

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 13

Harry was in the fight of his life. He grabbed the brute and tried his best to match their strength, but it was no use. He was flipped over and pinned down.

"Oh, FUCK!" Faith cried out as her hips rolled faster and faster. Pushing down hard on his chest, she ground on him before leaning forward and bouncing her shapely ass. Harry took the opportunity to kiss her deeply. Faith happily returned the kiss with equal amounts of enthusiasm. Deciding to help her, he reached his hands behind her and grabbed her tight ass. Spreading her cheeks apart, he moved his hands up and down, making her bounce faster and faster.

"I'm thinking about taking a trip!" she choked out, pushing herself to a sitting position. She threaded her fingers through her long, dark brown hair and lifted her arms up. Harry's hands slid up her smooth sides and cupped her perky breasts. He could feel her shudder against him as his thumbs rubbed her hard nipples. Her hips started moving in a circular pattern as she drove herself down on him. His cock slammed into her cervix, causing her to cry out.

"Where to?" Harry asked, moving his hands away from her breasts and down to her thighs. The soft skin of her thighs was incredibly smooth. He loved caressing her body, especially when she was in the act of pleasuring him. He let his fingers glide over her and moved them up to her wide hips.

"Don't know. Maybe a road trip," she gasped. "I just bought my car, and I'm sure it's good enough to make the long trip."

Like Buffy, Faith had been getting paid for any slayings that led to money being made. Instead of spending it on clothes, shoes, bags, and whatnot like a certain blonde, perky Slayer, Faith saved her money and bought a decent, used car. Harry wasn't shocked by this. Faith grew up poor, so she wasn't used to having nice things all the time. She could easily go without. He was glad that she was putting that money to good use. When Harry didn't reply, she continued.

"I've never had a real vacation," she said and suddenly stopped riding him. She breathed heavily while looking down at him. "Do you think B will be mad at me for leaving her holding the bag for a while?" Harry smiled at her and pulled her down. Faith rested her head on his chest while he rubbed her smooth back.

"She'll be fine. I'll pull some double duties to make up for it," he promised. He felt Faith kiss his chest before pushing herself back up.

"Thanks a ton!" she chirped before using her Slayer strength to squeeze her pussy tightly around him. She giggled when he groaned like a madman. She then used her Slayer stamina to pound his hips into the mattress.

Harry in the Hellmouth

Harry was going through the many books in the Sunnydale public library. People would be surprised how many actual spell and ritual books made their way into the library. As people often did in Sunnydale, they were brutally murdered by some horrid creature, and it was up to their family members to decide what to do with their stuff. As such, it wasn't out of the ordinary for their books to be donated to the library. Harry found a few that he went on to sell in his catalog. After flirting with the middle-aged librarians for a while, they eventually agreed to let him go through any new boxes of donations that they received. He had received a call not long after finishing with Faith.

She confessed that she had saved a decent amount for her planned trip, and hoped to spend at least several months visiting all the places that she had dreamed about seeing. She seemed a bit embarrassed when she admitted that, as if a girl like her didn't deserve to have dreams. He often felt bad that she had such a crappy life growing up. It was something they had in common. Harry encouraged her to go, have fun, and see everything that she wanted to see. He made her promise to take plenty of pictures. She agreed and would be spending the next few days getting ready to leave.

"Here you go," the librarian used her key to open the door to the storage area. The storage room was located on the lower level of the library. It was an area that hardly anyone ever went to, even though there were plenty of books there. She pushed the door open and smiled at him. Harry winked at her.

"Thanks, sexy!" he said. She giggled like a schoolgirl and walked off, peeking back at him periodically. Once she was gone, Harry stopped smiling and shuddered.

"You're such a man-whore!" came a voice from around the corner. It made Harry jump in surprise. Around the corner came a cute redhead.

"Willow!" Harry cried out, holding his chest. "You scared the shit out of me!" he said, trying to calm his breathing.

"Sorry!" she chirped. "But I'm not letting you check out all these books without me here!" she said with finality. Harry was confused.

"How did you know I was here?" he asked.

"You called Buffy to tell her that you would be a little late picking her up from school because the librarian called you. I was with her when you called," she confessed.

Harry had called the school library to have Giles pass along a message, but luckily, Buffy was there at the time.

"But shouldn't you still be at school with Buffy?" She looked a bit shy and embarrassed.

"I left early ... BUT I already have enough credits to graduate, so technically I don't even need to be in school!" she tried to convince him. Harry rolled his eyes at her.

"Relax. I'm not your mother. I'm not gonna freak out if you cut class," he told her, going into the room. Willow followed him in.

"Good," she sighed in relief. "I was a bit worried."

Harry whistled in appreciation. "There's a decent amount of books today!" Harry said, walking over to one of over a dozen cardboard boxes that were crammed full of books. He pulled one out and dropped it on the table. It was just an ordinary book. Willow joined him and started pawing through another box.

"Do you think we'll find any good ones today?" she asked him. Harry shrugged.

"Maybe. I found one last time. It was called the Light of Draguf or something like that. I sold it for a hundred and fifty bucks," Harry bragged.

"You should have let me read it first," she whined, continuing to go over the piles of books.

"You didn't miss anything. It was pretty boring. No magic spells or potions or anything," he told her.

"Still ..."

"If you're that desperate, I always make a magical copy of any book that I find before selling it. It goes straight into my private collection," Harry admitted. Her eyes widened.

"You have a private collection?!" she asked, feeling scandalized that she hadn't been told. Harry chuckled.

