

Chapter 4

“So ... how’s it going?” Natasha asked him in a sing-song voice. She had been calling him every so often, probably on Fury’s orders, but maybe not. She did seem interested in him.

“Oh, you know. Just hanging in there,” he replied happily. It was nice to talk to the sexy redhead. She was smart as a whip and quite witty. You could always count on her for a snappy comeback. What she didn’t know was that he was indeed hanging. Harry was suited up and attached to the ceiling of a building inside of a terrorist compound.

The Black Tide was an organization made up of the craziest people that you could imagine. Luckily they weren’t a large group. He guessed that there weren’t that many complete nutcases out there. Even criminals with half a brain would stay away from those lunatics. They liked to preach about the causes that they were fighting for and all the same crap that every other terrorist cell talked about. In the end, all they cared about was money. Harry was looking down at a crap ton of money! Stacks of cash in five by five-foot squares.

“Bianca, do your thing,” he said to his sexy AI.

“Yes, sir,” she replied before going silent. It was a few seconds later that her report came up over the HUD.

Harry whistled. “Counterfeit,” he said, amazed that they could produce so many quality fakes without going noticed, at least by anyone other than SHIELD. Even they didn’t know about this.

“Oh, I can see that,” he could hear the smirk in Natasha’s voice. Harry groaned.

“Let me guess. Fury’s letting you watch?”

“Bingo,” she laughed. “By the way, the quality of your helmet cam is very good! It’s nice and crisp ... very high res. Where did you get it from?” she asked. She was always curious about his gear. She wasn’t subtle about wanting some of his gear for herself. He’d possibly make some toys for her if she asked nicely.

“Where else?” Harry asked, panning his head around to transmit as much info to SHIELD as possible. “Tony makes the best cameras on the market. I told him that they should produce a model for the average consumer. They only cater to the high-end customer. NASA buys a lot of them. He said something about profits being too low. Go figure,” he said sweeping his field of view across the room again.

“Potter, go back to the corner you just passed. Right there, stop!” Fury said. “Focus on that air duct on the upper wall.”

Harry did as requested. He liked to pretend that Fury requested. In reality, the one-eyed bastard just told and expected immediate obedience. Harry would play ball until the grump went too far, then Harry would have to put him in his place. Harry focused on the spot. Without asking, Bianca scanned the air duct cover. The readout flashed over his HUD. SHIELD was seeing the same as him.

“Titanium,” Harry said. “They must really want to keep this room secure,” he added.

“The reason why is obvious,” Natasha chimed in. “They’ve got enough funny money in there to really screw up the economy. If they released all that cash into the market, it could cause immediate inflation, not counting the problems of a lot of people handling tons of fake money. That’s if they’re not trying to use it to buy some WMD or hire some mercenaries.” Natasha shook her head at the feed she was watching.

When she had heard about the mission that Harry was going on, she tried to talk Fury into sending her with him. Obviously, that didn’t work. Thankfully she was able to talk him into letting her watch the feed that Harry was so graciously providing. He only let her because she was likely going to be one of the Agents that took down the terrorist cell the following day. This was the first part of the mission, intel gathering. So far, they had figured out the rough number of enemies they would likely be facing, the best spots to enter, the guard rotations, the weapons that they would be facing, and much more. Potter was making himself useful. Now if she could only convince him to make her a few goodies that she could use in her line of work. She had a new silk nightie that he may like, she smirked to herself. She wiped it off her face before her boss saw. It was never a good idea to show all her cards.

She had talked to Maria even more since finding out about their little tryst when they had first met. She liked what she heard. Apparently, he could get her where she was trying to go. If it turned out to be true, then that was really saying something about his skill as a lover. Natasha was not an easy woman to please in the bedroom. It had always been difficult for her to achieve orgasm. Even with her fingers, or even toys, it was hard to get her to cum. She had always been like that. Some girls were just harder to please. Perhaps it had something to do with the Red Room. Since “graduating” from that place, she wasn’t as prone to feeling pain as she normally would have been. It was only logical that she wouldn’t be as sensitive to pleasure either. What Maria had told her had her eyes widening, and her itching to try him out. She said that he could coax pleasure from her body with such ease that it didn’t even look like he was trying. Coming from Maria, she knew it had to be true. She wasn’t an easy girl to please either. She turned her attention back to the feed.

Harry looked around to make sure no one was looking. All the guards were looking the other way. Quickly he dropped down and silently landed in a crouch in between two large cubes of cash. Listening closely, he couldn’t hear any yells or footsteps. Nodding his head, he removed the camera from his helmet and swept it along the ground.

“Pressure plates,” came the voice of the Director. “God only knows what happens if they go off. Could be an alarm, could be a booby-trap. Better stay away from that money.”

