

Hermione went over to the building that the group was holding their prisoner in. The arousal bubbling through her was almost enough to make the frizzy haired woman shout.

'I need to start planning,'

The levels of excitement flowing through her made the young woman realize she should probably put her mind on work. On her first mental run through, she came up empty. Their current location meant that nearly all their needs were taken care of. So, only one main idea came to her mind. Not that it was what she wanted to do first.

It was still so strange; this magical retreat Pei had brought them. The magic was phenomenally different than back in her home world. It had taken her ten books even to begin understanding the basic building blocks of life in the realm. Even then, she still had to have an attendant help her with the translation. It was so very puzzling, bordering on a challenge that was actually frustrating to her. It wasn't that she didn't think she could figure it out, it was just with Harry still on the mend and the other big tasks ahead of her, it was hard to get into a relaxed enough mode to properly study the issue. So, learning more from the black-haired mystery woman they had found in Hell became the perfect thing to do during her break between researching the Neverseym's Order and the Wild-Essence. As aptly written as the book was by someone named Master Alwaystone, the brunette thought that their prisoner could use something to eat, maybe even a little company.

Standing outside a magical barrier housing the woman they had freed, Hermione took out her wand. With a few waves, she experimented and checked on all of the incredibly advanced magical locks and manacles remained festooned to the dark-haired woman with eyes terrible, like an unhinged monster. Something about the bound fighter with hair down to her knees struck Hermione as...

Sad.

"It must be a trick. A ploy for sympathy..."

Still, the woman with happiness coursing through her veins after seeing the progress Harry was making couldn't help but give a greeting towards her prisoner.

"Hello... How are you?" No response came from the other woman's lips. Still, Hermione had to enjoy her handiwork with a bit of satisfaction. When they found her, those lips were blistered, bruised and broken.

As the brunette looked at the woman, she saw the faintest sign of movement, and then a single word rang free of the black-haired prisoner's mouth. "Trap..."

Hermione was quite surprised. She shook her head. "No... this is not a trap. We got you out of that place when we left. Didn't seem like the right thing to just leave you there,"

"Let me go..." The young woman's voice was hoarse, like something crackling and yet whispering on the wind. There was pain, Hermione could tell that much clearly.

"I cannot do that. We're going to try to help you,"

"Trap... Tell my Master, I will not fall for this deception. I will not fail him. Never again!"

With the last two words, the girl's head fell down, resting against her collarbone, seemingly bereft of any more energy. Hermione stirred, moving suddenly as she realized a mistake she had made.

"Notes!" The lovely woman so extremely far from home realized that perhaps her awe at her surroundings and the adventure had caused the distraction. Immediately, her wand began waving through the air of the chamber. Parchment, quill, and ink appeared. One more spell set the quill to write down everything that the wild woman said.

"I do not work for your, Master. And if he was the one keeping you in that place, well than I'm glad you're rid of him. What is your name?"

There was no reply. Naturally, many other people would have probably just left well enough alone. Not Hermione Granger. She ended up spending the rest of her evening trying to get information out of the woman. She had a task now, almost a mission. Alas, everything she tried ended up getting her no results.

In the morning, she was woken up by a very cheery looking Fleur. She greeting Hermione warmly and kissed the tired witch on both cheeks.

"Er'moine... you look half a wreck," Fleur said before waving her wand and cleaning up Hermione's disheveled appearance. Hermione didn't like how freely Fleur used spells on her, but she was too tired to protest, and she ended up liking the scent of whatever perform the French bombshell applied to her body.

"Please eat," Hermione blinked, noticing the tray of food that Fleur had brought in. Idly, Hermione wondered if Fleur had ever thought about having a child with Hermione. She was married to Bill, but then, Hermione was married to Ron.

"Pain aux raisins... my favorite breakfast dish. It took me some time last night, but I finally figured out where to get the ingredients in dis place. It is quite enchanted, but easy to get lost in,"

Hermione didn't reply and instead quickly scarfed down the first treat and then had a glass of chilled milk to wash it down. Fleur smiled as her hungry friend seemed to really take to the treat. With a simple twirl, Fleur smiled and sailed around the room, only to stop and drop her warm expression as she looked at the prisoner. The Quarter-Veela straightened up, her dark-blue eyes becoming quite inquisitive as she looked at the girl they had rescued.

