

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 28

Harry stepped between the broken iron gates and pressed deeper into the graveyard. The grass was a bit overgrown, and the dew soaked the cuffs of his trousers, chilling the skin beneath. Moss had grown over every flat surface, crawling over headstones, crypts, and the legs of weather-stained angels. Cold air prickled the hair along Harry's arms, and the wind drowned out practically every other noise. The quarter moon hovered above a line of swaying pines.

He moved slowly and quietly, balanced on the balls of his feet. His wand was loose at his hip. His heart thumped loudly in his chest, but his fingers tingled with a different kind of energy. He always loved these moments. The excitement, the tension, and the danger were almost palpable. Out here, alone in the neglected graveyard, he felt alive. He didn't even try to pretend he wasn't looking forward to a fight.

He felt them coming before he heard them. There was a crack of a branch being stepped on, and something parted the fog to his left. It was a flutter of fabric or a movement too fast to catch. Harry licked his lips, set his jaw, and slowed his breath to a controlled, measured pace. The wind shifted, and there was a whisper of sound.

Five of them drifted out of the fog, and they weren't the dumb, ragged vampires that he was used to dealing with. These moved with purpose. The first hit him from behind and tried to wrestle him to the ground. He was pale and sinewy with slick black hair glued to the sides of his head. The vampire's mouth was open, and his gums were retracted. A row of thin white spikes was aimed at the warm patch beneath Harry's jaw. Harry spun, bent low, and drove his elbow into the thing's ribs. The vampire let out a pained grunt and clung harder, and its nails bit through the fabric of Harry's shirt, scoring the skin. The pain and excitement made Harry's nerves light up.

He lifted the Elder Wand and rammed it under the vampire's chin. "Incendio," he smugly whispered. Flame jetted out in a tight, controlled line, burning so hot the beast didn't even have time to scream. Its face charred instantly, blackening around the edges. A second later, the entire body burst into flame, and Harry kicked it away. Harry closed his mouth, inhaling only through his nose, and watched the thing crumple into a loose pile of dust. From experience, he knew it wasn't pleasant to breathe in vampire dust.

Another one barreled out from the shadow of an obelisk. This one was female, or had been once, and she moved with an animalistic grace that reminded Harry of a tiger on the prowl. She launched herself at his shoulders, her arms outstretched, and her mouth open and screeching. Harry dodged right, grabbing her by the wrist, and twisted until he felt the tendons tear. She shrieked out a raw, wet noise and slashed at his cheek with her fingers. Blood instantly beaded on his skin. He felt the sting of the injury, and it only sharpened his focus.

He let go, shoved her away, and pointed the wand at her chest. “*Lacarnum Inflamarae*.” The spell wasn’t powerful by any stretch of the imagination, but it was controlled and focused. The flames it conjured did not simply burn ... they stuck, spread, and consumed. The vampire’s shirt ignited, and fire crawled over her breasts, up her throat, and finally sparked the hair at her scalp, making it burst into flames. She tried to claw the fire off, but it only worked deeper. The smell of roasting flesh and burning hair filled the air. Harry watched her stumble, arms flailing, then collapse against a headstone. She burned silently until her body gave way, and it crumbled into dust.

Harry stood up straight and wiped the blood from his face with the back of his hand. The cut on his cheek was shallow, but he was annoyed that he had gotten hit in the first place. It reminded him that he wasn’t a Slayer, and he should probably be more careful. Still, it was a small price to pay for dusting another bloodsucker, and he’d heal the cuts once he got home.

A third vampire appeared at the edge of the path, watching him. Its eyes were enormous and black, with no whites at all, and the face was perfectly hairless. Its skin was stretched too tight over the misshapen bones. It didn’t attack. Instead, it watched, and Harry silently stared back, ready for anything. The vampire’s tongue flicked out as if tasting the air, and its mouth twisted into a wide, ragged smile that showed every pointy tooth in its head. Then it began drifting closer.

