredly chuckled and followed her down the hall.

Natasha opened the door to the tiny bathroom and flicked the light on. The bulb was sickly yellow, and the harsh light revealed a large crack in the bathroom mirror. The shower stall was barely big enough for two people. Natasha turned the tap, and after a few seconds of groaning pipe noises, water gushed out. The water looked slightly brownish at first, but thankfully, it eventually cleared up.

She stripped her top off and flung it onto the toilet tank. The bra came next. Harry happily watched as her large tits spilled out. She carelessly tossed her bra on top of her shirt. She shimmied out of her trousers, stepped out of the puddle of fabric, and kicked them away, nearly tripping as the damp material clung to her ankle. By then, Harry had removed his shirt and jeans. She grabbed Harry by the waistband of his boxers and dragged him closer.

“In,” she simply said, and Harry quickly complied. Natasha didn’t seem in the mood for any arguments ... not that he would have argued about showering with the busty redhead. She pushed his boxers down with both hands, and his throbbing cock sprang out. He kicked them off and stepped into the shower first, letting the hot water hit his shoulders and blast away two days’ worth of grime. Natasha stepped in behind him, pushed him forward so she could stand under the spray, and tilted her head back. Harry chuckled as she moaned. She then wiped her face and sighed.

Harry watched the water run down Natasha’s skin, tracing a path between her jiggling breasts. Her body was quite toned, but she was also soft and fleshy in all the right places. He particularly loved the curve of her hips, the roundness of her ass, and the full weight of her naked breasts. He reached for the cheap bottle of soap on the shower ledge, squirted some into his hands, and turned to her.

She took the bottle from him and squeezed a double handful directly onto her chest, letting it ooze between her wet tits. “Help me out, yeah?” she said. Even though she was tired, he could hear in her voice that she was down for a bit of fun. She turned around and pressed her jutting ass against his hard cock.

Harry smiled cheekily, planted both hands on her shoulders, and worked the soap into her collarbones, down her arms, then to her chest. She arched her back, pushing her tits harder into his hands. He lathered up her breasts and kneaded them gently. He paid special attention to each stiff, crinkled nipple. Natasha gasped when he rolled the hard, little nubs between his fingers. He gently tugged on them, making her mewl. He tugged harder when she grunted and dug her nails into his hip, silently demanding more. He slid his hands down, soaping her ribs and the flat of her stomach. His hands then lowered over the swell of her hips and the smoothness of her thighs. She reached behind, palmed his hard cock, and slowly began tugging on it.

“Get my back,” she ordered, and Harry did exactly that. He ran his palms over her shoulder blades, using his thumbs to trace the line of her spine. Her head fell forward, and she braced herself with her arms against the shower wall, trembling as his hands roamed down to the small of her back. “Harder,” she demanded, and he pressed harder, using the heel of his hand to work out a knot at the base of her spine. She let out a deep, satisfied moan.

Harry leaned in, pressed his lips to the spot just under her ear, and began peppering her with soft kisses. Natasha reached back and tangled her fingers in his hair, pulling him closer. She twisted her body so she could face him. Her lips were parted sexily, and she was breathing heavily. Natasha then lunged forward and kissed him. It was a passionate, open-mouthed kiss that had their tongues fighting for dominance. He grabbed her by the waist, pressed her up against the cold tile, and she hooked her leg around his thigh, pulling him in tighter.

They stayed there making out for a long while, letting the water cascade down their naked bodies. Eventually, Natasha broke the kiss, panting. She reached down, grabbed the soap again, and squeezed another fat dollop into Harry's palm.

"Now do my hair," she said. He could tell by the sound of her voice that she was now in a much better mood.

Harry lathered the thick bundle of red hair between his fingers. He worked the soap into her scalp, and she leaned against him, shivering with pleasure. He moved down, soaping her neck, her shoulders, and her arms. When he reached her chest again, his hands lingered. He slowly and eagerly massaged her big, squishy tits. Natasha moaned and arched her back, allowing him to do whatever he wanted. When he finished, she spun around and did the same for him. She scrubbed his body and took her time with his cock and balls.

