

The next day, Ginny woke up, finding herself still in the strange, crag-filled piece of floating earth she'd retired to. Her hair was messy, and she quickly cast a charm to fix herself up.

'If only Hermione packed a tent for us like the one we slept in during the Quidditch Cup,' Thinking about that event, she felt a poke at her stomach. Ginny missed her children, and she missed her family. Looking to the side, she found her loving husband sleeping beside her. Harry's glasses rested to the side of their little area.

'At least I have you...' Ginny thought. Instead of rising up to further prepare for a new day, the redhead closed her bright-brown eyes and then rested her head against her husband's muscular bare chest. She couldn't wake up at her home, but at least she could sleep-in beside her husband for a few more precious and well-earned moments.

Harry's own sleep faded away a short while after. The man with ruddy looking black hair stretched out his feet and toes. He found Ginny right beside him. Somehow, she already smelled incredible, and her hair looked great. It didn't take him long to have a suspicion about who actually woke up first between the pair. Kissing her shoulder and then rubbing her naked flesh of her breast, Harry calmly and quietly spoke into her ear.

"I'm sorry, but we should get a move on,"

"If we can't just leave this place, I'd rather just rest here. At least for a few more minutes..." Ginny replied slothfully. Then she scrooched her naked body against Harry's that much more. The green-eyed man chuckled gently and then patted the redhead's shapely ass. "I know you don't mean that. And the sooner we get a move on, the quicker we'll be back home," The love tap and his words helped Ginny shrug off her listlessness.

"Promise?"

"I promise," Harry said, and the two leaned in for a kiss in the early morning hours of their continuing adventure.

After a few more spells to get freshened up, the married couple ventured from their secluded spot to the central part of the camp. They found everyone else up and eating breakfast.

"Good of you to join us," Hermione said, and it appeared Pei seemed to agree.

"Long night," Ginny replied as she got two plates set for her and her husband. They settled down near Fleur and Laura as Hermione continued her conversation with the short-haired woman who was not of their world.

"So, what is the Storm Giant's demeanor? Is he full of wrath, generous? Have you heard if he can be tricked or bribed?"

"I have never met one before, Hermione. But from what I heard, he's not the type to just give up

treasure,” Pei said before taking another massive bite of bacon. She had to admit privately, being around witches and wizards who camped as the bushy-haired genius did was quite enjoyable. The only rune she had on had to make food mainly gave her a glass of water and something akin to jerky.

As much as she enjoyed breakfast, her eyes landed on Harry. She missed getting to feel his power rage through her as they rolled around. It was like her pussy had been reshaped by his big dick and now it was beginning to hunger to be filled again. She’d already found that her fingers and other... things were useless in satisfying her needs after Harry fucked her. The thought frustrated her to say the least.

‘I’m in control. That dick of his doesn’t control me. It just... feels really... excellent,’ Before she completely failed in her resilience, she turned back to Hermione. “Don’t worry about it so much. He’s probably dead just like all the rest. We’ll just walk in, get what we’re looking for, and zap out of there. Easy,”

Hermione didn’t look convinced at all by that. Like Ginny, the genius witch with long bushy hair and a thin frame had developed a healthy skepticism when it came to Pei and the truth. “This is important, Pei. The more information we have, the better off we will be,”

Pei almost wanted just to let out a grumbly sigh of aggravation. Not for the first time was she reminded about why she usually worked alone. Having other people slowing her down with questions was definitely not her style.

“If he is still alive, he’ll be able to conjure storms and lightning, maybe even lightning elementals. But some can be bartered with, maybe he has an enemy he thinks he’s above fighting. Maybe he’ll ask us to go and knock them out in return for the item,”

The sort of flippant and terse response annoyed Hermione, but she was glad to get something at least. Looking back, she found Pei’s eyes on Harry and Ginny. ‘Hmmm. So that’s the root of our guide’s morning prickliness.

Meanwhile, Fleur moved over to Harry and Ginny. “Good morning, you two. It iz not kind to ‘ave secrets among friendz, but I am growing very vorried about, Laura...”

Harry and Ginny looked. They quickly noticed Laura digging into her food in the manner of a wild animal, fearful that she might not have another meal coming her way for some time. It was definitely lacking decorum but living around Ron Weasley, it wasn’t like they’d never seen someone eat up their food so hurriedly.

