

Ginny Potter Problems - Chapter 9

Ginny let out a bark of pain and pleasure as she and Harry dropped to the ground. The grass of Stonehenge did not meet their joined bodies. Instead the surface beneath her fingers was rough, stony, and above all, quite hot.

"What?" Ginny asked and quickly shifted her body so that Harry's cock was no longer lodged inside of her. She loved his cock, but she didn't know the area, and knew it could be very different than where they had come from.

Harry stood up and after fighting off a bit of nausea, Ginny pulled up her and her husband's wands. Standing in front of her amazing lover, the gorgeous redhead handed Harry his wand while cum from his last load continued to slowly drizzle down her naked body. Ginny stood her ground, keeping a hand tight on her wand while she took in the strange woman and the two other people that came into the room behind her.

"Pei..." Ginny growled out under her breath. If this is where they were supposed to be, Ginny believed they were do a better greeting.

Cutting off her thoughts was a scream, far less human and more like the roar of a feral fiend, or the sound a werewolf makes when it transforms...

"Stay back..." Ginny warned, the other two witches, wizard and the bitch each preparing their own defenses. Her bright-brown eyes noticed the woman's long black hair. It was so matted and dirty that it seemed like she'd been out in the woods for quite a long time. The rest of her body seemed tanned, like she had lounged underneath the sun too long, and various scars decorated her body like a light layering of fiendish looking polka dots.

'Who is she? And what happened to her?' Ginny thought. The kind-hearted woman was unable to ask the question since the beast of a woman got her ass spanked by one of the demonic looking warriors.

"Hurry up whore! Make us proud," The being's told was fierce and snakelike, but the sound didn't seem to surprise the black-haired woman as much as it did Ginny and the rest. Under the command of her master, the feral woman's eyes burned and she crossed and then uncrossed her muscular arms.

'Shiieeenk!' The sound distracted Ginny, or it would have, since the woman caught her attention with far more than just a noise. Right in front of the traveling party, as she raced in, the black haired warrior's hands had sprouted double claws. They were straight and long, ending in razor sharp curved tips. The redhead didn't have to know how it was possible to know that she and her friends needed to get out of there, fast.

"Pei! Find what you need and hurry!" Before the feral-looking woman got close enough to slash Harry and Ginny, a bright chorus of blue and pink dazzling energy smacked into the warrior's face.

"I can handle her. Mrrmmm... The smell of this spell always reminds me of home," Ginny had to admit the smell of cinnamon and freshly cooked bread-loaves was inviting, but it was how distracted the raven-haired woman had become that made her appreciate the French blonde and her different style of magic.

“Grrrahraaawarrh!!!” The woman didn’t appear to enjoy the smell, or the spell. With a inhuman growl, she took off forward, away from Harry and Ginny and straight towards Fleur.

“Oh merde...” The blonde with perfectly shaped lips spoke before she prepared a new spell.

“Fleur quickly. Get behind me!” Heroine called out, interposing herself in between her breeding sister and the woman with the murderous glint in her eyes. The bushy-brown haired woman quickly tossed up a brilliant shield. The shape of a large spherical structure surrounded the two and blocked the stranger from getting any closer to either of the two witches. Hermione breathed in a breath to get her focus back. Both she and Fleur looked a bit disheveled appearance since they were each playing with one another just a few minutes ago. The feral raven-haired girl screamed, clawing away at the shield and making blue sparks fly to the left and right.

“Oh no... she’s trying to break through,”

“But zhe cannot, correct? Zurly zat iz a powerful enough spell, ‘Ermoine...”

Much as Hermione didn’t think it could happen, she had never seen such anger and rage burning through someone as the woman tried to break through the shell and rip apart the soft-skinned witches inside.

“Damn magic users. Kill the man, keep some of the women if you can!” The bulky red-skinned warrior with huge black horns, bat-like wings and a insidious looking sword growled out.

Ginny whipped her head to the side and spotted Pei who had finally seemed to get her bearings back. “We’re on target, just defend yourselves and we’ll find it no problem,”

“You are proving so useful are you own mission,” Ginny growled out and then raised her wand once again. While the crazy chick was slashing and cutting against the shield spell, the two demon warriors were striding over to Ginny, Harry and Pei. A quick disarming spell flew out from Ginny’s wand towards the stronger looking of the two fighters coming in to gut and maim her and her husband.