"Ave you learned anything 'Ermione?"

"Progress has been irritatingly slow. She mentioned her Master a few times, and that she believes this is some sort of test. Whoever this Master is of hers, I believe he liked to make a habit of letting her think she had escaped his clutches, only to pull the rug out from under her,"

"The man sounds like a villainous basterd,"

"I'm sure he is. Which is why we must break her free of his will," Hermione's eyes closed as she took another few minutes to enjoy the satisfying taste of the meal settle in her stomach.

"Thanks for the breakfast, Fleur. I don't even remember eating dinner last night,"

Fleur took a step closer to the prisoner. "You know... in the legends about the Veela. There is a story of one, named Brise of Orleans. Like all Veela, she could have gotten any man that she wanted..."

Hermione suppressed a frown. She remembered how Harry and Ron had become smitten with the blonde with her busty tits and shapely curves during the year of the Triwizard Tournament.

"She found the man she wanted to marry and have children with. But somehow, he was impervious to her charms. A whole month... she tried to ensnare his heart, but she failed again and again. Finally, her Grandmother offered her a bit of wisdom. There was a spell, dangerous, but for a woman so driven, Brise did not care. The spell allowed her into the man's mind... into his very dreams. There, she came to him, as if she was his wife already. Seven nights, she visited him, and finally on the eighth day, he awoke, finding her in his bed. It all seemed natural to him and he simply kissed her and bedded her on the spot. His court was completely befuddled by this, but he didn't let a single one offer a different opinion than his,"

"So, if we could get in her *dreams*, perhaps we could show her that we don't mean her any harm,"

"Exactly."

"Why is this considered dangerous?"

Fleur thought about that for a moment. It felt like ages since she had seen her Grandmother, or even talked with a few of her cousins about some of the lesser known spells a Veela could muster. "I guess it is because if you stay in a dream for too long, one may forget what it means to be alive. Zheng says it is easy to get lost 'Ermione,"

Fleur's eyes rest on the mangy looking woman encased in all manner of magical locks. "Perhaps some things are meant to be locked away..."

Eventually, the French beauty made her exit and Hermione continued mulling over her options. Nibbling on her lip, she remembers a certain spell that she hasn't used for some time.

"The Dreamrisio spell. When you use it someone, it puts them into a mindset where they are in a dream. Perhaps it will be enough to put Laura in a more... natural state," Hermione thought before she rolled her shoulders and stretched out her wand. She had to admit, she was a little tired from working all night, but if she was right, she might finally be able to get some answers.

"Dreamrisio!" The brunette witch declared; her wand pointed straight on at Laura. The black-haired woman was barely awake herself when the spell landed. There wasn't much change, just a trembling of her body while she remained seated and locked up.

"Welcome... my friend. My name is Hermione and you are safe here. The people with me, we're here to help you..." Hermione took a step closer, getting to within ten feet of the woman with an uncut mane. There was still no response from the prisoner and Hermione frowned. She was confident that the spell had gone off as usual, and she knew it wasn't possible that she'd lost her touch.

Her feet moved and Hermione got closer, and closer. "This place is safe, and we don't have to start with much. Why don't you just start by telling me your name..."

Alert brown eyes noticed bit of movement on the mouth of the chained-up woman. Hermione thought she heard a couple of words, but nothing was clear enough to understand. She moved in closer, further studying the raven-haired strange they'd met and battled with in Hell.

Her identity remained a mystery, but Hermione noticed how she was both thin and muscularly dense. On the woman's arms and legs, Hermione still had to steel herself not to stare too much at all the marks of scarring and other injuries on the young woman's flesh. 'What happened to her?'

"Please just take you're time. I'm here to help you..."

Hermione said once again, now less than three feet away from the prisoner. Finally, when pale lips moved once again, Harry's best friend actually heard words.

"Interesting..." The single word hung in the air like a blade about to fall. "You want to help me... but who will help *you*?..."

Suddenly, the eyes of the woman in front of her shot open. Fiery heat made Hermione want to pull back, but panic sparked through her when she realized she couldn't move. At that point, she saw that the blaze was coming from the prisoner's mouth and eyes. Before she could even screen, she felt herself falling. Her hands stretched out as her body drifted and sank along a tunnel with no walls, only depths that stretched further and further.

