

Harry Potter Through the Multiverse

Chapter 7

The Walking Dead Arc

For some reason, the chirping of the crickets was especially loud that night. It kept Harry from quickly falling asleep, and even when he finally did, the sleep wasn't particularly restful. The night was hot and humid, but thankfully, the temperature didn't really affect him negatively thanks to his upgrades. Still, he was grateful that a soft breeze hung on the night air and gently drifted through the open window flaps on his tent. Harry was in that strange sleep stage where he was still close to consciousness. He rolled onto his side, glad of the fact that he was lying on top of his sleeping bag. The extra thickness made the hard ground much more bearable. Harry couldn't recall what he was thinking or possibly dreaming about at the time when he felt something touch him. Within an instant, he was sitting up, alert, and ready to attack. Suddenly, a soft, feminine voice gently shushed him.

At first, he thought it was Amy coming in to enjoy another roll in the hay. If that was the case, he definitely wouldn't have sent her away, but when she began to talk with her familiar southern twang, Harry instantly recognized the voice as belonging to the sexy farmer's daughter, Maggie.

"Shhh!" she quieted him as Harry heard her zipping up the tent's entrance. "I don't want the others to know I'm here," she told him. Harry blinked away the tiredness, or at least he tried to. He was just rubbing his eyes when he felt Maggie join his side and gently push him back into a lying position. Harry was about to ask for clarification of her actions when she kissed him deeply. With her actions clarified, Harry wrapped his arm around her thin waist and pulled her closer.

Being so close to the girl, Harry could smell that she had recently showered. Her body smelled fresh and soapy without a hint of sweat. From feel alone, Harry could tell that she was wearing a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. While one arm held her firmly against him, his other hand squeezed her tight bottom. Harry had been with his fair share of women, and he could tell when a woman was eager for a fun night. Maggie had all the telltale signs that he normally looked for. She was pressing her body into him while kissing him hard enough to bruise his lips. She was deeply moaning into his mouth while he caressed her body, and her hips were slightly moving back and forth as she gently dry-humped his thigh. Harry was sure that she hadn't come there to talk. Now that he knew what she wanted, he began to take things further.

Maggie squeaked into his mouth as he pulled her up into a sitting position. She moved slightly so that she was now straddling his lap. She was confused as to what he was doing until he grabbed the bottom of her shirt and began to lift it up. Realizing what he was doing, Maggie lifted her arms into the air. She felt the bottom of her shirt move over her belly button before reaching the bottoms of her breasts. As her t-shirt was lifted up a bit more, the soft breeze hit her exposed nipples, making them as hard as rocks. Her shirt was then lifted over her head and was pulled from her arms. She brushed the hair out of her face just in time for Harry to attack

her neck with his lips. This was an attack that she didn't mind in the least. His hands grabbed her jeans-clad ass, and he pulled her forward until her bare tits were brushing against his hard chest. Every time her nipples rubbed against his skin, Maggie felt a surge of pleasure race up and down her spine. Her big, beautiful eyes fluttered as Harry kissed and sucked on her soft skin. Biting her lip, she tilted her head even more so that he could kiss even more of her body. Her hands began their own exploration. They slid over his muscled back and shoulders, and her pussy tingled wildly when she placed her hands on his biceps and felt them flex. It had been a long while since she felt like a woman.

She came out here to thank him properly for rescuing her earlier that day. She wasn't exactly sure how far she was going to go, but now that she was in the middle of the act, she quickly decided to just go with it and let her body make the decisions for her. Considering the fact that her pussy was completely soaked, she already knew what decision her body made, and she was fine with it. More than that, she was ecstatic. Anything to help her forget about the hell that they were now living in was a godsend. She closed her eyes and focused on the pleasure that Harry was giving her. Even as she was gently lowered onto her back, she kept her eyes closed. It wasn't until she felt his fingertips gliding over her breasts that she opened her eyes. His fingertips brushed against her straining nipples, sending a jolt of pleasure straight through her pussy. Her eyes flew open, and Maggie gasped out loud. Her body jerked, and her back arched. She then heard Harry chuckle lightly.

"Are your nipples sensitive?" she heard him ask through the darkness. Not much of the moonlight made its way into the tent, leaving him as more of a Harry-shaped shadow than anything else. He never stopped playing with them, even as he asked her. She felt him pinch them before giving them a gentle tug. Maggie squirmed uncontrollably, and she started rubbing her thighs together.

