

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 1

The silver blade spun between his fingers as he procrastinated. He doubted that there were many who would be eager to do what he was about to do. Taking a deep breath, Harry Potter placed the tip of the blade against his inner forearm and cut deeply. Hissing in pain, he kept his eyes open even though he desperately wanted to clench them shut. He dragged the razor-sharp blade down until he made a three-inch incision.

Placing the knife down on the table, he picked up what looked to be a matchbox. If one were to look closer, however, they would see that the box was made out of gold. Stuffing the box inside the incision was one of the most painful experiences that he had ever faced. Once inside, he performed a quick skin-knitting spell and closed up the wound. Looking it over, he could see the rectangular shape making his skin bulge. Wincing, he quickly tossed back a pain relief potion. If all went according to plan, then the pain and discomfort would only last for a few more minutes. Before doing what needed to be done, he took one last look at the picture by his side. Hermione Granger and the Weasleys looked back at him, smiling and waving from within the wizard photo. He smiled back. It had been over a hundred years since he had seen them last.

After the defeat of Voldemort, everything was great for a while. Harry lived life to the best of his ability, taking enjoyment wherever he could get it. He jumped from girl to girl, having one whirlwind romance after another. Things were great. At least it was until Hermione noticed that he stopped aging. At first, he didn't notice. He wasn't the type to constantly stare at himself in the mirror after all. After mentioning it, he took notice, and he knew that it wouldn't be long before others did as well. Hiding from the public eye, he allowed Hermione to do as many tests and experiments as she could. From what she could tell, the Basilisk venom in his blood was constantly destroying his cells while the Phoenix tears healed them just as fast. There was a perfect balance between the two. The end result was that he didn't appear to age, and he didn't get sick. She suspected that it activated in his early twenties when his body went through its final magical maturity. Harry was at least glad that he wasn't stuck looking like a twelve-year-old for god knows how long. Hermione couldn't be sure if he aged or not. Perhaps he did, but it was so slow that no one could actually tell. Either way, it was a problem for Harry.

After Voldemort, there was a very big taboo on anything having to do with immortality, and rightly so in his opinion. With no other choice, Harry had to leave the country behind and travel to places where nobody knew him. That was just what he did. He jumped from country to country, spending years soaking up the local cultures and learning a thing or two along the way.

Learning magic was one of his favorite past times when settling in a new area. If he couldn't be with the people that he considered family, then he would at least better himself in case his talents were ever needed. Thankfully, that never happened. They lived long, full lives, had children and grandchildren, and died peacefully. As sad as it was, he was happy for them. For him, things weren't working out as well. The magical world had somehow figured out that he

hadn't died and was searching for him. He didn't know what they planned to do, but he wasn't going to wait and find out. He had long since given inheritances to Hermione, the Weasleys, and Teddy so that they could enjoy the money while still alive. Harry never lived extravagantly, so he didn't need much. Even so, after hundreds of years, he still built up quite a bit of gold. Using that money, he bribed an Unspeakable to hand over all information on the Veil of Death that the Department of Mysteries had. Harry had long since realized what it was. For some people, it was a sure death. For others, it was a gateway to something new.

Luna once heard the voices as well. Years ago, the spacey blonde had disappeared, never to be seen again. The only evidence was a note that she sent to Harry right before she disappeared. She never outright said it, but she hinted enough for him to figure out what she was talking about. Obviously, Harry never told anyone about it or the note. He simply told his friends to not worry about Luna.

When he had received the information, he poured over it night and day. Once he learned enough, he moved on to studying it. Sneaking in wasn't a problem. They still hadn't learned their lesson from when he and his friends had snuck in. After a few months of study, he felt that it was time, the government was getting close to finding him after all.

He knew enough about it to know that only his body could go through. Anything carried would either be lost or destroyed, he wasn't sure. Fortunately, he found a workaround. He found that he could hide something inside of him. That should ensure its safe passage. Unfortunately, he could take a bottomless bag or some other highly magical object. That may end up interfering with the passage. For that reason, he created a box that dampened the magic inside. Even so, he had to leave behind any powerfully magical objects. He sent his cloak to his godson's however many great-grandson who was nearing Hogwarts age, and he donated the rest of his objects to the school.

The box was made of wood and covered in a thin layer of gold with runes carved into it. It should allow him to carry a few magical objects. The box itself would be able to be shrunk and stored inside of his arm. That was the extent of the magical items that he could take. Having only around two square feet of space, he placed several bars of gold, a change of clothes since his would be destroyed, One dozen of the best wands that he had collected over the years, including the Elder Wand. One would think that the wands were incredibly magical, but that couldn't be further from the truth. There was a little magic to them, but they were much better suited to channeling and amplification. As such, he would have no problem taking them. He also brought a little bit of food, just in case, and his personal spellbook. The book held no magic of its own. It was just a notebook that he had been writing in for years. Whenever he came across a useful spell, ritual, or any other piece of magic, he would jot it down in his notebook. He simply wrote the incantation, a very short description, and any other useful information pertaining to the piece of magic. Over the years he had amassed quite a bit of useful magics in there. There was no way that he was willing to leave it behind. Sadly, the book was so large that it kept him from adding anything else to the box.

Once he had seen some Ministry officials poking around his area, he knew that it was time to go. That night he snuck into the Department of Mysteries and placed the box in his arm. With one last look at the photo, he took a deep breath and jumped headfirst into the Veil.

