

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 11

"So ... What did you think?" the real estate agent asked him as she batted her eyes. She had spent the last couple of hours eyeing Harry up and flirting with him. He would have been ecstatic if she wasn't sporting a lip full of dark "peach fuzz".

"It sucked!" Harry declared. "It was too small. I need something bigger," he told her as they walked to their cars. Harry decided to be nice and open the door for the mustachioed woman. She smiled in what she must have thought was a sexy way and climbed in.

"I'll keep looking, but there really aren't that many large houses on the Sunnydale market," she told him. Harry nodded.

"Let me know if something becomes available," he said, closing the door on her. The car started up and she drove off. Harry hopped into his Jeep and drove back to his warehouse. He really didn't expect to struggle so much while trying to find a suitable house for them to live in. The only people that would own a house that large would be those who were well off. Unfortunately, those people usually stayed far away from Sunnydale. The murder rate justifiably scared them off before even setting foot in the California town. They had the money to live pretty much anywhere. Most people that moved to Sunnydale were those that didn't make as much and were looking for a bargain. The only rich person who lived in town that he knew of were Cordelia's parents. Why they chose to live here was beyond him.

Halfway back to his place of work, he was forced to turn on the heater for the first time since buying the Jeep. Southern California was usually very warm, but as it was the middle of winter, it occasionally got a bit chilly. On his way, Harry tried to think of a few new ways to earn a bit more money. Even in Sunnydale, a house the size that he was looking for would cost a pretty penny. Harry was very good at saving what he earned. He rarely spent his money on extravagant items for himself. At the moment, he had a large chunk of cash saved up from all the items that he was selling. Not only that, but he had earned a small fortune from the different gold, silver, and jewel-encrusted items that he found on his daily hunts. He considered it a bonus for ridding the town of dozens of nasty creatures every month. He really should be collecting a fee from every citizen of the town, he thought to himself. Sadly, he didn't think that they'd go for that. As he pulled into his parking spot, he saw his favorite Slayer sitting on the edge of the curb. Harry got out of his car and walked over to her.

"Why didn't you go inside?" he asked her.

"The door's locked," Buffy reminded him and took his outstretched hand to help her up. She brushed the dirt off of her butt as he led her inside. He unlocked the door with his magic and let them in.

"I gave you a key," he reminded her as he hit the light switch.

I lost it somewhere in my room," Buffy told him, slightly blushing in embarrassment. This was the second time that she had done that.

"Buffy ...," he groaned.

"Sorry!" she cut him off. "It's not my fault though. I've got a lot going on at the moment."

Harry rolled his eyes and pulled out his key. He waved his wand at it and created another copy. Handing it to her, he said, "Try not to lose this one. And what do you have going on?"

"It's my mother. She's been acting weird," Buffy told him. Harry pulled her over to the couch and sat down. She plopped down next to him and cuddled into his side as he put his arm around her. Even though she rarely told him, she loved sitting next to him like that. It made her feel safe and secure, which was a rarity in Sunnydale.

"Those dead kids again?" Harry asked. Buffy nodded. She had told him all about finding the bodies of two dead children. Apparently, it greatly affected them both. "You and I see death practically on a daily basis. I know that it's worse when children are involved, but still. We're used to this kind of stuff. Your mother isn't. She isn't like us."

Buffy inhaled deeply as his hand moved from her shoulder up to the back of her head. His fingers threaded through her blonde hair, and she closed her eyes and shuddered as he gently began scratching her scalp. The sensation made her body shiver.

"I know, but she's taken it way too far. She started some witch-hating group with a bunch of other old people," she told him. Harry chuckled at the girl. He found it funny that anyone over the age of forty was an old person to her. Harry was old enough to be her grandfather. When he confessed his real age to her, she didn't really care. She only cared about how he made her feel, both physically and emotionally. Harry was a constant in her life, one that she was unwilling to let go of.

"Need I remind you that I'm older than both you and your mother put together?" he teased her as he leaned in and kissed her forehead. Buffy leaned in and mewled in satisfaction.

"Yeah, but you still look young and hot," she said, looking up at him.

"Don't be shallow," Harry smirked, looking down and meeting her gaze. Buffy snorted.

"Right now you're having sex with three women ... all beautiful," she reminded him, raising her eyebrow and daring him to counter her argument.

"I look beyond a woman's visage to the person within," he told her while conveniently leaving out the fact that he had spent the last few hours trying to avoid the real estate lady with the Tom Selleck mustache.

"What about that blonde bimbo that we saw the other day? Your eyes nearly bugged out when you saw her massive hooters," Buffy said, holding her hands out in front of her chest. "You certainly didn't look past her visage."

"I was staring at the beauty within," he explained ... and added a near-silent, "her sweater".

"What was that?" she asked quickly.

"Nothing. You must be hearing things again. Anyway ... Is your mom becoming unbearable with the whole trying to find a scapegoat thing?"

"It's getting there," she said quietly, suddenly feeling sleepy from being in his arms.

"If she crosses the line, let me know, and I'll try and talk to her." Buffy nodded before she began snoring softly. Harry shook his head and moved her until she was lying down. He conjured a pillow and blanket to make her more comfortable. He let her take a small nap while he quietly went about his work.

