

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 8

Harry appeared in the rundown room of the local motel that Faith had decided to stay in. Decided might not be the exact word when it was all that she could afford. Holding her bridal style, he looked around and rolled his eyes. A mixture of her dirty and clean clothes was scattered all over the floor. She seemed like the typical messy teenager. Placing her down on the bed, he began pulling her boots off.

One by one they came off and he tossed them onto the floor with a thud. Next, he pulled off her socks and tossed them away as well. Next, he unbuttoned her leather pants and slowly slid them off her sexy legs. Once off, he tossed them on a nearby chair. Seeing that she was now comfortable, he conjured an ice-pack and placed it on her swelling eye. Immediately, she squeaked and woke up with a jerk.

"Careful! You'll hurt yourself again," he told her, holding her by the back of her head and gently placing the cold pack back on her eye. She winced from the freezing cold temperature. Groaning, she placed a hand on her head.

"Did you get the number of that truck?" she said, groaning in pain. Harry chuckled.

"Serves you right for going after a friend," he told her. "Don't worry, though. With your Slayer powers, you'll be whole again by morning."

"Please. I don't need a lecture," she told him, taking the pack from him and holding it against her eye.

"Good, because I'm not going to give you one. Just don't be an idiot next time," he smirked, ruffling her hair. She smacked his hand away which made him laugh. He was just about to leave when she stopped him.

"Aren't you going to stay?" she asked, sitting on the bed with her legs slightly parted. He looked at her and could see her pussy lips wrapped tightly in the silk of the thong that she was wearing. Her panties were so tight that he could see the shape of her pussy and even the little bump of her clit.

"You're injured," Harry said, moving his eyes from her body up to her face. "You need rest."

Faith snorted. "A little action from you and I'll be healed ten times as fast!" she declared, which he guessed was true. "Besides, you owe me."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "How do you figure?" he asked, eager to hear her explanation.

"You were with Buffy before our fight. She had a massive power advantage. This ..." she said, pulling the pack away from her face and showing him her slightly puffy eye. "... is the result. Now ... are you going to help me or not?"

She tossed the pack on the bedside table and grabbed the hem of her shirt. Lifting it off of her body, he watched as her pert, C-cup tits spilled out and bounced as they were freed. Harry could already smell her heady scent. The smell of her was making his cock rock-hard. Without another thought, he removed his shirt and kicked off his shoes. He walked up to the bed, and she scooted toward him, grabbing his jeans and unbuttoning them. Pulling them and his boxers down at the same time, she smiled as his massive erection sprang out. She caught it in her hand mid-bounce and began stroking him from his balls to the head. Harry ran his fingers through her thick, brunette hair. Faith closed her eyes and nuzzled his hand with her cheek. It was a rare show of tenderness from the hardened girl. Leaning down, he kissed her softly, which she happily accepted. For the next few minutes, their tongues massaged one another's while she stroked him, and he gently toyed with her hard nipples. Breaking the kiss, she begged, "Use your mouth on me, please. My head is still fuzzy."

She didn't bother waiting for an answer, likely knowing that he wouldn't deny her such a thing. She gently fell back and closed her eyes, relaxing while Harry grabbed the waistband of her panties and slowly worked them down her smooth legs. Immediately, the scent of wet pussy got even stronger. Pushing her legs open, he could see the dew clinging to her inner lips that were just poking out of her smooth, hairless outer lips. Placing his palm on her mound, he used his thumb to gently rub up and down her slit. He could feel the heat radiating off of her as wetness coated his finger. As his thumb brushed over her hard clit, she moaned and slid her hands up her body. They traveled north until they were cupping her lovely breasts. He smiled as she started fondling herself and pinching her crinkled nipples.

Spreading her legs wide, he leaned down and licked her from her asshole all the way up to her clit. Hearing the moan and feeling her body quiver filled him with manly confidence. Allowing his tongue to dip inside of her, he licked and sucked the juices that were dribbling from her wet and ready cunt. Her body was squirming, and her fingers threaded through his hair as she grabbed the back of his head and pulled his face closer. Mashing her pussy into his mouth, she began grinding herself against him, smearing her fluids all over his face. Wanting more pleasure, she stuffed her swollen clit into his mouth and moaned when she felt his warm tongue touch it. Using his magic, he channeled it from his tongue, straight into her hard clit.

Faith's eyes flew open, and she let out a pleased scream as her body arched and she came all over his face. Her legs clamped together, trapping his head between them. All Harry could see was darkness, and all he could smell was her as she violently came on him. Finally, her legs fell open and she lay there breathing heavily. Her tits were rising and falling with every breath. She spasmed and wiped her face with her hand as she felt him laying soft kisses on her smooth mound and lower belly. Eventually, the kisses began to move further up her body. She let out a soft gasp when his lips found her belly button. She bit her lower lip sexily and mewled cutely as his tongue trailed around the rim and even dipped in. Her fingernails were gently scratching at

his scalp just as his lips encircled her hard nipple. Faith's eyes fluttered, and she arched her back trying to stuff as much of her breast into his mouth that she could. She mewled and moaned while his tongue massaged her hard and aching nipple.

