

Harry Potter Through the Multiverse

Chapter 5

Walking Dead Arc

With his eyes closed, he listened carefully. Most of what he heard was the normal sounds that one would expect to hear in the middle of the woods. Birds chirping, squirrels chittering, and the rustling of leaves as a slight breeze jostled the thinner branches was what he heard. In the distance, however, he heard light footsteps. They weren't the shuffling steps of the undead. They were something else.

Dropping down from a thick, low-hanging branch of an oak tree, Harry landed lightly on his feet. Following the sounds, he crept as silently as possible. Avoiding crunchy, dead leaves and small branches wasn't easy, but Harry enjoyed the practice. He moved slowly, trying his best to keep a tree or bush in front of him at all times to help deflect the sounds that his feet were making. Harry suddenly stopped behind a large silver maple and peeked around the side. Slowly and deliberately, Harry removed the bow from his shoulder and placed an arrow against the string. Pulling back until the string was taut, he took a step to the side. Just as he did, the young buck that was foraging looked up and became spooked. Harry released the string. Before the buck could turn, a razor-tipped arrow shot through the air and buried itself deep in the animal's neck.

It let out a pained cry as it tumbled to the ground, kicking and rolling wildly. Not wanting to let it suffer any more than necessary, Harry was on it quicker than a flash. Harry used his hunting knife to quickly end it. Pulling his arrow from the deer, he examined his kill. With the animal being young, the rack of antlers wasn't very large. Still, the deer was big enough to be quite heavy. Thankfully, Harry had advantages that others did not. Harry grunted as he stood up with the deer's carcass resting over his shoulders. With its still-warm belly resting against the back of Harry's neck, he held onto a front and back paw and carried him back to the Greene farm.

HPTTM

Harry leaned over and tossed the dead animal on the ground as he arrived back in camp. Daryl walked over and examined it. He whistled appreciatively. "There's some good meat on here," he said, feeling the animal's side.

Harry tossed his bow and arrows into the back of his ride as Daryl and the others dragged the deer away to be butchered. He wrinkled his nose as he caught a whiff of his gamey scent. Looking down, he sighed as he saw that his shirt was covered in animal blood. Grabbing a set of clean clothes and a bottle of shampoo, Harry was just about to make his way to the nearby creek when Amy bounced up to him with a pretty smile.

"Congrats on the deer!" she said. Harry smiled back.

“Thanks. Looks like we’ll be eating meat tonight,” Harry told her.

“Where are you going?” she asked, noticing the clothes in his hand.

“The creek to wash up,” he told her.

“Why?” she asked with confusion.

“Because I’m smelly and covered in blood,” Harry chuckled. She rolled her eyes.

“What I mean is, why don’t you take a shower inside the house?”

Amy was nice and clean with thick, bouncy hair that was freshly washed. In fact, all of the girls looked way cleaner than they had been in a long time.

“I bathe in the creek,” he told her honestly. “In case you haven’t noticed, Hershel doesn’t exactly want us here. Sure, he’s been gracious, but it isn’t a secret that he expects us to be on our way once Carl is up and running. I think it’s better if I don’t invade his personal space any more than necessary. Besides, the creek water is cold and clean ... Very refreshing,” he said.

“I’ll come with you,” she chirped, her eyes shining in the bright, Georgian sun. “You need someone to watch your back while you’re vulnerable,” she added.

Instead of making a lame excuse to keep her from coming with him, he just nodded, happy to spend time with the attractive, young woman.

Andrea smirked as she watched her little sister go into the woods with Harry. Normally, she wouldn’t let Amy go anywhere near the woods without her there to watch her back, but she knew that Harry was more than up to the task of keeping her safe. She had told Amy to hurry up and make a move. Both of them had noticed the pretty farm girl making eyes at their handsome, British friend. It seemed that Amy had taken her advice to heart. Hopefully, she wasn’t too much of a goody-two-shoes to take advantage of the situation, Andrea thought to herself.

HPTTM

Amy was slightly blushing as she covered her eyes. When she heard a splash, she uncovered them and turned around. Harry was waist-deep in water. She watched as he dove under and came back up with his hair dripping wet. He opened up the shampoo and squirted a big glob into his hand before closing it back up. He started working it into his short hair before rubbing the excess all over his body. Amy took the opportunity and began undressing.

