

The taste on her lips was from Harry's cock, she knew it. It was more than that. Hermione tasted a woman's juices as well. Luna's, she felt certain of it. Harry dominated her, spreading his thick crown up and down her mouth. She still felt shocked, she had come across Harry utterly pounding the lithe blonde's body. Even when Luna explained how it was exactly what she wanted, Hermione couldn't fathom that having Harry fuck her was what *she* wanted. But the moment that she tasted his manliness, his musk, and the warmth of his cock, it was all over for her. Hermione Granger wanted her friend to have her body, and that's exactly what Harry had done.

She offered no words of encouragement or rejection. She had just submitted, heart and soul to his great potency. In those next moments, she'd felt shame as he tore off his clothing to expose her breasts and sex. Hermione had never had sex in front of more than one person, but that day, she hardly thought about Luna any longer. Harry was the only thing on her mind, the sun of her life...

"Fuck... oh Fuck Harry! I've never felt anything like this before. Bwaaraahhh!!!" The first thrust of Harry's mammoth cock almost made her panic and flee like a scared animal. He was so much bigger than Ron, and she quickly discovered, he knew how to make her feel ten times better than him as well.

Harry's lips plundered hers while his dick hammered deeper and deeper into her warm, quivering passage. Hermione's bushy hair flailed with each impact. His tip shoved its way through her squishy walls, removing any pretense that Hermione was in control of the situation. She didn't care. In her mind, this was something she had only ever dreamed about and thought during quiet moments alone.

Harry was giving her what she needed, what she craved. So rarely did she find her mind ever fully quieted by something beyond her constant thought process. This freedom, this sense of liberation joined in chaotic harmony by an onslaught of pleasure was not something she'd ever felt with Ron. Harry fucked her like she was a bitch in heat. More importantly, it was like she was *his* bitch in heat, a vessel for his virility, his seed, his power. It made her toes curl.

"Oh Harry... Oh yes... Oh-ahu-ahu-huah!" Hermione felt her entire body quivering. Harry's thick knob continued snogging her socket unrepentantly. His girth was so much that each thrust stirred her clit while threatening to break her pussy with its sheer size. As she moaned and sighed, her fingers pinched her nipples and got tangled in her hair while the heat in her loins reached higher and higher levels.

"Keep fucking me. It feels so gooduhaah!"

She knew that her friend loved her of course, but this was something different, something so primal and new that she couldn't get enough of it. Then, Harry began cumming inside of her, bathing her womb in his searing hot juice. From that moment on, everything escalated for her. This could not be a one-time event, Hermione decidedly, without reservation. She needed to have Harry... to have him again, to feel him feed his thick, raw cock deep inside of her womanhood and fuck her till she couldn't think or move for hours.

"Yes.... YES!!! Breed me...." Her rational mind couldn't believe the words leaping free from her lips. It was wrong, so wrong, and yet she did not care. All she wanted was to please Harry and letting her know that she was ready for anything, that she would willingly be his mate, his tool for pleasure, sex or just boredom, was very important to her.

Suddenly, she saw Ginny leaning over. It was strange because Ginny had not been there yet when Hermione first felt great flood of the wizard's cum pouring out inside of her. But this time, amidst the euphoria and fogginess of her mind, there she was, beautiful and with a caring expression on her face. Ginny squeezed her nipples and Hermione watched a stream of milk squirt out. It coated Hermione's own jiggling tit and then Ginny leaned in over Hermione's gasping body.

"Nrwaah... Ooohwah... Yes Ginny... oh... that feels amazing..." Hermione moaned out as Ginny gave her nipple a little squeeze and bite. When Harry's wife pulled back, Hermione blinked up curiously at the redheaded Quidditch player. Ginny's lips were coated in milk as well. When she looked down, the brunette witch noticed that her own tits were lactated. Beads of her milk rolled down off her heaving tits.

Finally, Hermione felt shame and her chin lowered. "I am sorry, Ginny. I should have told you earlier," Ginny smiled and then kissed Hermione. As their lips met, Hermione tasted her milk on Ginny's lips. It felt like a pleasant taste and soon, she felt an incredible warmth that didn't subside even when Ginny pulled back.

"It will be alright, Hermione. I knew what was going to happen that day. And my feelings haven't changed..." Ginny spoke. It made Hermione smile, then she moaned out feverishly once again. Harry had started fucking her again. This time, she had no will left to even control her body. The thin witch's body heaved and squirmed as Hermione started to cum all over again.

