

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 22

As soon as Harry woke up, he did his business and immediately got back to work tracking down the Jhlectnilu Demon for Buffy. By then, Cordelia was at school along with Buffy and the others. He didn't need to worry about the warehouse since Anya was more than capable of keeping things running. In fact, she was more capable than he was. He barely had to do anything beyond supplying the goods and updating the catalogs.

Knowing that the demons would not be out and about during daylight hours, Harry guessed that they were either in one of the many cemeteries, hiding in a crypt, hiding in the nearby woods, or most likely, down in the sprawling, underground sewer system. Deciding on the least gross first, Harry grabbed his weapons and made his way to the woods.

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Buffy wiped the bead of sweat from her forehead with the back of her shaking hand. Her day had started out good ... great even. Telepathy was a very useful skill, she had thought as she used it to her advantage. Sadly, the negative aspects quickly made themselves known. One big one that Harry had never mentioned was the fact that her friends immediately became distrustful of her, not wanting their thoughts and secrets heard. Buffy supposed that she could see it from their point of view, but that still didn't make it hurt any less. It was strange, she thought. She could hear dozens of voices at all times, and she still felt alone when her friends began avoiding her.

By lunchtime, the voices were overwhelming. It was one person talking over another. Then those voices would talk over three more, and so on, and so on. Her headache started out dull and thumping but quickly grew into a piercing migraine. As strong as she was, carrying her lunch tray was a chore. Voices echoed through her mind, bouncing off of the walls of her skull, and reverberating long enough to make her head pound in pain. Buffy winced loudly as a boy walked by.

'Nice tits,' he loudly thought as he walked past her in the opposite direction.

'She is so weird!' a girl thought as she walked by and bumped into her. Buffy gasped and angled her body away.

'I hope Alex doesn't find out that I slept with his cousin,' another female voice called out from across the room.

'This beefaroni tastes like dog food.'

'Oh, shit! I forgot to put on deodorant this morning! I wonder if anyone can smell my pits.'

“My ass itches ...”

‘Look at Becky’s skirt. She’s such a slut ...’

‘This time tomorrow ... I’ll kill you all,’ Buffy suddenly heard over all the other voices. It was just a whisper, but she could hear it loud and clear. Buffy could practically feel the anger and hatred hidden behind those words. This wasn’t just some high schooler angrily lashing out with meaningless words. The owner of those thoughts meant them, and this scared the hell out of Buffy. She gasped and dropped her tray. Buffy thought that the other students might have been laughing and clapping at her folly, but she wasn’t sure. She was too busy hightailing it out of the cafeteria. ‘What a loser,’ was the last thing she heard as the swinging door closed behind her.

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As the sun began to set, Harry decided to take a break. He hadn’t found a single thing in the woods, nor had he found anything in the half-dozen cemeteries that he had searched. The only thing close was the three vampires he found hiding out in a mausoleum. With nowhere to run, a powerful Incendio made quick work of the vampires.

Wanting to see how Buffy was doing, he apparated into her room and found her sitting on her bed looking miserable. Harry sat down next to her and brushed the hair from her face. Buffy tilted her head up and looked at him with her big, blue eyes. He could see that she was in pain. “How’s it going?” he asked quietly, checking the temperature of her forehead with the back of his hand.

“Horrible,” she said, her words coming out gruff. She cleared her throat and added, “There are so many voices ... and they’re getting louder.”

“I’m going back to keep looking for the demon,” he told her, gently playing with her earlobe. Buffy leaned in and rested her forehead on his shoulder. He wrapped his arms around the pained Slayer. “I have some stuff back at the warehouse. It’s a powerful sedative. It’ll knock you out for the rest of the night. Want me to go get it?” he asked her.

“What’s it made from?” she wondered. She couldn’t hear his thoughts due to his magical abilities. She didn’t like the slight wince she heard.

“It’s better if you don’t know,” he honestly informed her. Still, Buffy wasn’t going to turn it down. Any kind of help was a blessing. She nodded against his shoulder and smiled slightly when he kissed the top of her head.

“Get in bed. I’ll be back in a second,” he said before disappearing. Buffy did as he said and crawled into bed. Just as she began pulling the covers up to her chest, Harry returned holding a

tiny, glass vile with a black, plastic, screw-on top. He sat down next to her and unscrewed the cap. "Open up," he ordered. Buffy opened her mouth wide and instantly regretted it.

She began coughing and gagging the moment he poured the powder into her mouth. As the powder touched her tongue, it instantly turned into a thick, foul-tasting liquid that slowly oozed down her throat. Buffy coughed and glared at him. "That was ..." she began but then stopped. She blinked a few times and yawned loudly. "That worked fast," was all she could say before she started lightly snoring. Harry put the vile away and went to inform her mother.