Fury didn’t need to tell him. Harry took out a miniature microphone and hid it underneath a pile of money, making sure not to hit the plate. He had already hidden a few different cameras around the facility. Hopefully, they wouldn’t be spotted. Putting the camera back on his helmet, he sneaked around until he was sure he wouldn’t be spotted. He jumped high up into the air and spun until he connected back onto the ceiling. Slowly he crawled back to the vent that he had come through. This one wasn’t good for anything. Too many problems getting through. When you added the titanium, it meant that a sneak attack probably wasn’t on the table. Fury would think of something though. Turning off his camera, he made sure to cover his tracks before apparating away.

Popping back into his own personal room in the Helicarrier, he took off his helmet and sighed in comfort. Wearing the helmet was cool and all, but it wasn’t exactly comfortable to keep on for hours at a time. He went to the bathroom and washed his face with cold water. It could get a little sweaty in there. Drying his face off, he left the bathroom only to come face to face with the gorgeous Russian redhead. “Natasha,” Harry greeted her, tossing the towel onto an unused chair.

“Potter,” she returned his greeting. “Good work on getting some useful intel. Should make our job easier tomorrow,” she said, sitting on the couch next to him.

“Hope so,” he answered. “Any idea on how many, and who will be part of the task force?” Harry asked, sitting back on the comfy, leather sofa.

“Don’t know,” she said, matching him by sitting back, her arm brushing his. “That’s up to Fury. You and I for sure. Clint’s out on that mission in Taiwan, so he’s out.”

“Still jealous about not getting that mission?” Harry asked, chuckling from his memory of a very annoyed Natasha.

“What can I say? I like Taiwanese food,” she smiled.

“Mmmhmm,” he hummed, closing his eyes and resting. He didn’t buy it for a moment. There was a reason why she wanted to go to Taiwan. He couldn’t figure it out. Bianca couldn’t even figure it out, but there definitely was a reason. In the end, it didn’t really matter to him. She had her secrets, and he had his. Fury had enough secrets to fill the Helicarrier. Everyone had some. Like the way Maria chattered like a chipmunk when he nibbled on her sexy bottom.

“I can see that perverse smile on your face, Potter,” she chuckled. “Whatever you’re thinking, I suggest you put it on the back burner. I don’t do that stuff on a first date.”

“First date?” he raised an eyebrow. “You finally decided to take me out huh?”

Natasha snorted. "You're the one taking *me* out. Don't get the wrong idea Potter. I'm not interested in a boyfriend. It's just that a girl in my line of work doesn't get many opportunities to spend the evening with a good-looking guy without having to constantly lie. It'll be a nice change of pace," she explained, stretching. He heard her bones cracking and looked at her. She was bowing her shoulder blades, making her breasts stick out even further than normal. He could definitely work with that!

"Guess you're right about that. Besides, we got that mission tomorrow night. May as well enjoy ourselves while we can. That flight to Cambodia is going to be a bitch," he smiled at the sexy spy.

"It would be if you actually had to sit on the plane! Not all of us can teleport, you know," Natasha shook her head. It wasn't often that she was jealous, but his ability to pop around the world in a matter of seconds definitely made her envious. "Are you going to be a gentleman and offer me a ride?" she asked. She damn sure didn't want to spend ten hours sitting on a plane.

"Sure, just don't throw up on my shoes. It's not the most pleasant of sensations," he said, checking his watch. It was nearly five in the afternoon. "I better shower if I'm going to take you out for a good time. I assume you need a lift down to the city?" he asked. They were off the coast of California, close to LA.

"Sounds good. Let me just get my bag." A few minutes later, she came back into his room carrying a black duffel bag. He didn't bother asking what was inside of it. Not like he would get a straight answer anyway.

"Just take hold of my arm and don't let go. You'll feel like you're getting sucked through a straw," he told her, offering her his arm.

She took it and asked, "You dropping me off at the SHIELD LA offices?"

Harry nodded. "As good a place as any. I have an apartment close by. It's nothing fancy, just a safe house of sorts. You can use that to get ready if you'd prefer," he said, getting ready to apparate.

"Just casual clothes tonight, right?" she asked.

"Whatever you want, love," he smiled in return. He liked spending time with her. She was easy to get along with.

"Then take me to the apartment. I've got some clothes in my bag," she hefted her bag up to indicate. Harry nodded, and they disappeared. Natasha squeaked slightly when they reappeared. She glared at Harry who was laughing gently at her expense.

"It takes some getting used to," he explained, leading her into the apartment. It was just your normal everyday two-bedroom apartment near downtown Los Angeles. No tour was given because there wasn't anything to see. It was pretty plain and boring ... if you didn't count all his hidden toys and supplies. "You can use that room over there," he pointed at the room closest to the kitchen. "That's the master bedroom with a bath and shower. I'll use the shower out here," he told her, pointing to the room next to a bathroom. She bid him a temporary adieu and entered her room, closing the door behind her.