Harry shifted his grip on the wand, waiting for the exact right moment. The vampire kept its eyes locked on him like a true hunter. Then, out of nowhere, it shot forward with a speed that surprised Harry. It reached for him, its hand stretching toward his throat. Harry’s reaction was a little faster, and right before its hand circled his throat, he snapped the wand up. The vampire was blasted off its feet and sent tumbling through the air. Harry took aim and fired several Severing Charms, hacking off limbs as it twisted through the air. The vampire landed with a dull thud on the damp grass, and two of its arms and a leg landed several feet behind it. The vampire let out an agonized scream while Harry calmly walked over. He looked down at the pitiful vampire with its writhing stumps. He shook his head and put it out of its misery.

“*Incendio*,” he said again, pointing his wand at it.

Its clothes instantly burst into flames, heating up the air around him. The fire was so white-hot that the flesh split, sloughed away in flakes, and exposed the yellow bone beneath. The vampire thrashed, screamed, and watched Harry with those huge, black eyes until the fire had fully consumed it. The body burst, and ash drifted down, coating Harry’s shoulders and hair.

The fourth vampire wasted no time and dropped from a tree above. It landed with a thunk and charged like a raging bull. This one was huge. It was nearly seven feet tall, with arms as thick as fence posts and a chest broad enough to make Harry take a step back. It howled, and the sound made the hairs on Harry’s arms stand up. Harry could see, even from a distance, that its mouth was lined with needle-sharp teeth.

Harry fired a spell before it even landed, but the brute shrugged off the flames as if they were nothing. It barreled into him, driving him to the ground, and pinned him there with an arm across the chest. The weight forced the air from Harry's lungs, and he gasped, struggling against its brute strength. The vampire's breath stank of blood, and Harry could feel the feverish heat of its body.

It leaned close, pressing its mouth to Harry's neck. Suddenly, both of them vanished with a pop. Harry reappeared a few feet away, standing up. The giant vampire tumbled to the ground, and it groaned. The vampire pushed itself back to its feet, and then it noticed something. "What the ..." Its arm was gone. The vampire heard the human chuckle, and when it looked over, the bastard was holding his detached arm like a club. "Give that back!" the vampire cried out.

Harry chuckled again, holding the vampire's splinched arm. "Sure thing, mate," Harry said, and charged. He began pummeling the vampire with his own meaty arm, beating it over the head and back.

"Hey! Cut it out!" the vampire complained, shielding the blows with his one remaining arm. The vampire finally had enough and grabbed his detached arm. He ripped it from Harry's grasp and swung it at him. Harry ducked under the wild swing.

This time, he didn't bother with words. The raw magic poured out of his wand in a focused lance of fire, and the vampire's head exploded in a mist of blackened brains and boiling blood. The thing spasmed, tumbled over, and the body turned to dust just as it hit the ground. Harry took a deep breath and stretched his aching shoulder.

The last vampire stood at the gate, watching. It was smaller, with pale, near-translucent skin and a shock of white hair. Its eyes glittered, and its mouth was pinched. It didn't attack. It looked at Harry, then at the piles of dust around him, and Harry could see it was considering its options.

Harry smirked, gripped his wand tightly, and strode toward the gate. The vampire's body tensed, and for a second it looked like it might bolt. Instead, it dropped to all fours and scuttled up the side of the nearest mausoleum, clinging to the wet marble like a spider.

Harry followed, not wanting this thing to get away. The vampire leaped from the top of the tomb and landed a meter in front of him, crouched low. Its fangs were out, but its eyes were full of fear.

"Come on," Harry said, looking for a fight. "Don't make me wait."

The vampire hissed and lunged, but Harry was ready. He snapped the wand up and, with a flick of his wrist, lashed out with a fiery whip that wrapped around the creature's neck like a collar. The small vampire screeched loud enough to hurt Harry's ears. Harry tugged hard on the fire whip, and the heat and pressure were so intense that the flesh burned away instantly, leaving

the head rolling free. It bounced once on the muddy ground before dissolving into dust. The body crumpled into dust, which was quickly carried away by the increasing wind.

Harry stood in the center of the path, breathing hard. He looked down at his hands, which were coated in vampire dust. Ash clung to his arms, his shirt, and even his hair, and he could still smell the burning flesh. Harry waved his wand and cleaned himself up the best he could. The fierce wind rattled the tree branches, and the cold air made him shiver. He was very much looking forward to a hot shower, but he had to finish patrolling first. Harry sighed and continued through the graveyard.

