

Harry smiled warmly at the enchantingly beautiful woman. She was one of the locals, a nymph imbued with an effortless glow and great magic running through her veins. The woman had asked him to join the Great-Mother in the evening.

“Sure, I’ll be happy to help. She’s already been a very gracious host,”

The woman in front of him with warm-colored skin, unmarked and unblemished gave him a graceful bow.

“Thank you, Harry Potter. I am sure she will be delighted to hear your answer. Tonight, after the eighth bell, please come to the palace,”

The woman bowed her head to him. Before Harry could ask what exactly he would be helping with, she was gone.

“Are you sure this is a good idea, Master?” Laura asked quickly while Ginny and Pei also seemed to show some concern.

“Yeah. This place is supposed to be a safe haven, but I’ve never personally met a Great-Mother,” Pei added.

Ginny found herself forgetting about what she and Pei were up to for the moment. She moved forward and stood beside her husband. “I will go with you, Harry. Just to make sure,”

Harry smiled at the beautiful redhead and nodded. The wizard himself wasn’t feeling to paranoid about the situation, at least by comparison. “You can all come. It’s not like they’re going to suck my blood or anything. If they wanted to hurt us, they probably wouldn’t have spent all that magic to help heal you, Ginny,”

His wife had to concede that point. Later on, she and Pei rested on their knees before a basin of swirling water that they had both enchanted. Harry had gone off to find Hermione, and Ginny had remembered why she had sought out Pei earlier. The basin in front of the two women would soon turn into a portal of sorts, one that would connect Ginny with the world she had started to miss. At least, that was the hope.

“You shouldn’t be nervous,” Pei said while runes on the raven-haired woman’s arms began to glow.

Ginny’s face scrunched into an expression of surprise laced with arrogance. “I’m not. Except the last time that a magic user needed Harry and something that involved great magic, it was not great, if you remember,”

Pei chewed her lip nervously and let out an awkward chuckle. “I... uh... I was wondering when you’d bring that up. You ever heard the phrase, ‘let it go?’”

“Have you ever heard the phrase, ‘don’t play with fire, or you’ll get burned?’”

Pei nodded and continued preparing the spell. “Sorry... And again... sorry for how I acted that day,”

At first, it appeared that the woman from beyond the stars was about to offer up more words, perhaps more excuses, but she closed her lips and simply concentrated on the task at hand. Ginny appreciated

that, and, even though she was loathe to admit it, she appreciated knowing that Pei had reacted nearly the same way as she had when Harry accepted the offer of the Great-Mother.

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Hermione did not often let herself be treated like the queen she was. This time, while Ginny and Pei crafted a portal to phone home, the bushy-haired brunette was determined to enjoy herself. It would be all too soon when they journeyed back out from the world of the nymphs. Part of the motivation for her to allow the nymphs to help her relax was the fact that Pei had been quite vague as to the details of where their path led them next.

‘Well, if there is one thing, it probably can’t be worse than a Storm Giant,’ Hermione mused before her closed eyes flickered open for a moment and her lips parted.

“Awaahuaah... oh... that’s... that’s quite good. You are all... so talented...”

Even though the girls were attending her head and hands while she tried to read the book that another was holding, Hermione felt her entire body thrumming with pleasure.

“You are very kind, Hermione Granger. Harry Potter is lucky to have you... as one of his consorts...” said Lumial. The blonde was the nymph who had asked if her she needed anything earlier.

Hermione’s brown eyes worked their best to examine another line of text. She was close to finally being done with the page. As she slowly breathed in and out with the occasional ragged whisper of a moan, the astute woman could not recall a time before when she had read so slowly.

“Thank you. Although... we’re... we’re just friends. I’m married to... (she very nearly simply stated ‘someone else’) Ron... his name is Ron Weasley,”

The nymphs rubbing and massaging her fingers exchanged quick and amused looks. Some even smiled knowing but coy expressions. They like all of the people born in the realm had the uncanny ability to smell out secrets and lies. Touching her body as they were, they could tell two things. Hermione Granger did not feel the same way about her husband as she did about her good friend, Harry. Furthermore, the child growing in her belly was not the child of Ron Weasley. The scandalous knowledge made some of their hearts flutter with excitement, which made the become even more engaged to give Hermione all the pleasure that she could ever ask for.

Beyond the quick glances, the women behaved and did not offer any comment while they continued treating their lovely guest. Polyamorous relationships were not seen with the same taboo among their people, as it was seen in other places. Hermione remained blissfully unaware of their knowledge. Her heartbeat quickly, but still somberly as their soft texture but strong fingers continued making this one of the most enjoyable reading experiences that she had ever experienced.