Harry was happy to get all of the grime off of his body. The water was cool and clean-looking and was quite refreshing when contrasted against the intense summer heat. Harry smiled to himself, pretending not to hear Amy coming into the water behind him. When she was close, he

felt her arms wrap around him from behind. Her soft hands began caressing his muscled stomach. She moved her soapy palms up his belly and over his pecs. He then heard her speak softly into his ear.

"I thought you might like it if I helped you," she said, rubbing herself against his back. Harry felt her naked breasts pressed against his skin.

"You won't hear me complaining," Harry joked and dunked himself in the water before turning around. Amy's cheeks were pink as she stood in front of him with her top half exposed. He looked down at her breasts. Each was more than a handful, and they were capped with light-colored areolas with hard, crinkled tips. Harry placed his hands on her side and slid them up her body. Amy closed her eyes and shuddered as his palms caressed her soft skin. His thumbs slid over her breasts and bumped into her hard nipples. Amy gasped and arched her back, thrusting her chest toward him.

Harry hadn't been with a woman since going on this crazy adventure. Even though it hadn't been very long, it was still the longest he had gone without sex in quite a while. As such, his cock was already rock-hard and ready for fun. He moved his hands around her back. Moving them down, he cupped her shapely ass and gave her cheeks a squeeze as he kissed her deeply. Amy eagerly returned the kiss. Within seconds, her tongue was in his mouth while he pawed at her tight bottom. Her hands weren't idle either. She reached down into the water and gripped his throbbing cock. Back and forth her hand jerked as she stroked him vigorously while his fingers slipped between her cheeks.

Amy broke the kiss and gasped as she felt his finger touch her virgin asshole. At first, she thought that he had just accidentally touched it on his way to her pussy, but she quickly found out that it was not a mistake. His finger continued to rub it, circling the rim, and even pressing down on it. The strange but naughty sensation had her heart hammering in her chest. When his finger pressed a little harder and she felt the tip pop in, she squealed and lightly bit down on his shoulder, not wanting to make a loud noise. Amy tried to squirm, but his other hand was on her ass and firmly held her against his body. It had been so long since she had last been with a man that she was already close to climaxing. Even before the zombie apocalypse, she had been going through a bit of a dry spell. Harry knew exactly how to push her buttons. Her body was reacting in a way that it hadn't ever before. She didn't know why that was. She figured that maybe it was because Harry was a true Alpha. He took on all the dangerous jobs and always accomplished his tasks. He wasn't one to take orders. Even now, he was using her body in the way that HE wanted. She was just along for the ride. Day-to-day life had turned primal for everyone once again. It only made sense if her body reacted to him in the most primal way.

A shuddered moan escaped her lips as Harry lifted her up by her ass. She couldn't believe the size of cock that he had been secretly packing. It was long, hard, and it was pressed right up against her slick pussy lips. She couldn't help but to start grinding herself against it. Her body was jostled before finally feeling the tip of his cock pressing against her opening. Amy trembled as she leaned in and rested her forehead against his. Her lips were forced open, and she found

herself being stretched around his amazing girth. With her arms wrapped around his neck and her legs around his waist, she held onto him tightly as she was slowly lowered. Inch after inch penetrated her until she could feel him against her cervix. Once fully in, he thankfully gave her time to get used to his size. He took that time to kiss her passionately.

Amy was really getting into the kiss. She pulled him closer and shivered as her hard nipples rubbed against his dripping-wet chest. She was amazed at just how strong he was. He was easily holding her entire weight with just his hands as he cradled her bare bottom. Her walls were fluttering around him, practically begging him to begin thrusting. As if he had heard her body's response, Harry began slowly bouncing her body up and down. "Oh, God!" Amy cried out as she was dragged up his long pole before being dropped down. Over and over he used her body as a cock-sleeve.