"So I shouldn't try to wake her?" Joyce asked him. Harry shook his head.

"No, just let her rest for the night. I need to get back out there and find the demon before it leaves town," he told her. Joyce nodded. It would be very bad if the demon suddenly left town, she thought. Buffy was already in a very bad spot. She couldn't imagine how much worse it could get, and she didn't want to find out. She reached out and brushed her fingers down his arm.

"Thank you, Harry ... For helping her," she said. Harry smiled and reached out for her. He grabbed her hips and pulled her in. Joyce shuddered as her body pressed against his. Her nipples instantly hardened the moment his lips touched her. Her eyes closed, and she eagerly deepened the kiss. Unfortunately, Harry broke the kiss way too soon for her liking. He left her breathing heavily with a flushed face.

"You can thank me properly later. First, I have to find that demon," he said before disappearing. Joyce's face became hot just thinking about having him in bed again. That, however, would have to wait. As soon as he was gone, she went and checked on her daughter. Just as he said, she was fast asleep and didn't appear to be in any pain.

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Harry was huffing and puffing as he ran down the dirt path that was meant for joggers. The creature he was chasing looked over its shoulder and grunted. Harry didn't know if this particular type of demon sweated, but its pale, bologna-colored flesh looked gross and shiny in the moonlight. It reminded him of the Creature from the Black Lagoon, only its body was milky pale, and its head was more pointy.

He could have easily taken it out, but he was worried about getting the blood on himself. Not only that, but the blood was extremely valuable and would probably fetch enough money to pay for most of his new house. Harry didn't want to waste an ounce. The path ahead of them cut through a heavy copse of trees, and as soon as it crossed the threshold, the demon turned left and darted into the trees. Harry followed closely behind it. In and out between the trees the thing ran, trying its best to lose him. Harry, however, had his eyes on the prize. The sun would soon rise, and Buffy would be suffering again. Harry wasn't going to let this thing get away. He decided to take a risk and apparated away.

The demon looked over his shoulder and screeched in surprise. The human was no longer there. Just as it turned its head to look forward again, a leg stuck out from behind a thick tree trunk and caught its leg as it ran past. It let out a gut-wrenching squeal as it became airborne. It hit the ground and rolled through the soft pile of dead leaves scattered across the ground. Before it could push itself back up, a weight landed on its back. In a panic, the thing began bucking and flailing its arms and legs. It used its muscles and body weight to roll itself over so it had the human trapped between its back and the ground. The human simply continued the roll so that it ended up on top. It bellowed when the human grabbed its arm and tried to twist it behind its back. Again it bucked, nearly knocking the human off.

Harry punched the thing hard on the back of the neck, and he felt its powerful muscles go slack. As quick as a flash, Harry grabbed its head and twisted its neck until he heard a loud snap. All the fight suddenly died, and its arms and legs became limp. Harry stood up, breathing heavily. He kicked the demon in the ribs. It didn't move. Harry breathed a sigh of relief. It was still dark, so he needed to work fast to get the creature back to his warehouse for processing. Harry grabbed its ankle and apparated away before the earliest joggers were even on the trail.

"GROSS!" the loud words slammed into his ears, making him jump in surprise. He quickly turned and found Anya looking down at the demon, pinching her nose. "God, that stinks!" she declared, waving her hand in front of her face. The smell wasn't pleasant, Harry would give her that.

"Yeah, I know," he stated, levitating the Jhlectnilu Demon's body and floating it to the back where he set it down on a stainless steel autopsy table. "If you're squeamish, you may not want to stick around. I need to carve this baby up," Harry said, grabbing a dozen large bottles, his instruments, and his box of latex gloves.

"You're going to stink up the whole warehouse!" Anya complained. "I just got it to stop smelling."

"It can't be helped," he told her. "I need to use the heart to make an antidote to the blood's effects for Buffy. The good news is that the whole heart will make way more than enough antidote. Once I drain the blood, I can sell that and the antidote for a surprisingly huge amount."

The sudden talk of money immediately perked her up. "Surprisingly huge?" she asked, scooting over to him as though the stench didn't bother her anymore. "Exactly how much is that?" she asked him.

"I'm not sure how much I can charge for the skin and bones, but the blood and antidote are worth at least four hundred thousand ... possibly half a million," Harry said as he used his magic to begin the blood flow. The body slowly drained, and the blood flowed down the trenches and into a stainless steel reservoir.

“Half a million?!” Anya squealed, her eyes wide with shock and excitement. Harry smirked and nodded. “Dollars?” she asked for further clarification. Again, Harry nodded.

“It’ll sell quickly. I wouldn’t be surprised if the entire stock is gone within a week or two. Word will travel fast.”