Later That Night

They came back to the apartment, having had a fun night on the town. She had wanted to go bowling, so that's what they did. They had beer and pizza at the bowling alley.

"So how does it feel to get your ass kicked by a girl?" she chuckled, bumping his hip with hers.

"Not too bad," he laughed in return. "I've never bowled before!" he said, laughing at his misfortune. His bowling skills weren't up to par it seemed.

"I've never seen someone roll five gutterballs in a row! Must be a record," she laughed, hugging his arm.

"It takes a keen eye and a sure hand," he joked as he unlocked and opened the door. He tossed the keys on the table by the door and turned the lights on. The night had been fun. Nothing spectacular happened. It was just two people bowling and joking around. He spent most of the night checking her out, as did most of the men in there. She looked really good in her t-shirt and tight blue jeans. She filled them both out very well. He turned to her to say something when she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. He moaned into her mouth as their tongues slid over each other.

She edged him up against the wall and pressed herself tightly against him. The way she rubbed herself on him left no doubt as to what she desired. He was surely going to give her what she wanted. His hands slid down her back and cupped her shapely rear as she sucked on his lip. Giving her buns a squeeze earned him a moan and a nip on the neck.

Natasha didn't want to waste time beating around the bush. They had to be back on the Helicarrier by six a.m., and she didn't want to spend what time she did have playing hard to get. She licked his neck as he groped her bottom. Wanting to take things further, she said, "Bedroom!" before going back to attacking his bare skin. Harry lifted her up by her bottom and carried her into the master bedroom. Feeling herself drop, she bounced on the mattress, and Harry lowered himself and kissed her again. She continued to kiss him as she felt his hands unbuttoning her jeans. The zipper lowered and she raised her hips as the tight denim was lowered down her thighs.

Harry peppered her bare thighs with kisses as he lowered her jeans. The moment they were pulled down, her scent hit him like a ton of bricks. Her body smelled so good. Lowering them further, he proceeded to drag his lips down with them, tasting her skin as he went. He made sure to channel magic through his lips to give her a taste of what was to come.

Natasha shuddered with pleasure as his lips explored the silken flesh of her bare legs. Her jeans were finally pulled off her bare feet, having kicked off her shoes earlier. His hands were fondling every inch of available skin when she pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it to the side. Now she was sitting there in only her black bra and panties.

A growl escaped his lips when he caught sight of the curvy redhead in only her underwear. He grabbed his shirt and yanked it off. Tossing it away, he quickly undid his trousers as Natasha laid there, sexily rubbing her leg with her bare foot! Stepping out of the irritating material, he was finally free, wearing only his boxers. Natasha's foot snaked out and poked inside the waistband. He watched with bated breath as she lowered them, her soft foot brushing against his enormous erection.

Natasha couldn't believe her eyes as she lowered his boxers with her foot. His erection sprang out of his underwear the moment they were lowered. 'Holy crap! That thing is huuuuge!' she thought as she got her first sight of the beast. It was massive and veiny, and she was sure that it could hit any spot that she desired. Licking her lips, she got on her knees and kissed his chest as her hands explored his muscled stomach. She felt Harry kiss the top of her head and run his fingers through her hair, turning her on even further. His hands slid around her body and unclasped her bra. Her big breasts burst out of the tight garment as he lowered the straps. His lips followed the path as the straps fell from her feminine shoulders, and she held in a breath when his hands slipped under the material and cupped her large mounds. When his thumbs brushed against her aching nipples, she moaned embarrassingly loud.

"Oooooooooohhhhhh god!" she slurred, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as pure pleasure traveled from her nipples, straight into her wet pussy. Her back bowed, and her chest was thrust out giving him ample opportunity to play with her fantastic tits. She didn't even see him lowering his head until she felt his lips clamp down on her hardened nubs. Her shuddered breath let him know that he was on the right path. He was surprised though. Most girls would have orgasmed when he directed magic straight into their nipples. She must be a tough nut to crack, he smirked into her tit. He'd crack her.

Natasha was too busy pulling his head into her chest trying to get him to suckle her tits even harder to notice that he was sliding her panties down her smooth legs. He pushed her back, and she fell onto her back causing her legs to kick up. He quickly snagged her panties and pulled them all the way off of her. She was breathing heavily, watching him hold the last piece of clothing that she had on. Perversely, he wrapped them around his cock and started stroking himself. It was a miracle that she didn't blush. The guy was such a pervert! Right now her juices were being smeared all over his big cock, and she wasn't even getting the benefit of doing it herself! How rude! She crawled on her hands and knees and peeled her panties off of his

erection. Tossing them aside, she lowered her head and lewdly dragged her tongue up the length of his raging boner.