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The door to the bedroom was ajar, and a sliver of dim light stretched over the faded hardwood, cast by the single lamp Harry always left on for Buffy. He paused on the threshold, letting his eyes adjust. The fight in the cemetery had left him wired, but now that the adrenaline was wearing off, Harry was feeling the exhaustion set in. However, the sight inside the bedroom cut through it. Buffy was tangled in his sheets, sleeping deeply.

She had kicked off most of the covers and was sprawled diagonally across the mattress, taking up every centimeter of space. Her golden hair was splayed over the pillow, and her back was bare. Her legs were twisted in the sheets, and Harry's eyes followed the smooth skin all the way up to her exposed hip. She looked both delicate and beautiful, and Harry felt himself harden as he took her in.

He slipped off his boots, careful not to wake her. Buffy slightly moaned in her sleep, and he leaned down and brushed a strand of hair from her cheek, letting his thumb trace her jaw. She stirred at the touch, and her eyelids fluttered, but she didn't wake. She made a small, contented sound and curled tighter around his pillow.

Harry straightened and, for a moment, just watched her. She looked very peaceful. Harry quietly yawned and decided to get ready for bed.

He padded into the bathroom and closed the door behind him. The harsh overhead light stung his eyes. He set his wand on the counter, peeled off his shirt, and winced at the tug of dried blood at his shoulder. He stepped out of his jeans. His body was marked up, but luckily, it wasn't too bad. There were enough fresh wounds to be annoying, though. A shallow gouge ran along his left shoulder blade, and there was a thin, ragged cut on his cheek, already caked with blood. A couple of finger-shaped bruises marred his ribs.

Harry turned on the shower, stepped under the spray, and let the water run over him, sluicing away the grime, dust, and blood. The bathroom filled with steam, softening the harsh light. Harry stood there for a minute, letting the hot water soothe his aching muscles.

He washed quickly and scrubbed the vampire dust out of his hair with extra effort. When he stepped out of the shower, the mirror was fogged over. Harry wiped it with his hand and studied himself. The cuts on his body stood out against his pale skin.

He picked up his wand from the edge of the sink and pressed the tip to his cheek. He didn't bother with an incantation. The magic flowed easily, and the cut sealed instantly, the skin mending with barely a trace. He repeated the process for the scratches on his shoulders. Each healed with a satisfying tingle, leaving only faint pink lines that would fade by morning.

Harry was drying off when he heard the bathroom door creak open. He glanced at the mirror, watching as Buffy drifted into the bathroom behind him. Buffy was completely nude. Her hair was a wild mess, and her eyes were soft and heavy-lidded. She padded over the tile on bare feet, and Harry watched as her hips bounced lazily from side to side.

She pressed her chest to Harry's back and wrapped her arms around his waist. The heat of her body was more than welcome, and her hands found his stomach. Her fingertips traced the faint lines of his abs, and she pressed her face into his shoulder and inhaled deeply.

"Hey," she murmured tiredly, her voice muffled against his skin. "You're home late."

Harry set the towel on the counter and leaned back into her. "I ran into some trouble at the cemetery, and I didn't want to call for backup for only five vampires."

She made a quiet, appreciative sound and kissed his shoulder. "I appreciate it," she said, her lips trailing along his skin. "I wasn't looking forward to another all-nighter."

"Somebody's got to slay the undead. It might as well be me," Harry said, grinning at her in the mirror.

Buffy rolled her eyes but didn't argue. She was very glad to have someone who could help lighten her load. She slid her hands lower, and her fingertips brushed against his throbbing shaft. She pressed her entire body to his, letting him feel every inch of her. Her skin was hot and smooth, still flushed from sleep, and her nipples were rock-hard.

"You got injured?" she asked, noticing the pink lines on his shoulder.

"Not anymore," Harry replied. "I'm all patched up and better than new."

Buffy smiled, and her lips curled against his back. "Good. Just try to be more careful in the future."

"Your wish is my command," Harry teased with a chuckle.