“Oh, my ... Oh, dear ...” Anya chanted as she used her hand to fan her face. Her cheeks were pink, and she pulled the neckline of her shirt, opening up a few buttons and exposing most of her cleavage. The pale skin of her chest was also flushed pink. Her chest was rapidly rising and falling with every labored breath. Her hand lowered, and she gently brushed her fingers across her heaving bosom in a seductive manner. “Harry ... I need ...”

“We can have sex later,” he teased with a knowing smile. “Buffy needs this antidote first,” he said as he used a scalpel to carefully open up the demon’s chest. The horrible smell intensified. “Can you be a dear and get the potion-making area ready? I’ll need Remedia Demonica Vol. III by Quincey Abram.”

“I don’t think we have that book for sale,” she said. She had cataloged his entire stock of books and arranged them for easy access.

“In my office,” Harry responded. “It’s in my private collection,” he said as he cut the meaty tubes and lifted the heart out, holding it with both hands. Seeing the heart, Anya nodded and quickly left the room, eager to get away from the smell.

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Harry popped into Buffy’s room and found her still in bed. Though her eyes were closed, he could tell that she was awake. Her eyes fluttered open at the noise. Harry smiled warmly at her and rushed to her side. He sat down next to her and brushed his hand across her forehead. She was hot and sweaty, and not sexy kind. She had a slight fever and seemed lethargic.

“You doing okay?” he asked softly, brushing the golden hair from her face. She tried to smile back but only looked pained.

“Not really,” she quietly answered. Harry nodded and pulled out the newly brewed antidote.

“Drink up,” he said, unscrewing the cap on the vile. “It’s fresh from the stove and chalked full of demony goodness,” he joked. It only showed how much she was suffering when she opened her mouth and let him pour it down her throat without even a complaint. Immediately, her face screwed up into a disgusted look. He was sure that it didn’t taste like cherry Kool-Aid, but he was unaware of just how badly it tasted. He now had an answer. He was grateful that he wasn’t the one drinking it.

As soon as Buffy swallowed, some of her color began coming back. Her lips, which were very pale, suddenly bloomed back to their normal light pink color. Her cheeks blushed lightly, and her eyes looked less clouded. "How are you feeling?" he asked, checking her temperature again. She was still sweaty but no longer hot to the touch. This time when she smiled, it appeared to take much less effort.

"Better ... much better," she said, climbing out of bed. "Woah!" she yelped as she nearly tumbled over. Harry caught and balanced her before she could fall. He sat her down on the mattress.

"Be careful," Harry lightly admonished her. "The antidote usually takes a couple of hours to fully flush it from your system. You can go to school tomorrow once you've fully recovered," he said, trying to put her to bed. Buffy wasn't having any of it.

"No can do. After what I heard yesterday at lunch ..." Buffy shook her head and pushed herself to her feet. She swayed, and Harry held her steady. "I only have half a day to figure out who it was and stop them."

Harry nodded in understanding. Buffy was right. He looked at the clock. "You better get ready fast. No time for showering."

He then used his magic to strip her down and clean her up. Buffy threw on some clothes and wrapped her arms around his neck. Then she kissed him harder than she ever had. Once they had their moment of fun, Harry apparated her to a secluded location near Sunnydale High. She blew him a kiss as she walked away. Harry went back to the Summers' residence and found Joyce making breakfast. Harry smiled as he watched her work. She was in her pajamas, likely because she had planned on missing work and taking care of Buffy that morning. As she bent over to check the oven, Harry loudly wolf whistled which made her squeal and jump. Joyce bounced up and quickly turned around.

"Harry!" she cried out, breathing heavily while holding her chest. "You scared me!"

Harry chuckled and walked up to her. "I gave Buffy the antidote and took her to school. She's going to be fine," Harry told her.

"Thank goodness. I was beginning to worry when I saw the state of her this morning," Joyce answered.

"Buffy's got advanced Slayer healing. She'll be back to normal within the hour most likely," Harry assured her as he placed his hands on her hips. He leaned in and placed a kiss on her neck. Joyce gasped loudly.

"Harry ... the food ..." she gasped again as he tugged her pajama pants down, exposing her bare pussy. Harry ignored her concerns.

“No panties?” Harry tsked. “Naughty girls like you need to be taught a lesson,” he smiled and before she knew it, he was sitting on a kitchen stool with her over his lap. Her naked ass was up in the air as his hand came down with a loud crack. Joyce yelped in pain but shuddered when he massaged her stinging butt cheek. The tips of his fingers grazed her pussy lips. She bit her lower lip as his hand came down again. She couldn’t hold back the cry of pain when his palm connected with her fleshy backside. This time Harry shoved his hand between her legs and began rubbing her pussy. Joyce was embarrassed to say that she was absolutely soaked. Harry brought his hand up and held it in front of her face. She could see the wet sheen of his fingers and smell the heavy scent of arousal. Harry held his fingers up to her mouth, and like a whore, she took them in and sucked them clean. When his fingers were clean, he slapped her bottom again. She felt her ass ripple painfully as she squealed. Then his hand cupped her entire pussy, and he squeezed it as though he owned her body.

