

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 17

Buffy's back arched violently as she came hard. Her thighs squeezed together tightly, drawing a pained cry from her lover.

"Careful, Buffy!" Harry complained from between her legs. "You're going to crush me."

"S-Sorry!" she choked out as she blinked away the white that was threatening to cloud her vision. Her insides continued to flutter around the magnificent cock buried deep inside of her. She smiled cutely and mewled sexily as Harry nipped at her neck while his hips began slowly thrusting again. Buffy opened her legs wider, allowing him further access to her body. 'After a day like today, I deserve it,' she thought to herself as he hit one of her most favorable spots.

"I forgot to ask ..." Harry moaned into her neck. Her strong Slayer muscles were gripping his pole tightly, trying to keep him inside of her. "How did you deal with Baltha-Whatever the Almighty Turd?" he asked before trailing her collarbone with soft kisses. Buffy's skin erupted in goosebumps. She wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him tightly against her. Capturing his lips, she kissed him deeply for a few minutes before letting him continue to pleasure her.

"Turned him into pink, flabby soup," she chirped happily.

"Sounds gross," Harry replied, repeatedly hitting her g-spot. Buffy could feel another orgasm creeping up. Her lower belly was beginning to coil, and her breathing intensified.

"You're telling me!" she squealed and thrashed around. Just as before, her vision was beginning to go white from the massive orgasm she was experiencing. When she came to, she was on her belly with her ass high up in the air. Looking over her shoulder, she could see Harry hovering above, thrusting deeply into her. The clap of her skin filled her little bedroom quickly followed by her whorish moans of pleasure as she buried her face in her bed.

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It was late by the time Harry exited Buffy's room. The blonde was fast asleep, and Harry was hoping that he would be too as soon as he got home. He began walking down the hall when he accidentally stepped on a squeaky floorboard. The board squeaked loudly, and he immediately heard someone get out of bed. Within seconds, Joyce's door opened up, and Harry stood there looking at her, face-to-face. A sexy smirk crossed her lovely, mature face.

"Let me guess. You came here for a late-night booty call?" she asked, clearly sleepy, but she was awake enough to bite her lower lip sexily while using her finger to tug down on the front of

her nightie. The valley between her breasts was greatly exposed. Harry's eyes followed the trail between her supple tits.

"You caught me," Harry lied, smiling sexily at her. Joyce smirked and reached out. She slipped her fingers into the waistband of his jeans and pulled him into her room. The door shut behind them.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to stay away," she said sultrily, grabbing the bottom of her nightie and tugging it over her head. Her nude body was exposed. She turned to him and shook her chest, making her tits jiggle and jump. She then turned and crawled onto the bed on all fours. She spread her knees wide apart and arched her back. Reaching underneath herself, she used two fingers to spread her damp lips. Harry could see the pink of her insides even with the lights down low. He had noticed that ever since he began a physical relationship with her, Joyce had been acting differently. Not a bad difference, mind you. She was acting more confident and dressing sexier. The difference wasn't greatly noticeable, but Harry certainly did. Her skirts were a bit shorter, and her blouses were a bit tighter. She even had her tops buttoned one button lower than before. She was wearing makeup and perfume more often, and even that night, she was wearing a sexy nightie even though she didn't have a man with her. Before she would have just worn pajamas. Harry wasn't complaining though. It was a welcome change.

Harry's clothes were off within seconds. He settled in behind her and placed the tip of his hard cock at her entrance. Still slick with her daughter's juices, Harry easily sank in, making her moan just as he made Buffy moan only minutes before.

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"So what were you doing last night?" Willow asked Buffy as they sat on the grass outside of Sunnydale High. "I called you and got no answer."

Willow was lying on her belly, using her magic to spin a pencil. With barely a thought, she made it dance with much greater precision than she ever had before. After Harry had left her bed two nights ago, Willow felt his power flowing through her body. The feeling of his power within her was a rush. Her entire body tingled pleasantly as their two types of magic mixed. The result was a massive boost in power and control for her. It had only happened once and she was already addicted to the feeling. Sadly, she could feel the power draining from her body. To be fair, she had been using magic almost nonstop since her sudden boost. It wasn't shocking that she was starting to run low.

"Sorry, Will ..." Buffy smiled. Willow could see the pink tinge on her pale cheeks. "... but Harry was visiting."

"Oh ... OH!" Willow's eyes went wide. "You mean VISITING visiting," she said. It wasn't a question.

"Yeah," she sighed happily. Willow saw how smiley she was today. While she should be happy, in truth, all she could feel was envy. It seemed that Buffy could have him any time she wanted. 'Well ... What about me?' she thought, annoyed at being left out of the equation.

"I needed the boost. I've got that stupid Slayer evaluation from the weasel," Buffy admitted.

"Wesley isn't that bad," Willow said absentmindedly while rolling her eyes.

"You're not the one who has to deal with him every day," Buffy pouted. Willow was staring off into the distance while continuing to make her pencil dance. When she didn't respond, Buffy waved her hand in front of her best friend's face. Willow jumped in surprise.

"What's going on with you?" Buffy asked, looking concerned. Willow shook her head. Her face began to feel hot as she thought about that night with Harry. The way he kissed her ... The way he touched her ... "Willow!" Buffy called out. Willow jumped again.

"What?" Willow asked in a shaky voice. Buffy huffed.

"Why are you suddenly acting so spacey?"

Willow wasn't sure how to broach the subject. She cleared her throat.