"Harry!"

Hermione woke up, her body sweaty and her nipples hard. Further exploring her form, she found her pussy to be a sopping mess. She briefly felt embarrassed at not only having a wet dream, but one that had manifested into such a sticky mess in the real world. At that moment, she was alone, in a bed that she'd retired to as Harry continued satisfying the Great Mother's magic and carnal needs.

Hermione pondered if she should tell Ginny about her dream, and... more. In the end, the witch decided to tell her after their main task was completed. 'Today we are traveling to the next world. It would not be smart to bring something new and distracting into the situation. At least not until we have found a safe spot in our new destination,'

With that, she grabbed her wand to begin cleaning and washing herself. Then she pulled on her clothes and went out to find the others.

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Later, once all preparations for their departure were made, Harry Potter stood before the Great Mother, ruler of the realm and leader of the Nymphs. It felt like over a month since he and the others had arrived at the place, when in reality, it had only been a few days. He was sorry to say goodbye, the Great Mother and the other nymphs had been nothing but benevolent in hosting them after their escape from the realm of the Storm Giant. With Ginny's wounds healed, it was time to press forward with their mission, the quest that Pei brought to them some time ago.

The Great Mother, Faya... embraced Harry one last time. Her large breasts, barely covered by golden silky cloth felt warm against him. She felt great sorrow in her body, knowing that very likely, she would

never see Harry Potter again. It meant she would no longer feel the warmth of his magic in her realm, or the incredible pleasure of having his cock spread the greatest heat and sensations through her body, sensations she had not felt for eons. It was a sad day for her, but she did not shed a tear. This was the way of things when dealing with mortals. They never stayed for long. She was sad, but she knew that he needed to go.

“Travel safely, Harry Potter,” Faya said softly before finally letting go of the wizard. He nodded and gave her a warm smile. Then The Great Mother nodded towards Ginny Potter and the other witches and woman assembled before her.

“When you leave, take this knowledge to heart. Traveling to our realm is easier than leaving it. It can be... a difficult passage,” She warned them, her words honeyed and sweet despite the graveness of her advice.

“Thank you, Great Mother. But I have been traveling across stars and worlds since before I could walk. I am sure that we will manage,” Pei said confidently. The woman who used runic magic had no doubt that the woman was being kind and gracious and just wishing them a fond trip in her own way, but Pei had no doubts that she and Harry and company would be fine as they traveled to their next destination, a world of dragons and magic.

The beautiful matriarch of the sexy, borderline nymphomaniac women assembled to see them off studied Pei with a serious eye. The traveler suddenly blushed, feeling like she'd been put on the spot now after her statement. There were few people in the universe with looks that easily pierced through her outer layer of bravado. The Great Mother's gaze was one of them.

“Perhaps because you are not truly human, you will be spared, Pei. But Harry and the others... they do not share the same attributes of your body...”

Pei had to agree that at least she was right about that. She glanced towards Harry and the others, suddenly a little worried about their journey to the next point on their path. ‘Unfortunately, there is nothing to it. We need to continue. We have the Orb of Dragonkind, and as far as I can tell, there are no dragons around here...’

Pei was not the only one in the group who didn't put much stock in the warning from the golden-haired woman. As a star Quidditch player, Ginny counted herself as the toughest and most capable person in the group as far as her physicality. More than that, after she'd been healed by a combination of Harry's great power and the Nymph's magic, the redhead had been feeling better than ever. Still, she held her tongue in the presence of the Great Mother and the magical women who had helped her in their hour of need.

Hermione on the other hand, was alarmed, and a little curious. “Is there any spell you can teach us to help, Great Mother? Or an enchantment that you can bestow upon us?” Hermione asked. Ginny glanced in her direction. The woman who never met a book or lesson that she didn't want to learn from, imagined that Ginny was a little surprised that Hermione hadn't brought up the issue earlier. In truth, Hermione had been distracted lately, mostly because of her budding pregnancy, the fact that the father was Harry and not Ron, and the fact that the Nymphs had realized her secret as easily as if she had told them all.

The leader of the Nymphs shook her head slowly. "My magic only extends to protecting this realm. I do not know of any means to help you on the travel. I am sorry. My best advice would be to stay close to Harry... and Pei. Let them be your lights in the darkness between stars..."