"Yes!" she gasped out when he repeatedly flicked the pads of his thumbs over them. "They've always been," she confessed in her Southern accent. "When I was younger, I would lie in bed and play with them for hours," she told him. Maggie immediately blushed. She had no idea why she was telling him that. Harry didn't seem to mind though. His head lowered, and he flicked his tongue over one of them. Maggie moaned and grabbed the back of his head, pulling his face harder against her breasts. Her back arched as she tried to stuff her nipple into his mouth.

Maggie felt as though she were in heaven. His lips felt amazing as they sucked on her hard, crinkled nub while the other was being rolled between his fingers. By then, she wasn't even trying to hide the fact that she was rubbing her thighs together, trying to get the slightest bit of relief from her needy pussy. Harry let go of her nipple with a pop. "Unbutton your jeans," he told her before moving his lips to her other nipple. Maggie didn't need to be told twice.

Reaching down, she struggled momentarily before quietly crying out in triumph when the button popped out of the little buttonhole. She forced the two sides open and lowered the zipper as far as it would go. No sooner than she had, Harry's hand dipped down the front of her open jeans. She knew that he could instantly tell that she wasn't wearing panties. His fingers immediately

slid over her freshly-shaven mound on their southbound journey. They momentarily stopped so that he could caress her incredibly soft and smooth skin. Goosebumps broke out all over her squirming body. Her heart was pounding when his fingers began to move again. Lower they went, first touching her swollen and throbbing clit. Instead of quickly moving past, however, they lingered, and he started rubbing circles around the little nub. Maggie closed her mouth and whimpered as she felt a mini orgasm burst free from within. Her arm flailed a bit as her body bucked, and her hand accidentally hit his crotch. Before then, she hadn't realized that he was only wearing a pair of boxers. Feeling around, she shuddered once her hand found what she was looking for.

Giving his covered crotch a squeeze, she tried to grab his waistband to pull them down. Harry helped her by squirming out of them while his lips never left her nipple. When she grabbed him again, she marveled at the size of him. His bloated balls filled the entirety of her palm, and his massive horsecock rested against her forearm, practically reaching the inside of her elbow. She didn't have time to imagine this beast piercing her pussy over and over again, because just then, his fingers slipped from her clit and slid between her wet, slippery lips. When they curled, Maggie's whole body arched, and she moaned quietly but powerfully. Her body was shaking so much that her tits were jiggling. Harry let go of her nipple, and with his enhanced vision, he watched her breasts quiver and her body tighten while her pussy clamped down on his fingers. Using his thumb, he started rubbing her clit. Maggie squealed loud enough that Harry had to shush her. Her pussy was flooding his hand with her juices. Finally, Maggie couldn't take any more, and she had to push his hand away. She lay there breathing heavily while beads of sweat dotted her forehead.

"That was good," was all she could say in a breathy voice.

"It's about to get better," Harry replied to her while moving down toward her feet. Harry removed her boots and socks and placed them aside. Her legs lifted up as Harry began working the jeans down her hips. As he got them over her thighs, she felt the breeze caress her overheated pussy. Harry continued jerking on them until he was able to pull them off of her feet. He tossed them to the side as well and placed his hands on her knees.

Maggie watched with bated breath as Harry pushed her knees apart, exposing her naked slit. It was dark, and she had no way of knowing that Harry could see every inch of her smooth pussy perfectly. His hands caressed the inside of her thighs, and he loved how soft and smooth her skin was. Her body trembled as his hands moved higher, and his thumbs brushed over each lip.

Harry's head was swimming. He could see that her pussy was slick with wetness. Even if he couldn't see it, he would certainly be able to smell it. The air in the small tent was thick with the musky scent of her arousal. It took every ounce of willpower that he possessed to stop himself from fucking her like a wild animal right then and there. His cock was straining, and his body was quivering with need. His body wanted hers. He wanted her. Her tight, little pussy was practically begging him to enter. He could see a fat drop of arousal drip from her slit and roll down over her puckered hole. Harry's hand found his cock, and he started stroking himself while

looking at her. "Take me, Harry," he heard her whisper. As if his body was on autopilot, he got into position and let his cock flop down on her pussy. He pushed his shaft hard into her slit. Holding it in place, he started moving his hips back and forth. Maggie moaned and mewled as her wetness was smeared all over his throbbing shaft.