Pulling back from her food, Laura sniffed at the air. The strange scent that distracted quickly left, but her ears perked up when she heard the quiet chat between the three. Looking down at her food, she straightened up a bit and started being a bit slower as she plucked up her next to eat.

“Are you doing alright there, Laura?” Harry asked her across the small fire.

She nodded and then let out a simple grunt of a ‘yes’.

Ginny smiled at Laura's short bark of an answer and looked at Fleur. "I'll keep a watch on her. I think she likes me the most," Harry's wife said smugly. Fleur nodded slowly but took a long breath.

"I know that it was good that we freed her, but perhaps we should have left her at our last stop," The bodacious French blonde admitted with concern.

"She deserves to be home, Fleur. If we get her back and she's still... like this... we can take her to Saint Mungo's. They'll fix her up,"

"If there is anything wrong with her, that is. I think it's just still... coming back to be among people and not demons," Ginny said. Looking at the dark-haired woman, she didn't imagine Laura would make the best patient. Plus, as far as what Hermione had told them, her healing didn't appear magical. It was a gift of some other origin.

"Well... no matter what, we'll look out for her. She's been through a lot, maybe more than us," Harry said and then finished off his breakfast.

The group packed up their magical camp and supplies and set off once more. As before, they mounted up on their brooms and continued scaling further and further up through the magical realm of broken shards that ranged from the size of small cars to huge ocean-faring ships.

While Ginny's red hair whipped Pei in the face, she continued holding on securely to the woman's midriff. Part of Pei thought about using a mind-reading rune.

'At least then I can peer into her mind and catch little flutters of how it was to be fucked by Harry last night,' As she thought about whether or not such thoughts would help or hinder her body's frustrations, a different rune began burning on her arm. The magic of the sigil connected through her, sending up a fleeting image of danger through her misty grey-blue eyes. The specific marking still burning on her flesh served to warn her about potent magical dangers coming into her area. Quickly patting Ginny's breast, the redhead turned back to her.

"What's going on with you?"

"Pull to the side. Stop going up. Something is hunting,"

"I don't see anything," replied the athletic redhead.

"Ginny... Please just trust me..." Pei implored.

Ginny let out a sigh and then wagged the tail of the rumbling against her lower bodies. The others picked up on the signal and followed the redhead as she veered off to the side. As they floated and took some cover among some drifting crags, Ginny spotted what she assumed Pei had detected around the same time as Harry.

The creature's two most visible features at the moment were two large wings. It appeared to be closely related to a lion with a lion's head and body. But besides the wings there was two other peculiarities.

One was a mad-eyed looking goat head coming from the right side of the sturdy looking body. On the other side, the group noted that it looked very much like a dragon's head...

"What is that?"

"Pei?" growled Ginny. There had been enough surprises already on this leg of the trip.

"I don't know. Nothing I've read about this place ever mentioned a three-headed pet,"

"It's like Fluffy?"

"What?"

"No, I think Fluffy was some sort of Cerberus. He didn't have wings... and his heads were all the same... Not like that at all," Hermione said; still a bit distracted as they floated on their brooms.

Pei sighed and shook her head. "Well, whatever it is, we have to go through it. It's guarding the way up,"

"Ve are going to fight zat?" Fleur asked.

"It doesn't look too tough," Laura grumbled.

"I think Pei is right. It's patrolling the area by the looks of things. If we got any closer, who knows what would have happened," Hermione added.

"Ginny!" Harry called out over the whistling winds that coursed through the floating rocks of the area. "Find us a place to land and make a plan."

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"Is everyone ready?" asked Harry.

"I'm with you," Ginny replied.

Hermione nodded, and Fleur did her best to look happy with the plan. Laura's dark eyes remained focused while she rolled her head and stretched out her arms while remaining behind the lovely French woman.

"Once we get done here, it should be a straight shot to the giant," Pei said as she stretched out her fingers and reviewed her remaining runes.

"Alright, remember your roles and our fallback word in case things end up in shambles. We're fast on our brooms so just made sure you're always moving around,"

With their plan figured out, the group lifted up off from the rock. With Harry in the lead, they made a beeline back to the spot that they'd encountered the creature.

