

Ginny watched Harry's cum dribble out of Hermione's cunny. Even in such a strange place, few things excited her so much.

"Harry, if you're not careful, you're going to get Hermione pregnant one of these times," She joked as she gingerly rubbed both of her breasts. The anticipation stacked up inside of her naked body was beginning to ache to be unleashed.

'I'm in control. I'm in control,' Ginny thought determinedly.

Hermione, meanwhile, didn't meet Ginny's eyes. She did however let out a sighing gasp of pleasure as a particular large dollop of Harry's cum fell from within her sticky and messy folds. Her mind remained stuck on the feeling of all of Harry's essence settled within her body that she hardly noticed Ginny laying her down until her back was set on the blanketed ground and the spunky redhead waited between her spread open legs.

Hermione's eyes looked into Ginny's and then Harry's wife looked down towards Hermione's reddened sex. "While he gets ready, I'll help you clean up,"

The brainy woman heard Ginny whisper before Ginny opened up her mouth and let her tongue loll out as she inched closer and closer towards her friend's sultry opening.

Hermione's head swayed side to side as Ginny began licking her moist lips. The only thoughts rolling through her impressive brain were thoughts of having Harry give her yet another example of his incredible fortitude. Soon enough, Ginny added a new source of pleasure as she licked along the outsides of the slightly older woman's labia. Hermione writhed on the ground and her small nipples never got a chance to soften while her hand reached down and coiled into Ginny's hair. Her grip felt nearly limp and it grew even weaker as Ginny's tongue continued lapping up the outer semen left on Hermione's pubic mount like a hungry cat at their saucer plate.

It was always a strange situation, but Hermione couldn't complain about how it felt. Having a tongue wiggle in and out of her pussy while little 'slupp' and 'lloop' noises filled her mind was the perfect course to follow up the hard-jamming sensation of Harry's cock as he stuffed her vagina. Sprawled out on the blankets of Harry and Ginny's part of the camp, Hermione merely looked up across the strange landscape above them. Her mind lazily searched for stars in the night sky that she might be familiar with while Ginny's tongue started building up a new tempo of pleasure inside of her body as well.

Ginny rolled her neck and used her tongue to slurp out more of the cocktail made of equal parts Harry's jizz and Hermione's lewd essence. It was a different taste from when she had deep-throated her husband earlier, but she enjoyed it all the same. Of course, knowing what was coming, she couldn't just spend all of her attention happily sucking up Harry's messy creampie from inside of Hermione's snatch. Raising one hand up off the ground, she began pinching and pulling on her nipples while her tongue worked its magic on her friend's inner depths. She imagined herself as a niffler ravenously seeking out the barest trace of gold from inside Hermione's bawdy petals.

"Oooooohwah... Ginny..." Hermione swooned while her eyes continued staring up into the night sky of the strange realm they'd journeyed to. Her friend's oral skills were starting to loosen up her mind once again, but something was distracting Hermione even more than the skies.

'I got excited by Ginny's joke about Harry getting me pregnant,' Hermione thought sightly as more coos and heated sighs spun out from her lovely, soft lips. While Ginny continued servicing her pussy, Hermione bent her head forward and stroked her friend's head while her lover's tongue rubbed and plunged all along the surface and inner passage of her sexual organ.

Looking back towards her husband, Ginny's brown eyes hungrily drank in the sight of him. Her heart began pounding as she eyed every inch of his muscular frame. Harry gleamed with sweat now, and he reminded her of some hero that had emerged right out of one of the old fairy tales she'd grown up reading.

'If only he had the wisdom to rescue us from Pei and this place,' Ginny mused while her heart burned in her chest while her pussy spurted out the occasional stream of her indecent arousal. Ginny smiled at Harry, her mind working its way into a frenzy before she went back and scooped up even more of his cum out of Hermione's pussy. Even as she started getting less and less of his warmth from inside of Hermione's folds, she knew Harry had much more to give her. Her nipples burned now, and her heart raced. Even if another one of the creatures came out to attack them, she'd be useless now. Nothing else mattered to Ginny except her husband's big cock and a load of cum to help scratch the ravenous sexual itch now blooming out from her body.