The demon’s sword flew out of his hand.

“There you go. Easy right,” whooped Pei. But very quickly, the traveler’s eyes nervously glance towards Harry and Ginny as they all realized her celebration was premature. A magical chain attached to the demon’s weapon glowed with infernal power. The three watch with growing terror in their stomachs as the blade quickly snapped back into the hand of the red-skinned and silver-armored creature.

Snapping up his own wand, Harry cast the Levicorpus jinx. One demon started floating by its ankle. The other one saw the situation, and laughed before casting a spell towards Pei, Ginny and Harry. Fiery snakes crafted out of burning energy suddenly fly out from the being’s dangerous, red fingers.

“Cute trick. Have one of mine!”

The blazing serpents fly over at Harry and Ginny’s naked bodies. Harry managed to put his arm and some of his leg in front of his wife’s body, but it didn’t stop the glowing attack from slicing and biting away at their exposed flesh.

“Draah!”

“Harry!” Ginny called out as both she and her muscular husband fell down to their knees. The redhead recovered quickly enough, and she prepared a new spell. Unfortunately, as she prepared to get revenge on the creature, the trapped demon being held by Harry’s spell managed to break free. Harry’s wand flashed firing off a Descendo spell. With a snarl, the demon magically blocked the energy that the black-haired wizard tried to pull out of his hat.

Harry looked up, painfully aware of just how close the strange man with burning eyes and rippling muscles had become. The young Auror didn’t even really see the creature’s arm race forward, but he definitely felt the pain afterward as he collapsed back. Harry felt wetness on his stomach as his breathing became intensified and painful. Looking down, he spotted three prominent gashes covering his left shoulder and parts of his muscular chest.

“That’s it!” Pei growled out while Ginny moved to tend to her fallen husband. Runes on the Asian-looking woman’s arms glowed a bright blue. Fingers snapped and raced in precise forms and then a powerful spell blasted freely from her hands. The powerful energy pelted the monster, freezing his skin, shoulders and blade. With one more flourish, Pei made sure that the magic continued its effect, coating and freezing the monstrous foe that had injured the man that was the key to completing her quest.

‘One down... but... if I... if I don’t get off another spell, we could be done for...’ Pei thought, wearily and sadly. The powerful spell had drained more than half her energy.

‘If I don’t get another spell out, we could be done for...’

The frozen demon’s body fell forward. With a shatter, it broke apart into a thousand little pieces in front of the three. Pei smirks. “Useless huh? I just showed you they can be killed...” Her voice trailed off and her eyes fluttered while exhaustion gripped at her mind.

Fleur watched as the shield began to falter in front of her. Unwilling to give up, the gorgeous tall blonde pushed her two hands forward, urging the magic out from her body, willing it to protect Hermione and herself from a vicious death at the hands of the woman with her double claws.

“They’re literally coming out of her knuckles!” a shocked Hermione stated.

“Hermione, please say something better, I don’t want to die thinking about knuckles!”

Hermione looked at Fleur, right as the shield finally broke. Fleur stumbled forward, exposed and unprotected by the shield. Hermione quickly moved in to pull her breeding sister up onto her feet.

Snarling with her tongue out like a dog enraged, the black-haired woman stalked towards the two women. Her eyes appeared full of energy, like she was very happy she was finally going to kill the two women.

“Coup de œil goblin!” Fleur gasped out. She used up every last bit of magic she had to cast another powerful spell. At this distance, the charm was able to hit the black-haired bitch square in the eyes.

The feral woman's mind was filled with rage and a desire to cut and slash. But when the attack smacked into her mind again, for a moment, she hatred, seething hatred for the blonde human who had attacked her. 'Die die die. Make her suffer like I did!'

"I think you just made her-"

"Taisez-vous et cours!" Fleur pushed Hermione along, out of the immediate killing field as the black-haired woman flailed wildly, eager to cut them in two.

As they raced away from the foe, Hermione fired off a blasting spell, but the strange woman was too fast. She let out a confident bark after easily rolling out of the destructive spell, only taking minor damage from a flurry of flying fragments.

