

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 12

Joyce didn't know what had come over her. Over the last week or so, her mission in life had suddenly become crystal clear. The world was infested with the foulest creatures to have ever walked the planet ... practitioners of magic. After the brutal murder of those poor kids, she knew what she had to do. But after tonight, she wasn't so sure anymore. In fact, there were things that rapidly rose up her priority list. For one thing, getting to know Buffy's friend Harry a little bit better. He seemed like a nice young man.

"OH, GOD!" Joyce cried out as she arched her back, stuffing as much of her perky breast into his mouth as she could possibly fit. Just his tongue tickling her nipple alone was enough to drive her into a passionate frenzy. Joyce had never been one to jump from guy to guy. She had spent years with her former husband only for their relationship to end in divorce. After that, she had had a handful of short-term boyfriends that never seemed to stick around, especially since moving to Sunnydale. Needless to say, she hadn't had her socks blown off in quite a while. There was that incident with Giles and the band candy, but she didn't remember it very well. The magic involved kind of clouded her memories of it. Her night with Harry so far would be one that she would never forget. She could guarantee that.

She looked down and saw her hard, little nipple trapped between his puckered lips. He sucked on it hard and gave it a hard tug. She shuddered as her breast stretched as he pulled his head back. Finally, when her breast would no longer stretch, he let it go and let it snap back into place. Immediately her pussy tingled wildly. As he felt her body tremble, he chuckled merrily and rolled her over until she was straddling his waist. He gave her ass a hard slap which made her gasp. Joyce wasn't the wild type. From her past experiences, sex was always nice and pleasant and done in the missionary position. There definitely hadn't been any spanking involved. Another hard slap on her ass made her snap out of her thoughts. A fierce blush covered her lovely cheeks. She looked down and saw that his cock was resting right between her plump pussy lips. While her lips were hairless, her mound had a trimmed patch of brown pubic hair on it that looked nice and tidy. An intense bolt of pleasure rushed up her spine as Harry's hand slid up her belly and over her tit. Her pretty eyes fluttered as she fell forward and barely caught herself by gripping his muscular pecs. As if on autopilot, her body started moving before she even made the decision. Joyce's hips rolled back and forth as she ground on him. Her wet lips encased the underside of his shaft while she massaged him with her body.

She caught Harry's eyes as he stared up at her. Joyce blushed deeply and bit her lip before turning her head in embarrassment. The embarrassment didn't stop her body from moving. Her hands began fondling her own tits, massaging them, and playing with her incredibly hard nipples. Harry helped out by moving his hand down to her mound and using his fingers to rub slow circles over her throbbing clit. Joyce threw her head back and moaned like never before. Suddenly, Harry pulled her body down so that she was pressed against him. He captured her sweet lips in a passionate kiss while thrusting his hips. She squealed loudly into his mouth as

she was penetrated all the way to the cervix. The head of his cock mashed into her cervix wall, creating a wonderful mix of pain and pleasure. Pulling her head back, she broke the kiss so that she could properly breathe. Her breaths were coming in ragged and heavy with every thrust of his magnificent cock. Pleasured squeaks and squeals left her mouth and were nearly muffled by the loud clapping of his hips colliding with her fleshy ass. When he attached his lips to the underside of her neck and began to suck while his shaft stimulated her sensitive g-spot, Joyce had had enough.

Her mature body began quivering uncontrollably while her pussy tightened to unheard-of levels. It was as if her body could feel every ridge and bump on his wonderful cock as it sawed back and forth between her tightened lips. Joyce was forced to roll off of him. The pleasure was too intense for her to handle. She flopped around as her pussy contracted and leaked her juices down her legs. She had no idea that she had lit a fire that wouldn't be extinguished until Harry was fully sated. Her eyes bugged out when he grabbed her hips and lifted her ass high into the air. She tried to push herself up using her hands, but Harry put his hand in the middle of her back and forced her upper half back down. Only her ass was up in the air as he settled behind her. Her pussy was still cumming violently as Harry forced her knees apart. With her pussy open to him and her asshole exposed, all she could do was bite down on the pillow as he shoved his monstrous meat back into her fluttering hole. Her screams of pleasure echoed throughout the house.

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Harry was trying to catch his breath as he opened the door to Buffy's room. He was surprised to see her standing there with her arms crossed over her chest and tapping her foot. She raised an eyebrow at him.

"My mother?" she asked incredulously. Harry wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"The demon's grip was tight! It was a struggle to break the spell," he confessed with ragged breathing. "It took the better part of an hour," he told her.

"You've been in her room for seven hours!" she scoffed, clearly annoyed.

"Seven?" he asked, surprised. "Man ... Time flies when you're ..." he suddenly stopped when she looked at him.

"When you're what? Having fun?" she raised her eyebrow again.

"I didn't say that," Harry said, sitting on her bed and trying to hide the naughty smile that threatened to appear on his handsome face.

"Did you at least break the spell?" she whined as she sat next to him.