Harry moved forward and prepared to mount his beautiful redhead wife once more. All cares and worries about their mission melted off of his shoulders. Right now, all he needed to focus on was making Ginny happy. She knew how much she missed their children and home. This was the least he could do. Inching his hand forward, it rested between Ginny's legs and began threading along his wife's quivering and soaked mound. As usual, once she watched him stuff Hermione, Ginny was practically frothing with desire. Rubbing his hand to the left and right, he found trails of her juices smeared all along her inner thighs. The discovery made his cock radiate with even more determination.

"Oooh fuck... Harry... don't be so cruel to me..." Ginny said exasperatingly. She quickly jammed a finger into her mouth and nibbled and sucked on it as she struggled to keep the swirling cauldron of frustration inside her pussy from boiling over.

I need him inside... I need him to fuck me now. It was hard enough watching Hermione get to go first...

Behind her naked and uninhibited body, Harry's fingers found Ginny's clit and he made sure to pay extraction to the sensitive nub as it and her lips cried out for attention. His cock throbbed again and like Ginny, he could no longer hold back his sensual tenacity. Pulling his fingers back and enjoying the taste of his wife's syrupy goodness, he nudged his tip forward and started wedging his thick cockhead right up against her pretty, tight folds.

Ginny felt Harry's hand grip her ass as he began to stuff the tip of his great rigid length inside of her passionate embrace. Her head and shoulders rocked forward after Harry pulled back and inch and then delivered several more into his cock's favorite naughty harbor.

"Yes... Yesss Harry... fuccchuukkk!" Harry's wife hissed out as her folds did their best to tightly hug his cock, even while she willed other parts of her body to relax so she could feel as much of his warm length inside of her as possible. Slouched down with her face resting on Hermione's pussy and right thigh as a pillow, Ginny did everything she could to make Harry feel good. Her pussy routinely relaxed and then tightened to lewdly milk out his precum to help lubricate her slippery, hot passage. Beyond that, Harry

felt her fingers begin tickling his balls as she reached her hand past her breasts and arched her body up just a bit so she could give her husband every bit of attention. Throughout it all of course, Ginny's body fought a losing battle against the lust that was turning her into nothing less than a horny cockslut.

Harry smiled down at her naked body while his fingers raced and scratched along her lower back, out to her hips, and then back down to her shapely rear. He knew he would never stop loving her, but the way she always sought to maximize his own pleasure made his bond with this beautiful and brave wife all the more ironclad.

Ginny's mind was anything but ironclad at that moment. When Harry really started thrusting, no amount of distraction kept her from holding back the inevitable. Breathing heavily with her body still hovering aboard Hermione's delicious form, Ginny's eyes alternated between rolling up or becoming crisscrossed as the man she loved savagely serviced her needy cunt. In no time, one thrust unhinged the tip of the mountain waiting impatiently in her deep, horny core. As Harry's tip crashed against her womb, the loosened pillar of rock crashed through her mind, becoming an avalanche of evocative jubilation. Her entire body sizzled with pleasure while a siren rang off, blanketing her mind while her body continued undulating with each of her husband's thrusts.

Ginny felt the briefest hint of shame before that was violently shoved aside by her most base sensations. The redhead rode the river of mind-numbing bliss and clung heartily to Hermione's legs to make sure she didn't just get tossed aside by the euphoric current.

Things moved slowly after that point. She blinked, for a time seeing only whiteness before a petulant ache started anchoring her back down to reality. Somehow, Ginny found herself on her back and Harry was gingerly rubbing her pussy. Nearby, Hermione was also on her back and moaning out as her hazel eyes looked up to where Harry was pulling on his meat as he stood over the two women. Ginny finally felt angry about something, but when she saw her husband's entire body stiffen and then fall into a disjointed state, she smiled knowing that no matter what, she would get to see him cum.

