

Ginny, Hermione, Fleur, Pei and Laura decided to stay and watch. Already, each of the women were struggling to not drool like a pack of wild bitches when a great wolf entered their forest. Fleur was lying down on and skewering her pussy and asshole at the same time. Laura watched Harry more than anything, always on the look out to protect him. But even she couldn't resist stroking or teasing her nipples now and again.

The Great mother of the Nymphs had not attained such feelings of pleasure in quite some time. Sitting on the mortal's rigid flesh and humping her hips forward to grind his wonderful stalk against her petals, she could truthfully say she felt wonderful. Her life in the realm often encompassed living in gentle repose as she oversaw her enchanted world and all those who looked to her for guidance and protection.

Still, things had gotten quieter of late. Too few among the other races liked making deals with nymphs anymore, and fewer still knew the ancient ways to even travel to their hidden kingdom. When she'd sensed the wone with the Mark of Ignis arriving at her doorstep, the Great Mother hardly anticipated the worthiness of the companions that the traveler had with her.

Now, she found herself drooling like one of her aquatic cousins. The outpouring of saliva and her rampant lust grew stronger while she inched her petals closer and closer towards Harry's well-endowed shaft.

'I am salivating like a mortal seeing an ox become a man. How utterly pitiful. I must... I must control myself,' The thought that she would soon end up resembling a mare in estrus frightened her. She struggled while her vagina drooled all over the stiff slab standing just beneath her moist orifice. Her composure remained, like a great iron sentry watching over a hidden vault.

'I am the Great Mother. He is just a human, a very handsome and powerful human, with a cock like an Olympian. But he will prove no match for me,' The Nymph thought as she inched further and further downward. Still, a thin sliver of doubt remained within in her head. Powerful as she was, that tiny shadow remained, whispering in her ear that if she allowed the mortal's cock inside

The leader of the Nymphs pushed the thoughts to the side and simply contented herself with the pleasure on hand. She finally sank her body downwards and both she and Harry enjoyed the sudden rush of sensations as his enormous crown plowed its way through her welcoming petals. Instantly, the magical creature focused all of her will on tightened her inner folds to give the mortal an experience he would not soon forget. He began grunting louder, and his hands became even more aggressive on her neck and breasts while his hips worked their magic to continue sliding his sword past her defenses.

Nearby where the two rutted like animals during mating season, Harry's wife and his other companions, all who always loved seeing his muscular personage, watched with heated expressions and racing breathes as the Great Mother inched her body up and then slowly pushed her body down. Her lips devoured Harry's massive stalk slowly, forming and incredibly tight seal.

The female's mastery of her canal constantly had Harry's mind seeing stars while his breath became terse and shortened. His cock enjoyed comfort and pleasure unlike any he'd experienced with the nymphs he had fucked since arriving in this realm. His hands traveled up, massaging the incredible shape and curve of her voluminous ass. Meanwhile, Harry felt the woman wiggling and twisting her body slightly, wanting to get his tip exactly in the right spot before she moved her body more.

When the Nymph began properly riding him, Harry's body swayed, and his head leaned back on the comfortable silk-like pillows of the massive bed at the center of the structure. All around him he could feel the eyes of dozens of women. They were all watching him and enjoying the look of his thick and powerful cock as it continued vanishing into their Great Mother's hole each time the golden-skinned woman slid back down on top of him. He noticed more than a few of the lesser women had already orgasmed while they stroked their sexes and pinched on their nipples. They did not lift a finger to clean themselves up. Instead, they either started becoming even more aggressive, or grabbed a nearby friend and dominated them so that they could feel a tongue licking their velvet underground while their hands worked their magic on their breasts and nipples. Watching the nymphs play and eat one another out made Harry's cock burn even more brightly with ferocious arousal.

"Oouhaa-ouhah... you're holding out... very well, Harry," The Great Mother breathed out quietly. The male's length inside of her seemed to grow bigger and bigger each time her entire body slammed down. It was quite honestly, a miracle that he hadn't already expelled his juice into her vessel already. A greater miracle would be if he could move the next day. She smiled at the thought.

A Nymph, enchanted as she had been during her birth, acquired power and essence from any lover they treated with. To her, it was as natural as breathing. The magic she gained during sex allowed the Great Mother to take the succor of someone like Harry to strengthen her own resolve. At the end of the day, or whenever they finally finished, the female would conquer the male. Not the other way around. Still, the wizard beneath her, the one who had already turned several of her strongest followers into blithering repositories of his cum, well... she could feel his dogged strength radiating off his very being. She'd heard he was different, but she didn't expect him to be different, and able to content with the strength of her own aura.

Suddenly Harry's big hands and thick fingers brought her mind back to reality. The wizard's fingers teased and squeezed on the golden curve of her ass and the tight slope of her hips. Part of the Great Mother's mind felt an urge to ask him to favor her breasts with his hands, but of course, she could not allow her position of authority to be weakened like that. Her mouth quivered suddenly as she pressed back down on Harry, allowing his cock to reach even further inside of her bounty than before.

