

A good time after the discovery about Harry Potter's potential, he and his companions were still hidden away within the elf kingdom under Francesca's control. The man with messy black hair and a lightning scar was currently enjoying the unique pleasure of sucking on Triss' lactating tits. Never before had he thought that he'd enjoy sucking milk from a big juicy tit before, but after he'd tried it out with Triss a few mornings before, it had entered into his usual morning activities. There was more to it than mere pleasure, of course. Triss' lovely moans were nice, but the wizard was fairly sure that the milk of a pregnant magician contained traces of magic that helped rejuvenate him. These days, he was always in need of a pick-me-up. Sating the lust of multiple sorceresses nearly every night took a great deal out of the young wizard.

Nearby, Philippa watched the black-haired man suckling on the redhead's exposed teats. Part of her wanted to immediately rip away her bodice and use some sort of enchantment on her own breasts. 'Harry only wants Triss right now because she's giving him milk. I could make you think that is what is happening, you foolish man,'

Philippa wasn't the only jealous hen in Harry's roost. The beautiful blonde Keira Metz felt her pussy practically salivating with desire and envy as Triss used one hand to cradle Harry's head while another occasionally moved to command the pages of her book magically. It was challenging for her not to pout, even more so not to pull up a blade and stab the teasing redhead in her voluptuous teats. So, she just let out a child-like 'hmmph' before she tried to go over their plans once more.

The group was safe within some ruins in Francesca's elf lands for now, but who was to say how long that would last or should last. Francesca's rule was the law here, and like Keira and Philippa, the gorgeous elf woman was in line to be impregnated by Harry's enchanted cock. But old bitter rivalries still existed between the Northern sorceresses and those who had supported Nilfgard. Harry's ability to give magic users a child could be the most significant discovery of their time. That meant many kings and factions would want to get their hands on him. Naturally, the sorceresses were not in a sharing mood.

"You know Harry, this is making it very hard to concentrate on reading my book," Triss said while she continued lazily reading through the pages exploring all about preparations for child-rearing. While Harry continued nibbling and sucking on the sensitive pink flesh of her nipple, she let out the barest of gentle sighs. Then, she moved her finger to flip the next page over. Her green eyes began examining the text about how best to prepare her breast milk to help her child grow nice and healthy. Triss began cataloging the information even while her clit stiffened, and her pussy began to tingle with excitement as Harry sucked out even more of her milk. The pregnant sorceress got excited thinking about bringing a child into the world. Still, her own body was also enjoying itself as the father of the baby growing inside of her enjoyed his fill from her milk-laden jugs.

"It is obvious what you are doing," Phillip stated like a jealous sister.

"Hmmm?" The noise that came out was as ponderous as it was false. The redhead knew precisely why her compatriots were sore at her. 'If only they had been rescued by Harry, perhaps their bellies would be in the same state as mine,'

"Don't play stupid; it's very unflattering," Philippa said, the Sorceress' tone was both darting and acidic. She didn't like that there was someone, let alone a man that occupied a place of want and desire in her heart. The weakness felt like a double-edged sword. One moment, she wished to use the blade to cut Harry in half. Other moments, she wished to use the sword to remove all of her clothes and quickly offer up her naked body to him so that she could be fucked and bred like the secret slut she was.

Somehow, the sorceress from Redania managed to focus on her rebuke against the younger mage. "You only brought that book to annoy us, Merigold..." Philippa growled out in annoyance.

Triss smiled and then gently stroked Harry's thick hair while his lips continued drinking up her milk. She moaned out breathlessly, but eventually, her nipples flared up with a little ache. The wizard must have realized it, too, because he released his mouth from her pink nipples.

The gorgeous redhead smiled at him, and Harry kissed her lips, leaving a little trail of her milk on her lipstick. The two kissed for a long while, and Harry stroked over the growing belly bump of the woman he had bred.

"I love you, Harry," Triss declared patiently and loudly enough that both Philippa and Keira turned their eyes away in disgust.