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Harry didn't notice that the people of Sunnydale had gone a bit nuts. Harry spent most of his time working on improving his business or out hunting for creatures or treasures. His only friends were in high school, as sad as it was to say, but he didn't mind. He enjoyed his new life. Besides, if he ever wanted some adult conversation, he could always go and spend time with Giles, which he sometimes did.

It wasn't until Buffy barged into his warehouse after school looking slightly accosted.

"What's happened?" he asked in concern as he placed down the bag of Gorder's root that he had stayed up late to find. It only grew in graveyards near Hellmouths and only near gravestones that were often wet with morning dew. Needless to say, the root was very rare and almost worth its weight in gold. For once he was glad that the town was filled with cemeteries. From last night's haul alone, he would be able to put down a large down payment on his future home. He'd go out every few days and hunt for more. The root was vital in many potions, spells, and rituals because of its magical properties. It was one of the few ingredients in this world that actually was magical. Already his potioneer had batted her eyes and convinced him to give her a healthy chunk of the root. He didn't argue since she would be using it to make potions for him to sell. He just needed to make sure that she wasn't skimming too much off the top for her own uses.

"Cops came to school today! They checked our lockers and books. They even dragged some people off ... including Willow!" she said angrily, pacing and clenching her hands into fists. Not a good sign for anyone who wronged the sexy blonde. Harry walked over to her.

"Was it the MOO group that your mum's a part of?"

"She's not a part of it, Harry. She's the ring leader!" Buffy exclaimed. "I tried to talk to her but she just wouldn't listen."

"Maybe it's time that I try and talk sense into her," Harry said as he grabbed his coat.

"Yes! Sense! Sense is good," Buffy carried on, grabbing his hand and pulling him to the door.

Once they were at her house, they snuck in through Buffy's window, as was tradition, and he crept downstairs with Buffy right behind him. Harry stopped short, and Buffy ran into his back.

"Hey!" she whispered quietly, rubbing her sore nose after it hit his muscular back. Harry shushed her and pulled her back to her room. Once inside, he placed a Silencing Ward around the room so that they could talk.

"There's some powerful magic here in the house. I did a quick scan, and I think that it's coming from your mother," Harry told her.

"My mother's a witch?" Buffy asked, confused. Harry rolled his eyes.

"I think that there's a powerful spell on her. Someone might have placed it on others as well. You said that she hasn't been acting normal, right?"

Buffy's eyes widened dramatically, and she rapidly nodded her head. "YES! That has to be it!" she said excitedly. "She's under a spell. URRRGH! I should have realized it!" she growled out. Harry rubbed her shoulder. "But what can we do?" she asked, turning back to him.

"I'm not sure. Whatever this magic is, I'm unfamiliar with it, and I don't think that it's human. I think it might be from a demon." Buffy gasped. It made perfect sense to her. Now she just needed to find this demon and introduce it to her fists.

Harry closed his eyes and scanned it. It was a few seconds before he opened his eyes. "I won't be able to counter it with my magic. I think the safest way to remove it from your mother is for my magic to overwhelm it," Harry explained.

"Do whatever you need to do!" Buffy told him. "I need to go tell Giles and figure out what to do about this demon," she said hotly, with fire in her eyes. Harry suddenly felt bad for this demon.

“Okay. I’ll do my best,” Harry told her. Buffy wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

“I know you will. I’ll see you soon hopefully,” she said before going to her window and jumping out of it. Harry silently crept back downstairs. As he studied her mother who was sitting at a desk going over some paperwork, he tried to figure out the best way to do it. Simply hitting her with spells was way too dangerous. Non-magical people’s bodies weren’t created to cope with large amounts of magic hitting them. The safest way was for his magic to naturally flow into her ... like it did when he and Buffy were ... “Oh, dear!” he squeaked quietly.

He took a deep breath and stood tall and proud. “A man’s got to do what a man’s got to do!” he told himself and went to talk to the MILF. As she saw him, she smiled and stood up to greet him. Harry and Joyce got along pretty well if he did say so.

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“The power of my magic compels you!” Harry groaned out as he thrust his hips forward again.

“Oh, God! YES! It compels me!” she screamed in rapture as her thighs squeezed him tightly. She suddenly remembered that she had a MOO meeting, but she damn sure didn’t want to leave his embrace so soon. Especially not when his massive cock was hitting her g-spot so wonderfully. When he hit it again, Joyce came again and arched her back. Her eyes fluttered as Harry’s mouth attached to her hard nipple.

As her body spasmed and thrashed around, she asked herself why she was wasting her time on such a ridiculous cause when she could be spreading her legs for this young stallion. MOO was a stupid name anyway, she thought as Harry’s lips left her crinkled nipple and left a trail of fire down her belly until his mouth found her clit. He grabbed her around the backs of her thighs and lifted her up in the air, showing off his manly power. Joyce wailed in delight as her back hit the wall, and she steadied herself by placing her hands on the ceiling. Looking down, she could see a mess of black hair trapped between her thighs as he licked and slurped on her dripping twat. When his tongue began vibrating and shooting off sparks of his magic, Joyce screamed at the top of her lungs as pussy juice sprayed out and drenched him in her essence.

“I’M COMPELLED!” was all that she could say as the magic was broken.