

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 14

The book snapped shut as Harry finished for the day. He drained the rest of the room-temperature tea from his cup before placing it back on the saucer. He waved his hand and the cup and saucer were cleaned. He waved his hand again causing them both to float back to the kitchen where they placed themselves in the cabinet.

The spellbook that they had taken from the library was certainly interesting. As much as he wanted to sell it, he felt that some of the spells were a little too risky to be let out in public. As such, he would add the book to his private collection. He put the book in his desk drawer and locked it up. Getting up, he went over to his room and quietly opened the door. He smiled at Cordelia's sleeping form. He took a moment to perv on the sight of her exposed breasts as the sheets were pulled low. Cordelia preferred to sleep in his room with nothing on. Harry bit the bullet and allowed that to happen. It was a burden he was willing to shoulder. Through the darkness of the room, he could see the red, illuminated numbers of the bedside alarm clock. It was nearly midnight. Silently closing the door, he made sure that the front door was securely locked before apparating away.

In a nearby graveyard, Buffy just finished shoving a wooden stake through her second vampire. She coughed after inhaling a mouthful of vamp dust. "Gross!" she coughed. She was so distracted that she never noticed the fist flying at her until it hit her right in the face. Lights flashing behind her eyes, she stumbled back and caught a boot to the belly. Hitting the ground hard, she gasped for breath. Seeing a glint of steel, she rolled out of the way just as a sword pierced the grass right where she was before. She jumped to her feet and ducked under the swipe of a second sword. Buffy blocked the arm that was taking a third swipe at her and used both fists to knock both swords from the vampire's hands. The vampire growled angrily at her. Her punch was blocked, and she caught another fist in her belly. Doubling over, the vampire grabbed her in a bear-hug and leaned in menacingly.

Buffy grunted as she wildly thrashed in his grip, trying desperately to free herself. She watched helplessly as the discolored, sharp fangs got closer and closer to her exposed neck. Out of nowhere, she was dropped on her butt, and she watched the vampire struggle with wide eyes. His patterned tunic was pulled over his head and was strangling him as if by magic. When Harry jumped in and began punching the struggling vampire, Buffy wanted to laugh. His form wasn't the best, but he appeared to be having a lot of fun. She quickly got up and looked around for a weapon. Not seeing the swords, she grabbed her stake that was nearby. Running up to him, Buffy shoved her stake right into his heart, and he turned into dust a second later.

"You stole my kill," Harry accused, wiping the dust from his shirt.

"What can I say? You looked to be struggling ... you know ... will all the girlish flailing that you were doing," she teased him about his fighting style.

"Pffft! Chuck Norris wishes he had my moves," he told her as he looked around to make sure that the coast was clear.

"I'm sure," she snorted.

"You started early," he stated. She was supposed to wait until he arrived at midnight to begin her patrol. With Faith gone for the time being, Harry would step in and help out with patrols to give Buffy more free time. Graduation was approaching, and that meant one thing ... end of the year tests.

"Couldn't help it," she responded. "I was waiting and was ambushed by a couple of vamps. I took care of those, no problem. This last one was stronger though," she admitted, still looking around for the swords.

"What are you looking for?" Harry asked.

"Two swords. The vampire attacked me with them. I knocked them from his hands during the fight," she explained.

"I don't see them," Harry said, looking around.

"That's a shame. They looked old. We could have sold them and put the money toward our new house," she told him. Harry smiled at her.

"So you agree to move in after graduation?" he asked. Buffy blushed and nodded. Harry already knew that she would, but it was nice having a confirmation so that he could plan accordingly. He grabbed her hips and pulled her in. Buffy happily pressed her body against his and leaned into his hug. She let his warmth envelop her, which felt great on that chilly night. She closed her eyes and sighed happily as he squeezed her tightly. After a moment, he kissed the top of her head and let her go. Buffy would much rather spend the night in his arms than have to go back to patrolling, but life wasn't fair as she was so often told.

"My mom isn't too pleased though. She thinks I'm too young to live with a boy," Buffy said, rolling her eyes. "She's so old-fashioned!"

"She wants you to stay at home?" Harry wondered.

"That or live on campus. Thankfully, there's no rule that freshmen have to stay on campus. That would suck," she said, threading her fingers through his as they began to leisurely stroll through the cemetery.

"I'll talk to your mum. I'm sure I can make her see reason," Harry said confidently.

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Joyce listened to his pitch as she stood there in front of him.

“So by staying with me, I can keep her safe from all of the nasties that are running around this crumby town,” Harry told her as her silk blouse was pulled from inside of her skirt. She gasped as his hands slid underneath her shirt, and his fingers tickled her belly as they climbed higher. As he reached her breasts, his fingertips slipped underneath the cups of her bra. Her body suddenly spasmed when his fingers touched her hard and aching nipples. It had been too long since she had felt his touch. She was quite happy when his treatment of her breasts became rougher and more demanding. His entire hands pushed the cups of her bra over her tits, and he started squeezing and groping them. Joyce couldn’t help but rub her thighs together. Her pussy was so hot and wet.