Immediately, he screamed as his clothes were burned from his body. The lights were flashing and strobing so brightly that he had to close his eyes or else risk a seizure. He felt himself tumble head over heels for god knows how long. It was a strange sensation to be sure. Beyond the pain of having his clothes atomized, there wasn't a whole lot of discomfort. There wasn't even any wind as he tumbled through space-time. The strange thing was that there were smells. He could smell rain and something that reminded him of Cho Chang. A brief pang of sadness hit him. He had really liked that girl. They had had a quick but passionate romance a few years after graduation. His thoughts on past girlfriends were put on hold when his body was jerked violently. Harry didn't know how he knew this, but perhaps it was because he had been studying magic for so long that he could instinctively understand it, much like how Dumbledore used to. He ended up in the right overall reality, but something was pulling him to a specific place. Whatever it was, it was magical and felt primal and very old. With a crack that sounded like a sonic boom, Harry tore through the fabric that separated realities. Opening his eyes, they immediately widened when he saw the ground coming closer and closer.

Using his limited repertoire of wandless magic, Harry cast a Cushioning Charm at the ground just before he hit it. Bouncing off the ground, he was tossed about fifteen feet in the air and to the side before he hit the grass hard.

"OOF!" Harry grunted as pain flared in his body. He could feel the telltale signs of some deep scrapes and bruises which he didn't need to worry too much about. He had faster than average healing so those would likely be gone by morning. Thankfully, no bones were broken, and he had all of his parts. When he tried to get up, he was hit with a severe case of nausea. His head spinning, he collapsed to his knees with his head down and breathing heavily. After a few seconds, the worst of the dizziness had passed, and he was able to stand back up. Thankfully there was a statue nearby that he was able to lean against as he got back to his feet.

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Zander, Willow, Cordelia, and Oz were skulking around the graveyard waiting for a recent vampire victim to crawl out of his grave when they cried out and covered their ears. The boom was so loud that several cars in the general area had their alarms go off. Looking toward the direction that the sound had come from, they saw a flash of light up in the air before what looked like a human fell out of it. They couldn't see much more because a big, gaudy monument blocked their view.

"C'mon. Let's go check it out," Zander said, holding his wooden stake at the ready.

"I don't know," Willow replied worriedly. "That didn't look like a vampire to me. This seems more like a job for ..." she said before going quiet.

“Buffy?” Zander finished.

“Well Buffy’s gone,” Cordelia added.

“How about we take a peek? If it looks like something that we can’t handle, we bolt,” Oz chimed in, standing by his girlfriend’s side. The other three agreed and made their way to the disturbance.

It was only a few hundred feet before they found what had fallen from the sky. Immediately, Willow blushed a deep red and hid her face in her hands. Cordelia didn’t bother. She took her time checking out the possible “threat”. If one were to look, they would see that she was paying extra special attention to the area below his waist.

A very naked man was leaning heavily against a large statue of a weeping angel. They could see that his arms and legs were scraped up and he was sweating. Cordelia stared at the beads of sweat rolling down his hard, muscled chest and over his six-pack.

“You might want to avert your eyes,” Zander said, annoyed at his girlfriend.

“Why?” she asked, as clueless as ever. Zander rolled his eyes.

“Hey, buddy! You okay?” he called out.

“Gonna need a minute,” they heard him say in a clearly British accent.

“He sounds like Giles. Does Giles have a son that no one knew about?” Cordelia asked, finally removing her eyes from his naked form. They were kept from answering, however, when Willow screamed. The vampire that they had been waiting for had snuck up behind them and grabbed the young redhead.

“Willow!” Oz shouted, attacking the vampire only to get kicked in the gut.

Even through his daze, he heard the commotion and looked up. A redhead girl was being held from behind as a short boy fell to the ground hard, clutching his stomach. His eyes widened when he saw the demonic face of the creature that was holding the girl. As it opened its mouth, Harry saw a row of sharp teeth with two long fangs at each end. He immediately recognized it as a vampire, even though it looked different from the ones that he was used to. The vampire dipped its head to take a bite from the pale neck of the redheaded girl when Harry acted.

Hearing the screams from her friends, Harry used what little strength he had left to wandlessly summon the girl. She screamed out as she shot from the vampire’s grip and smacked into Harry’s chest. The vampire turned its sight to him before snarling. It charged just before Harry raised his hand once again and let loose a powerful Banishing Charm.

The Scooby gang watched helplessly as the vamp leaned down to drain Willow. Just then, she floated away and landed in the arms of the naked man. They watched as the vampire charged, intent on getting its revenge for having its meal stolen. What they didn't expect was for the man to raise his hand and fire off some kind of superpower. What looked like a shockwave hit the vampire and instantly turned him into dust. Not only that but several tombstones and statues were turned to rubble as the blast continued on before finally wearing out. They looked at him with widened eyes.

Willow was trembling as she pressed against her savior. Her hand was resting against his stomach. For a moment, she had lost her sense of self and just allowed herself to enjoy being close to an attractive man. The hand on his rock-hard stomach seemed to linger as she licked her lips. A throat clearing from a familiar voice brought her out of her panic-induced craze. Squeaking in shock, she jumped from his grasp and scuttled back to her boyfriend's side. She looked at him apologetically before turning back to her savior. She cried out as he collapsed to the ground and fell into unconsciousness.