A pleasant shiver ran up her spine at the thought of her body being used as a toy. Amy gripped his biceps and felt his tightly-corded muscles rippling as he manhandled her body and used her for his own pleasure. Her walls were gripping him and didn't want to let go as she was lifted up. When he dropped her down, she could feel his fat cock rubbing her inner walls before hitting her G-Spot. Every time he did, Amy let out a cute, little squeal of intense pleasure. She tried to squeeze her inner muscles as tightly as possible to give him as much pleasure as he was giving her. She was rewarded by him moaning into her neck and pushing in as deeply as possible. The head of his cock hit her cervix, and Amy jumped in surprise. Soon after, she was bouncing chaotically on his cock as he fucked her with wild abandon. She couldn't hear anything but her cries of pleasure and the splashing of water. Time and time again her G-spot was drilled, and her body was racked with multiple orgasms. Her walls were fluttering and gripping him tightly while her nipples were becoming raw from the friction.

Suddenly, Harry took it up a notch. He walked her over to a spot that was a bit more shallow and maneuvered her until her legs were over his shoulders. Keeping her secure by holding onto her waist, he began thrusting like there was no tomorrow. Curse words spilled from her soft, pink lips as Harry sculpted her insides to his liking. Amy arched her back and thrust her perky breasts into the air as her walls clamped down on him. Lights were flashing behind her eyes, and her body bucked uncontrollably as her pussy milked his cock. When she finally felt him release inside of her, Harry pulled her back up and kissed her while filling her with his warm seed. Amy didn't know how long she had stayed there in his arms, but when the sexual fog finally left her mind, she found herself being soaped up by Harry. She mewled as his soapy hands slid up and over her breasts. Leaning back against his chest, she closed her eyes and allowed herself a moment of peace as he lathered her nude body.

HPTTM

Maggie Greene wiped the sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand as she expertly traversed the uneven ground of the nearby woods. She had spent enough time in those woods as a kid that she could find the nearby stream with her eyes closed. Her chin-length brown hair stuck to her sweaty forehead as she climbed over a downed tree.

When she saw the man named Harry leaving with the pretty blonde in tow, she suddenly had the urge to follow them and see what was going on between them. It didn't take her long to find out. After a few more minutes, she heard soft, feminine moans almost drowned out by the sound of gently rushing water. Maggie moved to her right and hid behind a thicket of weeds. She peeked through and saw what was making that noise. The blonde was being bounced up and down against the groin of Harry Potter. From the faces she was pulling, Maggie knew that the blonde was having the time of her life. Maggie's cheeks became hot as she knelt there behind the bush, watching the two lovers share an experience. She suddenly imagined that it was her in the blonde's place. She daydreamed that it was her legs wrapped around his waist as he made her cry out in pleasure. Maggie breathed heavily as sweat dripped down her neck and chest before rolling into her cleavage. She couldn't look away. For over half an hour, she watched them rut like two wild beasts. When it was finally done, she watched as Harry washed the blonde's lovely body. Suddenly realizing what she was doing, Maggie left the scene as quietly as possible, not wanting to get caught.

HPTTM

"What's everyone looking at?" Harry asked as he walked up to the group who were all looking down into a well.

"That," Shane said, pointing down. Harry looked down, and his stomach turned.

"Shit," he groaned as he waved his hand in front of his face. Down below, splashing around in the water was a walker that was fat and bloated. Its flesh was rotting away from spending so long in the water, and it did not smell pleasant. "That's disgusting."

Their plan was to pull the thing out, even though T-Dog wanted to shoot it. Harry could see the value in both options. In the end, he let them decide. He had other things to worry about, like keeping everyone fed.

Harry had a quick lunch before digging through his ride and emptying it of everything that he didn't need. He was going out on a looting run, and he needed as much room as possible. He had just tossed his tent and sleeping bag onto the pile when he saw Maggie walking his way but not looking at him. She looked distraught. "You okay?" Harry asked as he grabbed the empty gas cans and put them in the back of his vehicle.

Maggie had her jaw clenched tightly as she shook her head. "I guess their plan didn't go well?" Again, she shook her head. "Yeah ... Those things rot from the inside out. Their bones get soft," he explained, closing the back hatch. Maggie didn't appear to be listening to him. Harry was planning on just letting her be when Rick's wife, Lori, walked up to him.

