

Harry continued walking along the well worn stones of the path he was on. Harry usually wasn't one for being on his own, at least not during his time at school. But the young wizard felt that it would be best to travel alone so that he could stay under the radar more. Just like in his world there were many people who didn't like wizards and would do things to him if they realized he possessed magical talent. Early on after his arrival to this strange world, he had found out about the dangers of witch hunters, but Triss and the others had told him about the dangers of other groups who liked to utilize individuals with an affinity for magic.

So, Harry was careful to not spend too much time in town as he prepared to leave the safety of the brothel and go out exploring for another wayward mage who Triss and the others had lost contact with recently. Margarita figured that since they had not heard from Keira Metz in a while that she was likely dead, but Triss said that Keira was resourceful and hadn't been near Novigrad, so she likely had heard of what was happening to witches and others. Triss believed if Keira was as smart as she made others think she was, the sorceress would have stayed clear of the dangerous situation. At least that's what Triss hoped. As he prepared for his journey it was hard fighting the urge to explore. The city felt so strange to him, like he had walked into a history book from the middle ages. Harry would have enjoyed exploring the city, but he had a mission and he knew lingering around the city might lead him to making a mistake and getting caught by the witch hunters. After seeing how they treated anyone with magic the young wizard with green eyes and black hair had absolutely no interest in seeing how they would treat him.

Soon Harry was near one of the city gates when something interrupted his determined gait. His eyes were drawn to a certain merchant who was auctioning off some strange items. The one that had caught the young wizard's eye was actually an owl. As he approached, the merchant must have noticed how Harry's gaze had settled on the bird. He approached Harry and said that he would love to see someone take up the beautiful bird. Harry was too distracted to hear when the merchant said that the owl and all the other items belonged to a diseased sorcerer. There was something about the creature that drew his attention and Harry figured it had to be more than just the fact that he was already missing his own owl, Hedwig. The wizard decided to buy the owl. He figured at least now he'd have a companion during his travels out into the wilderness of this world.

Once he purchased the owl and got some new supplies, Harry set off on the trail of Keira Metz, a sorceress Triss and the others had told him about. Normally finding a sorceress in the war-torn and treacherous land of Temeria would have been nearly impossible. The fact the people like Keira were on the run from witch hunters and worse made the task even more difficult. Thankfully Triss, Margarita and Sheala had designed a special magical instrument to help Harry find Keira. The only caveat was that he would have to destroy the device if he was in fear of being captured or killed, lest it fall into the wrong hands and be used against witches and mages. In addition to the instrument, the witches hiding in Novigrad were able to fill Harry in on their past experiences with Keira to better prepare him to meet with her. Equipped with this knowledge, the tool to find Keira and the notion that she or someone she knew may have the knowledge to bring him home, Harry pressed onward into the unknown.

For days he traveled and for days the owl would wake him up with a loud squawking. Occasionally her calls were so insistent that Harry could swear it felt like Hermione was pestering him and Ron about missing an assignment or not seeing something obvious.

"I should have figured out earlier how loud you could be. If you end up getting me captured I'm never going to forgive you." Harry had told the owl early one morning as he gathered up his gear. The owl simply squawked at him. The last note from the bird's beak definitely seemed angry.

"Look, I'm getting ready to move. It's strange but you almost seem to want find Keira as badly as I do."

One day as he was trudging along through the muddy areas of that was filled with various small islands, Harry was remembering what he had been told about Keira. The tales he had heard from the other witches led him to believe that the sorceress was not only resourceful, but apparently a bit sexually ravenous if rumors could be believed. Harry found the later thoughts nice enough to focus on to keep his mind from realizing how sore his feet were, but he was definitely more concerned with any knowledge she would have that might get him home. Of course, it wasn't like he hadn't enjoyed himself each time he slept with Triss and the others at the hideout. One way or another he figured it would be very interesting meeting with Keira.

The black-haired wizard with a lightning bolt scar on his forehead pressed on through Velen. Soon it was becoming a bothersome chore using his cleaning spells to keep his outfit relatively clean and he abandoned using the charms all together. It wasn't that he figured that it would help him blend in with anyone he came across, Harry was just losing patience with the ritual each day, in fact as the days wore on he started losing patience with his mission all together.

