

Harry in the Hellmouth

Chapter 24

It was late at night, and Harry snuck into the Summers' kitchen to get a drink of water. Buffy had just demanded a marathon session in the bedroom, and Harry, being the gentleman that he was, gladly obliged. She was now fast asleep while Harry attempted to cure his dehydration issues before returning to his warehouse to get some work done. He had a large order in a couple of days and needed to pull the stock from the shelves. He was gulping down his glass of cold water when he heard a door squeak open. A few seconds later, Joyce tiredly walked into the dark kitchen wearing a robe. She rubbed her eyes and didn't notice him until she nearly bumped into him.

"EEP!" she squeaked in fright and jumped about a foot off the ground.

"Shh!" Harry quieted her. "We don't want to wake Buffy," he told her. Joyce was breathing heavily while resting her palm over her heart.

"Harry!" she gasped. "What are you doing here at this hour?" she asked the perfectly logical question.

"I had a bit of free time, and I was hoping to spend it with you," he lied with a cheeky smirk. Joyce raised an eyebrow, though she didn't appear to dislike the idea. She checked the clock on the wall.

"It's nearly 3 am," she said.

"That's the prime time for love," Harry joked and pulled the belt on her robe. She stumbled over to him.

"Stop being corny," she laughed and smacked his shoulder while he untied the belt. He opened her robe, revealing her nude body. Sadly, most of it was hidden among the shadows. However, that didn't stop him from feeling it. He ran his hands up her smooth sides until his thumbs brushed against the sides of her breasts. A small, shuddering gasp left her lips as he dragged his palms back down her sides and over her flared hips. He slid his hands up her slender belly and cupped her breasts. He felt her nipples instantly harden under his touch. Joyce squirmed in place as Harry played with her shapely tits. He pulled her against him and found her lips, and Joyce moaned into his mouth as he explored her tongue. He ran his palms down her nude back and felt her skin goosebump. His lips moved down her chin and throat, and Joyce leaned back, giving him more room to operate. Harry laid soft kisses down her chest and down the middle of her breasts. He loved the sweet smell of her skin. He then kissed the inside of each breast before his lips brushed against her hard nipple.

“Harry,” she quietly begged as he kissed around her areola. He took the crinkled tip into his mouth and sucked on it hard while Joyce gasped in delight. He let go of her nipple with a wet pop and kissed the hard tip of her other nipple.

“Shall we take this to the room, or would you prefer I leave?” he asked, giving her the choice. By then, his hands had moved around back, and he cupped her shapely cheeks. He squeezed and spread them, making her body tremble.

“No,” Joyce gasped as his fingers edged dangerously close to her hot core. “You shouldn’t be walking home alone at this hour,” she said before quickly adding, “You can stay.”

Joyce grabbed his wrist and forced him to follow her back to her room. Her grip was tight, as if she didn’t want him to back out suddenly. As they entered her bedroom, Harry flicked on the light and closed the door. When he turned around, he saw Joyce standing there with her robe open. There was only a slight dusting of short hair on her mound, and her nipples were incredibly stiff. She blushed when his eyes traveled down to her pussy. She kept her legs closed and sexily rubbed her thighs together, anticipating what was to come.

“I haven’t had time to shave down there. I didn’t know you were visiting,” she told him apologetically. Harry strolled up to her and reached down. He ran his fingers along her folds and found them damp. He then lightly pinched one of the inner lips that was slightly hanging out from between her plumper outer lips. He massaged the slick flesh while she rested her hands on his shoulders for support.

“I don’t mind a little hair,” he teased and eased two fingers into her opening. Her walls squeezed his digits, and he could feel how wet and hot she was. “Just as long as your pussy is wet and ready to go,” he teased her further. He slowly began pumping his fingers back and forth. “But you don’t seem to have that problem. Every time I touch you, your pussy is soaked,” he said, pulling his fingers from her depths.

He held up his fingers and showed her. She blushed deeply when she saw how wet they were. Harry held them to her lips, and knowing what he wanted, she opened her mouth and leaned forward. Her lips wrapped around his arousal-slickened fingers, and she immediately began sucking them clean. Joyce moaned when he used his free hand to caress her naked tits. He brushed his thumb back and forth over her hardened tip and lightly tugged on it. Her tongue wiggled around his fingers, and she bobbed her head like she was sucking a cock. Harry pulled his fingers from her mouth and slid the robe down over her shoulders. It dropped to the floor, leaving her completely nude. “Why don’t you use those skills to suck on something else?” he told her. Her pink cheeks grew brighter, but she complied nonetheless.

Joyce knelt and placed the wadded-up robe under her knees for extra padding. With trembling hands, she reached for his jeans and unbuttoned them before lowering the zipper. She then grabbed them at the waist and tugged his jeans and boxers down in one go. His hard cock bounced up and slapped her under the chin, causing her to squeak in surprise. Her hands

gripped his thighs, and she stood on her knees, staring at it in wonder. "I can't get over how big it is," she said with a breathy voice. Her hand found the base of his cock, and she wrapped her fingers around it. The tips of her fingers didn't even touch as she held his girth. Harry ran his fingers through her hair, and she looked up at him with glazed, lustful eyes.