“P-Please... please turn the page, Silera...” Hermione whimpered out. Lumial’s hands on her head were giving her a soothing but nonetheless potent pleasure. Now and then, the brainy witch could not for the life of her remember the last sentence she’d read, let alone the last thought she’d been trying to form.

“This is too much...” she whispered out. Even saying the words felt like a struggle, one she did not care to repeat. There was no winning here, no challenge to overcome. Even the thirst for knowledge that

always thrived within her mind had been redirected. It was now thirsty to continue relaxing and enjoy every touch, caress and squeeze that the nymphs wanted to adorn her body with.

"We are happy to help. Please... enjoy yourself," The mission to the Storm Giant's realm had been one of their most perilous adventures yet.

'I deserve this...' Hermione thought and found herself feeling a bit unsatisfied with just the touching on the outer parts of her body.

"Lumial... would it be... terribly bothersome if I asked you to..." Hermione couldn't even bring herself to finish the sentence. The lethargy was a mixture of her quickly expanding lust and the fact that she so rarely found herself asking for help. She did it with Harry, well mostly she asked him to have sex with her. This was both... different and the same. Fortunately, Lumial knew exactly what Hermione wanted. Very quickly, she found herself moaning jubilantly as the nymph spread her legs nice and wide and then put her head between Hermione's thighs.

"Mwuaahh-hoouaah-huaah..." The very instant that the incredibly attractive woman's tongue touched even just Hermione's outer lips, she thought she was going to explode. Suddenly she was sailing through a vibrant storm. Each time Lumial's tongue touched her flesh again, Hermione imagined waves crashing over the frame of her boat and starting to sink her vessel.

"Circe's spells! Lum-ahuahooah... oh god... your tongue... keep going... please don't stop!" Hermione rattled while her breasts danced with each desperate breath as the pleasure rising up from her body grew larger and larger. It felt nearly as good as Harry's cock, different as it was. It was not the first time someone had seen to her pleasure orally, but it was definitely the first time that she could feel the fingers of her mind losing all grip on reality at such a break-neck pace. Lumial's head slid side to side, allowing her tongue to dive and swim as deep inside of Hermione's tasty womanhood as possible. Not only did the horny nymph enjoy the Human's taste; her tongue eventually sipped the lingering flavor of Harry Potter's seed as well.

"Great-Mother!" the golden-skinned woman gasped out, pausing for a moment before immediately pursing her lips and going down on Hermione once more.

That first sample only made her tongue all the more aggressive with Hermione. The brainy witch's back leaned backwards and she crowed out gleefully as Luminal's tongue began tapping and brushing all over clit. While the fairy continued supping on every little oozing offering of her womanhood, Hermione's mind continued bathing in rivers of pleasure as other nymphs rubbed her shoulders, back and her head. The soothing flavor of the fingers slowly running through her tangled hair while Lumia's warm tongue continued heating up her pussy felt deliciously incredible.

Hermione's brown eyes sparkled with joy, and she reached out, grabbing two other nymphs nearby. She had one begin rubbing and teasing her nipples, while she guided the other's hand up to her mouth. Very quickly, her mind started to sink into the swelling waves of bliss. She opened her lips and took the fingers of the girl inside. Her tongue immediately started playing with the digits, imagining the shape of the woman's fingers to be Harry's cock, pushing nice and deep into his mouth while her sex flooded Lumial's lips with her nectar.

Then, her entire body started to convulse. The shivering increased and Hermione cried out, filling the chamber that had been quite moments before while she read. Now, her lungs fluttered while her lips fell open.

“Muuwahnuaaouah-hau-ahuah-wouaah!” Hermione’s tongue wagged with the volatile character of her rejoicing. The only thing that could have made her experience better, was if Harry came in, took her to bed and planted his big stiff cock inside of her thoroughly oiled-up folds.

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“Hermione, how has your reading been?”

“Oh Harry. It was good. Really good,” Harry found her in the bath of their room. She blushed with embarrassment, debating whether to talk to him about nymphs, whether to say they should take one of the girls with them, or whether she should stay quite all together. Hermione decided to keep quiet.

“Is everything quite alright, Harry?” She asked while she moved up and out of the tub. Water and suds poured off of her slowly heaving breasts. Even after cumming several times with the fairies, Hermione could always muster the strength to welcome Harry’s great and strong cock into her vagina.

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Harry helped Hermione get dressed in a simple pale-gold dress and explained the situation. Hermione had been interested in a bit of a quiet night after her time with the nymphs, but she could hardly say no to helping Harry, or at the very least, watching the ritual that the Great Mother wanted him to participate in. Soon, Hermione, Harry, Ginny, Fleur, Pei and Laura assembled in a lovely gazebo in the region. A ring of naked nymphs stood around the structure, singing a soothing song.