“You really are naughty ... Aren’t you?” she heard him ask with amusement in his voice while his fingers massaged her throbbing clit. Joyce closed her eyes and nodded embarrassingly. Suddenly, she felt his fingers begin to vibrate just as he pinched her clit and rolled it between them. The sensation was exquisite, she thought as a loud moan left her lips while pussy juice dripped off of her. She couldn’t stop herself from pushing her pussy harder against his hand. Her ass started bouncing, and she smeared her wetness all over his palm.

“You’re not just naughty ... You’re a downright slut!” Harry chuckled as Joyce ground her wet pussy all over his hand. The scent of her pussy had already filled the kitchen, covering up the smell of her food cooking. “Stand up and strip,” he ordered, giving her bottom one last smack.

Joyce was quickly on her feet and stepping out of her pajama pants. She then removed her shirt and dropped it on the floor, leaving her in only a pair of pink, fuzzy slippers. Her nipples were stiff and crinkled, and she wanted nothing more than for him to take them into his mouth and roughly suck on them. Thinking that he was about to take her back to her room, she was surprised when he lifted her up and placed her on the kitchen island. He rearranged her body until she was on her hands and knees. His strong hand groped her bare ass, and she felt him spread her cheeks apart slightly. The cool morning air washed over her burning hot genitals and puckered hole. As it did, her cheeks clenched tightly. Harry jiggled her ass with his hands before fondling her wet pussy one last time. Suddenly feeling his cock between her folds, she looked over her shoulder wildly with a desperate look in her eyes. Harry stared right back at her and penetrated her with a single thrust of his hips. Her mouth fell open as her pussy hugged him. Joyce turned her head and looked forward. It was then that she noticed the blinds covering the window above the sink were pulled up. Not only that, but she could hear someone clipping the hedge that was blocking her view of the street. She really hoped that he wouldn’t see her in such a state. Joyce squealed as Harry angled his cock and began pounding her g-spot.

“Your pussy is brilliant!” Harry moaned as he massaged her asshole while fucking her harder and faster. By then, Joyce was cumming with every thrust. Her mouth was open, and drool was threatening to spill from her open gob. Her inner walls were fluttering and rippling while also

gripping him tightly. Her body wanted his seed, and she couldn't lie, she wanted him to cum inside of her. She wanted to feel the warmth spread throughout her as he pumped her full of his essence. Her hands gripped the flat edge of the kitchen island, and she held on tight as she cried out. Harry suddenly flipped her over so that she was lying flat on her back. Her legs were spread wide like a whore as Harry stuffed her full of his meat again and again. Her body bucked as she came again. This one was especially powerful. A loud, piercing squeal of pleasure left her lips as her back arched and her toes curled. Her pussy clamped down around him, milking his cock for all it was worth. She heard him grunt and felt his seed begin to fill her. Her body thrashed around, and it was then that she tilted her head up and saw the gardener looking in through the window with wide eyes. His mouth was open in a large O. He must have heard her scream and came to check out the disturbance. Instead of a crime, he got to see her naked body twist and turn from the pleasure of having her g-spot beaten and abused. Her eyes twitched, and though she wanted to call out for Harry to cover her, her brain wasn't working properly. Her pussy was continuing to milk his cock while her body contorted in sweet agony. Harry then pulled out and shot his last rope of cum across her belly and breasts. "HARRY!" she cried out when he wiped his cock on her clit and pussy. Her pussy was too sensitive to touch.

"Sorry I can't stay, Joyce. Anya's waiting for me at the warehouse, and I really need to get some sleep," he said, yawning as he pulled on his clothes and walked out of the kitchen, leaving Joyce spread eagle on the island.

Her mind suddenly came to, and she got up, completely embarrassed, while covering her naked tits and pussy. She walked up to the window and pulled the cord. The blinds fell, blocking the shocked gardener's view. She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, god!" she said softly, feeling mortified. On the other hand, that was the best orgasm that she had ever had, so maybe it wasn't all bad. Suddenly, she noticed that the kitchen was a bit smoky right before the smoke alarm began blaring.

"My food!" she cried out, turning off the oven, and pulling out a baking tray full of burnt food. Joyce sighed and tossed the tray onto the stovetop. 'Maybe I can go out for food,' she thought as cum ran down the insides of her thighs.