

Keira finally had to come in and slap Philippa's legs to the side. The process helped free Harry, and he and the blonde witch watched as the blind sorceress squealed and grew worried as some of Harry's rich, juicy cum escaped from her well-fucked hole.

"You bitch!" Philippa snarled up at Keira before resuming the flexible position where her legs remained raised.

Keira ignored the other woman and began licking and nibbling on Harry's ears and neck like a bitch and her mate. "That's what happens when you make me wait..."

Harry leaned in over Keira's body. Drops of sweat dropped off the man's muscular chest as he hovered over the blonde's body. Like nearly all of the sorceress, Keira used various enchantments and charms to beautify her body, though Harry felt hers were even more potent.

Her brown eyes looked at his face and then down to his cock. Even after fucking Phillipa till she nearly fainted, the man's tool showed no sign of slouching.

"Your strength is so impressive, Harry. You're quite the heroic savior..." Keira smiled sweetly, using her words and her hands to ingratiate herself with him further. Harry moved in and began kissing her on her nipples, collarbone, and cheeks.

The dark-haired wizard was so unlike many of the other men Keira had taken to bed. He looked like a bit of an academic, but he had started to have a tougher, more roguish look of late, and she liked it very much. Naturally, it was his cock that her hazel eyes focused on more than anything.

Her hunger entwined itself with her passion. Keira started moaning as Harry's lips went down, and he began kissing and squeezing on her delicious breasts. She imagined the bespectacled male was thinking about whether her milk might taste different than Triss'.

'Mine will naturally bring you better succor than hers...' Keira thought while she let out another moan and then bashfully sucked on a finger. Sometimes, it was still so embarrassing just how wet and perverted she became with Harry. She wouldn't have cared about letting her voice swell if it were just the two of them rutting like barnyard animals, but right now, her peers were present...

Her eyes blinked slowly, and she watched him continue sucking. The blonde had never been too bothered about being unable to procreate before. Now, however, being filled with Harry's magical essence in the throes of passion tickled her mind immensely, like she was about to go off on some marvelous new adventure. Of course, if she got bored being a mother, Keira had already decided she could always just pass the child off to Phill. Right now, though, her thoughts had started succumbing to the whispers of lust flowering out from her moistening womanhood.

As Harry supped on her raised nubs, she moved her hands forward and urgently pulled Harry's lips up to her own. Then she pushed him back gently. "Don't forget about these, dear. My nipples aren't full of milk as yet..."

The blonde witch shifted her body on the magically crafted bed designed to fuck all the girls in his entourage at once if the mood struck him. Triss sat off the bed, reading her book and giving her tender nipples a squeeze now and then. Naturally, now, and again the redhead's eyes couldn't help but pull up from her pages and watch the man who had saved her and bred her as Keira entertained him. Phillipa, on the other hand, was on the bed with them. The woman with raven braids gave the blonde bitch and her coveted male enough space. Still, while she chewed on her bottom lip, the former royal advisor of Redania was thinking of all sorts of ways to get revenge on the willful cunt after Keira received her prize. As the woman who had led the main effort of creating the Lodge of Sorceresses, Phillipa naturally felt she should be in charge. That also meant that anyone besides her and Triss who wanted to get fucked by Harry would have to wait their turn till *she* was delighted.

Harry lounged on his side, having his fingers nestled between Phillipa's oiled-up breasts while Keira moved down and drew her mouth up next to his cock. The delicious-looking blonde quickly wiggled her tongue along his crown. Soon, the simple touches became something far more as Keira palmed his balls and moved her head all the way up and down the entire length of his girth. Harry's enhanced stamina already had him rearing to go another round, but it seemed like Keira had a particular itch to scratch.

The oft self-indulgent witch opened up her mouth and took Harry's entire crown into her lips with a wet 'plurp!'

"Keira... mmha... you don't have to suck on it..." Harry said, thinking about how Phillipa mainly just enjoyed it when he thrust into her with rapid, forceful movements until he came deep inside her pussy with the hope of knocking her up.

Keira smiled and then opened up her lips for a moment, teasing Harry with a deliciously wicked grin. "I do not believe you told me to stop, dear..."

Her hazel eyes winked, and she returned to filling up more and more of her mouth with Harry's big, fat cock. It wasn't long before her cheeks started puffing out each time; she slid her head forward to capture the fine pillar of manly flesh. 'It tastes so good... If I'm not careful... I'll cum just from sucking on his irresistible rod...'

"Mrrrmhh... Lrrroohff... Mrrhmm..." Keira moaned out lustily as her pussy became soaked like an island during a stormy rainfall. Her head rolled and pivoted, bracing her lips down around Harry so that more and more of his fat cock might force its way down towards the back of her throat.

Eventually, the witch released her tight, gobbling mouth from Harry's delicious meat, and she asked him to kneel over her naked body. Once Harry was on top of her, Keira began massaging his cock in between her tasty mounds. She felt a little sad, knowing that her bosom was not large enough to completely sandwich the glistening cock between her flesh, but the blonde still managed to roll his glans pleasantly along the inner curves of her bust. Harry's big cum-laden balls still looked close to bursting as they slapped the underside of her sensitive flesh while she hugged his shaft.