Maggie groaned out a complaint. "Stop teasing," she begged. The head of Harry's cock was pushed down and mashed her clit along the way. Her back arched, and she cried out in pleasure. Up and down his head wiggled against her wet slit. Finally, after what felt like forever, she felt him line up and sink in. By then, her pussy was absolutely drenched. His cock easily slipped into her soaking wet tunnel. She heard him moan deeply as her tight walls hugged his thick cock. Maggie smiled happily. She was glad that he liked being inside of her. She was pleased that her body was able to give him the pleasure that he so clearly desired. He had saved her after all. He deserved every iota of pleasure that he was able to wrench from her taut, sexy body. As he pulled back, she squeezed her walls as much as she could. He moaned in appreciation when she suddenly became extra tight. To show his appreciation, he leaned down and kissed her passionately. With her legs open, she kissed him back with an equal amount of passion. Then his hips slowly began pumping.

Squeezing his hips between her thighs, Maggie shuddered and gasped into his mouth. Nothing had ever reached so deep before. Areas never before touched were now being stimulated with every slow thrust of his hips. She could feel his thick head mashing into her G-spot, making her back arch in pleasure. His moves were confident and steady, and he knew the exact angles to make her squeal. It was only a few minutes in before she felt another orgasm approaching. Her walls were clutching him tightly and fluttering around his shaft. She broke the kiss and bit down on his shoulder. Her vision was starting to blur as the intense feeling of a climax was bubbling up. Maggie's body was wiggling around, unable to stay in one place. Her pussy was fluttering around him, attempting to milk him of his seed. Pathetic squeaks and mewls of pleasure left her mouth and were muffled by the skin of his shoulder. Burying her pretty face in his neck, she cried out just as her body violently bucked. Her silken walls clamped down tightly and squeezed his shaft for all that it was worth.

Harry moaned as her insides squeezed him tightly. The pleasure was intense as he repeatedly thrust in at an angle. Just as he suspected, she hadn't lasted long under his expert ministrations. The perverse sounds of her wet pussy being fucked, the scent of sex that hung in the air, her cries and pleas as he fucked her harder, and especially the snug tightness of her pussy all added up to an explosive finish as Harry folded her into the breeding position and continued to thrust into her even as his cum filled her to the point of leaking.

Maggie gasped as she was filled with his hot cum. In fact, she was filled so much that she felt some of it escape her pussy and leak down and over her asshole. Harry was a savage. He paid no attention to her well-being. He just fucked her harder and harder even as she squealed and begged for mercy. Her pussy was too sensitive, and she needed time to rest and recover. Harry, however, didn't stop until his balls had been completely drained. When he finally pulled out, he showed his dominance over her by repeatedly slapping her sensitive clit with his cock like a bat.

Maggie yelped and closed her legs. Harry, of course, was still trapped between them. He stared her in the eyes and pushed her knees apart again. Maggie blushed deeply and kept her legs open for him. She could feel his cum leaking out of her still-orgasming pussy. From the look on his face, it was clear to her that he wasn't done with her that night ... not by a long shot. Not long after, her head was tilted back, and she was moaning like a whore as she was brutally pounded from behind.

HPTTM

Harry was sitting on the ground with his back against a tall tree that provided him with plenty of shade. He slowly ran the side of his black machete across a whetstone, sharpening it to a fine edge. Once the water on the stone had become too thick and murky, he poured a small amount of his drinking water on it and got back to sharpening. He looked to his left and saw Maggie and her father arguing. Or at least it appeared that they were arguing. He turned his head to the right and saw Andrea and Dale. She looked none too pleased with the old man. Harry shook his head and chuckled. In his opinion, Dale tried to act too much like the Harrison girls' father. Sure, Andrea was a bit of an idiot, but she should be allowed to make her own mistakes. She didn't need Dale deciding what she could and couldn't do. Sooner or later, there was bound to be a big blow-up over something. Amy was near her sister, looking as though she didn't want to get involved. Amy then turned his way and looked at him. Harry smiled at her and waved. She looked a bit embarrassed about being caught but smiled and waved back nonetheless. Then Dale looked his way.