As the seeds of orgasm ignited in Harry's balls, his hand continued driving up and down his polished shaft. When his own mind began somersaulting through rings of intoxicating ecstasy, he felt his knees shiver and at times he couldn't tell where his palm ended and his cock started, as he vigorously entered the throes of his own release.

"Harry...." Ginny called out languidly.

"We're ready..." Hermione steamily called out.

At the next moment, his balls shook, and husky breaths crashed free from his lungs. Harry's mind flashed, tangling his thoughts into a web of chaos and pleasure, while a slew of ceaseless heat boiled up from the depths of his body.

Ginny and Hermione eagerly opened their mouths, each exposing their pink tongues. The redhead continued moaning as Harry's fingers darted in and out of her cunny while his thumb toyed with her clit. The brunette on the other hand constantly squished her slightly smaller breasts together while her brown eyes did their best to track the free-flowing explosion of cum spilling out above them. Harry's first and second shot landed on Ginny. Her tongue tasted his essence while the second ribbon danced off her chin.

Hermione meanwhile caught the tail of one stripe with her tongue while the head landed on her nose. The next two bolts of white-hot jizz was the first to begin crisscrossing both fantastic and peerless, naked witches. By the time Harry was done, both women were an absolute mess of sweat, their own juices and Harry's sperm. None of that stopped the two magical women from kissing each other with rabid lust. Like a proud mother, Ginny took the lead, licking Hermione's cheeks and chin clean of cum while their breasts muzzled against one another. Once the three got cleaned up, they settled in for bed with Harry in the middle and his arms draped around his wife and one of his greatest friends in the world.

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"Pei, uh... I zink ve ave a problem..." Fleur said, running a nervous hand through her long blonde hair as she stood in front of Pei.

The magic-user slowly looked up at her. The blonde bimbo's sudden arrival had broken her concentration.

'All that work on a new rune, right out the damn portal,'

Pei cracked her knuckles and then got up and followed the French chick over to the problem. She found the woman Laura splayed out on the ground, one hand feverishly pinching and playing with her lips while her other hand voraciously squeezed on her breast. Laura's eyes were closed but her mouth remained open and causing quite the ruckus too now that Pei found herself paying more attention to her immediate surroundings.

"What's the problem? I'm actually glad she's finally doing something naughty," Pei said lazily. She didn't trust people who didn't get horny for something.

"Zhat is obviously not ze problem, Pei. She haz been doing siz for an hour!" Fleur said worriedly, her breasts rising and falling in her elegant but somehow still amazingly comfortable-looking blue pajamas.

Pei looked away from the cute outfit and focused on the person she was least interested in. She still felt it was a mistake to bring the woman along, and didn't really feel much motivation to help her, especially since Laura's strange condition pulled her away from much more important tasks. At least in Pei's mind.

"Well I'm not getting any closer. Can you use a stunning spell on her or something?" Pei asked Fleur. Fleur pulled out her wand and then took one step closer. They both watched the thin but absolutely powerfully-build woman continue moaning out as she fingerfucked herself towards another screaming orgasm.

"But vhat if... Vhat if it doesn't vork on her?" Fleur asked nervously.

Pei rubbed her eyes and her temples with frustration. "Alright, well... you be ready with your best stunning spell. I'll summon my friend and he can pin her down," Pei declared as she rolled her neck and prepared to unleash the tentacle monster on Laura.

'Don't worry, Laura. My friend will give you something much better than your fingers,' The woman with runic markings spread across her body thought confidently as she began opening up the portal to the pocket dimension where her overly friendly bestial companion lurked when not summoned.

Fleur watched the magical portal open up and then she looked back towards Laura. The French beauty gulped back her nervousness and tightened her fingers on her wand with its veela-hair core. Privately, she hoped that they could get the slithering and sticky beast back to its home as soon as possible. She had a feeling Ginny didn't care to see the monstrosity out and about after Pei made her chaotic appearance in Ginny and Harry's home.