Keira loved every moment of it and smiled up at her lover, letting out her tongue and licking along the very tip of his mammoth girth. "Just think, Harry. Once you do your duty, perhaps my breasts will grow nice and plump. I'll be able to play with you like as a tavern slattern should..." Keira giggled out before releasing even more naughty sighs.

Harry looked down at the gorgeous woman. Her body grew hotter by the moment, with sweat pooling down her nose and shoulders and the inner curves of her tits became lathered with his precum.

"They look perfect as they are, Keira. You shouldn't worry about that..."

His response made her feel adored, something Keira always liked. Unfurling her tongue, the blonde slut began licking his crown even more aggressively, only stopping when she felt a violent surge throb out across his manhood.

"Well now... I think it's time you fucked me good and properly..." Keira mused, trying to sound bored but utterly failing as her breathing came out in jagged spurts tinged with wanton lust.

Harry gave the witch her wish. He pulled his body off of her and flipped Keira's naked form out onto her stomach. Then, his thick fingers sank into her ass and pulled her butt up from the sheets, and wedge her body against his own. Keira cried out as she felt his huge cock wedged between her legs. Naughty whimpers escaped her lungs while she felt his great heat rubbing her bottom lips, burning the cum-slick opening that couldn't stop thinking about Harry's cock.

'How can this young man's cock make me act more foolish than he did when we first met. Is it because I want to get pregnant? To have my tits and belly grow fat like some sow?' Keira didn't really have an answer to the question, even before she found her fingers reaching back and touching Harry's cock. It felt like she was handling an open flame, and she quickly sought to douse it in her filthy, juicy hole.

"It's well to let me guide you in Harry... who knows what might happen if I leave your cock out and about with Phillipa around for too long..." Keira whispered seductively but still loud enough for the blinded sorceress to hear her words. She imagined Philippa scowling at her, which was just what the naughty blonde wanted as she guided Harry's tip straight into her gushing folds.

Harry let out a growl as Keira pushed more and more of his cock forward into her dripping hole. Her pussy felt even great than it had the first time they'd fucked, and he quickly plunged half and then all of his cock into the woman's sex. Each thrust felt nice and smooth thanks to just how much saliva and precum remained on his length. The pleasure increased within his body and soon, the sound of their flesh slapping together filled the room. Phillipa and Triss each began playing with their own pussies. It was a fantastic sight, watching Keira's golden locks flap and bounce while her breasts shook with each throttling pound of Harry's hips. Triss even ended up grabbing up a dildo and slapped it naughtily along her clit before dabbing it up and down her lips. It was a poor substitute for her lover's cock, but when she began moaning out, she knew it would at least be something for her hungry pussy while Harry fucked Keira's brains out.

Keira cooed out sweetly as Harry's length scoured the pleats all along her vaginal walls. That is to say; she cooed for a time. Eventually, her moans became so rampant that Phillipa even started thinking of voicing her jealousy, if only to have Harry's cock find its way back to its proper home inside her cunny.

"More... Morhharr!" Keira screamed out while her walls clamored and clung to Harry's cock. No matter how much she tried to tighten her walls around him, his cock was too lubricated and his thrusting too fierce to lend her any aide. Naturally, her arrogance and want to be the one in control was basically a facade, similar to the air of superiority and boredom that often unfolded from the blonde. Harry had seen it break before, and of course, Keira could have cared less as she began giving in more and more to the animalistic side stirring beneath her sweaty body.

Nearly closing her eyes, she focused intently on his broad crown spreading her out, spearing nice and deep into her while her womb descended to meet him.

"That's it, Harry... breed me... fuck me like a sow! Ohuaaah!" Her eyes blinked back tears that made a mess of her face, but she didn't care. Triss and Phillipa would naturally be watching Harry and his cock, so the blonde was spared embarrassment though Harry's cock hardly spared her cervix any pounding. Suddenly, the strength in her hands gave way, and she felt like a city wall during a siege. Her soft breasts touched down on the sheets while her body continued being riveted by Harry's muscular form above and behind her.

Grunting like a bitch in heat, Keira grabbed hold of her lingering reserves of energy and dashed her hips back so that Harry was not the only one giving her pleasure. Her love continued pile-driving her sweet, ever-leaking pussy, and she let out a smile, and a series of horse moans as she felt the heat inside of her womanhood growing to an alarming height.

"Ohuaah... Ohuwawaraahh! Yes... fuck me... I want it so bad, Harry! Ravage me... tame my worthless pussy with your amazing cockhuaah!" Charming hazel eyes exploded with passion while her entire body began wiggling and spasming while Harry's onslaught continued. Like a breeding stallion, he was only focused on one thing and Keira's cumming body nearly bucking back against him did nothing to staunch his own primal lust.