"It's nothing to brag about. The one in the school library is a lot bigger. Even so, you can go through them later." Willow smiled and nodded. They quieted down and got to work. Harry had to be done in a little over an hour so that he could go pick up Buffy from school.

The minutes passed, and Harry found nothing. Box after box was checked, and he came up empty-handed. Willow, on the other hand, was checking out a book that had potential.

With a rapidly beating heart, she flipped through its pages. She didn't want to declare it a proper spellbook just yet, but it was looking that way. Flipping the page again, she found what

appeared to be an incantation with some text underneath it. Unfortunately, she couldn't read Latin very well. She read the incantation.

"Amor et passio nobis accidit," she whispered. Willow squeaked in shock when a pink mist left her mouth and began floating around the small, enclosed room. "Uuuuum ... Harry!" she said in a nervous and warbling voice. When Harry turned around, the mist separated into two. One cloud shot into his open mouth and the other into hers. Immediately, their pupils dilated.

"What the ..." Harry gasped as he shook his head. His brain was suddenly feeling quite airy. He looked over at Willow to make sure that she was okay. When their eyes locked, he suddenly felt a stirring deep in his belly and a twitch in his pants. His body acted on its own. He moved up to her and placed his hands on the gentle curves of her waist. Willow gasped and touched his muscled shoulders.

"I was thinking ..." Harry said, breathing heavily. "The books can wait."

"I was thinking the same thing," she replied in a shuddered voice. All she could think about was having his hands on her body and his lips against hers. She didn't need to wait long. Her head tilted back as he leaned down. When his lips touched hers, she let out the deepest and most desperate moan that she ever had. Almost instantly, their tongues were slipping and sliding over one another while she was trying to tear his shirt off. He lifted up his arms and let her remove his t-shirt before he grabbed the button of her jeans. Feeling her pants being pulled down, she shimmed her hips as he lowered them. Once at thigh level, Harry knocked the books off of the table loudly and placed her on it. Her shoes were tossed away as he harshly tugged her jeans off of her soft, smooth legs. Willow's legs were already spreading as she lay back.

"YES!" she gasped as his face pressed against the suddenly soaked crotch of her panties. Grabbing the back of his head, she smeared her juices all over his mouth and face. Willow couldn't stop herself from acting that way. She needed what Buffy had been getting all these months. Her eyes fluttered as Harry wrapped his lips around the little bump in her panties and sucked hard. Her clit was hit with sudden and intense pleasure while her fingers played with his messy, black hair. Only a moment later, her wet panties were peeled away, exposing her wet slit that was covered with a light coating of peach fuzz. Her back arched as he dove back in. His mouth surrounded her engorged clit while sucking hard. His hands caressed the insides of her pale, smooth thighs. Meanwhile, Willow's hands had crept underneath her shirt and bra, and she was massaging her sensitive tits. "More!" she cried out as his tongue scooped up the wetness that was pooling between her plump and puffy lips. She heard his pants being taken off just before he grabbed her hips and lifted her up.

Willow let out a loud, girlish squeal as she was lifted into the air. She grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it over her head. Her bra was the next to go. She was now only wearing a pair of socks while Harry held her by her ass. She felt his massive cock rubbing against her inflamed pussy just before he thrust his hips forward and penetrated her all the way to the cervix. A scream left her mouth as Harry began fucking her like there was no tomorrow. Her legs and

arms were tightly wrapped around him while he carried her over to the wall. Pinning her against it, Harry kissed her deeply and passionately while repeatedly brutalizing her g-spot. The perverse sounds of sex filled the small room, and the scent of their actions was making her head spin. Willow bit down on his shoulder as her insides grasped him tightly. "H-Harry! It's ... I ..." she choked out. Harry responded by holding her hips tightly and powerfucking her in the middle of the room.

Willow screamed as fluid began to spray from her cumming pussy. She squeezed Harry tightly as lights flashed in the backs of her eyes. Her juices were sprayed all over the walls, table, and books as Harry pushed in deeply and seeded the young witch. Her body spasmed out of control as he clung to him, breathing wildly. Once they were done cumming, it seemed that the spell finally broke. She looked at him and blushed harder than she ever had before. Dropping off of him, she covered her pussy and breasts.

"Willow Rosenberg!" she heard a loud gasp. She turned around and paled. The librarians that she greatly respected were looking at them in complete shock. All she could do was give them a little wave.

Harry in the Hellmouth

"Banned for life?!" Buffy called out as Harry and Willow told her why they were late. "For what?" What could Willow have possibly done to get kicked out of the public library, and why was she blushing madly?

"Public lewdness and the sexual desecration of private property?" Xander read the citation that was sticking out of the spellbook that they had taken with them. Giles sputtered and looked at the pair. Buffy looked shocked, and Xander looked confused.

"I-It wasn't my fault! It was the spell! The book I mean!" she stuttered, pointing at the book accusingly. Giles cleared his throat and looked through the book until he found the page that Willow had described.

"This is a spell that was once used by nervous newlyweds to help ... umm ... jumpstart the romance, shall we say," Giles told them. Buffy turned her wide eyes to her best friend. Willow hid her face in her hands while Harry didn't look embarrassed at all.

"Yes ... Well ... Um ... Let's just be more careful in the future, shall we?" Giles said and walked away from the embarrassing situation.

"I told you he was good," Buffy whispered as she examined Willow's rumpled clothes and messed-up hair while Harry led them outside to his Jeep.

"Buffy!" she cried out in embarrassment as they walked down the halls of Sunnydale High.