The water was turning cold by the time they finished. Natasha turned off the tap and reached for a towel. She wrapped it around herself and tossed a second one in Harry's direction. He caught it and rubbed himself dry.

He followed her out into the main room, and Natasha dropped her towel onto the back of a chair. Harry tossed his towel on top of hers, and his wand appeared in his hand. He gave it a flick, and both of their bodies dried the rest of the way. Now dry and warm, Natasha crawled into bed on her hands and knees. Harry watched her ass bouncing from side to side, and he could see her taut, plump pussy lips pressed tightly together between her thick thighs. Even though he had just dried her, her lips were already glistening wet.

Natasha rolled on her back in the center of the mattress, and she spread her legs for him. She arched her back and slid both hands down her belly. Harry's eyes followed her fingers down until they slipped between her legs. There was no pretense of modesty. She pushed her knees even farther apart, as if she wanted to make sure Harry saw every detail.

Her pussy was completely bare and perfectly smooth. There wasn't any stubble in sight. The delicate lips were flushed with arousal and pressed tightly together, forming a perfect, inviting seam. When she brushed her fingertips up and down her slit, the lips just barely parted, flashing just a sliver of slick, pale pink flesh. In the dim light, her folds glimmered like they were begging to be kissed, licked, worshipped. Harry found himself staring at the way her mound dipped smoothly into the cleft, then swelled into the plump, taut lips. Her pussy looked incredibly tight, like her body was already clenching down and aching for him.

Natasha slowly circled her clit with her fingertip, and her other hand slid further down. She didn't take her eyes off Harry. He watched as her fingers caressed her pussy with teasing strokes. Harry's heart picked up speed as her index and middle fingers pressed together and traveled the length of her slit, parted it, and pulled her lips wide. She held them open and let out a soft moan. The inner folds glistened with wetness, and her entrance was shiny and desperate to be

fucked. Natasha lifted her hips while holding her pussy open with two fingers, and used the other hand to toy with her swollen clit.

“Come here.” Natasha’s voice was thick with arousal. Harry’s cock was so hard, it almost hurt. He climbed onto the foot of the bed and crawled forward until his knees were between her spread thighs. He could smell her wonderfully fragrant pussy, and the scent made his cock throb. Natasha dragged her fingers down, collected her own wetness, and reached for his cock. She smeared her drippings across the head, then pumped him a few times before guiding him closer.

But Harry was greedy. He wanted to take his time. He hovered over her until his face was inches from hers. He could see the flush on her cheeks and the wild, hungry look in her eyes. Natasha grabbed him by the back of the head and crushed her mouth to his, kissing him with a ferocity that surprised even him.

Harry had just started to suck on her tongue when Natasha snaked her hand between their bodies, grabbed his cock at the base, and guided the swollen tip right up to her slick opening. He felt the heat from her pussy radiating against the sensitive head, and he moaned in anticipation. Natasha moaned into his mouth as she used the head of his cock to stroke up and down her slit, painting herself with her own pussy juice. Natasha then pressed the head against her entrance and rolled her hips, making her lips stretch and bloom around him. He felt the ring of her opening suddenly give, and then her tight, wet heat swallowed him whole.

The sensation of being inside her was amazing. Her pussy was so incredibly hot, it was like she was melting around him. Her walls squeezed and rippled as he slid in, hugging his shaft from every direction. She was so wet, and he could feel the silky friction of her inner folds. He shuddered as the pleasure hit him, and he had to brace himself with both hands on the mattress to keep from losing control right then and there.

Natasha arched her back and hooked her ankles behind his waist, locking him in place. She used her arms to clutch his shoulders, and she lightly dug her nails into his skin. Every little movement of her hips made her cunt clench and milk his cock, drawing him deeper. Harry gasped at the sensation. He couldn’t help but rock his hips forward, and she moaned in approval. The sound of her animalistic moan was a sound he would never forget.