'She feels so good. And it feels like I'm fucking Triss instead of Phillipa...' Harry thought as Keira's flesh jerked and massaged every inch of his pistoning meat. His body perched on top of her now, with his hands resting at her shoulder. Each time he pulled back and then pushed forward, he sought to give the hapless blonde the best fuck she'd ever enjoyed. If Keira had been able to speak, she would have acknowledged the effort with a barb, but right now, her mouth merely gaped open, letting her tongue fall free while her eyes rolled up in her head.

When the sweaty, gorgeous witch finally got her body back under control, she felt incredible sensations and abject horror. She felt so disgusted that she'd cum before Harry and that she'd made an utter mess of the bedding while Phillipa and Triss watched. After letting out one more subdued moan, she wrapped both her arms around a pillow, tugged it over to her and bit down hard so that at least she wouldn't make any more shameful moans. The woman with long, now disheveled hair was only half-successful. When Harry finally reached the end of his energy, he gave her one more brace of teeth-shaking thrusts that propelled Keira right back through the gates of euphoria again.

Her yes bounced without coordination and her breasts constantly ground against the bedding while Harry humped her furiously. Finally, she felt it, a firebolt racing out nice and deep within her body. Despite her efforts to curtail her moans, this was the moment Keira had hungered for. Blissful streaks of white-hot pleasure scorched her womb as her toes curled while she shouted and mewled.

"That's it, Harry! Mark me with your cum once more... Ohuaa... right there... fill up my filthy pussy with your sperm. I need it... I need to taste you insideeeuuaah!" And just like that, the blonde was cumming again with the impact of a crater smashing to earth. Her mind went blank. Harry's own mind did much the same, with the only coherent sensation reaching his nerves being the wet warm feeling inside of Keira as he spilled more and more of his juices into her desire-fueled womb.

Devious as ever, Phillipa had moved in on Harry's left when she saw Keira devolving into little more than a back-alley slut as her pussy received a nice thick load. Immediately, the black-haired sorceress began kissing his neck, lips, and shoulder while nudging her breasts against his side. Not to be outdone, Triss soon joined in as well. The redhead with the belly bump moved to her lover's other side and began stroking his back while squeezing her breast every now and then. Phillipa saw new trails of white milk leak out from her nipples and her jaw immediately clenched.

"Once Keira is done... I hope you'll give me some more attention, Harry..." Triss purred out while leaning her head in against Harry's shoulder while his cock continued being warmed by Keira's quivering walls.

With a quick frown, Phillipa grabbed Harry's cock, gave it a squeeze, and then rubbed gripped the thick slab between her thumb and index finger. She milked out the last few spurts of his cum into the blonde and then 'helped' extricate her prize from the witches' gooey twat.

With gentle... almost motherly movements, she eased Harry back onto his back and immediately sank her head in to begin licking and kissing all along his mighty member. His cock was coated in his cum, Keira's juices, and the raven-haired woman's own nectar, but she paid it no mind. Some intricate spells and rituals called for gratuitous orgies, so it was not her first time tasting such an aromatic collection.

Harry let out a groan and then a bit of a growl as Phillipa feasted on his cock. It was still sturdy, but it was definitely a little been sensitive after storming through the tight confines of Keira's naughty slit. Eventually, Phillipa had cleaned off most of his crown, and then she turned her face towards him. Eyes that could only see with magic looked at her paramour. Hoping to look sympathetic, she even put a little pouting look on her face before clearing her throat.

"Clearly, you are jesting, Triss. Think about it. You're already pregnant. No good will come of it if he wastes his precious sperm on you. You don't presume to be above the rest of us... do you?"

Triss could have rolled her eyes at Phillipa. Listening to her irritating and at times petulant tone strained even the young mage's patience. "I never said as such. And pregnant or no, you and Keira have had your turns, Phillipa."

The sorceress with magically stimulated vision stared at the redhead for what felt like an eternity to Harry. Finally, she moved back up from Harry's enormous cock.

"Very well. But I will leave you to clean up *this* mess if you must really have him next..." the woman with a strip of fabric covering her eyes replied. She'd meant to appear as dispassionate about the loss of Harry's cock as ever, but she feared she couldn't fool Triss given that her lips were still covered with the wizard's cum.

Not content to sit things out entirely, Phillipa reached over and gave Keira's ass a nice hard slap. The blonde witch cried out like a squealing piglet, and Harry and Triss watched as some of his cum spurted out from the still, very depleted woman.

"Come along, Keira. You will amuse me while Triss amuses herself."

In need of water, or wine, or perhaps both, Keira nearly let out labored breaths as her senses finally returned to her. She hardly understood Phillipa's words and could not fathom when or why Harry had slapped her on the ass.

'He's more of a rogue than I thought...' mused the heady witch before she rolled onto her back and rubbed a hand along her stomach. Thoughts of motherhood floated through her; then again, part of her wanted to brew up a potion that the smallfolk used at times. Despite herself, Keira, like Phillipa, was continuing to fall for Harry, and she worried what might happen if she wasn't allowed to feel that cock hammering away at her pussy once the young wizard fulfilled the sorceresses' needs...

She didn't have much time to worry, however. Phillipa grunted to her again, and Keira decided to find out what was bothering her so.

'Perhaps then she'll shut up and let me rest a moment...'