"I like the sound of that," Buffy teased back and curled her fingers around his cock. Harry's body responded immediately to her touch. She caressed his shaft and even cupped his bloated sack. Buffy gave it a teasing squeeze and giggled when his cock jerked hard and smacked her hand. She let go of his balls and returned to the shaft.

Her eyes flicked up to meet his in the mirror, and she smiled. "I missed you," she said, and started to stroke him slowly and steadily. "The bed's just not the same without you in it." Her grip was firm, but her pace was lazy and teasing. Harry could feel his cock throbbing against her soft palm, eager for more. He closed his eyes and just enjoyed the sensation.

Buffy tightened her fist around Harry's cock, working it with urgent, hungry strokes. Her hand moved with a rhythm that made his breath catch. Her fingers curled around the thick shaft, and she drew the foreskin taut with every motion. Her thumb glided over the slick head, spreading the bead of precum that welled from the tip. Her other hand slid down and cupped his balls, rolling them in her palm with gentle pressure. She then squeezed slightly, making him grit his teeth with pleasure.

Harry reached back, fumbling for her hip, and slid his hand along the curve of her thigh until his fingers found the heat between her legs. Her pussy was already soaking wet, and his fingertips parted the slick folds and stroked up and down the length of her slit, gathering her arousal. His thumb found her clit and began to circle it gently. He was forced to move faster as she pushed her hips forward, hungrily grinding her mound against his hand. Buffy let out a low, desperate moan and pressed her chest to his bare back. Her nipples drew hot, pebbled lines over his skin as she rubbed against him.

She couldn't get enough of him, and Harry could tell. The need in her touch was frantic, and she panted in his ear as she worked his cock, her breath ragged with desire. He turned and caught her lips, kissing her deeply. Buffy's hand didn't stop stroking him as they kissed, even as he spun around to face her. Harry's hand slid up her body, and he cupped her breast. He pinched and rolled her stiff nipple, and she gasped into his mouth.

"Take me to bed," she breathlessly commanded, breaking the kiss only long enough to say it. Her pupils were dilated from arousal, and her lips were swollen from their kissing. Harry grabbed her thighs in his hands, lifted her easily, and carried her to the bed. Buffy wrapped her arms around his neck and bit his earlobe, giggling when he shuddered.

He set her down in the center of the mattress, and she immediately scrambled onto her hands and knees, turning to look at him over her shoulder. Her ass was round and perfect, and the slick seam of her pussy was visible between her thighs. She arched her back, presenting herself, and Harry's cock twitched at the sight. He grabbed her by the hips and rubbed the thick head of his cock up and down her slit, teasing her. He loved the way her pussy lips parted to let him in, but he withdrew before she was penetrated.

Buffy made a frustrated sound and shoved her hips back, trying to impale herself. "Stop teasing me and fuck me, Harry," she begged, her voice raspy with need. "I can't wait anymore."

He lined up and pushed the head of his cock into her until just the tip was in. Harry then slowly forced his girth inside her tight, hot pussy. Her pussy clung to him, gripping the shaft and pulling him deeper. He started to thrust slowly, but Harry quickly built a rhythm that made her moan and shudder. The slick sound of her pussy swallowing his cock filled the room, and there was a depraved, wet slap every time he bottomed out.

Buffy's ass rippled with every thrust, and she clawed at the sheets as he pounded her harder. Her pussy clenched around him, and her silky walls fluttered and milked his cock, making him almost lose control. She was so wet that fat drops of arousal dripped down her inner thighs. His balls slapped against her clit with every thrust, and the obscene sound only made him fuck her faster.

She came first, and she came hard, screaming into the pillow. Her pussy spasmed around his cock, squeezing him like a vise. Harry barely held on for a few seconds more, until the fluttering of her pussy made him explode. Harry groaned, and he buried himself deep, filling her with his seed. Buffy collapsed on the bed, panting, and Harry fell next to her.

He wrapped his arms around her, and she curled into his chest, still shaking from her orgasm. Harry kissed her head and pulled the covers over them. Buffy yawned cutely, and she nestled closer, her leg thrown over his. Harry held her close, and before long, both were soundly asleep.