Ginny and Hermione didn’t see anyone who was the Great Mother. They were asked to settle onto their knees in a half circle on one side of the gazebo while Harry sat down in front of them, but within reach of their arms. A quartet of the peerless nymphs arrived. One held a platter of snacks, one held a tray of golden leaves, and one held a pitcher while the last held glasses.

Each of the girls were asked to eat a snack to keep their energy up. The nymphs explained that the leaves would help acclimate their body and mind to not be overwhelmed by the Great Mother. Lastly, the glass of nectar would allow them to be of one mind and spirit with the people all around them. They would be of one mind, and one body.

Fleur took all of them easily enough. The French girl’s curiosity could hardly be contained. Plus, she obviously enjoyed the attention she got by being first. Ginny quickly grabbed up the items next, her face flush with slight embarrassment. She ate the snack, which felt like a tasty lemony cake. Immediately, she felt lighter, like she was sitting on a bed of clouds. Her hand reached forward slowly to pick up the leaf, next. Nearby, she noticed Hermione slowly reaching out a hand to grab both the delicious cake and the plant.

‘Now she’s playing catch up. But there is no rush. We will all be in this together. Connected...’ the redhead thought warmly. There was no need to feel competitive. She and Hermione were close to sisters as it was, bonded by their friendship, and their passionate love of Harry. The leaf touched Ginny’s

tongue and seemingly melted, like a liquid. She gulped it down and the first thing she noticed was her heartbeat.

'I can hear it so much more than normal. And Hermione's, I can hear her too,' But it was so much more than that. Ginny's brown eyes became coated in lust as her nostrils picked up not only her wetness, but the budding arousal of Hermione and all of the other women she had been traveling with.

Pei was the last to consume the three gifts of the nymphs. She was hesitant, and not fearful (at least she told herself that much.) as she finally ate the cake, consumed the leaf and then began dipping the drink back.

'I shouldn't feel jealous, just because I never got to spend a moment in the Great Mother's presence. Harry is Harry, and I'm just... well I'm pretty unique too. But still... it's nothing to be mad about,'

Pei's struggle was unlike Laura's. The raven-haired woman had only paused to look at Ginny, her Mistress and make sure that she got a nod of approval from the redhead before she joined in. Laura's senses were already more heightened than the rest of her party, so when the leaf touched her body, she ended up being the only one who noticed the arrival of the Great Mother. The woman slipped into the space with an almost ethereal glide. The way she seemingly just appeared almost reminded her of the magic that her captors in Hell had used.

For a moment, her animal reflexes took over, but then her nerves settled. She felt an instant connection to the woman, whose beauty could have filled entire volumes of even the most skilled poets and scribes. Her eyes were like two great oceans that Laura immediately wanted to sink into. X23's tongue slowly peeked out, and she very nearly panted like a dog in heat, eager to rescind all obligation to Harry and Ginny and become a willing and obedient servant to the Queen of the Nymphs. The picturesque woman pressed a single pale, glowing finger to her lips. Her sapphire eyes landed right on Laura.

'You have my appreciation, my child. But your destiny now belongs to this male. He will be fortunate to have your strength by his side. Never forget that, as you continue serving him...' the voice felt so soothing, so caring that Laura wanted to weep. She couldn't even remember the last time she'd shed a single tear. For the moment, she simply nodded her head in the direction of the Great Mother, accepting her wisdom and preparing her body.

"Welcome Harry Potter. I am so grateful you decided to accept my invitation. It has been... too long since we have been able to complete this ritual," lowering her body to her knees, Harry felt his heart starting to race as the impressive woman with perfectly sculpted breasts, hips and cheekbones slowly moved towards him. Her dress was made of some gossamer material and hid nothing of her arousal. Like any other woman in a state of sensual lust, her nipples were hard, probing out against the slips that barely covered her heaving breasts. Each time she moved, her thighs graced her womanhood and became coated in the essence that trickled out from her core. It was this very essence that she needed to restore to a higher level. Without someone of Harry's power, there could be no new nymphs. And without new nymphs, the very world that they lived in breathed in, would vanish like candle's flame.

Finally, she stopped her progress, sitting cross-legged in front of the man that she was so fortunate to receive into her realm. Her gaze landed on Pei, the traveler, the one who had been to this plane before. The Queen let out a tiny giggle, feeling the tattooed woman's frustration.

'Please do not hold onto such thoughts, Pei. We all know a bitter taste now and again,' The Great Mother told her. Naturally, when a woman only found a man worthy of her, once every millennium, the alluring and now impassioned Queen knew a thing or two about loneliness.