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"But who will help you?" The words rang out in her mind, pulling out of a sensation akin to a deep dark sleep.

Laura Kinney stirred. She could only see a room around her, a room of bone, blood-red walls and other demotic furnishings. The room felt familiar and alien to. The woman's long black hair rested well past her shoulders.

'How is my hair so long? I never let it grow that long,' She processed the information while moving around, smelling for scents, and unsheathing her claws in case of trouble. When the adamantium split through her skin, Laura winced. It hurt, like she hadn't used them in a while. But that was wrong, it felt wrong and it didn't make sense.

There was a flash of darkness nearby. She saw and felt fire and then she saw someone, a woman close to her age with curly and messy brown hair.

'Help me. She wanted to help me. To get out of here...' Laura's thoughts remained garbled. Still, even that small collection of words in her mind felt... good. She felt like herself, a notion she hadn't experienced for months.

When Laura tried to get to the woman who freed her she couldn't reach her. It looked like the portal allowing her to look only did that.

A shiver ran up her spine and Laura's dark eyes turned even before her body moved. "You've brought me a new pet. I knew no matter how far you went, you are still mine..."

That voice, acidic and grating, was one Laura had enjoyed being without. She hated them, despised them, had been hurt by them and had been loved by them. The voice belonged to her master, the Demon Lord Ulynoth.

Laura squared off against the being with a malicious smile and corpse-like skin stretched across their dark-red bones. It wasn't just the voice in her head that was no longer there. When she was a prisoner and slave warrior, Ulynoth only needed to wish it and his ghastly visage would appear in her mind's eye.

*But this is different. He is talking to me. This is different than before. I escaped! Or they got me out! I am free!*

"Once I am done breaking her fortitude, she will be my vessel. It is so good that I planted one last trap in your mind. Who knows what sort of trouble you might have gotten in my dear? Hmmm yes... these other women will do nicely. Powerful magic users... And this one... how peculiar,"

Ulynoth turned from looking at Hermione. A smile of rotted and jagging teeth formed. "When I have taken over her mind, you will go and kill the man. I have no need. His blood maybe, but if that's too much, the women will suffice..."

Laura whispered a refusal.

"Speak up slave. Your Master cannot hear you," His voice felt like daggers on her mind.

"No. I will not kill him or take the women to you. I am free. I am Laura Kinney and you have tortured me long enough. I suggest you find the darkest hole you can, *my lord,*"

Laura crossed her arms and then flung them to her sides. Her face contorted with rage and deadly primal drive. Flashing forward, she cut high to the left and low to the right, planning to separate the bastard into three parts.

But her blade did not cut through flesh or whatever her former master was made of. He vanished before she even connected.

"Make no mistake, girl. When I bring you back, and I will... what you experienced so far will seem like some wonderful dream. If I was you. I'd kill her and everyone else there. For I will have you break them, punishment for this little rebellion of yours,"

A wild cackle broke out and then suddenly Laura was falling. She came to a hard landing she was sure would have broken her without her healing and coated skeleton. Doors opened up around her and demons poured in.

'They are not real. You can beat them, and you will get out of her,' She lopped the heads off the nearest demons and then disemboweled the next. If the black-haired girl had even the slightest time to breathe, she would have wondered just how she would actually get out of the mental prison.

Outside of the torturous lock pinning Hermione and Laura's brains, Harry had his wand at the ready. Pei was nearby, burning icons and lettering into the ground near Hermione and their prisoner's unconscious forms.

“You’re sure about this. I can open up a portal, but who knows what will come out,”

“Just do it!” Harry said. Ginny nodded beside him, ready with Fleur to unleash a barrage of spells.

Not for the first time did Pei wish she had come upon Harry when he was on his own.

*A lesson for next time.*

When the last mark was rendered, the portal immediately began forming. The magical creation was linked with the magic that Ginny and Pei had detected on the raven-haired woman. Neither knew how they had missed it, but that wasn’t important now.

What was particularly important, and very hideout for that matter, was the horde of ungodly beast men that came racing out of the portal. Pei’s trap activated, as planned. While the demonic creatures breathed in the new world they had been released into, a gigantic bear trap of burning energy snapped up, neatly cleaving them all in two.