'Maybe its just time for me to return to Novigrad. Maybe Triss has figured out a different witch or wizard that I can help track down.' Harry thought glumly. As much as he was loath to admit it, he wasn't really built for this kind of travel, or at least he wasn't used to it yet. Quickly enough he rebuked himself and thought of how once upon a time people everywhere journeyed for miles just to get food and water. He had to toughen up or the odds of him being able to find someone or something that could bring him home would surely fall. Fortunately, when he was feeling low, the owl squawked and grabbed at the lining of her cage. Harry looked at the small claw and pulled the cage from his pack. He looked at the owl and then gave the creature a small smile before he placed his fingers on the claw.

"At least I'm not alone in my suffering. If we don't find any sign of Keira in another day, we will return to Novigrad." The owl simply looked at him, rotated its head and then let out a soft squawk. Right about that time the magical instrument that Harry had been given by Triss started to vibrate, the first sign that he was near someone of powerful magic. He perked up, immediately looking around the area in search of trouble at first. As he waved his wand around and prepared a disarming or stunning spell, the young wizard found nothing and then quickly pressed on once he found the direction that made the instrument vibrate with even more energy. As Harry pressed on, the instrument started vibrating so much that it made a small harmonic note. Eventually he spied a large tower rising above the trees and land. After a bit more progress, Harry found that the tower actually was situated on an island set in a lake. Harry found a boat settled on the shore of the island and directed his wand toward the vehicle to get him across.

"Accio boat." Harry said softly, he didn't want to alert anyone to his presence, not yet anyhow." The boat was pulled along through the water by Harry's spell. Once it reached the shore he was on he quickly climbed aboard and set off for the opposite shore. After he stepped onto the island, things were quiet as he took his first steps. The land was swampy like much of the area. Large rocks dotted the

region along with plenty of thin long trees reaching out towards the sky, but none of them reached as high as the tower. The magical instrument radiated with energy now and Harry hoped he was close to Keira, he didn't want to run into any surprises at such a place. Unfortunately, when Harry made it closer to the tower the trouble started.

Out from the cover of the large rocks, a pack of humanoids appeared around the young wizard. There were three of the ugly looking beasts and instead of moving like humans they moved on their arms and legs like dogs. Harry pulled a dagger from the sheath on his left hip while he kept his wand at the ready. He hoped that the beasts would see his weapons and understand that he was not easy prey. Unfortunately, the ghouls held no fear of the solitary traveler. Quickly enough two rushed in towards Harry.

"Protego!" Harry just managed to say as the first beast leapt towards him with a hungry maw and deadly claws. A silver shield materialized in front of the wizard and bounced the ghoul away but another one soon rushed in towards Harry. He moved as quickly as he could to avoid the creature but its claws struck his leg. He managed to slash the creature's head with his dagger before he wheeled and blasted the second beast with a stunning spell. The creature was knocked off its hands and feet and crumpled to the murky ground while the last creature growled and moved in. Right before the two remaining creatures moved in, their heads perked up and looked towards the tower. One howled and then the two scurried off.

At the structure Harry suddenly saw an explosion of sickly green energy and then part of the lower tower exploded outward. Harry's green eyes spotted a lovely woman with straw-blonde hair running from the tower. Her features matched what he had heard of Keira and he rushed forward. As he met her, she nearly lost her footing.

"Who are you?" She asked before quickly looking behind her. "It doesn't matter. If you want to live, run!"

Keira declared before she turned around. Harry looked out at where she was facing and some of the blood immediately drained from his face. The creature racing towards them looked vaguely like an undead woman with rotting flesh and a sickly green dress. Harry gulped down his fear and then took a step to stand beside Keira.

The sorceress didn't ask questions and instead raised her hands and launched a powerful bolt of blue lightning right at the creature. The attack rent through the Pesta but did not make it stop completely. The wraith let out an unholy cry as it neared Harry and Keira. Moving forward again, Harry cast an enhancement on his dagger that he had learned from Triss and then readied his wand.

"If you're going to do something, do it now!" Keira said as she readied her magic once again. Inside, Harry was terrified his plan wouldn't work, but outside he simply grit his teeth and waited for the creature to get closer. When it sailed forward and prepared to strike him down, Harry used the shield spell again to blast back at the creature's savage attack. The beast howled as it was both pushed back and blinded by the spell. As the creature recoiled Harry moved in and jabbed his enhanced dagger nice and deep into the beast. The Pesta howled and then struck Harry across his chest and sent him crashing to the ground. The wraith wasn't dead but fortunately Harry's actions had given Keira the time she needed. Her body glowed with deadly blue energy before she waved her hands down across her body in

a diagonal fashion. A blinding slash of vicious blue magic appeared and cut through the Pesta like a knife through butter. The plague maiden let loose one last horrible shriek before it burst into a hundred small floating pieces of black and green as it dissolved from the world.