"Ginny. Hermione. Fleur. Pei. Laura. Please begin. Coat every inch of Harry's body in the nectar. His body must be fully prepared before he and I can continue,"

In harmonious lockstep, the women who had all been blessed by Harry's company and his cock removed their own threadbare clothing. Harry and the Queen enjoyed the sight of their bodies, each unique and appealing in its own way. Ginny was the first to touch Harry. The vibrant redhead kissed his shoulders, received his lips in return and then accepted the pitcher from the nymph. She began pouring the golden nectar down his back.

Hermione and Fleur left Ginny to her work and began kissing and licking Harry's pillar. In no time at all, he was hard as iron, and brimming with energy while the outside of his balls grew rigid as well. The Queen felt it, his life-giving seed, which she wanted so badly to feel filling up her womb. But there was still one step to go. She had to be patient, but it was so terrible to hold back her hunger, even after all this time.

Laura joined her mistress at Harry's back. Her fingers slowly and skillfully helped move the oily substance across his sculpted body. Getting to feel every one of his muscles had Laura's pussy frothing something fearsomely. But every thought, animal or otherwise, to jump on his dick in that moment, flew from her mind the moment it entered. She was merely a servant this moment, playing her role. Her hands slid slowly along his abs and hips, and she began polishing up the top of his crown whenever Hermione and Fleur became focused on his balls.

Pei, without more than two seconds of thought, ignited on of her runes to turn her body into the element of fire. She kept the temperature under control, not wishing to burn Harry, but to simply prepare him for what was about to come. Despite every thought that meandered into her brain, the woman who traveled across stars and planes didn't know the source of her knowledge. But as she rubbed Harry's nectar-soaked hands in between her breasts, she found she didn't care.

'I don't need to know; I only need to serve. To serve Harry, and to serve the Great Mother,'

The Queen found herself very impressed when Pei's body changed from flesh to flame. It was an impressive feat, and one she hoped to try out some more if Harry and his company lingered in her realm. She would not press him, he was already spending an evening with her, one that he had not needed to do.

"I must thank you again, Harry Potter. I know you are touched by Destiny, as am I. The fact that you chose to stay with me, poor old woman that I am, it means so much to me,"

Harry's green eyes blinked behind his glasses. He suddenly felt a bit nervous, amidst the raging lust bubbling through his body. Having the nectar coating every inch of him was something quite enjoyable. And now, after Pei had basically rubbed her naked form across each limb, it felt like he was made of fire itself.

"You're welcome. I truly couldn't decline, after you helped save Ginny..." Harry couldn't say anything else after that. Within his body, a door opened and only the primal side of the wizard made it through.

His brain became overcome by lust and Harry let out a feral growl of pleasure as Hermione and Fleur squeezed and licked all over his balls. The man who had defeated Voldemort and saved the wizarding world spasmed and quaked. His body bounced back, rubbing up against Laura and Ginny's breasts. He felt their hearts racing in sync, Ginny's through her lovely fully tits, and Laura's through her smaller, more pointed mounds.

With one more haggard breath, Harry's entire world exploded. His vision swam through a brilliant light and then, he looked down at his throbbing cock. Just like when he healed, Ginny, the nectar had made his cock larger than normal. It coursed with the strength of a hundred lightning bolts and when he erupted, Harry's entire body seized up. All of the nymphs in the gazebo heaved a great sigh, connected as they were to Harry through the nectar soaking into every part of him.

Even the Queen herself felt it. It became a struggle to hold back the lust bowling into her mind as Harry came. For a fleeting second, she lost all control, enjoying her first, silent gasp of pleasure as she came from their temporary bond. Then her resolve returned. Her hands moved up, catching Harry's first spurt of cum midair. Instead of letting it splatter over the brunette and blonde nestled in front of him like two hungry jungle cats, the Great Mother's fingers moved, slowly and with great purpose. The jug of nectar floated up as well and she slid Harry's seed into the vase and then mixed it up.

Her excitement grew and grew and once the concoction was ready, she guided the pitcher right up to her lips and drank her full. When the first drop slid down her throat, the ruler of the world felt better than she had in ages. Her light shined brighter and somehow; her beauty became even more vibrant. Just like Harry, only the primal and uncontrollable urges remained. She looked over at Lumial, said nothing but gave a silent nod. Then she quickly stalked forward, nudging Hermione and Fleur out of the way. Finally, her tongue reached down and tasted Harry's flesh for the first time.

Immediately, her body came all over again. Her eyes rolled up in her head and her hair flew and swished like she was flying through the sky. But she was not done yet. Still just barely coming down from her second release, she quickly straddled Harry's incredible form and began humping his throbbing member like a wanton beast. Ginny and the others looked down, lost now, without direction or purpose. They simply watched as the Queen began kissing Harry all over.

Lumial settled down near Ginny, asking if she wished to leave, or if she wanted to stay and watch, as it pleased her.