

## Harry in the Hellmouth

### Chapter 15

“Willow! Dinner’s almost ready!” Mrs. Rosenberg’s voice rang out from down the hall.

“O-Okay, Mom!” Willow called back in a high-pitched voice. Immediately, her heart began to hammer in her chest, afraid that she was going to get caught. Laying on her back in the middle of her bed, she looked down to see a shock of messy, black hair between her parted legs. “Harry!” she whispered quietly as his tongue did incredible things to her body. When his lips wrapped around her swollen clit, Willow arched her back and moaned as quietly as possible. Harry chuckled and began kissing up her body. Willow squirmed as his tongue tickled her belly button. Her fingers threaded through his hair as his lips peppered her slim stomach and rose even higher still.

Since the incident when she accidentally cast a spell of lust on them, Willow hadn’t been able to get that moment out of her mind. She had never felt anything like that before. The intensity of the pleasure that his body brought her was mind-blowing, and Willow understood why Buffy kept going back for more.

After the incident, Willow began feeling jealous of her Slayer BFF. Not the normal kind of jealousy that she normally felt. Sure, Buffy was very pretty and all the boys wanted her. That was something that Willow had dealt with since meeting the strange blonde. No, the jealousy that she felt this time went beyond that. Willow could deal with the fact that she was seen as the nerdy female in their group, but what she couldn’t deal with was that on top of being blonde, beautiful, and a total badass that kicked some major butt, Buffy was also getting the most wonderful pleasure in the world, anytime she wanted. And the worst part was that because of her Slayer magic mixing with his, the pleasure was beyond what even Willow could feel. Once again, Willow rolled the dice of life and came up with snake eyes. That was why when Harry walked into her room, she wasn’t going to let the opportunity pass her by. For once in her life, she was going to be greedy and selfish. She was going to have Harry, no matter what Buffy, Xander, or Oz had to say about it.

Willow’s eyes fluttered as he lightly bit down on her nipple while he rubbed the other one with his thumb. They hadn’t left the bed for over an hour, and Willow was hoping that she would be able to tempt him to stay the night. Unfortunately, her stupid mom was getting in the way. “My mom’s going to come in and catch us!” she quietly cried out in slight pain as he nipped at her hard nub just a bit harder. He had discovered that she enjoyed a little bit of pain with her pleasure.

“That’s a shame,” he said, kissing her neck before kissing her soft lips. Willow melted into the kiss while rolling her hips. She could feel his hard length rubbing against her naked slit. “I was hoping we’d have a little more time together,” he said, teasing her by moving his hand down to her clit and letting his magic wash over her lovely body.

Her eyes nearly bugged out when she felt his magic infuse her body. She couldn't imagine that Buffy had ever felt any more pleasure than she was feeling right at that moment. Fluids began leaking from her cumming pussy as she squealed into his mouth. Her body began bucking wildly as she experienced the greatest orgasm of her life. Her hips were thrusting back and forth as she desperately rubbed herself against the palm of his hand. The orgasm felt as though it had lasted a lifetime, but in reality, it must have only been a few minutes. "Willow?!" her mother called out again, making her jump.

"Be right there!" she yelled out and scrambled to her feet while her pussy was still contracting from the orgasm. While getting dressed, Harry's hand caressed her body thoroughly. She loved the way his hands played with the soft skin of her thighs before moving up her belly and cupping her breasts. "Can you come back later?" she quickly asked in a hushed tone. "Tonight I mean," she added.

"I suppose I can," Harry smiled down at her, his fingers toying with her rock-hard nipples. "What time?"

"My m-mom always goes to sleep at ten ... So maybe at eleven?" she stuttered from the pleasurable sensation of having her nipples rolled as she pulled her panties up. She instantly felt them get wet and internally cursed. Now she would have to sit through dinner with uncomfortably wet panties on. Still, it was an annoyance that she was willing to endure for how good he made her feel.

"Alright ... See you then," he said, spinning her around and kissing her passionately. Willow moaned into his mouth, wishing that she had her own place to live. Then he wouldn't have to ever leave, she thought naughtily as her pussy pulsed with wanton need. When he disappeared a moment later, she sighed and finished getting dressed before running downstairs.

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With a few hours to kill, Harry decided to patrol the town and possibly clear out any unwanted guests to help Buffy a bit. It always amazed him how fast the crowds tended to clear out once the sun went down. He didn't know if it was the supposed high crime rates of the city that caused people to go missing constantly that made people avoid being out at night, or if they just instinctively knew that the area was dangerous. During his spare time, Harry would study not only the center of the town but the outskirts as well, hoping that he could get some of his questions answered. It seemed that the Hellmouth radiated dark and powerful magic into the surrounding area. He wasn't sure, but he would take a guess that their timidness to go out at night was part of the magic that was being produced by the unworldly gate. There were times when the magic was thick in the air. To him, it tasted sour and made his skin crawl when it was overly saturated. Harry was sure that the magic could also be felt by the citizens of Sunnydale, causing them to turn a blind eye or just make excuses for obviously supernatural events.