When Harry was done with Triss for the moment, he stood up from the redhead. Always one to help his friends settle their issues, he decided that Philippa could use a good morning snog. So, while a pregnant Triss and hoping to be pregnant, Keira looked on, he closed in on Philippa.

"Take off your clothes, Philippa,"

The sorceress smiled a delicious, wicked grin. Her hands reached up and floated over her bodice, removing every scrap of clothing with her magic.

'I shouldn't be going this fast. I should make him wait and beg. But... that cock. If I don't fuck him soon, he'll focus on the milkmaid and forget all about me,' Philippa thought derisively. Soon, Harry had her legs open wide. She smiled lewdly as her paramour began rubbing his huge wand up and down along her vaginal lips. The black-haired woman smiled and began lathering up her breasts and hips with oil as she squirmed and shifted on the pile of furs beneath her naked body.

"You're too kind, Harry. If Merigold had her way, she would chain us down and make us watch the two of you enjoying yourselves," Philippa purred out, hardly able to let her sharp-tongue have a rest, even when she finally was getting what she wanted.

The Sorceress's fingers moved through the air, creating a tiny ball of blue flame above her now naked body. Her nipples, hard and firm since Harry had said he would give her another load, danced as he slowly rubbed his cock against her labia. After letting out a lewd gasp and working to ignore the instinct to be embarrassed as she prepared to be mounted in front of two peers, Philippa brought the blue ball forward against Harry's tip. Here, the ball of magical essence began pulling and tightening around Harry's crown, helping his body free up some precum as soon as possible. The raven-haired woman continued moving her hand to the motions of the spell. More and more, the magical energy helped awaken the full majesty of Harry's big fat cock. Soon, thanks to her spell, Harry was hard as a hammer and Philippa had coated his member in his precum like a paintbrush soaked in paint.

Further showing her magical acumen, Philippa moved her fingers and manipulating the blue magic to open a small tunnel through its breath. The end of the magical energy orb stretched out and then blew up like a balloon. In the end, the balloon pulled back and floated away. Both Keira and Triss watched as Philippa continued jerking off Harry's cock with her magic while she also floated a bubble of his precum into her waiting mouth. After swallowing Harry's delicious essence, she was just about to pick up the pace when suddenly Harry used some of his own advanced magic to float Philippa up and then spin her around. Startled by the change, the woman with two long ponytails of dark black hair landed on all fours.

"What is the meaning of this? I had control of the situation. You need not have-" Philippa let out a surprised and pleasant groan as Harry's hands grabbed onto her shapely rear.

The young wizard could only hold off his lust for so long. Gripping the sorceress with a fierce animalistic look in his green eyes, Harry immediately jammed his thick crown inside of Philippa's unexpected and unguarded lower lips. No time after that, the wizard's hips began swinging forward and back to start hammering into Philippa doggy-style. "This is so... peasant-like,"

Triss grinned, knowing from the little gasps and grunts already starting to appear in between Philippa's words, the bitch of a sorceress would soon be raving under the spell of Harry's cock. If there was always one woman who liked to keep up the charade she'd curate for so long, even when a massive dick was crashing against the walls of her womb, it was Philippa Eilhart.

Soon, just as the enchantress had predicted, Philippa's long ponytails were dancing through the air while Harry's cock stretched her folds wide. Her nipples looked hard as rocks, and her oiled-up body shimmered in the candlelight as the tip of Harry's cock burned a path against her squishy moist tunnel.

"That's it, Harry. Pound my pussy. Show me your magnificent endurance!"

Triss watched while she gently rubbed her stomach and learned more about what to expect from her book. 'I will not let you steal him away, Philippa. Our cause is united, but that doesn't

mean our standings are equal,' Triss thought while occasionally giving the man who had sired her first child a bit of a disapproving look now and then.