As the beast of a woman closed the distance, Fleur's protective instincts take over once again. She tried to push Hermione off to the side and face the beast girl on her own. The blonde woman knew she could buy Hermione a few seconds to figure something out. This time however, Hermione pushed back at her, preparing a spell with all of her focus and poise.

Using a version of the spell Harry had used on the demon warrior, Hermione caught the girl with a floating spell. Try as she might, the black-haired psychopath could do nothing but cut at air, allowing Hermione and Fleur a moment to breathe in a sigh of relief.

"You saved me 'Ermione..." Hermione gave her a soft smile and looked away. Fleur grasped the younger woman's chin and pulled her into a warm and elated kiss and embrace. Hermione's cheeks blushed, but she definitely didn't feel as embarrassed to enjoy the moment after the harrowing battle the two shared. A snarl broke their reverie and Fleur chuckles, obviously very pleased with herself as the black-haired woman growled and swung at the two of them. Of course, they were out of her reach, and in her current predicament, all the feral woman could do was bark and hiss.

"Chienne... »

Ginny had her own moment of respite as Pei dodged and evaded the lone remaining Demon warrior. Harry's blood coated much of her naked chest, but she didn't let it distract herself. "Focus. You can do this, you have to do this, for Harry..."

Keeping panic at bay, she quickly worked up some basic healing magic, hoping it would be enough for now. As she continued muttering the half-prepared spell, her light-brown eyes looked up towards Pei once again. She hoped and prayed that the bitch knew what she was doing and wouldn't get herself killed.

'Come on Pei...' Ginny thought. She knew that without the stranger from beyond the stars, they might very well be stuck in whatever the hell the place was.

Looking back at Pei, as much as she disliked the woman, she couldn't just watch her die.'

'Not if I can help it,' She got her chance to own her words quickly enough. Pei tumbled back, narrowly missing a powerful kick, only to be caught off guard by a strong infernally-powered hand. The creature with dead-grayish skin pulled her up and prepared to skewer her with his blade.

“You killed Akrimos. I wanted to kill Akrimos!!!”

Her own energy spent after making sure Harry doesn't die from his wounds, Ginny used what she had on hand. Grabbing a rock and moving away from Harry, she a rock she focused through her pain and frustration and launched the rock straight at the side of the leathery grey-skinned monster as it prepared to turn Pei into mincemeat.

Now annoyed at the naked busty redhead, the demon chuckled, lurching away from Pei and now moving in towards Ginny.

“I'm going to have fun playing with you. I'll fuck you and kill you and bring you back to do it all over again!”

The villainous monster of a man moved in for a savage strike. Ginny closed her eyes right before his blade could land. Suddenly, she felt a wave of cool energy. Opening up her eyes, she spied a glowing blue sword penetrating the upper side of the creature's body.

“Hugrk!” The creature grunted before the enchanted blade was ripped back. Harry Potter than removed the demon's head from his shoulders. Ginny watched, with a bit of fear and astonishment as Harry hacked away at the creature with one last wavering strike. The body fell, in three pieces, and then burst into a bout of hellish flames and smoke, right at the time Harry stumbled forward and the blade in his hands disappeared.

“Harry!” Each of them was still naked but that didn't stop either of the couple as moved forward and hugged each other's cut and injured forms. Ginny kissed her husband frantically, and then looked at him.

“Where did *that* come from?” The freckled redhead asked, her body suddenly becoming a bit weary, even while pressed against her husband's rigid musculature.

“You can thank *me* latter,” declared Pei. Ginny noticed that she had moved over towards them. Like Harry and Ginny, it seemed the woman with exotic features was barely holding it together.

“I need to recharge my powers. We need to find a place to rest,”

Ginny couldn't hold back a bit of a scoff as her eyes looked around the dark-brown cavernous walls encompassing their surroundings. “Well it is not like there is a nice hotel right around the corner in this den of Hellspwan you brought us to.”

Harry looked over at Ginny. “Come on, Ginny. We need to stick together if we're going to make it back in once piece.

It was at that point that Ginny saw how badly Harry was injured. Her magic had given him a small reprieve, but it appeared that his wounds would need much more than just a simple spell to be fixed up.

Before the panic could set in, she spied Hermione and Fleur coming back. The two weren't alone. Hermione was holding something, and Fleur had a dazzling and pulsing pink and red leash around some the human with the hand claws.