Harry nodded and thanked her once more. With that, the Nymphs began pulling back, leaving Harry, Ginny, Hermione, Fleur, Laura and Pei on a golden dais so that they could travel away from the nymphs and their buildings. With so much magic used in the locals' everyday life, the distance would help make sure nothing went wrong during the travel.

This time when they traveled, Pei asked Hermione to assist her. This was partially as a way to help bolster the foundation of trust that she'd been rebuilding since the incident when her tentacle creature had nearly captured them all with the threat of turning them into mindless fucktoys for who knows how long, but Pei had an ulterior method. The moment she brushed her hand over one of the runes used for travel between worlds, she'd felt her hand turn heavy as stone. It worried her. Showing such weakness after brushing off the Great Mother's warning was not going to do her, or the group any favors.

'Ginny still doesn't trust me, and if Hermione thinks I am losing my touch, then the next destination they're going to want to go to will be the safety and comfort of home,' So the traveler and her strange magic began opening up a portal while Hermione used her wand and her body's natural powerful to help strengthen and expand the opening they would use. The rune on Pei's body began to burn and energy floated off her body like ashes being carried into the sky. Her misty-blue orbs narrowed while her shiny black hair started to whip from the energy exuding off of her tight body.

Nearby, Hermione felt it, the invisible pull of the world around them. It suddenly felt like a strong wind was pushing against her, making her nipples turn cold while a gloom settled over her head. In a way, it felt similar to being in the presence of Dementors, like she would never be truly happy or satisfied if she left the realm of the Nymphs. Fortunately, since she had already been expecting it, the sharp-minded witch pressed on, repeating the words of the teleportation spell again and again until the portal was completed and ready for all of them to travel.

"Good!" Pei shouted over the hissing and crackling coming from inside of the opening. She checked the relic that they had stolen from hell to ensure that the coordinates were set. Her eyes whipped over the instrumentation, checking that the location was correct. Pei just hoped that this would be the best place. When she had traveled to the world once before, the Humans were on the verge of a massive war and she had no doubt, that their dragons would play a part in it.

'I just hope that the war is over and that there will be a few left alive,'

Pei turned and then began waving at the others! "Go, get inside! I'll bring up the rear,"

"We should go together, Pei," Harry added while Fleur and Laura raced into the magical opening. Pei shook her head at the black-haired wizard.

"I have to hold it, Harry! She... she was right... this world is making it hell to keep the door open. So, move it!"

Harry looked at Pei and then nodded. Hermione and Ginny scrambled into the portal and then Harry went in after them. Pei's arms went down and then she dove headfirst into the closing maw. She made it in. The traveler tried to breathe a sigh of relief, only to realize that something very wrong had

happened. The portal had not exited the group out into the world they were supposed to go to. Instead, the group found themselves in the void, the place of nothingness, where no one was supposed to exist.

Pei reacted quickly, turning her body to the side and casting her arms out. She activated a fresh rune to blast the closing portal. It kept the door open, but only for a moment. The door closed and she and the rest started falling, flipping and tumbling through nothingness.

Chaos and fear ran through every member of the group. Their feet never landed on anything, and their bodies continued to tumble. Things felt like they were going too fast at one point, and too slow the next. Fleur managed to react first. She held her wand in a death grip and cast a spell on herself to give her the power of a fairy. No longer in freefall, glowing pink wings allowed her to guide her course. She found Laura, in a very bad state. The French blonde captured the raven-haired woman in her arms.

Fleur was completely caught off-guard when she found Laura crying and shivering. "Please... please not again,"

"It is alright mon ami... I am here," Fleur said, doing her best to help center the poor girl. While she kept her grip tight on Laura, Fleur's deep blue eyes searched out for Harry and the others...

Somewhere close and far at the same time, Pei activated a rune. A burning blue anchor signal glowed on her body and then suddenly, magical tendrils burst out from her body. They flew through the darkness, searching out her companions. Finally, she felt a powerful surge as she was connected to them. She saw Harry, Fleur and Laura, and finally Ginny and Hermione. Pei yanked hard on the tendril, pulling herself towards Hermione.

When they were close, she grabbed Hermione and activated one more spell. So long as they were connected, the two could communicate via telepathy.

"Hermione! Listen to me. Do the spell again!"

"I can't... I feel sick... I can't see Harry... This is-"

"Hermione. We will get out of this, I promise. The spell! You can do it!" the Traveler shared with her a name, a strong name that would be easy for Hermione to track onto. It would give them the best chance at escaping this terrible trap. Hermione's wand began going through the intricate motions of weaving the spell once again. Pei, meanwhile, kept herself alert for trouble. Finally, she saw it, a ship, then two, then an entire squadron.