As much as the beautiful redhead's glances seemed to warn him off from Philippa, the woman who still wore an enchanted piece of silk over her eyes was part of their band. She, Triss, Keira, and the others had promised to take Harry back home. Each of the women had earned Harry's trust and his cock naturally. They had fulfilled their obligation, but when Harry discovered that he had the potential to breed the women and had already put a child inside Triss, everything had changed. For the time being, he knew he couldn't go home, and during that time, he hadn't been surprised when Philippa led the charge of all but commanding him to impregnate her. In the end, he'd realized it was pretty unfair of him just to do it with Triss when almost all of the women he'd met wanted to propagate, especially after doing it once.

"Hmmmraaaahh! Yesssuaaahh! Owaraah... ooraah!" Keira had to admit that hearing the austere and impeccable Philippa Eilhart sound less like a woman and more like a she-wolf, barking out to be conquered and mated was at least good for entertaining herself while the blonde awaited her turn. The former Foltest adviser had a range of sensual fascinations to enjoy each time Harry's lathered-up cock drove deep within Philippa's gushing pussy.

'It's so kind of Harry to put on a show for me,' The blonde woman thought, gorging her eyes and her sensual hunger on the sights unfolding in front of her. Triss was always a pleasure to spy on, and now that she was showing a belly bump and losing some of her natural thin shape, Keira had nearly cum the first time she saw the redhead once she began showing. The blonde smiled wickedly, further mesmerizing herself with the knowledge that Triss would be the first one who would have to be put to bed. Then she'll only be able to watch while Harry fucked Keira and the others, again and again.

'Perhaps I should mix up a concoction if only to make sure I get pregnant last. Then all of them will have to enjoy me being used as Harry's one and only fucktoy while the rest of you can only sit and watch!' Keira smiled at the plot in her mind. Her body was now positively brimming with white-hot arousal. When she used her magic to open up her clothes, the blonde immediately began to tremble, feeling just how wet she had become.

"Harry... just keep thrusting... but watch me..." Keira purred out and began vivaciously teasing and then fingerfucking her dripping orifice. The length of the sorceress's arousal was too intense that the lewd 'slapping' and 'squelching' noises of her fingers playing with her folds soon became as loud as the lewd and frenetic smacking noises as Harry bred Philippa.

Harry's glasses threatened to fog up. Placing them to the side, he leaned forward across Philippa's back, missing the delightful sight of Keira fucking herself to oblivion, motivated by her own twisted desires and pleasures. His lips found Philippa's shoulder while his fingers dug into her now sweat-dampened hips. As he kissed and rubbed her, his cock never missed a chance to skewer her molten-hot pussy. Harry's chin and chest rubbed across the pale-skinned

woman's bare back. Philippa's fingers cut into the bedding as her paramour continued ignited a fire warmer than any magic she could produce.

"You're doing as good as ever, Harry. But don't think I'm some poor and innocent village girl, I am a sorceress, and woman of my refinement needs the greatest from her lover's to truly enjoy the fantasy of coitus," Triss knew that Philippa's words were meant to encourage Harry and tease the other sorceress currently unable to have their sex pollinated like a prime flower in the afternoon sun.

Triss smiled at the attempt and then set her eyes on Harry. Once she got eye-contact with her lover, Triss rolled her eyes to the side in a look of pure innocence and then began making hand motions on either side of her head. After miming grabbing something, Triss pulled on the invisible lines and made her best fucked-silly expression.

Harry took her meaning with a grin. Moving his head up and away from Philippa's back, he pulled up his right hand and then gave his feral-sounding partner a nice slap on her ass.

"Ooohuaa.... Oh Harry. So naughty. And bold..."

Naturally, Philippa believed Harry would attempt such a childish-tactic that would not really aid their breeding once more. Instead, he grabbed both of her long, braided ponytails and yanked them back together. Philippa's noble face howled as he discovered another of her weak points. It was like a switch had been turned on inside of her body. As much as she was grunting and moaning like a bitch in heat, her stately and refined words had hardly changed. Now, her pussy took precedence over her brain. When Harry continued pulling, Philippa's mindset became less worried about others' perception of her and transformed into that of a cockhungry cumwench.