As he settled between her legs, she could feel the tip of his cock brushing against her wet opening. Faith wiggled her hips, rubbing her wetness against him, and tempting him to take her. She didn't need to wait long. Harry hooked her legs behind her knees and folded her body in half. With her pussy and asshole being exposed to him, he lined himself up and pushed all the way into her wet tunnel. Instantly, her incredibly strong muscles squeezed his thick erection, making him moan as she tightened to ungodly levels. Faith pulled his face from her breast and kissed him deeply just as he started moving his hips back and forth.

Faith shuddered like never before as she felt his power coursing through her body. Her Slayer powers were singing in joy as she clamped down on him, desperately trying to squeeze a thick load from his balls. Her eyes were closed and her tongue was working his as she did her best to massage his cock while he thrust in and out of her. Little squeaks and squeals of pleasure left her mouth as his length hit her g-spot before ramming into her cervix. The sounds of their fucking were absurd to her as she heard the sheer amount of wetness between her legs as his cock pistoned inside of her. Wet schlicks and squelching filled the room and nearly drowned out the sound of her moaning into his mouth. One of his hands slid down to her shapely breast and gave it a squeeze. His fingers gently brushed over her crinkled nipple before he captured it between his fingertips. Suddenly, it felt like pleasure-infused lightning had struck her nipple. She screamed into his mouth, and her pussy clamped down tightly as her body started thrashing around. Harry found it difficult to control her. Her Slayer strength was already much greater than his, but with the added power from him, she was really something to be reckoned with. Her body thrashed and bucked while her pussy fluttered and contracted around his length. Even so, he continued to thrust into her, battering her g-spot repeatedly which only made her orgasm more violent.

When Faith felt him tense up, she kicked out of his hold and wrapped her legs tightly around his waist. Keeping him trapped, Harry had no choice but to release inside of her. She continued to kiss him passionately as she felt his warm seed fill her up. The intensity of the power that she felt was incredible, but instead of making her feel wired, instead, she felt relaxed. Breaking the kiss, she sighed happily and let him free of her grasp. Turning to her side, she smiled and fell asleep, gently snoring. Harry rolled his eyes and smiled. Grabbing the blanket that was bunched up on the floor, he covered her nude body and put on his clothes. With one last look at her, he vanished from view.

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Harry was in his apartment going over his inventory. Business had begun picking up, and he would need to find new ways to supply his catalog. Items were being sold faster than he could bring them in. He was thinking about contacting a guy in LA that he knew when his phone rang. Willow was calling from a payphone in some kind of panic. She practically demanded that he

appear right away. Telling him the area that they were in, Harry concentrated and apparated nearby. It only took a minute or so to find her.

"It's Cordelia! She's hurt really bad!" Willow cried out, obviously distressed.

"Show me," Harry told her. The redhead led him to the building that she was in. It seemed that the floor had collapsed underneath Cordelia's feet, and she had fallen on a piece of rebar. Harry winced seeing it protruding from her belly. Both Xander and Oz were at her side trying to comfort her. Her face was turning pale. There wasn't any time to lose.

"Out of the way!" Harry barked, moving everyone aside. Pulling out his wand, he quickly vanished the rebar which made her cry out in pain. Lifting her up in his arms, he immediately apparated her back to his apartment and set her on his bed. She was looking at him, and he could see that her eyes were glossy. Vanishing her clothing above her waist, he could clearly see the large, gaping wound in her belly. Waving his wand at the wound, he did his best to numb the area. He quickly grabbed a bottle of rubbing alcohol and dumped nearly the entire thing in the wound. She gasped and arched her back. Wishing he had potions from back home, he waved his wand and did his best.

Cordelia was only half there as she watched Harry wave his wand at her. She didn't usually have a lot of interaction with the handsome British man, and in truth, magic always kind of freaked her out. But right now, she was grateful as she gasped and watched her wound heal instantly. The bloody and torn-up hole began sealing itself shut, which was quite painful. She cried out, clenching her eyes shut, but even so, tears started forming in her eyes. Part of it was the pain, and another was the feeling of intense betrayal by her former boyfriend. Once the pain ended, she lay there breathing heavily. It was then that she realized that she wasn't wearing a shirt. She was nude from the waist up. She was just about to cover herself when he flipped her onto her side. She realized that he was checking the other side of the wound. She waited for him to say something.

"I did the best that I could, all things considered. The wound seems to be healed, but your insides will need a day or so to fully heal. You'll need to stay here. You can't be moving around, okay?" Harry said. Cordelia nodded her head.

"Okay," she said with a gruff and shaky voice from crying. Suddenly, Harry pulled out a button-up shirt and helped her put it on. She was buttoning it up when he said, "You may need to call your parents and make an excuse." He pointed at the phone by the bed.

"They won't care where I'm at," she replied sadly. Harry shook his head.

"Do you want to see your friends when they come by?"

"NO!" she suddenly yelped. "I mean ... no, I'm pretty tired. I'll talk to them later." Harry smiled kindly and nodded.

"I'll find them and tell them," he said. Cordelia nodded and gently laid back. Harry handed her the TV remote and told her to tell him if she needed anything. When he left the room, she just lay there thinking about all of the things that had just happened to her.