Soon, Harry proved to have a natural instinct for what she wanted. His hands reached up and quickly pressed her mountainous bosoms together. The light slapping sound suddenly quieted her moans as she was caught off guard. Then Harry began squeezing her lovely mounds together and also pulling them apart or gently guiding them down to his lips.

The Great Mother began moaning again. Her body grew more and more satisfied that she didn't bother giving Harry's intuitiveness a second thought. Instead, the Nymph found herself rolled onto her back, with Harry looking down on her. As he began plastering her lower body down on the incredibly-soothing bed, she watched the handsome wizard as he panted lightly. He wiped sweat off his scarred forehead. Likely trying to appear just as she was, 'in control,'

In this new position, something changed. Harry quickly gained a bit of an upper hand on the radiant woman with shimmering peach-bronze flesh. The Great Mother chuckled. In her arrogance, the leader of the fairies who were all watching the ritual play out didn't even notice she was losing control until it was too late.

“Khhuah... Ahmmm... This is... you’re... you’re quite strong, for a mortala-huaah,” The matriarch of the Nymphs found herself feeling heat on her cheeks. She didn’t realize that she was blushing for a full minute. The Nymph’s eyelids felt heavy over her eyes as she leaned her head forward. There, at the slope of her pussy, she saw her labia spread wide and hungrily devouring every inch of cock igniting a bastion of closed-up sensations within her body. Harry’s cock wasn’t a key, instead, it felt like a battering ram, crashing harder and harder against the resolve keeping her full arousal at bay.

Her head flew back, and everyone watched as her flowing golden hair bounced. The pleasure of Harry’s cock stroking deep against the walls made the woman moan louder and louder. The nymphs assembled had never seen their leader reach such levels of euphoria. The Great Mother’s moans must have alarmed some of the other Nymphs around her, however. Her silvery eyes noticed a few moving in. With a sudden wave of her hand, the Great Mother sent the other women reeling back. After they stumbled and rubbed their now aching limbs, they watched and found their ethereal leader’s toes curling with orgasmic bliss. The Great Mother’s entire body shivered tastily with every heavy thrust from the man on top of her.

Under the great spell of Harry’s pleasure, both the Great Mother’s eyes and body began shining brightly, almost like a star made flesh. She managed to reach her limp arms up, even though the growing mountain full of volcanic lust. Her fingers encircled Harry’s neck, pulling him down so that his body was flush against hers. This didn’t end up stopping Harry from using his cock to hammer her, but she didn’t mind that. All she wished was to enjoy his tongue, she French-kissed the wizard at first, and then she went about sucking his tongue with the same wanton flavor that her pussy sucked in his sturdy glans.

Eventually, she abandoned sucking on his tongue and simply caressed his chest and shoulders while dripping a trail of wet, practically drooling kisses all over his well-sculpted body. She kissed him again and again, soaking Harry’s body with even more of her nectar. The actions of the ravenous and cock-hungry woman further connected them both. Neither truly realized it at the time, but their preparation and the intensity behind their aggressive lovemaking made it so Harry’s body was able to withstand more than double the normal amount of pleasure a human could cope with.

The elder Nymph felt surprised by finding droplets of sweat marring her pristine body. She gently stroked Harry and then tapped his arms for a moment so that she could shift her body.

“Allow me, Harry. This pose... it will give you even... more pleasure,” She said, every word from her lips sounding like part of an enchantingly beautiful song. He watched as the mature and elegant woman raised up her knees so that her legs fell of to the sides of her body. Then, she gently stroked and squeezed her massive tits together. When she let her hands fall, her massive tits jiggled lightly and then the leader of the magical women all around them wagged her finger towards her paramour.

“Enjoy yourself, Harry. But please, do not break your body on my account. I wish to sup on your seed... but I would wish to cause any pain to your body,” Her words carried nothing but the slightest hint of arrogance. After all, he was simply a mortal, and she had been created eons ago.

When Harry plunged his member back inside of her, he could feel just how much more comfortable and tight her slit was in the position she’d chosen.

“Yes... my sex has taken the shape of your shaft. It... it feels so much better, doesn't it?” She asked him, almost to distract the wizard and sap his fervor. It was getting harder and harder for her to wrap her head around his potency. ‘How... how is he still going? If this continues, I'll have to-’

Harry caught her train of thoughts off by doggedly kissing her. It was much more visceral and forceful than when she'd led with kissing. The passion behind his mouthplay fed into his thrusts and suddenly, the Nymph felt it, the breaking down of the barrier that protected her womb. She moaned through the shock. Something like this had not happened in an entire generation!

“Gods... yes... yes Harry! Claim my body... use it as you wish. Ihuah-huwah... I cannot believe it!” Harry proved his greater strength with more than just his thrusts. He pulled her up to her feet and hiked up her leg to continued filling every ravenous inch of her pussy with his firm, and pulsing erection.