"Of course I did. I ain't no rookie. Now, do you have some Gatorade or something?" I'm a bit parched."

"Go buy your own Gatorade, you pervert," she huffed, crossing her arms again while also crossing her legs. Harry smirked. He leaned in and kissed the side of her neck. Buffy pretended that she wasn't interested, but didn't stop him when he lifted her up and sat her on his lap. She also didn't smack his hand away when he was feeling up her jean-covered leg.

"In all seriousness, it was the easiest and safest way. You should know better than anyone how my magic can affect someone's body. Once it was broken, I figured that I should at least show her a good time," he smiled devilishly as he nuzzled the side of her neck with his nose. When her body broke out in goosebumps, he knew that he had her right where he wanted her.

"Fine," Buffy huffed before wiggling around to get comfortable. "But don't make a habit of it."

"I'll try," he replied as his hand slid up the back of her shirt. She shivered as his fingertips traced the length of her spine. "What did Giles say?"

"What?" she asked. The sensation of her bare back being played with was drawing her attention away from the conversation.

"Giles ... The demon ... Your mom?" he specified.

"OH!" She suddenly remembered. "He's looking into it. Whenever he finds something, he'll let me know."

"Good. Alright, I need to go. I've got plenty of work that needs to be done," he told her, standing up and lifting her with him. Buffy kept her arms wrapped around the back of his neck. She didn't seem to want to let go.

"Hey! What about me? I may have to fight this unknown demon. I could use a little boost in power," she told him as her legs wrapped around his waist. Harry chuckled at the horny, young woman.

"You have to go on patrol in a couple of hours. I'll meet you at the cemetery and join you. After that, I'll spend the night here with you. How about that?" he asked as he nipped at her chin, making her mewl.

"Sounds good," Buffy moaned as Harry squeezed her ass. She reluctantly let him go and counted the minutes until they could finish the day in her warm bed.

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The night was chilly and dark as he skulked through the brush. Harry did his best to not make any noise, but the occasional rustle of leaves or twig snapping was unavoidable. Every noise made him swivel in his hyper-aware state, but they mostly turned out to be squirrels scampering across the tree branches. Being so close to a graveyard, he had to be very careful. Vampires loved hanging around the depressing areas. That night though, he wasn't hunting vampires.

"Ow!" Xander hissed. "I think I twisted my ankle," he whispered. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Shh!" Buffy loudly quieted him. She then turned to Giles who was slowly stalking forward right next to her. "Are you sure that this is the place?"

"I'm not sure of anything. I'm just following any scraps of information that we can get our hands on. If this is indeed the demon behind the 'Hansel and Gretel' fairytale, then it only makes sense if it lives in the woods. These are the only decent-sized woods in Sunnydale," he explained.

"Shh!" This time it was Harry who shushed them. "Did you hear that?" he asked, turning his head to try and hear better. He could have sworn that he heard a very quiet growl.

"No, but I certainly smelled it," Xander choked out, waving his hand in front of his face and turning to Giles. "Did you eat baked beans again, G-Man?"

"That wasn't me, you imbecile. The wind just shifted," Giles told them, looking into the wind.

"It smells like rotting flesh," Buffy said, wrinkling her nose at the smell.

What felt like a hammer hitting his face made lights flash behind his eyes as Harry's body flew about ten feet. His back slammed into a thick tree trunk, and he collapsed in pain. Harry hissed as he shook his head, trying to clear the ringing in his ears. He looked over and saw Giles get knocked out by some horrid-looking beast as Buffy stepped up to take a shot. Xander did his best to pull Giles to safety while Buffy exchanged punches and kicks with the ugly monster. Seeing that Buffy's back was turned to him, Harry held this wand out and yelled, "LUMOS!"

With as much power as he could use, the wand tip lit up and made their area of the woods seem like daytime. Harry got his first good look at the monster. It was humanoid in form and tall. Parts of his body were skinny, while other parts were flabby and out of shape. Its face was old and wrinkled with patches of discolored skin. It had long, pointed ears and eyes that were blazing red. Its grotesque mouth had two boar-like tusks sticking up from the bottom jaw. On its head and body were patches of thin, wispy gray hair. As his light hit the beast, it reared back and screamed in pain. It covered its eyes and squealed in pain as Harry cut the light. Buffy took the opportunity and shoved her knife right into its brain. The demon let out one last pitiful cry before falling forward.

Buffy was suddenly at his side, helping him to his feet. "Alright there?" she asked. "You took one hell of a punch," she stated the obvious.

"That thing was stronger than it looked," he defended himself.

"Here, here!" Giles said, limping up with his glasses crooked.

In Harry's opinion, Buffy looked just a tad too happy to see him get his ass kicked.

"C'mon, Macho Man," Buffy smiled. "Let's get you home and washed up," she teased.

"Can you at least dress like a sexy nurse?" Harry asked while Buffy brushed the leaves from his back.

"Do you want to get punched again?" Buffy joked as they started walking out of the woods. Xander helped Giles back to the car while Harry and Buffy disappeared with a pop.