Harry groaned as he felt her tongue bathe his hard cock. She must have liked what she had tasted because she moaned and started sucking his balls. Her hand started working his cock in tandem and soon he was moaning right along with her.

His fingers slid through her hair and gently scratched her scalp as she pleased him. The sensation had her pussy tingling. For some odd reason, her scalp was always quite sensitive to the touch. At the moment, she didn't care about the reasons why she only cared about the way it made her pussy leak. Wanting to taste the real thing, she let go of his balls and took his member into her mouth. Slowly she worked it down her throat. It was so long that she could only get about halfway down! Bobbing her head, she sucked him off while playing with his hanging testicles. Her eyes fluttered as he resumed his light scratching of her scalp, making her pussy even wetter. When suddenly he pulled it out of her mouth, she looked up wondering why.

"I think it's time that I tasted you," he said, joining her on the bed. "Turn around," he said, squeezing her hips. She did what he asked, turning around until her wide hips and large ass was facing him. "Mmmm, such a fantastic ass. Lift it up for me," he commanded, slapping her ass loudly, making her round cheeks jiggle. She bit her lip and followed his command. She couldn't believe the nerve of this guy! There wasn't a man alive who could claim that he slapped the ass of the Black Widow and got away with it!

Harry watched as she arched her back. Her pale, plump ass rose into the air giving him a lovely view of everything that she had to offer. His hands trailed up the smooth skin of her legs as he placed his face between her plump cheeks.

Natasha looked over her shoulder to see that Harry had pressed his face right between her cheeks! She bit her lip when he started shaking his face back and forth, motorboating her large ass! His hands gripped the front of her thighs and pulled her closer. Now his face was completely mashed up against her naked pussy! She gasped when his tongue lapped at the juices rolling out of her damp folds. She was a little embarrassed at the wet slurping sounds coming from behind her. She hadn't been this wet in a long time, possibly never! He dragged his tongue from her clit all the way to her asshole, licking up all of her moisture along the way.

"Mmmm, that's nice," she groaned huskily, his tongue rimming her tight little hole. Her ass trembled when his other hand toyed with her engorged clit. She was so horny! Juices were literally rolling down her thighs! He placed the tip of his tongue against her asshole. She felt the tip of his tongue tighten up and suddenly become a bit more rigid before pushing into her crinkled hole. Her eyes bulged as his tongue entered her! This was the first time she had ever been tongue-fucked in the ass! She wasn't ready for what came next. Suddenly his tongue started vibrating harder than she had ever felt before, and he pulled her clit as she felt pure pleasure strike the hardened nub like a bolt of lightning!

“FUUUUUUCK!” she wailed, slamming her fist against the bed as her pussy erupted, squirting streams of juices across the room. The moment she started squirting, the bastard Harry Potter got behind her and slid all the way inside her cumming pussy! His dick made her juices fly in every direction! Now it was splashing across her back and getting in her hair! She couldn't even say anything. She was too busy crying out into the pillow from the largest orgasm she had ever felt! She felt her back get covered in her own juices as Harry slammed his hips into her backside. The wet sounds of flesh colliding filled the room and mixed with her mewls and curses as his massive pole stretched her well-fucked cunt. She cried out when he leaned over and licked the middle of her spine while reaching under her and groping her hanging breasts. Her nipples were being tweaked and pulled as his thrusting seemed to increase in pace. One hand left a tit and slid down her flat belly.

“No!” she was barely able to squeak out when he pinched her overly-sensitive clit between his fingers and rolled it around, massaging his magic into it. Her thick ass trembled again, and Harry slapped it as she came around him!

“No more, please!” she cried as he gripped her ass cheeks hard and ground his cock against her as he groaned loudly and spurted load after load into her steamy, wet cunt. Her body shook and was hit with violent spasms as he filled her up. She could only lay there, face down, ass up like a whore, and take his offerings. She groaned as he pulled out, and she felt a glob of cum leak out and run down the inside of her silky thigh. SMACK!

“EEEEEEK!” she cried out when he spanked her hard. “I’m going to kick your ass when I can actually move, Potter,” she groaned out, nearly out of breath. She collapsed on the bed and curled up in the fetal position.

Harry shook his head at the poor girl. She couldn't hang with him, sexually speaking. Not yet anyway. He'd have to get her up to speed. All in good time, he thought as he watched his seed leak out of her abused pussy. He checked the time. They had less than eight hours to sleep and get ready. Getting to the Helicarrier in a timely fashion wouldn't be a problem for them. He looked back at the sexy redhead. She was already breathing steadily with her eyes closed. She was asleep. He softly slipped in next to her and pulled her slightly on top of him. She buried her face in his shoulder and threw a leg and an arm over him. He kissed the top of her head and fell asleep next to her. They had a busy day tomorrow.