She couldn’t believe her luck. She was just coming home from work for a late lunch and instead, she was about to get some afternoon delight. He grabbed her body and directed her over to the couch. He placed his hand on her upper back and bent her over the back of the couch. Her skirt was bunched up until her panty-clad ass was exposed. Harry roughly pulled them down. “Don’t worry Joyce, your daughter will be in good hands,” he told her slyly as he cupped her dripping pussy with his palm. Her eyes fluttered when his thumb rubbed her tight, little asshole. “Don’t you agree?” he asked, adding pressure to his thumb. Joyce squealed when it forced her hole open, and the tip of his finger pushed in. She was very glad that Buffy was still at school because at that moment, she felt his massive erection slip past her wet lips and hit her cervix. Joyce threw her head back and let out a high-pitched, shuddered moan.

“YES!” she screamed. “OH, GOD YES!” she cried out as Harry sculpted her insides with his thrusting cock.

I knew you’d see it my way,” Harry smirked as he spanked her ass hard, leaving a red handprint across her rippling cheeks.

It was later in the day that Harry found himself in his warehouse, taking stock of his items. Their graduation was looming, and Harry still hadn’t found a suitable home for them all. When he would eventually find one, he knew that it would be expensive, so he was pulling double duty to try and save enough. He heard the door bang open, and he looked up only to see Buffy coming in looking annoyed. “What’s wrong this time?” he asked, amused.

“I’ve been sent another Watcher,” she grumpily admitted.

“What’s his name?” Harry asked, counting the number of hairs from a Haklar Demon that he had ready to sell.

“Something Fisher-Price,” she told him.

“Like the toy company?” Harry asked, confused. With Buffy, you could never tell.

“I guess,” she shrugged. “He’s annoying.”

“No doubt,” he responded. “Just be careful around him until you know what he’s about,” he warned. Buffy nodded. She didn’t need to be told twice. Suddenly, she smiled.

“My mom said it’s okay if I live with you!” Buffy smiled and hugged him from behind. Harry chuckled. “She said that you convinced her. Thanks.”

“My pleasure,” Harry hid the smirk on his face. Harry turned around and kissed her deeply, which she happily reciprocated. Buffy suddenly broke the kiss.

“I forgot to mention it, but Willow has been acting strange lately,” Buffy said, sounding worried for her best friend.

“Oh?” Harry said. Buffy nodded.

“She’s been forgetful and distant. Sometimes I see her sitting there and staring off into space. Do you think that something’s wrong with her?” Buffy asked.

“I don’t know. Have you tried to talk to her?”

Buffy rolled her eyes. “Of course, I have! She just makes an excuse and runs away. Even Xander says that she’s acting weird. I’m worried.”

“And you want me to try and talk to her?” Harry wondered. Buffy nodded again.

“You’re good at talking to people. Maybe you can find out what’s wrong with her. Maybe it’s magical or something. Maybe she’s under some kind of demon spell like my mom was!” Buffy gasped. Harry calmed her down.

“How about I go see her now?”

“Perfect! I have to go anyway. The Fisher-Price guy wants to meet up so that he can impart his wisdom upon me,” she said sarcastically. “Thanks, Harry!” she chirped, wrapping her arms around the back of his neck for a quick but passionate makeout session.

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Willow was sitting in her room trying to read a book. Unfortunately, she couldn’t concentrate and sat the book down for the dozenth time in the past hour. She let out a deep sigh and flopped back on her bed. Instantly, her mind wandered back to the same thing that she had been thinking about for the last few days ... Harry.

Or more accurately, Harry's lips, his hands, his ... Willow jumped in surprise as someone knocked on her door. Thinking that it was her mom, she got off her bed and opened the door. Her face suddenly turned pink when the boy that she had been daydreaming about was suddenly in front of her.

"H-Harry? What are you doing here?" she asked nervously. He just stood there and smiled.

"Buffy asked me to check on you. She's been worried about you. She said that you've been distant lately," he confessed. Willow looked embarrassed. "Can I come in?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh! Yeah, of course. Come in!" she squeaked, moving out of the way.

"I hope you don't mind, but I used a bit of magic on your mum. She'll be a bit confused for the next few hours, but she'll be fine after that. She won't even remember that I stopped by," he told her as he walked into her room and sat on her bed. All she could do was nod. Harry reached out and took hold of her hand. He pulled her in and sat her next to him. Willow's face was burning red at that point.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked her. Willow nodded silently. "Do you have a fever or something?"

Harry wasn't used to dealing with horny teenagers that just happened to be more on the prudish and innocent side. As such, he placed his hand on her cheek and caressed her hot skin. Willow shuddered and gasped, closing her eyes as his fingers danced over her soft skin. Her lip quivered when his fingertips brushed over her neck. Her nipples were hard and aching. Her pussy was wetter than it ever had been, and her clit was swollen and throbbing. Willow couldn't take it anymore. She threw herself on him and attacked his lips.

Harry's eyes turned wide as the redhead suddenly straddled his lap and fiercely kissed him. 'Maybe I can find out what's wrong with her later,' he thought as she pushed him down on her bed and used a spell to disintegrate his pants.