He looked down and watched his cock disappear into the impossibly tight squeeze of her pussy. Natasha’s pussy was so snug that it felt like her whole body was working to keep him inside. The sensation was almost overwhelming. Harry could feel every spasm, every flutter, and every trembling quiver. It was as if her body wanted to memorize the exact shape of his cock, and never let it go.

Natasha planted her feet flat on the mattress and started to fuck herself on his cock, using him like a toy and pulling him even deeper with every thrust. He couldn’t resist responding, and soon they were grinding against each other. Their movements were frantic and perfectly matched. He

wrapped one strong arm around her waist and used the other to palm her heavy breast, squeezing it as he pumped into her. She let out a ragged gasp as he bottomed out, and her whole body shook in pleasure.

Harry couldn't believe how good it felt to be inside her. She seemed hotter, wetter, and tighter than the last time he had fucked her, which wasn't that long ago. Every thrust sent a jolt of pleasure up his spine. He dragged his hips back until only the head remained inside, then plunged forward again, burying himself to the hilt. A loud, wet squelch followed every thrust. Each time he thrust forward, her pussy seemed to tug him in with more force, squeezing him tighter, and making him want to fuck her even harder.

Natasha urged him on by repeatedly squeezing him with her pussy, and Harry picked up the pace, slamming down into her over and over. Harry bent down to kiss her again, but this time, Natasha was the one who bit and sucked at his lips, never letting him dominate for even a second. She was wild and passionate under him, and her whole body writhed and bucked. Her cunt gripped his cock like a vice, and Harry moaned into her sweet lips. It wasn't long before the first orgasm of the night ripped through Natasha's curvy body. Her back arched, and her toes curled as she squealed. However, Harry wasn't done with her. He pulled out, and his cock was smeared with her cream and juices.

"Roll over." This time, it was Harry who was doing the commanding. Natasha instantly complied and flipped onto her hands and knees.

She lowered her chest flat to the bed, but she kept her hips and ass high in the air. The motion made her back dip into a deep, elegant arch, and her thick thighs spread wide to brace herself. Her hair tumbled down to the sheets and partially covered her beautiful face, but she ignored it. She focused only on the anticipation of being fucked every way she wanted. She parted her knees even farther, and her ass cheeks pulled apart, baring everything to Harry.

The sight was so obscene that Harry nearly lost control on the spot. Natasha's round, jutting ass quivered as she presented herself to him. She wiggled it impatiently, and he watched as her plump, perfectly smooth pussy lips glistened in the low light. They were pink, flushed, and already drooling with need. Every time she moved, the delicate folds slipped open and shut again, exposing the slick inner petals. A single bead of arousal dripped from the entrance to the sheets below. Above her pussy, her tight asshole winked with each tease of her hips. It was slightly darker than the rest of her pale, unblemished skin, and it was so taut it looked like nothing could ever fit inside. Of course, Harry already knew that that wasn't true.

He lined himself up and pressed the head of his cock against her entrance, and Natasha moaned loud enough to startle him. He dragged the tip up and down her slit, letting her juices coat him, and then he pressed forward. Her pussy stretched to accommodate him and sucked him in, inch by glorious inch. Harry gripped her hips with both hands and pulled her back onto his cock in a single, smooth motion. Her body took him far deeper than he thought possible. He

could feel the soft barrier of her cervix and the quivering tunnel of her cunt rippling and spasming around him.

He wasted no time. He began to fuck her with hard, brutal thrusts, pulling almost all the way out, then ramming all the way back in with a wet squelch. Each time he bottomed out, Natasha's ass jiggled and clapped, and her pussy clamped down even tighter. With every thrust, Natasha groaned and whimpered, and Harry saw that her hands had moved to grip the headboard for leverage. Her knuckles were white with strain, but she never stopped pushing back onto him, desperate for each new wave of pleasurable sensations.