"Harry ... Can I speak with you for a moment ... in private?" she asked. Harry didn't spend much time around the woman. For some reason, she seemed to be taking things harder than

everyone else, and Harry rarely saw her smiling. Though she did carry her weight when it came to work.

“Sure, Lori ...” he said, leading her away from Maggie who was still in her own world. When they were far enough away so as to not be overheard, Harry continued. “What can I help you with?”

“You’re planning on going scavenging, right?” she asked him. Harry nodded.

“I was just about to leave,” he informed her. She pulled out a piece of paper and handed it to him.

“That’s a list of stuff that the camp needs ... if you can find them,” she said. Harry nodded and stuffed the list into his pocket. Before he could leave, she cleared her throat uncomfortably and handed him another piece of paper. Confused, Harry took and read it.

“What’s this?” he asked, not knowing what she was asking for.

“It’s umm ...” Lori leaned in and whispered in his ear. “A pregnancy test.” Harry raised an eyebrow at her embarrassed look. This was the worst possible time to get pregnant. “I was really hoping that we could keep this between us,” she quickly added. Harry nodded in agreement.

“Your business is none of my business,” he told her. “I’ll try to find it.”

Lori smiled and nodded before walking away. Harry stuffed that paper into his pocket as well while going to his ride. He jumped into the driver’s seat and was just about to start it up when the passenger side door opened. Maggie sat down in the seat next to him. Harry looked at her, and she looked right back at him.

“You don’t mind if I tag along ... do you?” she asked in her Southern accent.

“It’s dangerous out there. Are you sure?” he asked. She nodded. Harry shrugged.

“The more the merrier,” he said, turning the key. The engine roared to life, and Harry quickly left before any other stowaways could jump into his SUV.

HPTTM

Almost as soon as he began driving, Maggie became talkative. In fact, she wouldn’t shut up.

“My dad thinks that the walkers, as you call them, are still people that just need to be cured,” she told him.

“What do you think?” Harry asked her as he kept his eyes on the road.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "At first, I was inclined to believe him, but when they pulled it out of the well and it ripped in half ..." she said with a look of revulsion. "It was difficult to think that there was still goodness in it."

Harry spotted something and pulled over on the abandoned backroad. He got out of the car, and Maggie quickly followed him. "Why did you stop?" she asked. There were no shops or houses to loot. Suddenly, she heard a hoarse, breathy growl, and something moved from inside the treeline. She saw Harry pull out his machete as one of them came running at them, its arms failing and jaws chomping. Maggie took a step back as her heart suddenly jumped in fright.

Harry took a few steps forward and swung his machete. Maggie gasped as the head soared into the air before hitting the blacktop and rolling ten or so feet away. The body dropped to the road and skidded to a stop. Her hands were shaking badly as Harry walked away from her. She quickly followed him, staying close at all times. She was confused when he picked up the head by its ragged, matted hair. She fought her instincts to say something to him. Her father would have been very upset at the senseless killing. The thing hadn't even been bothering them. She grew sick to her stomach when he held up the head for her inspection. Its eyes were closed, and for a second, she thought that maybe the thing had finally found peace.

"GHHHHHHHHUUUUUH!"

Maggie screamed and backed up so fast that she fell back on her butt. She scooted back as fast as possible as Harry walked toward her, holding the head for her to see. Its eyes were open, and it tried to growl despite the fact that it no longer had lungs to push air through its throat. Its jaws were clicking wildly as it tried to bite her. Suddenly, Harry stopped and dropped it on the ground. He stuck the tip of his machete into its brain, and the ragged hissing suddenly stopped. Harry then walked up to her and held out his hand. Shaking wildly, she reached up and took it. He pulled her to her feet even though her legs felt as though they were made of jelly.

"I don't know what happened here, but God had no part in it," Harry told her plainly. "There is no humanity left in them. They'll kill your father, your sister ..." Harry explained. "And if you don't respect that fact, they'll kill you as well."

Maggie stood there squirming as Harry walked back to his vehicle and got in. She suddenly had to pee really badly. Her heart was beating so fast that it hurt her chest. Her mouth was dry, and she was trembling uncontrollably. When she heard his door shut, she snapped out of it, ran to the passenger side, and got in. Harry started the engine and drove off.