

In the morning after meeting Ida, Harry Potter was surprised to find both her and Phillipa eager to go again. Ida kissed him all over when Phillipa rode on the bed. Then they washed off to get cleaned up and Harry ended up fucking Ida while she used some of her elven magic to play with Phillipa's asshole while whipping tiny bands of fire across the raven-haired woman's nipples. They finally managed to get cleaned up and settled down for breakfast. The young wizard hadn't consumed a meal as greedily except for when he enjoyed some of his first meals with Hagrid after finding out he was a wizard. Cumming in a sorceress and a sage was hard work, not that he minded.

Unfortunately, while relations between Ida and Phillipa had improved, Ida revealed that she did not have the knowledge to help them. Fortunately, she had an idea of someone who could help them.

"Queen Francesca Findabair. If there is an elf alive who knows the arcane ways to travel between worlds and bring you back to your home, the queen is the best chance you have Harry." Ida said, her expression still slightly sharp towards him. The sage's expression softened slightly, and her green eyes dipped away from his face before slowly moving back up.

"Forgive me Harry. I still see your ears. But you are no Dh'oine. Not from our world at least."

"Next time you could just trust my word. I told you as much before your first release last night..." Phillipa said, seemingly marveling at her own plan. The elf with long red hair slowly turned back to her.

"All is not forgiven or forgotten Phillipa. Harry is an innocent, cast adrift by powerful magic. You have crimes that will need to be revisited another day." Ida said, the momentary ease to her expression removed as quickly as it had arrived when she looked at Phillipa.

Phillipa nearly scoffed but remembered that she needed to be diplomatic for Harry's sake. "Then you must take us to Francesca."

"I will bring you before the Queen. And *you* Phillipa, will remember to afford her the respect you arrogantly believe yourself entitled to. A failed leader is no proper match for a Queen of the Aen Seidhe." The elven sage of incredible beauty declared sharply to her one-time peer.

Phillipa gave a short nod before casually popping a few grapes into her mouth. Like Harry she was more than a bit winded and was not about to go to the highest of the elf bitches without at least some food in her stomach.

A short time after, the three were brought to Queen Francesca Findabair's throne. As Harry entered the room, he found that it had a simple elegance that he wasn't really expecting. He had figured that these elves, unlike the elves he had met in his own world would have a taste for grander things. Yet as he moved closer to the beautiful blonde woman in front of him, the grandest thing beside her beauty was the throne that she sat in. Set in front of a long curtain at the back of the throne room, the throne appeared to have two branches reaching forward like great upraised wings. Throne and curtain formed a backdrop of a beautiful portrait of one of the most beautiful visions that Harry had ever seen. Sitting in front of him was a woman who could not have been more than thirty, and yet, she was the Queen of all the elves in the area he was at, including those wearing armor and holding swords and other weapons.

The guards had not forbade them entrance to the Queen, not with someone like Ida leading the trio. All the same, they were quire alert, seemingly begging Phillipa or the Dh'oine to make one wrong move so that they could fall upon them like assassins in the night.

"Your highness." The redheaded sage began.

"It is a great gift to be in your presence once again Queen Francesca Findabair of the Aen Seidhe..." Phillipa said before dipping her eyes and giving the smallest of bows to the enthralling Queen sitting in front of her.

"I... I am honored to stand before you Queen Francesca." Harry said, reciting the introduction exactly as Ida had instructed him to. Well not exactly. Phillipa didn't believe that the queen needed to be bothered with her full title twice. 'We don't have all day Harry.' Phillip had told him as they moved to where the Queen waited.

"I welcome you all. Though I am very surprised Ida. I thought we cut all ties with the Lodge, and yet I see this one, the one who could not complete her task. A sorceress who lost her eyes to those without a drop of magic in their blood. I see her, and I see another Dh'oine that I have never met before. Please explain..." Francesca's tone was at the same time sharp as it was pleasing to Harry's ears. He knew of one thing, that no matter what, he did not want to disappoint the woman with blonde hair styled in side by side buns sitting in front of him. Not one bit.

"What I would say is best done away from others my Queen." Ida said. To Harry's surprise, the guards turned in unison and departed from the area without a single word from the Queen.

"You have my attention Ida. But I hope that this is truly as important as you believe it is." Francesca declared as she leaned forward barely an inch from the back of her chair as she looked at the black haired human standing in front of her. He didn't seem like much, only a scar and a strange set of spectacles separated from hundreds of humans she had seen in her lifetime.

"Your majesty this is Harry Potter. He appears Dh'oine but he is actually not from our world. After his arrival, he has been generous enough to aide Triss Merigold. Phillipa and many others from vicious witch hunters scouring the land for any with magic running through their veins. For all his work, Phillipa journey with him to find a way to bring him back home."

"Why do I suspect a trap Phillipa. He looks like any other human. Am I really to believe you care enough about getting him back home? Even if what you say is true, the world is in flames. One life is not this important."

"He is special Francesca. I would recommend you *test* him. You will clearly see that he is not of this world." Phillipa declared, doing her best to keep a smile from forming on her lips. She was quite surprised when Ida nodded.