"I found the relic, Pei! And we... disabled whoever *she* is..." Hermione said with a quick and slightly worried glance back to the woman that Fleur was dragging a long.

"Just leave her," Growled Pei. For once, Ginny was inclined to agree. She didn't know who the black-haired woman was, but she didn't want her to be close to any of them, especially with their injuries after the battle with her demonic associates.

Pei moved over to Hermione and stretched out her hand. "Please let me get us out of here,"

Hermione's eyes looked up and her hands grew tighter around the magical box she had found. "Teach me how to use the device. It will be better for more than one of us to be able to use it, after all..."

Pei paused and after looking at Harry and Ginny, the woman shook her head at the light-skinned woman with long messy hair. "It's beyond you..."

Hermione didn't look impressed. "Try me.

Ginny gets annoyed and was about to tell Hermione to stand down when Fleur interjected. Using a powerful charm crafted from her connection to *vela* magic, Fleur moved in, sneakily and wordlessly. Pei stood her ground, right at the moment she should have stood back, or even ran, since staying close to the blonde put her at a disadvantage.

All Pei remembered was seeing a puff of purple and pink, lovely smelling smoke. Then, she was looking at Fleur, probably the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. "Hi..."

"Hello Pei. Could you please tell Hermione the basics of the object? I would very much like to get out of this place. Wouldn't you?" The French beauty asked, stroking her fingers daintily over Pei's rune covered arm.

Pei felt her knees weaken at the simple touch. She didn't even know why Fleur needed to ask. "Of course I will,"

With that, Pei gave Hermione a quick basic lesson. The relic that they had come for whirred with power and Pei made sure to lock in a destination that would be the perfect place to tend to their wounds. Before they left, Fleur removed the cocks of the two dead demons. Surprisingly, even the frozen one's manhood had survived Pei's freezing spell in one, long piece. Hermione lost any appetite she had at that moment, but Fleur quickly informed her that there is great power for spells in demon cocks.

"Alright, time to get out of here,"

"Pei, where exactly is here?"

"Oh, I figured it was obvious. We're in Hell. Lucky for you, we have a way out,"

The now much more helpful and honest Pei transported the group plus one prisoner out of Hell to something that was quite far from the burning place with jagged tooth demons and feral cultists.

As Fleur enjoyed the smell of the sea and the lovely gentle light of a sun that seemed peculiar, Pei mentioned that the place was called Sanctuary, and that it was a safe and secure magical waystation, only findable by people like herself.

All that mattered to the French woman was that in addition to being a safe spot, it had healers on hand who immediately went to work fixing up all of the group's injuries. A group of the hosts also got to work on their black-haired prisoner, who Fleur had taken to calling Ms. Claws in lack of a better name.

So, with luck, Harry would be healed in a day, and they might find more information about the mysterious woman who had tried to disembowel Fleur and Hermione. She loved the brown-haired British woman, but sometimes, her need to help others was infuriating. It was partially because of this that once things were settled down and Ginny was watching over Harry, Fleur decided to see how comfortable the beds at their lodgings were. With Pei's help of course.

"I know that you are under a tremendous amount of pressure, Pei. Please... let me remove some of these worries from your mind..." The still dazed and enthralled woman was sitting in front of Fleur with her back towards the blonde witch. Fleur's hands continued rubbing and probing all along the girl with runic decorations upper and lower back.

"Hah..." Pei chuckled nervously. "There is no way your magic and sensual charms will work on me Fleur. I uahh... I... well I just... that feels so good. No... I..." Fleur smiled, her lips moving in nice and close to the woman with strange features and a perfectly rounded chin. Pei knew she could resist the quarter veela's magic, but it was proving to be a struggle, mostly because, she had already been bewitched back in the blazing dominion of the devil. Still, under the blonde's perfect touch, the pressures of her quest and the exhilaration of the fight soon started melting away like ice under the sun.

"Hmmm. Do you want me to stop?" The young, busty vixen asked, her fingers rubbing and massaging Pei's shoulders and upper back while the woman with runes on her body felt the French girl's hot smooth lips pecking their way up her neck, stopping just shy of her cheek. Turning around, Pei lost herself in the moment, kissing Fleur's naked breasts and then playfully teasing her nipples before she started kissing Fleur's collar and ears. The two women continued rubbing their bodies against one another, letting out high-noted sighs and coos as they became intimately familiar with each other. Lusty as they were, something was quite different, most notably their fingernails. Whereas Fleur kept her nails primed with luxurious and fantastic colors while Fleur always keeping her nails clipped at a perfect length. Pei's measurements could be classified as a chaotic and mismatched lot.