After the Pesta was killed, Keira quickly approached Harry. Her hazel eyes looked over his wounds. "Don't worry, you'll live. Let me take us someplace safe." With that, Keira grabbed Harry's hand and then teleported both of them into her pocket dimension.

Keira helped Harry along wood planks that lead up to an upper area. Harry saw that there was a lovely benches and a dinner table set up. "First we need to get you out of those muddy clothes and cleaned up."

Keira used her magic to teleport Harry's clothing down into a cleaned and neatly folded pile nearby the bath. After that she let her hands run along his wounds. "Damn fool. It should please you to know that you're a very lucky fool. Not many survive a Pesta with minor wounds, but yours will heal. With my help." The lovely woman with a blue dress, two red and one orange and yellow bead necklaces commented before she left Harry and found some ointments for his wounds.

"Thank you. I'm really hoping you're Keira Metz." Harry said before wincing in pain as she applied some medicine to his wounds.

"I am, and who are you. Fool doesn't fit you for a real name." Keira said with a quick smile as she let her fingers slowly rub over Harry's shoulder and hip wounds while her hazel eyes dipped down to look below his belt for a scant moment. Harry didn't catch her wandering eyes, but he did enjoy the soothing touch of her fingers on his flesh. Keira pulled back and turned her back to Harry as she fixed him up a drink.

"Harry, Harry Potter." Harry said to just about no reaction. It gave the young wizard pause for a moment. It was still strange when people didn't react to his name like they did so often in his world; not that Harry minded, it was just strange.

Unknown to Harry was that the lovely straw-blonde woman was actually fixing him up a very special drink. After barely surviving against as powerful a creature as the plague maiden and recovering Alexander's notes, Keira was feeling very satisfied with herself. She had defeated a powerful foe, found something that would guarantee she could return to a somewhat normal life, but there was still one itch she felt like scratching. She just hoped the skinny magic user would be able to help her out, but after looking at his equipment, Keira knew at least he would be suitable.

"Get in the bath and drink this. It will help with the healing. In fact, I think I'll join you. Best not to take any chances after encountering a plague maiden." Keira said softly with a soft warm smile towards Harry. Harry accepted the glass and drank the wine that Keira had spiked with an aphrodisiac. After that he was just settling into the warm waters of the magical bath when Keira moved her hands along her body to remove her own clothes. Harry's eyes watched as white magical petals fluttered all over the sorceress' body before her clothing dissolved right in front of him. Keira's body was incredible with nice juicy looking breasts as well as a clean-shaven pussy.

As Keira stepped into the warm waters of the magical bath, Harry's green eyes remained fixated on her pretty breasts. His cock hardened underneath the hot surface of the bath water. Of course, given

that there was no bubbles or soap in the tub that Keira had created with her magical talent, there was no way to hide his erection. The rigid shape of Harry's cock was very easy to notice, and Keira licked her lips hungrily as she looked at the impressive size.

"I'm glad that you showed up when you did. It was getting a bit hairy with the plague maiden. I had hoped I might employ a witcher to help me, but it seems like I just needed a stranger. That rarely happens in Velen." Keira said as she dipped her hands into the water and then pulled them up to rub her delicate wet fingers all over her areola and nipples. Harry felt driven to watch the lovely woman's every moment. A terrible heat was forming inside his loins. Every minute the lust intensified as the lovely sorceress continued letting her fingers rub and play all over her now wet flesh. When her nipples hardened, Harry's cock throbbed with eagerness. He started feeling that the only thing important was to sate his lust, the only thing that was important was to fuck.

Keira smiled as she watched Harry lose control. The lusty woman with ample breasts slid forward and then placed her hand on Harry's thick cock. "This has turned into an impressive weapon. I'll be pleased to try it out. I trust you won't mind." Harry offered up no reply. Instead his eyes remained locked in as Keira turned around and hiked up her right leg onto the seat of the bath. The motion put her ass nearly halfway out of the warm water of her magical bath. Beads of the hot water slowly dripped and drizzled off her naked ass as she presented her nude rear to Harry.

In his drug-induced haze, Harry moved forward from his seat on the bench. Just as his fingers reached for Keira she ended up wiggling her ass and pulling a little away so that his hand couldn't grab onto her ass.

"Maybe we shouldn't rush things. Letting you fuck my pussy first would be wrong given how foolish you were Harry." Keira said before she inched her ass back slightly. This time she let Harry's fingers settle onto her ass.

"I... I guess I can't help myself. Seems like... it hrrmmm... happens all the time." Harry said softly as his mind swam with thoughts of how it would feel to mate with Keira, to pump his cock deeper and deeper inside of her body.