It was a disgusting display, but it dealt with the first wave. As Pei pulled back, she prepared some more heavy-duty runes while the wizard and the two witches beside him hurled their first volley of spells at the next wave appearing through the portal.

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Body after body, wound after self-healing wound, Laura fought on. The experimental clone meant to improve upon an already extremely lethal killing machine cut through the hordes like a tornado of steel and fury. Peerless as she was, she was human, and her stamina didn’t recharge as fast as her wounds healed. It felt like for every demon she killed, three more emerged.

When things changed, she almost didn’t notice it. There was explosion of powerful magic and several of the beasts trying to overwhelm her flew over her head. A blinding light followed, but it affected the demons way more than her.

“Come with me...” She heard a man speak. Darting through the opening, she saw a man with messy black short hair and circular glasses. He had a wand in one hand while his other remained open.

After all the tricks that her Master had played on her, Laura knew the odds were not good that she might actually be freeing herself from trouble. But somehow, something spoke to her, urging her forward. She trusted the instinct and decided to trust the stranger.

When Laura’s hand gripped Laura’s her body was no longer in the dark room of death. Her body spun and shook, stretched, and shrunk. She saw an opening, but felt claws gripping her legs.

“Just leave me alone!” Laura raged. She saw her Master again, reaching out, hoping to embrace her. He promised everything and more. It felt amazing, and warm, a great warmth that would never let her feel bad again.

“Your tricks will not work on me!” Laura didn’t remember thinking to scream, but she heard herself doing so. In that instant, Ulynth recoiled but when the demon lord showed fear, that was when Laura struck. Her double hand blades slid out, straightened and deadly blades meant for ripping and tearing.

She put them to good use, severing the last connection between her and her Master, once and for all.

After another rough landing, Laura found herself in a place, a bright place. It was so bright she wondered if she had a trip to the top. She chuckled painfully at that. After all she had done, killing, and destroying anything her Master had ordered her to do, all she could think of was finding a dark spot to retreat back to.

'I don't deserve peace. Any peace. Not after what I've done...'

When the light began to be easier on her, she blinked and saw the man who had helped free her standing over her head. He was buff and muscular and had a bit of a roguish look to him. A bit of his gruffness reminded her of someone, she didn't know who, but something stirred inside the woman with a long unkempt mane of black hair.

'He helped break me from a demonic nightmare. He is good and...' Laura's thoughts trailed off. While the demonic torture hadn't hurt her body, it had brought her mind to the point of breaking. As Ginny, Hermione, Fleur Harry and Pei looked on, the strange woman passed out on the ground. Once more, they were left with the decision of exactly what to do with her.

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Days later, Ginny and Harry were packing up their gear. Hermione Fleur and Pei were doing the same, but luckily the married couple had taken over their own room after Harry was done healing. They were getting ready to travel because Pei had figured out where she could find another magical relic. If the Asian-looking woman from another realm could be believed, the relic they were going to next would be able to seal up the Sunfather's tomb completely, putting an end to any danger from him. Pei had also given her word that so long as they were able to get the relic, Pei could handle the rest of the journey on her own. Ginny had slept a bit more comfortably after that.

Still, as the beautiful redhead looked over at Harry, she remembered seeing the wounds from their journey to hell. No magic was ever enough to protect the ones you love completely. She couldn't bear the thought of losing Harry. Her child would lose their father, and she would lose the thing most important to her.

"Hermione has learned a lot about the magic of this place, and she learned how to use that navigational magic when we left Hell. We could ask her to... make sure when we leave this place that we go back home..."

Her rugged looking husband turned back from her after stowing some more gear into the magically crafted luggage bag on the bed.

"We cannot abandon this quest, Ginny," Walking over to his busty wife, Harry held her gently in his powerful arms. "I know you're worried about me, but I'm fine. When you think about it, we've already been through hell. Can't imagined there would be many worse places..."

'With Pei's luck, she'll land us in one,'

She smiled at her amazing husband and stroked his sides and his chest. Ginny Potter knew that he was right, and even more than that, so long as he wasn't going to quit, she was not going to leave his side.

Meanwhile, as they looked at one another, Ginny's minds turned to their child and something inside of her stirred. Her pink tongue slid out, knowing that Harry's wounds were all healed and after they left that room, they wouldn't be alone for a while.