Instead of flying in the air, they found it prowling along a rather large rock, roughly the same size as the one they had portaled into. This was particularly good for their plan, and soaring quickly with Hermione behind him; Harry angled in to fly over the beast and get its attention.

"It's not moving to fly after us, Harry,"

"Try getting his attention. We have to give Laura a good opening,"

"Right," Hermione said before flashing her wand down towards the creature and firing off a blinding spell. While her hair flew with the wind, she looked down and watched the blinding shaft of golden light dancing through the air towards the beast. The creature ended up turning to meet the blast, and Hermione watched as suddenly the goat head of the creature bent down and took the brunt of her magical spell. She gasped, seeing that while the attack had impacted, the goat head seemed to be only mildly affected.

She brought the tip of her wand to her throat and amplified her voice. "Try not to hit it on the left side with spells. It seems like the goat is resilient to magical attacks," She said while Fleur and Laura angled in. Fortunately, while Hermione's spell hadn't blinded the beast, it did get its attention and allow Fleur to fly in to drop Laura off at nearly the perfect place. Rolling across the ground after hopping off, some of the beast's ears perked up as it heard a 'SHIIINKKK' noise from nearby.

The wizard and witches flying above the three-headed beast continued blasting it with spells right up to the point that Laura crossed past it with double swipes from her hand claws. The lion head roared and tried to take a swipe at her, but she managed to roll forward and evade the strike. That got the creature's attention plenty, and it repeatedly tried to pounce and bite on Laura even as Harry and the others continued their barrage. With everything happening so fast, only Hermione managed to notice that the few times that Laura did catch a claw or got tossed around, it Laura appeared to weather the storm quite easily with her wounds knitting and fixing themselves up with incredible speed.

'I hope that she has enough of that to beat it,' she thought nervously.

Suddenly the game changed for the adventuring party as the creature, unknowingly called a Chimera by Harry and the rest, raised dragon head back and expelled a terrible plume of blazing fire at Laura. She got caught up in the stream and tumbled about on the ground.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Fleur while Harry dove in to try to pick up Fleur.

"Harry!" Ginny shouted as she watched her husband, bravely race down. As fast as the broom was, Harry couldn't get out from the cone of fire that came from the beast each time he tried to get down towards Laura.

“Hey ugly!” Pei shouted out before activating a rune. The magical marking glowed, and her arms became chiseled rock, and she popped off from Ginny’s broom. To break her landing, she crashed one arm down, propelling her body up with a bit of force and then landing at the ready on her legs. With all her limbs and body now covered up, she charged in, grabbed the lion’s ears, and tossed it away from Laura.

While Pei did her best to keep the beast distracted, Hermione noticed again that they weren’t really debilitating the creature. ‘Nothing we’re doing is getting through,’ then the young witch watched the mouth opening up also to expel more fire. While Pei shielded herself by bracing her two arms in front of her face, Hermione got an idea.

“Harry, you have to slow down a little!” Hermione called out.

Harry looked at her and then back at the beast and nodded. Ginny’s red hair flew with the speed of her riding as she tried to chase the pair down.

“It keeps nearly cooking us. Why slow down?”

“The mouth! We need to hit it there. Fleur! It’s up to you and Ginny!” Fleur nodded even while her fingers felt strained as they encircled the broomstick handle.

With that, Ginny and the French vixen waited for their opening. Harry continued his erratic course, but each time, the fires lapped closer and closer to the tail of his ride and Hermione. Her fingers hugged his body tightly, and she began wishing she were back home.

Fleur saw the opening first. A spell in French rang out, and a swirling green and pink bolt swarmed in and hit the tongue of the dragon head. Suddenly the creature began to cough and wheeze. Six different eyes than started staring dreamily... almost lustfully towards the blonde. Next, Ginny found her own pathway as the creature continued coughing. Ready up one of her most potent spells, the Chaser turned the tip of her broom towards the opening and imagined it as a Quidditch hoop. Flicking her wand back, the busty redhead called out the incantation.

“Tres Fulgario!”

When her wand jammed forward towards the beast attacking Pei and trying to roast her husband and friend, three crackling lightning bolts raced out from Ginny’s wand. The blast from the tip of her magical length of yew shot out towards the Chimera, and before the goat head had a chance to react, one bolt blasted the lion in the eye while the other two pierced into its stomach.