"The boost that Harry gives is quite nice, isn't it?" Willow peeked out of the corner of her eye at Buffy.

"Yeah, it's incred..." Buffy suddenly stopped and turned her head slowly. She stared at Willow whose face was flaming red. "You and Harry?" she asked, her mouth hanging open.

"It was an accident!" she declared. "At first," she added, embarrassed.

"Wow, Willow!" Buffy said, impressed. "I didn't know you had it in you."

"It wasn't my fault!" Willow blurted out. "We ran into each other, and I accidentally cast a spell that was in a book. It was a spell that induced lust," she explained, her face was tomato red.

"And then?" Buffy asked, scooting closer so they didn't have to talk so loud.

Willow had never been so embarrassed in her entire life. She wouldn't talk to anyone but Buffy about this kind of stuff. "He came to see me the other night."

Buffy's face scrunched up. "You mean when I told him to go check on you? You were acting all distracted and weird."

"I don't know ... I guess," she stuttered, trying to hide her face.

“So ... How was it?” Buffy teased with a shit-eating grin. “Amazing, right?” She could see Willow’s red ears. “Come on! Tell me!” Willow uncovered her face.

“So you’re not mad about me and him ... um ... you know ...?” Buffy shook her head.

“At this point, I’m kind of used to sharing. He’s already doing it with Cordelia and was doing it with Faith before she left. I like the idea of being free to do whatever I want while still having someone to fall back on,” Buffy explained. “It doesn’t hurt that he’s amazing in bed,” she added, staring off into space with a dopey expression on her pretty face.

“Yeah ... Amazing,” Willow agreed as she too stared off into space, daydreaming about Harry manhandling her into bed and tearing off her clothes. She had just pictured him spreading her legs and sinking deep within her when her spinning pencil shot away with a loud crack. She squeaked when it impaled itself into the trunk of a nearby tree. She and Buffy looked at each other and began giggling like the school girls that they were.

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“Are you Klekmourc?” Harry asked the slimy pink demon that was seated in Willy’s bar.

“I am,” he wheezed in response. Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a Ziploc bag. He handed it to the demon.

“Three ounces of Werewolf fur,” Harry told him. The demon took the baggie and opened it up. He placed his nose in the opening and inhaled.

“Fresh!” he wheezed happily. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a hundred-dollar bill. He tossed the slimy bill onto the table. Harry snatched it up.

“Pleasure doing business with you,” Harry told him. As the demon left the bar, Harry placed the bill into another ziploc bag. The slime clinging to the hundred dollar bill would be worth two hundred when he purified and powdered it. Harry chuckled happily to himself. “A pint of whatever’s cold, Willy,” Harry said, tossing a ten onto the counter. “Keep the change.”

“Sure enough,” Willy said, snatching the bill and filling a large mug to the rim. He slid it down to Harry, causing a few of the suds to spill over the top. Harry took a healthy drink before smacking his lips in contentment.

“Excuse me ... Harry?” came a familiar voice. Harry turned his way.

“Hey Clement,” he greeted the local loose-skinned demon. His ears drooped like an old House Elf’s, and his face looked like a scrotum. Harry would never tell him that though. That would just be plain mean. “How’s it going?”

"Oh, just fine. Listen, I just saw you stashing away that pink slime. If you're interested in slime, I can get you a fifty-five-gallon drum of pure Lisurela demon ooze. I know one named Glbb who works in LA. Really cheap! Only five hundred. I'll even deliver it!" Clement said. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Only five hundred?" Harry asked. Fifty-five gallons was worth at least five grand when sold in smaller quantities.

"Nobody I know needs or is able to move so much ooze," he told him.

"Is it fresh?"

"As fresh as can be. Glbb schlupped it off less than a week ago. I can get you another drum in two months if you're interested. Same price, of course," Clement wrung his wrinkly hands.

"Deal," Harry said. "You know where my warehouse is?" he asked. Clement nodded. "I'll be there from five to eight today. Can you drop it by then?"

"Sure," Clement happily nodded. Harry pulled out a wad of cash and peeled off five hundred before handing it to him.

"See you then," Harry said. Clement bid him farewell and began his journey to Los Angeles to pick up the barrel of demon slime.

"I wonder how bad it smells?" Harry suddenly wondered.

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Buffy and Willow were laughing and teasing each other as they opened the door to Harry's warehouse. Willow loved going there and searching through his stacks of books. She loved pestering him until he gave her some rare and expensive magical ingredients to experiment with. At the moment, however, she just wanted to be near him. However, as they walked through the door, any amorous thoughts suddenly left her mind.

"GROSS!" Buffy choked and gagged.

"AAACK!" Willow covered her nose with her sleeve.

"You probably don't want to be in here," came Harry's voice. They followed the sound of bubbling until they spotted him stirring a large cauldron with thick, viscous, green liquid inside.

"What the hell are you cooking?" Buffy choked out.

"I'm rendering Lisurela demon ooze," Harry told them through the heavy-duty gas mask he was wearing. "Want a bite?" he teased. The girls gagged and quickly turned around. As they quickly left the warehouse, they heard him laughing at their expense.

"He'll be lucky if I ever let him touch me again," Buffy huffed when they finally stepped outside. She breathed in the fresh air while trying to wipe off the stink that was clinging to her clothes and skin.

"Me too," Willow agreed.

Buffy sighed. "I'll still let him touch me."

Willow smiled. "Me too."