Harry heard some laughter and turned to look. A group of teens was walking down the street, oblivious to the dangers that the city could heap upon them at any moment. That was another observation that he had made. The younger they were, the less the magic affected them ... or maybe it was that they just cared less. Teens were dumb after all. This particular group looked to be walking toward the Bronze. Harry hoped that they would make it there and back home safely. That, however, was a crap shoot.

He continued walking, keeping an eye out for anything out of the ordinary. Once he was nearly at the cemetery, he saw a group of vampires that were dressed exactly like the ones that he and Buffy had had a run-in with the previous night. They were wearing the same colored and patterned tunic as before. The one in the front looked to be gleefully examining some type of amulet that was connected to a long, necklace chain. Anything that made a vampire that happy was definitely bad news. Harry held out his hand and summoned the amulet to him. The vampires cried out in shock and anger as it soared away from them. Running after it, they chased it until they saw it land right in Harry's palm.

The amulet was strange looking. It was flat and shaped like an arrowhead but crafted to look like a demon. The design looked old ... and South American ... perhaps from the times of the Mayans. It had two arms that curled down and rested against a blood-red gem of some sort.

"You'll be wise to hand that to me, human! I promise I'll make your death quick and painless," one of the vampires growled as it stopped in front of him. He was holding his hand out in front of him.

"And you are?" Harry asked, raising his eyebrow.

"I am Vincent of El Eliminati," he said proudly with his hand still sticking out.

"El Eliminati?" Harry asked, confused.

"A proud brotherhood who follows the Great One ... Balthazar the Almighty!" he declared pompously.

"Never heard of him," Harry replied quickly.

"Insolence!" Vincent shouted. "Now your death will be slow and torturous!" he screamed angrily. As he was screaming, Harry summoned a sword into his hand and swung it hard and fast.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHG!" Vincent yelled as his hand flopped onto the floor. Holding his stump, he stumbled back in pain.

"Kill him!" he shouted. When Vincent saw a blast of fire shoot from the human's hand, setting one of his friends on fire, he put two and two together.

“A Warlock! Run!” he called out as more fire rained down on them. Another member of his brotherhood was turned to ash before they could fully escape. He only hoped Balthazar was a forgiving Master. When they were gone, Harry vanished his sword and walked over to the pile of ash. Bending down, Harry picked up two objects that had fallen. One was a sword and the other, a dagger. Both were crafted as a matching set with their ornate handles and hilt guards bejeweled with gems. Harry heard someone running up to him. He was about to hide the sword when he saw that it was Buffy. Harry rolled his eyes.

“Why is it that every time bad luck finds me, you’re not far behind?” Harry teased her. Buffy didn’t look very amused.

“I’m not in the mood, Harry. I have a new Watcher that’s very annoying and sent me on a mission that I just failed. I can’t wait to see his smug face when I tell him. I even had to hide inside of a tomb when a group of vamps decided to join my little excursion to find an amulet,” she said, shuddering and brushing the grossness from her clothes.

“Is that why you smell like a fifty-year-old corpse?” Harry chuckled. Buffy didn’t look too pleased. Deciding to take it easy on her, he carried on. “Relax, Buffy,” he said and pulled out the amulet and tossed it to her.

“Just found a group of vamps celebrating their new find. I decided to take it from them ... Even dusted a few,” he told her. Buffy sighed.

“At least there’s some good news tonight.”

“Want me to take you home so you can shower? I’ll continue patrolling for the next couple of hours,” Harry asked her. Buffy smiled.

“A shower or twenty would be great,” she said, reaching out for him. He took her hand and Apparated her home. “I’d kiss you in thanks but ...”

“You smell like a fifty-year-old corpse,” he finished her sentence. “Understood.”

“I’m gonna smack you someday,” she said, walking to her front door. Harry just laughed and disappeared.

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Willow was sitting on her bed nervously, waiting for eleven o’clock to strike. She had finished her dinner as fast as possible without raising suspicion. After she was done, she excused herself and went upstairs to shower and wait. Now that it was nearly time, she was growing even more nervous. A soft cracking sound made her jump up from her bed. Standing there was the man that had been haunting her very naughty dreams as of late. She swallowed hard as he smiled and stalked up to her. Her body trembled as he reached out for her ... First, placing his hands

on her hips and giving them a squeeze. He then moved them upward, his fingers sliding underneath the hem of her shirt. Her body erupted in goosebumps as he gently grazed her soft, smooth skin. Harry leaned in, and Willow closed her eyes and tilted her head up. Instead of a kiss, he whispered in her ear.

“Are you ready for a very long and fun night?” She heard the teasing in his voice. Even so, she trembled as her head silently nodded. He threw out his hand, and Willow felt magic infuse the air.

“Wha...?” she was about to ask but was cut off by a deep and lustful kiss.

“A Silencing Charm,” he answered as he pulled down her pajama pants, exposing her panties. Willow stepped out of them and quietly squealed as he lifted her into his arms before placing her on the bed. “Now you don’t have to be quiet ... because I plan on making you scream,” he told her before capturing her lips in another very long and slow kiss.