"Is that what you need, Harry? Some crazy adventure?" Ginny teased and stroked his chest some more before she leaned in and kissed at his neckline before continuing to enjoy his loving embrace.

Harry's green eyes looked at her for a moment before he gave her a light chuckle before pulling back. The muscular and tall bloke with messy black hair shoved the bag off of the bed. Ginny and her husband exchanged a quick glance as they noticed the bag had been left open and plenty of keepsakes and some of their luggage had spilled out all over the place. They both chuckled, knowing they'd be holding up the group as they packed up once more, but neither of them cared.

The man who had lived walked back over to his redhead beauty of a lover. Ginny's eyes filled with adoration as she felt his big strong arms encircle her again. Even in the darkest times, just feeling his heart beating through their chests was enough to whisk her away from her troubles .

Harry lifted her body up effortlessly. Ginny smiled but couldn't help but want to just move on her own. She remembered seeing Hermione paralyzed and unable to even speak after the group had found her enthralled by the strange woman's magic.

Still, the fear was fleeting and Harry gently laid her out on the bed. After that, he cast a simple spell and the buttons on her pants popped open before her pants slid down. Her masculine beast of a husband left her panties on for the time being, even though that didn't stop him from settling in between Ginny's legs and getting in nice and close.

Catching her increasing horniness through the slim material, Harry's tongue reached out and she began licking through her lace. Two more washes of her lover's tongue sent Ginny's mind circling up along a pole made of heat and lust. Scattered and hushed breathes filled their room. As Harry turned up the magic, blood rushed through Ginny's nether region and back up to her body. The gorgeous redhead's nipples hardened while her outer folds lost a bit of their tension while she got progressively wetter and wetter.

"You're incredible, Harry. All I want is to make you happy..." Ginny moaned out as her husband's head continued bobbing up and down along the delicate flower. Ginny's legs slipped and kicked against the bed covers while her fingers played with her husband's hair. Almost as quickly as more of her juices flowed out, Harry stuck his tongue slipped in and out and then painted Ginny's folds with her own naughty essence.

Soon Harry got on top of her and pushed her legs up and out so that her ankles became pinned next to her ears. Ginny loved when he started getting rougher with her, she even gave her ass a little wiggle as her black-haired Adonis prepared to sink his cock deep inside of her needy passageway. Ripe with sexual desire, she could imagine her womb preparing itself and when Harry's cock speared inside of her cunny, she moaned out while her heart squeezed and relaxed. Once again, everything was right in the world as her husband stated pumping her horny and silken depths with his enormous member.

Given his raw powerful and incredible body, it wasn't long at all before the cup of Ginny's will began to shake and lose its contents. Her body felt wet and slippery warm while Harry adjusted her ass up just a

little bit more before he resumed pounding her soft, yet boiling insides. Ginny's fingers reached out and her fingernails dug into Harry's shoulders while her legs locked down on the small of his back.

"Right there Harry! Please... that's it... give me everything... Huahhh... ooohhuaahh!..."

When she came once more, Ginny lurched her body up against his, ready to receive the warm offering of their combined love inside of her needy womb. Ginny's heart was flying through the air and her voluminous screams rocked the walls of their home way from home. While her breasts heaved and her pussy twitched and quivered, the young woman with flowing red hair realized, quite disappointedly that Harry had not cum together with her.

The situation took Ginny almost immediately back to their times rutting passionately in the hotel during their honeymoon. As she lay there gasping, her drained eyes looking up at Harry nervously, Ginny Potter felt a wave of shame that somehow, she had failed to satisfy her husband. She hated it, knowing surely that it was because she had tried to convince him to walk away from Pei and their journey.

'I became distracted and now... now maybe I'm right back where I started when I had to bring in Anna and Elsa.

Harry didn't say anything, he was too good to do so. He kissed her and held her tightly, and then slowly released his grip on her feet and lowered her sweat-glazed legs back down to the bed. Ginny leaned up on her elbows, staring intently at the huge cock standing erect even though it was coated in her juices. The very moment she recovered enough strength, she marshalled up a plan and pushed Harry back down onto the bed. Settling down with her own body draped along his legs, she wedged his thick cock between her tits to suck and lick on his cock.

'I will make you cum before we leave this room. Even if it is the last thing I do,' Ginny Potter promised herself.