"Be careful doing that in Velen." Keira said as she reached her hand back and gripped the plump crown of Harry's cock. "Now, to show to teach you a lesson in patience, you will fuck my ass but you're not to cum Harry. You understand, right?" Keira said as she looked back over her shoulder while tightly gripping her fingers around Harry's cock.

The young wizard barely nodded. His entire body was radiating with red-hot pleasure and it was all he could do not to savagely attack Keira, but something held her back. Finally, Harry let out a deep growl as Keira started guiding the tip of his cock into her asshole.

"Nuaahh... yes... right there. I guess... even with my magic it has been a while since I..." Keira was unable to keep up her cockiness as Harry's animal side continued taking over. The aphrodisiac was now working too well that he wasn't really in a mood to just let her take the lead. His fingers dug into her ass and he started pounding his cock deep into the sorceress' ass. Keira couldn't allow that. She pushed back hard with her hips and planted Harry back against the bench he had been sitting on. Of course, doing this sent his cock nice and deep inside of her asshole. Her mind was jolted by the pleasure, but she

pressed on, enjoying the intense pleasure of Harry's cock but never letting it fracture her control on the situation.

Harry's body was adrift in both a literal and figurative bath of pleasure. Keira's ass was incredibly tight, and it felt like she was even using some of her lightning magic to occasionally zap her anal ring and Harry's balls as she fucked him. But the pain was momentary and couldn't make any headway against the pleasure racing through him. His hands moved from Keira's hips and started pinching and pulling on her puffy pink nipples. At that point Keira's control of the situation started breaking. As she moaned and tried to push back hard against Harry's cock, plenty of water splashed out of the tub while her anal muscles tightened and pulsed against Harry's throbbing prick.

"Nowahhh... you... but you're so thin. I... I've never fallen for someone so small before." Keira said confusedly. The sorceress with straw-blonde hair was woefully unprepared for the wizard's incredible virility and growing sexual skill after fucking other magical women. With his mind in an animalistic state, everything Harry did was born from reactions and lessons learned from Triss and the others. In his time with the lovely witches, Harry had become quite skilled.

After Harry drilled her asshole a bit longer Keira begged him to stop. "Please... Harry... I... I need to taste your cock. I can't believe how good it feels. I must... must taste it." The naked sorceress moaned out. Harry heard her begging request and the two quickly got out of the tub. Keira was instantly on her knees in front of Harry's lean form. She polished his sword with her mouth while she used her large breasts to massage his balls while her hazel eyes locked in on Harry's green orbs. While the combined sexual acts provided Keira's ass a reprieve, she actually was trying to finish Harry off with her mouth to regain control of the situation. Her heart was still racing from having his cock driving into her ass and she knew if he had fucked her any longer, she would have cum from the young wizard, and she could not have that.

Unfortunately, her pride and surety in her skills led to Keira's undoing. She let go of Harry's cock with her mouth and smiled up at him after dragging her soft tongue against his rigid flesh. "Cum Harry... cum all over my face and breasts with your hot cum."

While a normal lover would have accepted her wishes, Harry's mind was akin to a wild beast. When the female stopped pleasing his cock with her mouth, he took it as an invitation to return to using one of her holes. Moving quickly Harry pushed Keira back onto the ground and then spread her legs nice and wide before driving his cock straight into her pussy.

"Muwaaaahhh.... Harry.... Iwaahh.. it's so large... fuck... fuck my pussy hard. I want it... blast I want it so muchwaahh!" Keira moaned out as Harry took her like a beast. Soon enough he was even biting on her nipples and breasts as he pinned his body against Keira's wet flesh with each new thrust. It wasn't long before the sorceress' cunny clamped down hard around Harry's cock. The new sensation of flesh locking in around his cock sent Harry's body on towards a fiery release.

When the first ribbon of cum flew out nice and deep into her body Keira's hazel eyes rolled up into her head. She was cumming herself and her body felt like it was being blasted apart by the energy and destructive power of one of her lightning spells. Her pussy spasmed and pushed in even more around Harry's cock as Keira milked out every drop of seed she could get.

When both sorceress and wizard completed their first round, Harry's mind slowly started to return to normal. He had a bare recollection of what happened before, but quickly enough, a cum drunk Keira Metz was snuggling up against his naked body and stroking her fingers along his cock. She didn't say anything but as his cum streamed forth from her pussy and his manhood started to harden once more, Harry didn't need his animal side to know exactly what the horny woman was thinking...