The Great Mother felt her pussy quake and then her entire body shook violently. She could feel Harry losing control, but it was more than just that. The nectar flowing through his body was turning him less of a man, and more of a creature like the Nymphs. No other thought occupied his lobes beyond a fervent desire to stuff every inch of the woman in front of him again and again. The Nymph shivered again and then her head arched back. Her mouth flew open, releasing a harmonious chorus of moans before ethereal, golden wings emerged from her shoulders.

At first, the wizard thrusting nice and deep into her nectar filled cavity gave her wings a tug. She let out a mewling breath, full of pain and he quickly stopped. The Nymph gave him a sweet and gentle, almost motherly smile and stroked his chin. Of course, he could not have known what they were, so she wasn't mad at him. Then, while he continued bathing his giant slab of meat into her squishy walls, Harry began to stroke her wings and together, the audience assembled watched them float upward.

Ginny marveled as her husband and the Great Mother gently flew upwards inside of the open-air theater. Hermione kissed and sucked on the redhead's pussy while Ginny stroked and played with Fleur's ears and long blonde hair while the French slut stroked her clit and pussy. Nearby, Pei was bent over on her knees with Laura fingering her aggressively. All of the girls panted and moaned. Occasionally their eyes closed while their teeth clenched, allowing them to focus and suck in desperately needed breaths. Every other moment that their eyes opened, they looked dizzily towards the stud who often claimed their bodies with his cock and cum. Watching him continue to soldier on and slam the Queen of the fairies with all his power had each of the women soaked to the bone. None of them could wait for the moment when they felt their paramour's iron-hard cock drossing the flames of their own arousal. Still at this moment, the rest of Harry's party managed to keep themselves from becoming slobbering messes, like some of the naked Nymphs assembled around them.

Up in the air, the Great Mother's pussy craved for Harry's thick baby batter. Both of them moved and drove their body on reflex alone. No more concrete thoughts existed for either of them and quickly, the golden-skinned woman's silver eyes ignited and her tongue raced free to drip out of her mouth. Harry felt it too, the rush of blazing heat and passion as her pussy became fervently more tight around his cock. She milked him with grace and strength, making Harry use every last ounce of energy to pull back his hips before slamming them forward again. The Nymph let out another fiery moan. This time, the passionate call from her lips turned into a shattered mess of breathy sighs when she felt the handsome wizard's nectar finally pulsing out from his tip to set her womb ablaze.

The magical intercourse between their bodies became so intense, that when Harry opened his eyes, he realized that they had both been transported another plane. Harry felt weightless in this new expanse full of clouds and a never ending sky of tranquil blue. She informed him that this was the true fairy realm, accessible only to Queens like herself.

“From here, we could go to any place where a fairy wellspring exists. I only heard of this place when I was growing up. I... my name is Faya... being here... I can remember that... that which has been lost to me,” She smiled sweetly at Harry, stroking his jaw, neck and powerfully built shoulders while his cock remained deep within the hollow of her sex.

“It’s incredible,”

Faya kissed the young mortal gently once more and then gestured out across the plane. “For you to see this, you have a rare gift inside of you, Harry. I thought you were simply a powerful wizard, but it is so much more than that...”

He nodded slowly. He understood her words, but currently, it felt hard to think as her enchanting womanhood continued to hug and squeeze his warm, hard dick.

“I can enhance your body, allowing you to remain in my realm permanently,”

A smile formed on his face quickly. He kissed the woman slowly and gently and then politely declined.

“It would be an honor, Faya. But I must return to my wife. And my children,”

Part of her couldn’t help but feel rejected. For the briefest of moments, Faya wished to hurt the mortal, or at the very least surprise him. With her powers as a Nymph, the Great mother knew a secret that Harry did not yet. His companion Hermione was pregnant with his child.

In the end, she refuses to give into her dark and base urges.

“Let my deepest point know the gushing heat of your magic once more, Harry! I need it... release it... deep inside me. Yes... bathe my flower in your succoruuuaah!”

Just like that, the two relived the moment then both of their bodies erupted in orgasmic delight. There was a flash and suddenly Harry and Faya were back in the normal plane. To everyone else in attendance, no time had passed. Once more, Harry felt the beautiful Nymph’s hungry body wrap tightly around him as her pussy craved more of his seed. When he could cum no more, Harry felt their bodies descending back to the ground. It took them a moment to peel off their stubborn bodies from one another, so thick was the sweat and juices that covered their lowers halves.

Faya gave Harry one last warm smile and gently rubbed his neck. “I bid you good fortune on your quest Harry. You go with all the wishes of myself and my sisters... Should you ever need respite again, you will know where to find us,”

With that, She pulled Harry into one last passionate kiss. Faya licked his tongue while her hand rubbed and played with his still slightly hard shaft. She tasted his tongue for a moment longer, and then swept her finger up and brought her cum-coated finger to her lips. Faya enjoyed the potent taste of his essence while a river of the wizard’s juices remained rooted inside of her deepest point. In her heart, the Great Mother of the Nymphs knew that she would not soon forget her mating with the powerful wizard.

She wished him well, knowing that danger lurked around him. It was easy enough to sense on him, but Faya took some small pleasure knowing that even if the worst happened, she would always carry a small token of his exquisite aura with her. Always...