"That's impossible..."

Anyone else except for Hermione Granger would have been distracted by the fearful words Pei uttered, but the witch could feel it, the doom that would fall on them if she did not do as the traveler asked. Pei launched every offensive rune she could at the attackers. Ginny and Harry held onto each other with one hand and then fired off their own spells with the others. Neither wizard nor witch knew exactly who they were shooting at, but they followed Pei's lead. The storm of magic missiles and other deadly charms ignited the darkness and destroyed several of the incoming vessels.

The ships appeared to be like old ships of the sea, but they glided on strange, almost wing-like structures. Harry and Ginny couldn't make out their crews, but they did see several cannons and other weapons on the ships. None of the most dangerous looking guns fired, but one projectile was shot into

the midst of the party, adrift in the timeless infinity between stars. No one saw the harpoon until it struck Harry's left arm. It buried deep in his flesh.

The wizard's entire world erupted in searing pain, and he growled and kicked like a wounded animal. White-hot agony punched through every fiber of his being, but he pushed on, unwilling to let go of Ginny's fingers, but he couldn't cast any more spells, just holding onto his wand was enough of a struggle. The ships moved closer and closer. Fleur looked at them with growing dread and simply hugged Laura's body tighter and tighter.

Then, Hermione finished creating the new portal. She turned towards her companions and brandished her wand and used a greater summoning spell to carry all of them towards her with all the haste she could muster. It worked too well and as Harry and the rest were yanked towards her, Pei's body smashed into Hermione's. For a moment, she feared that they would both end up missing the mortal, but somehow, she managed to keep her eyes open while her head spun in discomfort. She saw the magical ring lip as they passed through it.

The group sailed forth at a great speed. Hermione saw flashes of different worlds, a tropical one, one that looked similar to her own, and then all she saw was a great stretch of whiteness. Her mind went to snow, figuring they were heading towards a cold planet. Then her body touched down, and the witch who had saved them all was knocked unconscious during impact.

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"Ooouhah... Mnuyah..." The Queen moaned out as she slipped the dildo deeper into her pussy. She could already tell that it was too small, but that wasn't going to stop her from enjoying herself.

'I have so little time to myself these days, the least I can do is make sure I get some relief,' The woman with silver-blond hair mused with a bit of a sigh before a different, more passionate noise slipped out of her lips. Her fingers held the dildo with renewed focus, and she pushed the tip harder and harder into her tightness.

"Ayuahaahuah..." The false cock was actually made of ice. Ice she had crafted herself. The representation was decent enough as far as the design went. The Queen had started getting very good at making snow and ice cocks after she'd been disappointed by the tenth suitor in the expanse of a year. She had... shall we say, circumvented certain protocols and tested out each and every male in the bedchamber. After recent experience with nobility, the ruler of the land in the North was not about to invest her time, love, and her body in someone who could not at least keep her well and truly satisfied when it came to matters of sex.

Love hardly entered into it for her, especially as she jerked her hand forward and pushed the thick, cold knob deeper into the hearth of her womanhood. In her mind, her heart's capacity for love was full, and her future husband would simply enjoy her body, friendliness, and eventually a child that they bore together.

She didn't know why she was thinking about silly things like love in that moment. It felt silly, weak and the woman in a blue, sparkly dress masturbated with even more vigor. Small as the dildo was, she was a master of her body, and knew exactly the best places to scrape and rub to make her pussy rumble and quiver. In short order, she hit the end of the line.

“Yes... oh yes... ahwah... fuck... good... fuchuaakk!” She squeezed a nipple and used her other hand to grow the iciclecock a little bit larger inside of her cunny. Making the cock bigger helped her enjoy an orgasm that made her squirt out across the stone floor of her room. Her tits rose and fell to the tune of her ragged gasps. The final act was to clean up the dildo, enjoying a naughty snack of her wet juices before she tossed the frozen phallus back into the bucket that was once full of water.

From there, Queen Elsa of Arendelle rose up from the chair and began tidying up. Little did she know that waiting outside of the solar was a soldier who had a message for her. Something strange had been spotted in the Sea of Frost. Like any good soldier in Elsa’s forces, he knew that the Queen would want to learn about the situation. The fair-skinned woman with tight hips and nice curved breasts was about to have guests. Strangely enough, these guests would not be strangers. At least... not all of them...