Fleur made a reminder to watch herself, and to check Harry for scratch marks. Smiling to herself and her newest traveling companion, the blonde inched her lips forward, kissing Pei's chin and neck while her hands flattered themselves against Pei's chest. The stranger from another world was already taking in air in stilted breaths, but now the black-haired woman's breathing went into freefall as far as control was concerned.

The French mademoiselle found her slightly worried and pursed lips deliciously cute. Pei might know how to handle a cock, but it seemed that she didn't have much experience with such gentle and soothing feminine affection.

"This is the kind of treatment friends give one another. Perhaps next time you could make an entrance with a bit more poise and subtlety..." Fleur said, her smile forming even wider as she remembered just how the mysterious woman had entered their lives.

"I don't know about that.... I... I am sure people try to get *your* attention every hour of every day. Imagine how much you would have cared if I just approached you on the street," Pei retorted, whipping

here the French woman's chin and cheek and then kissing her full on the lips. Not wanting to experience a French custom just yet, the black-haired girl pulled back and her head and then pressed her chest forward, teasing Fleur's nipples with her own. The nubs of rich, pure flesh rubbed against smaller, earthy brown ones on breasts that were about two sizes below Fleur's.

It wasn't long at all until the larger of the two magic women took charge of the situation. Moving one more to be seated behind Pei, Fleur opened up the smaller woman's legs with one hand while she cupped the strange woman's chin and cheek and tickled her ears. "Hmrrmm... ahuaahh... you're getting nice and wet my mysterious flower..."

"It's because... it's because you're making me huaaahh... this wayuuahh!" Pei called out, her hair drifting left and right along her field of vision before she let out a moan as Fleur bit down and nibbled on her neck. While Pei's mouth opened wide, Fleur's fingers sank down towards her pussy. Transformed into conduits of burning hot pleasure, the French woman attacked her new beau's undefended sex with pure lustfulness. Her other hand squeezed and yanked on the smaller woman's nipples. Eventually, her teeth broke off from tasting Pei's flesh.

Before she could pull back however, the now ravenous raven-haired woman caught her lips with her own, pressing her runic-marked body back against Fleur's fabulously full rack. While new flowers of heat shivered and bloomed deep inside of Pei's womanhood, she pressed onward, not ready to admit defeat just yet. The tongue poked into Fleur's mouth, surprising the blonde, but the aggressive woman was more than willing to entertain the foolish girl's new contest. Like two wiggling serpents, both Fleur and Pei battled for control along and against the steamy warm confines of Fleur's mouth.

"Mrrmmhrrauammm..." Pei moaned out as she continued French-kissing the voluptuous blonde minx.

Throughout the battle of their tongues, Fleur never stopped her own attack. Her fingers hooked inside of Pei's mouth, gripping the other woman's labia and probing and surging inside of her fiery confines as the two began shivering and trembling against one another. With only her tongue to hold off Fleur's fiery passions, Pei quickly began losing all semblance of thought. Her eyes fluttered open and shut rapidly, the edges of her vision blurring while it felt like she was going to be blinded by the raw pleasure blasting through her mind.

With an outrageously lewd cry, Pei's lips fell back from Fleur's heated embrace. Her entire body shook once again, the sensations blasting through her mind while her breasts jiggled and bounced. Every single part of her mind glowed with delirium and soon the only thing she could feel was the impenetrable hold of Fleur's fingers along her vagina while the other arm crossed up in between Pei's lovely breasts. The two fell back onto the bed, each heaving and gently enjoyed the feeling of their bodies plastered against one another.

Fleur chuckled lightly against Pei's naked form, gently playing with the black-haired woman's hair and ears before she finally spoke.

"How about you bring your friend back for another round. I am sure we are going to be here for awhile, and I didn't get to play with him last time..." Fleur pouted. The look of her lips and beautiful eyes meant that even if Pei had wanted to say no to the request, there was no way she could.