"Oh Harry.... Haaaahh.... Aaaaahh... fuck me... fill your whore, Harry... All I want is to pleasure you... Just fuck me.... Fuck yess.... I beg youuaah... just... ahhua... ahhuaa... like... that... uuraaaahaa.... Oowaaahuaahrh..."

Harry's cock soon shoved the wicked raven-haired woman over the edge. Her mouth gaped open, and her spine felt like it was on fire as the cock wedging itself deep against her womb sent a river of lust rushing through her body. Philippa's folds wept with the greatest intensity. Each time she squirted and felt the wind being knocked out of her lungs by Harry's exuberance, it merely made her work harder to tighten up her quivering folds.

"Harry... please... I beg you... let me gaze at you while you fill me up... Faaauaah... I need it Harry... Please!" She couldn't believe how woeful she sounded. 'This cock... it is too much. Each time I believe I can handle it, and each time I am driven mad like a girl at the summer festival!'

Luckily, as she practically knew he would, Harry used his ever-growing knowledge of magic to slowly turn her body around. She ended up having his cock corkscrew within her still gushing

hole. Philippa nearly came again, but this time she could squeeze and pull on her nipples to help sideline the rising font of lust growing within her center.

“Ahah hhuaaah hhhauah... Ohhuwaaahh... Breed me... cum inside my pussy and fill my womb with your seeduaaah!” Philippa all but screeched out as Harry began planting every inch of his girth within her folds. All around his cock, he could feel the pull of the magical woman’s deepest folds and pleats. Her body’s desire to carry a child was as strong as Philippa’s yearning to begin a powerful dynasty of sorceresses.

‘Harry and I shall become the king and queen of the new line! All he has to do is impregnate me!’ Philippa thought while she shifted her legs around Harry’s back and locked them tightly around his lower back. The man fucking her smiled at her with intense green eyes. Philippa could have sworn they looked like there were two pools of blazing emerald. Suddenly, Harry moved his hands, even while he continued shoving his gargantuan length to meet Philippa’s eager womb.

Harry’s hands broke her leg-lock around him. Philippa would have looked frightened and protested, but her mind once again shattered into a thousand pieces.

“Cock... cockuaha... give me cum... Please all of your Cummmuuaaah!” The woman’s two long braids danced as if possessed by a screeching demon. Her tits bounced as well, forming a delicious show while Harry pulled Philippa’s legs apart and impaled his cock into her with reckless abandon. The harder he fucked her, the less Philippa’s noises turned into a continuous cavalcade of primal barks and lustful, girlish cries.

Reeling through her second orgasm in the morning. Philippa’s legs flailed, and her hands once again squeezed and teased her nipples. The pain was to no avail, however. All it did this time was add an extra splash of sizzling energy to her new orgasm. As the sorceress bellowed and gasped, the only silver lining was when her tight, pleat-filled cunt finally managed to milk out Harry’s orgasm.

That first boiling spurt of fast-moving cum sent stars shimmering through Philippa’s magical sight. The pleasure of being fucked so vigorously and used like a back alley whore soon overwhelmed her mind’s eye so much that at times Philippa only saw light and darkness while her squishy insides continued getting reamed by Harry’s titanic rod.

“Harrayaiaaahhha!” Phillipa cried out as each spurt of thick, syrupy cum raced out to fulfill the urge that had until recently never caused her any loss of concentration. Now though, Philippa could barely escape her one-track mind. The now sweaty and cum-filled sorceress did have one hope, that the stallion of a man and her had done what they’d failed to do the first time around.

“Give me a child, Harry,” Philippa softly spewed out as she began stroking her chest. Just beneath, she could still feel the bulge of Harry’s cock as it remained firmly rooted inside of her opening. With her legs raised up and her upper body down, Philippa knew there was a good

chance she had been properly inseminated. Naturally, she kept her pussy as tight as possible to keep Harry's thick cock pleasing her ache for as long as she could.

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..."