Her other hand cupped his balls, and she began massaging them while she pumped his cock. Joyce angled the head up to her lips and started tickling it with her tongue. Harry shuddered when she ran her talented tongue under the tip. She flicked her tongue up and down and toyed with the little ridge at the bottom of his head. Her lips grew bolder and wrapped around the entire head. Her hands left his body, and she rested them at her side. Joyce looked up at him with her big doe eyes, waiting for him to act. Harry placed his hand on the back of her head and slowly began thrusting. When the head hit the back of her throat, she didn't gag as his cock slipped further down. He kept pushing until his stomach pressed against her face. Joyce shook her head from side to side, and then Harry pulled his hips back. She inhaled loudly when his cock popped from her lips. "On the bed," Harry ordered.

Joyce was quick to react. She got to her feet and climbed onto her bed. She was about to roll over onto her back when Harry stopped her. "Doggystyle," he corrected her. Joyce dutifully waited on her hands and knees as Harry stripped. "I want your chest against the bed and your ass up."

She did as she was commanded. Her chest pressed flat against the bed while keeping her ass in the air. "Spread your knees wider and arch your back," Harry added. Joyce blushed furiously while getting into position. She inched her knees further apart until she was almost doing the splits. She then arched her back, creating a cock-hardening sight.

Joyce hid her face against the bed, completely embarrassed that she was spread open like a whore and waiting to get fucked by a man half her age. Still, she couldn't deny the thrill she felt. Her pussy was burning hot and soaking wet, and she could feel the cool air of her room washing over her overheated crotch. From Harry's view, she knew he could see everything. Her wet pussy and puckering hole were there for his viewing pleasure. The only question was, which hole was he going to choose? The bed shifted as he climbed on, and her heart raced when he ran his hand down her lower back and over her ass. His thumb brushed over her asshole, making her cheeks clench. He ran his thumb further down and over her lips, and Joyce whimpered when he began rubbing her slit. His thumb flicked over her swollen clit, making her moan into the mattress. He then moved his finger back up to her asshole. His thumb pressed against the hole just as the head of his cock touched her lips. All it took was a slight thrust for his fat cock to spread her lips open. His head pierced her entrance and sank further in. Her plump lips closed around him, and her silky walls clung to his skin. Joyce's eyes fluttered as she felt him rubbing against her inner walls, and she squeaked when the head of his cock hit her cervix.

"Are you ready?" she heard him ask.

“Yes!” she gasped into the bed while his thumb rubbed circles over her asshole. Harry’s hips pulled back, and Joyce moaned as she felt his flared head softly scraping her walls. The pleasure was incredible, and she wanted more. Harry pushed forward, and he sank back in. A loud, wet squelch erupted from her pussy, mortifying her. She was very glad Harry couldn’t see her expression. For his part, he didn’t seem to mind how perverted her pussy sounded. His thrusting increased, and so did the perverse sounds coming from her wet cunt. It only took a few thrusts for him to get into a rhythm, and before long, her cheeks were loudly clapping as his hips smacked into her ass. Joyce bit down on the blanket and whimpered pathetically.

Harry moved his hand down between her legs and found her clit. As his fingers began toying with it, sparks of intense pleasure raced up her spine, causing her toes to curl painfully. Her pussy squeezed his cock tightly, and without even thinking about it, Joyce began driving her ass backward and fucking herself on his long, thick cock. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as the tip of his cock repeatedly hit her g-spot. “Oh, god! Fuck me harder!” her muffled voice begged from below.

Looking down, Harry could see how much she was creaming his cock. His wet shaft was smeared with a thin coating of her white cream. The insides of her thighs were streaked with wetness, and the smell of her arousal hung heavy in the air. He could tell that she was close to climaxing. Her walls fluttered and pulsated around his thrusting shaft, making him moan from the pleasure. He rolled her little clit between his fingers, and that was all it took to push her over the edge. Her pussy clamped down on him, desperately trying to keep him inside. Harry continued to fuck her as she came on his cock.

“Oh!” Joyce squealed into the bed as her pussy sucked on his cock. “Please, I ... HARRY!” she cried out as Harry changed the angle of his thrust and sent a sharp spike of pleasure into her.

“Here it comes,” Harry groaned and released inside of her. Joyce felt a sudden flood of warmth filling her cunt. Her pussy spasmed around him, trying to milk every last drop from it. Harry didn’t pull out until his balls had been completely emptied. When he finally did, he rolled her onto her back. Joyce looked up at him, breathing heavily while her body still bucked and spasmed. He leaned down and kissed her, and Joyce happily returned it.

“I have to go. There’s work at the warehouse that needs to be done, but I’ll come back and see you soon,” he promised and kissed her again. He made sure to grope her naked breasts one more time before sending a smile her way.

Joyce sent a tired smile back and pulled the covers over her nude body. As Harry closed the door, Joyce almost immediately fell asleep with a big, goofy smile on her face and cum leaking from her quivering pussy. She only hoped that Harry would make these early morning visits a common occurrence. She had never had a booty call before, but it was something she could definitely get used to.