Pei watched the three heads of the creature blink with abrupt confusion. After that, they all started bleating, roaring, and hissing at once, each from the other head. Eyes burned a golden fiery color and then suddenly, she saw cracks appearing in the creature’s wings and stomach. Still, with skin made of stone, she raced over to Laura and crouched over her before the Chimera exploded. Chunks and flaming destruction magic pelted Pei. She’d anticipated quite the blast, but it ended up being too much for her, and she ended up on her hands and knees. Still, the Asian-looking woman made sure that Laura didn’t get pelted herself and the two ended up face to face. While chips of Pei’s rock skin chipped off, she watched as Laura’s burn marks continued to reside.

'She'll be okay. Good...' Pei thought before she collapsed to the side. 'Damn... I thought that spell was stronger...'

"Pei!" Hermione shouted out as she and Harry touched down. When they went in, she immediately started in with healing magic on Pei. Harry prepared his wand to help Laura but by that point, she was already well on her way to being fully healed. She was a little confused to find Pei slumped next to her, however.

"What happened?"

"We destroyed the beast, but it exploded in its death-throws. Pei protected you," Hermione informed her.

Laura looked at the wounded individual and let out a bit of a scoff. "Foolish, my healing has saved me from far worse,"

Hermione frowned, and then Harry reminded her to continue with the healing spells. While the way up had now been rendered much more approachable (hopefully), the group ended up finding a new spot away from the beast's rock. There they continued seeing to Pei's wounds. Luckily, her spell had managed to hold up quite well since most of the burns and bruises were minor. But Hermione told her that she shouldn't be rushing into danger again any time soon.

"I kept it busy so you guys could figure out the solution. Blerrguahh.. Pathhauahh..." Pei coughed up a few roasted rocks. The transition back to normal flesh was not a pleasant one. Still, she managed a weak smile.

"Feels like a win to me," Pei laughed before coughing again and wincing in front of them. "Painful, but not as painful as a loss,"

Hermione smiled and nodded. Harry, Ginny, and Fleur prepared the camp once again. By then, Pei and Laura were back in fighting shape, but the hour was late. Pei and Ginny didn't really like it, but when Harry said they should rest the night and recharge because they didn't know what the storm giant would be like, the two women acquiesced.

Once their camp was established, Harry asked Fleur to watch Pei and Laura for a while. She gave him a knowing look and then put her hand on his chest and gave him a kiss on his neck. "Zo long as zu don't forget about me, 'Arry..."

Harry grinned, knowing he'd never be able to altogether eschew the part-veela beauty. But tonight, he wanted to give Ginny and Hermione some attention after yet another harrowing fight. At a spot a little way from the main camp but still within the warding the group placed, Harry held Ginny on his right and Hermione on his left. He kissed his wife and stroked Hermione's shoulder and played with her nipple. Then when he kissed Hermione, he felt her cute form tremble against his body. As the long-time friends

kissed one another, Ginny reached her hand inside of Harry's clothing and began stroking and playing with his big, thick cock.

As she felt Harry's warmth and began stroking him to his full stature, Ginny privately thought about how he either must have sensed what she had in mind or she was just lucky that she didn't have to ask Hermione for help tonight. After the fight, she felt a bit drained and knew she wouldn't be able to satisfy Harry's raw power. Her plan had been to ask Hermione or if she wasn't interested, Fleur, yet Harry had taken it upon himself to reward both of them. Naturally, Ginny was the one interested in giving a reward.

Soon all three were undressed, their bodies fully embracing the lust and yearning for pleasure that came with near-death experiences. Hermione rested on her knees in front of Harry with his big thick cock warming up her mouth. She wasn't deep-throating him, but her movements remained eager and forthright while her brown eyes flashed up to him while his cock sizzled within the humid environment of her mouth and throat.

As she tasted and sucked on Harry's thick cock, her eyes occasionally closed by reflex, if only to help shut off one sense to really focus on how good Harry tasted. The feeling of never wanting to be far from his cock bubbled up once more, much as her juices continued streaming out of pussy while she 'slurped' and 'glurped' her way along every inch of the incredible cock she had in front of her.

'Harry's always so thick and hard. He's perfect...' Hermione thought as her eyes began watering with unabashed horniness. It wasn't just Harry's cock that made her pussy slimy with her nectar this evening either. From behind, the redhead with juicy tits and perfect muscular curves who'd married Harry was giving Hermione's breasts plenty of attention.