Harry reached down, palmed her ass, and massaged the soft, jiggly flesh. He let his fingers trail up until he found her tight, puckering asshole. It was small and perfectly round, and it kept twitching with every thrust into her pussy. He pressed his thumb gently to the rim, and Natasha gasped and jerked her hips back, impaling herself even deeper. Harry circled the tight ring slowly, then pressed just hard enough to make her tremble and moan. She arched her back even more, offering her ass to him and begging wordlessly for more.

"You want more?" he asked, voice rough with desire.

"Fuck, yes, keep going ... harder," Natasha hissed into the sheets. He chuckled and slammed his hips forward in a relentless rhythm. He worked his thumb around her asshole, using her pussy juices as lube, and then slid it partway inside. Her entire body shuddered at the sensation. Her pussy clenched and gripped his cock with a vice-like strength, and she came violently, screaming into the pillow as her orgasm ripped through her. Natasha's thighs shook, and her ass bucked back against him. Even as the orgasm subsided, Harry never slowed down. He kept fucking her, and soon he felt new gushes of wetness on his cock and thighs.

He pulled out just enough to watch her pussy gape open. It was stretched wide and dripping with cream. Harry then plunged back in. He wanted to see her lose control completely. He pumped into her again and again, and each time his cock bottomed out, her pussy would squish and squirt. He pounded her until Natasha was begging for mercy. Her voice was ragged and starved for air.

"Oh, god! If you don't slow down, I'm going to ..." she began, but her words trailed off as another orgasm overtook her. This one was even more intense. Her pussy muscles spasmed around his cock, milking him with desperate, rhythmic contractions. Harry's own orgasm was building, but he fought to hold it off. He wanted to make her cum again. He wanted to see her squirt, and he wanted to see her tremble and scream.

He pressed his thumb deeper into her asshole, and it opened for him, greedily swallowing it up to the knuckle. Natasha's entire body seized, and she howled. Her pussy squirted a dribble of clear liquid that mixed with the thick cream already coating Harry's shaft. The sheets below them were soaked, and the slippery mess made his cock slide even easier inside her. The

feeling of her spasms, the sounds of her voice, and the sight of her beautiful, trembling ass were too much to handle. Harry couldn't take it any longer.

He gripped her hips tight and slammed into her with savage, desperate thrusts. Natasha clawed at the mattress, and her body began to collapse from the intensity of another orgasm. She couldn't hold herself up any longer. Her legs went limp, and she half-fell to the bed, but Harry just followed her down, never letting her pussy slip off his cock.

Her final orgasm hit her so hard that she screamed his name. The muscles in her pussy fluttered and squeezed, milking Harry with a suction so powerful it nearly hurt. Harry finally let himself go. His balls tightened, and he shot a hot, thick load of cum deep inside her. Natasha moaned and pushed her hips back to take all of it, and her pussy spasmed so hard that she squeezed every drop from him. Harry collapsed over her back, still buried inside, and the two of them stayed like that. They panted together, and Harry laid soft kisses on her bare shoulder.

Natasha was the first to move. She let her body go limp and let out a satisfied, exhausted sigh. Harry gently pulled out and watched as a creamy trickle of cum leaked from her pussy, rolled down her thighs, and pooled onto the sheets. He flopped onto his back, and Natasha rolled to her side, curling up next to him.

They just lay there for a moment, catching their breath. Harry reached over and gently pushed a strand of red hair from Natasha's cheek. She looked completely spent, but she wore a pleased little smile. "That was exactly what I needed," she mewled tiredly.

"Yep. It's a great end to a shitty day," Harry said as Natasha snuggled deeper into his body. Harry pulled a sheet over their bodies as Natasha yawned out a "Mmmhmm."

The long day finally caught up with her, and before long, she was fast asleep. Harry closed his eyes and followed her soon after.