Harry had a feeling the old man didn't approve of his "relationship" with Amy. Amy didn't go around declaring to everyone that they often fucked like rabbits, but she didn't exactly hide the fact that they were being physical with one another. No one in the camp cared in the slightest. They all had their own problems and worries. Andrea even approved. The only one that didn't was Dale. 'He probably thinks that I'm taking advantage of her ... which I am,' Harry smirked. He watched as the old man turned back to Andrea as she began gesturing wildly.

There was a reason why Dale hadn't confronted him yet. Several reasons, in fact. For one, Harry didn't give a fuck what anyone thought, nor would he change his behavior. Dale likely knew that. He had dealt with Daryl after all. The redneck had a similar attitude to Harry's, only he was much rougher around the collar.

Another reason was that Harry was dangerous. Dale knew this. There was nothing that Dale could possibly threaten him with to keep him away from Amy, not that he cared all that much about the girl. Trying to keep Harry away from his lover would only antagonize him, and it wasn't smart to antagonize such an efficient killer.

The biggest reason was that the group needed Harry much more than he needed them. Of course, they didn't know about his ability to leave this crazy world. What they did know was that Harry was very good at defending the group. He was also a very good looter and hunter. The group would be in a much worse state if Harry hadn't joined them. Any negative action toward

him risked him getting angry and leaving. In truth, Harry wouldn't really care if Dale tried to say something to him. Harry would simply tell him to mind his own business. That was what Dale really needed to do. He needed to mind his own business and worry more about himself. Amy and Andrea could take care of themselves. They were part of the group after all. In the end, Harry didn't care either way. If he pissed off the girls and drove them away, that was on him. It was none of Harry's business what Dale, Andrea, or Amy did or how they interacted.

HPTTM

Harry's SUV rumbled to life. Immediately, he turned on the AC and waited for the hot air to first turn lukewarm, then cool until it finally began blowing cold. Harry sighed as he angled the vent toward his face. The vehicle had mostly been emptied for his upcoming scavenging run. It had been gassed up, and the empty gas canisters were stored in the back. He was just about to take off when his passenger side door opened, and Maggie plopped down on the seat. The look on her face told him that she was none too happy at the moment. "Your father?" Harry asked, putting the SUV into drive. He pulled a one-eighty and drove down the long, dirt driveway and turned right once they reached the road.

"Yes," she gave him a one-word answer.

"Is it about that, or something else?" he asked, jabbing his thumb toward the gun belt that he had given to her.

"This and something else," she simply told him. Harry nodded. He already knew that Hershel wouldn't be happy about his eldest packing heat. He half expected the old man to kick him off of his farm.

Harry stayed quiet. He was more than happy to stay out of other people's problems, and if Maggie wanted to stay silent about it all, then Harry was quite eager to ...

"My dad can be sooooo annoying!" she groaned. "He wouldn't listen to anything that I have to say. I tried to explain to him about the walkers, but he still believes that they're just normal people with a sickness. He won't hear another word about it." Maggie crossed her arms over her chest as she glared at the road ahead of them.

"He'll understand someday," Harry assured her. "He's been mostly isolated from the craziness by staying on his farm. Eventually, though, the craziness will find him."

"I'm just worried that something bad will happen to him if he doesn't take it seriously," she confessed.

"Make sure to keep practicing, and maybe you'll be there to get him out of any sticky situation that he finds himself in," Harry said, tapping the gun holster on her hip. Maggie smiled slightly at him and nodded.

"What did he think about you carrying a gun?" Harry asked her.

"He's not pleased ... with me or you," she told him, her smile widening.

"Oh?" Harry asked, turning to look at her. "Is he planning on giving me the boot?" Harry teased.

"No," she shook her head. "I told him that I'm an adult, and I can make my own choices. Then he said that it's his house and his rules. So I told him that he could kick me out if he wanted."

Maggie then sighed. "He's got enough on his plate worrying about Beth."

"Your little sister?"

"Yeah ... She's not doing so hot."

Maggie didn't speak much about her sister Beth. In fact, Harry didn't see the girl very often either. She almost always stayed inside the house, only occasionally coming out to interact.

"She was very religious, and this whole mess is hitting her really hard. She tries to hide it but ..."
Maggie went quiet.

"Maybe we can find a way to help cheer her up," Harry said. Maggie turned to him and smiled.

"I know something that would cheer me up," she suddenly said in a sultry voice. Harry raised an eyebrow. She giggled and whispered something in his ear. Needless to say, Harry was soon parked down a backroad underneath a shady tree while they tested the shocks on his favorite vehicle.