"Come on, Hermione. You don't have to use your hands. Just go all-in with your throat..." Ginny said. Hermione nodded at the apex of one more thrust, and then, after looking up into Harry's green eyes once more, she lowered her hands down to a point at his knees and began simply sliding her head and neck forward and back along his mighty member. His musk began filling her nose as she worked her head up and down on his shaft. The pleasure of sucking him off merged into a raging inferno down at her slit, and before long, one hand moved down from Harry's flesh and began eagerly flicking and toying with her clit.

Once Harry was fully good to go, he and his wife put Hermione on her back. There, he pushed up her legs and began threading the tip of his colossal cockhead against her now glistening cunny lips. Ginny's licks smacked wetly on her lips. In her mind, she remembered the first time she'd watched Harry skewer Hermione with his naughty sausage. "Go on Harry... Hermione had a big day figuring out that beast. Now she just wants to lie back and serve you,"

"It was kind of a lucky guess, really. There was no visible damage on the outer-" Hermione's mind nearly broke as Harry nudged forward and wedged open her pretty pink pussy with his thick cock once more. Almost instantly he set a breakneck pace and his cock drilled further and further inside her weeping sex. Heat scorched its way through flesh and blood, elevating her mind that had been so preoccupied with Storm Giants and extra-planar travel of late. She loved learning new things, but sometimes there was just no substitute for Harry reintroducing her into the potent endorphin-releasing extreme that was breeding her with his thick cock.

In no time at all, Hermione's vision began blurring. Ginny helped out a little in this regard when she sat on her friend's face and gave her something to play with as her mind continued unwinding as if Harry's cock were Crookshanks unwinding the spool of her senses.

"Mrrrhammm... Lrruhaahmmmm!" Hermione moaned out into Ginny's pussy. The buxom redhead smiled and gently eased down Hermione's left leg as she watched Harry's immaculate muscles throb and flesh each time his wand dove to even deeper depths inside of their friend's tight and juicy tunnel.

While the brainy girl kissed and then started tongue-fucking Ginny, Harry reached his left arm out and hooked it around the back of his wife's hair. Pulling her body forward, they kissed over Hermione's bounding body. Ginny's heart raced, feeling the wiggly sensations from Hermione while she watched the cock she loved and craved whenever her life wasn't in danger on some stupid quest, as it reshaped Hermione's pussy to its perfect long girth.

Her fingers stroked down Harry's chest, and then he gave her some fingers to suck on. Delicious as her husband's fingers were, Ginny's eyes pleading with him to knock Hermione off her feet, if only so Ginny could finally get another go. The horny woman in love with Harry Potter didn't have to wait long. Sensing his wife's aspiration, Harry pushed his body forward, folding Hermione's leg's back against her bouncing breast and then proceeded to hammer into her pussy with a reckoning.

Feeling the new jostling motion of Hermione's body as her lips remained nestled against her pussy, Ginny lifted up her lower body so she and Harry could hear all of Hermione's exclamations as she started to cum like a street-alley tart.

"Harrryiaahhhh... Keep going... You're so big inside of me... keep thrusting... cram every inch... and... huaaahh.... Yes Harryiaaahh!!!" Hermione cried out. Her sensual cries were so loud that Ginny cracked a lewd smile, knowing that Pei had to have heard that. With Harry so ready to treat them to his cock, somehow, no one had bothered to put up a charm to block any sounds from escaping. While Hermione squirmed and kicked on the ground, Harry groaned out, and his head dipped towards his friend. As the two became locked in euphoric exultations, Harry's mouth latched onto Hermione's hard nipple right before he felt his balls tighten.

After that, each new thrust inside the brunette's now languishing pussy was joined by searing and powerful spurts of his cum into her slit. Harry found Hermione's hands locked around the back of his neck while she kissed the front of it. Up and up her kisses went till their lips connected while the tip of his cock continued kissing right up against the walls of her cervix...

Nearly in a frenzied state by now, Ginny ended up being just a little too rough as she finally untangled the sweaty and cum-slick pair. As much as she enjoyed watching Harry turn Hermione into a blithering mess, she had gone far too long without having his cock sate her own lust. The fiery redhead would wait for what was rightfully hers no longer...