"Normally I am not inclined to agree with Phillipa, but an intimate test of Harry will help show he is unlike any of the men on this world." Ida said, owing to the fact that even some of the lowest of the Dh'oine in their world had been raised and groomed to treat elves with at the very least, mild disdain. She sensed that Harry had never harbored any such feelings.

“Now that is rather interesting. Very well, Potter. I will test you...” The pure-blooded elf woman said, her eyes drinking in the man standing in front of her.

Harry looked at Phillipa and Ida, unsure exactly what to do. The sage eventually gave him a nod and the young wizard moved forward. His feet paused when he was standing about twenty inches from the Queen. Harry couldn't believe it, but her beauty appeared to have increased even more when he drew close to her. In front of the queen and her wooden throne, the boy who lived, waited.

“Have you ever attended to a queen before?” Francesca said, shifting her legs slightly underneath her blue and red regal attire. The young lad was handsome enough, but still paled in comparison to many of her lovers, or even those that would have caught the eye of Phillipa or Ida. *What makes him so special?* The Queen wondered to herself once again.

Harry shook his head. “No ma'am – I mean, your highness.” Harry said quickly. As he stood there, he could tell something was off. It felt – strange, like he was in the middle of a storm but there was no clouds or weather around him. The sensation reminded him of his experience thinking back to times when he was a child, before he knew magic. It was as if he knew something was different, or that something was happening, but he had no clue as to what exactly it was.

The impression that Harry was feeling was actually the Elf Queen's doing. To be more exact, he was feeling the raw power that exuded from the beautiful woman with hair the color of an Alder tree. Francesca's magic was not just enveloping Harry, it was probing him as well, looking for some deception, or something that would give the queen reason to actually keep him in her presence a little longer. So far, she found nothing and decided that the least she could do was put him to good use.

“Dh'oine. Where you come from, are there men who serve women sexually? Where the woman is in complete control?” Francesca's lips curled into a small smile when he actually blushed in front of her. *There is no way this one is a virgin is he? No – not with how Phillipa has been staring at him this whole time.* The Queen thought before she turned her complete focus to Harry.

“I don't know. I didn't know people were into that sort of thing. But, if that is what you want, and you'll send me home, I'll do it.” Harry replied easily. Letting her be in control seemed a small price to be able to get back to his home.

Francesca smiled and then started to shift the material of her dress with her magic. Harry watched as the fabric of her dress was pulled neatly to the side to reveal the Queen's legs. They were bare all the way down to her shoes while her sex was guarded by a pair of the most aesthetically pleasing panties he had ever seen in his life. The work of art was made of soft white lace with various designs of flowers in soft shades of red and green. While the Queen's dress had been removed by magic, her panties stayed exactly where they were.

“I will need to hear you beg Dh'oine. Beg and please me and perhaps one day I shall show you the way to your home...”

Harry took the cue from the queen and settled down onto his knees in front of her. He reached out one hand slowly. When his fingers were just above her milky white flesh, he gradually brought the pads of his fingertips down to the smooth flesh of Francesca's leg.

“Please help me great Queen. I don’t belong in this world.” Harry said, his fingers slowly moving down to her knee before he reversed his course. The young wizard nothing from the pure-blood elf still sitting in front of him. Francesca’s eyes betrayed nothing. There was no quiver or sound from her mouth and it spurred Harry to simply press on and he reached out his left hand to settle on the queen’s other leg.

Francesca watched the human. Nothing much had changed since he first started rubbing her legs, apart from the fact that not many Dh’oine would have touched her without believing it was some sort of trap. Harry was either brave, foolish or somehow ignorant. His actions did lend support to what Phillipa and Ida said, but Francesca would not be fooled herself.

“I don’t hear you begging anymore human. Perhaps you are not serious about your ques. Perhaps you are nothing but a pawn, someone meant to distract me from some new plot of Phillipa’s-” The queen’s voice turned into a growl as she finished her last sentence. Her leafy green eyes looked up towards Phillipa, but for all her power, she felt nothing insidious from Phillipa, at least as far as Harry was concerned. When she was distracted, Harry started moving closer, kissing his way along the inside of her thighs. When he got closer to her panties, Francesca felt the first sliver of pleasure seeping into her body. She let out no moan, but the touch of his lips so close to her sex did bring her focus back to the young wizard with messy black hair.

Harry’s green eyes looked up at Francesca as he felt another shiver from her flesh. He continued to kiss her smooth flesh while his fingers never left her legs. Flying lazily and in disjointed patterns, the surface of his digits constantly rubbed and slid along as much of Francesca’s flesh as he could reach. Bit by bit, her flesh was warming to his touch. When her body shivered again, he swore he actually detected a whiff of her scent. The fragrance drifted through the queen’s panties as he pulled back from a new kiss on the inside of her thigh.

“I am begging you your Highness. Whatever I can do, I will. Just help me get back home...” Harry said before inching his way a little closer towards Francesca’s panties. He was about to reach for them when suddenly, the elf queen’s underwear washed away. Every bit of the fabric turned into floating petals of green magic as the queen’s bare pussy was revealed to him.

“Continue Harry Potter. Show me just how much you want to return home.” Francesca declared. At this point, she was more than confident that Harry was not a human of her world. Of course, she wasn’t going to say no to having him serve her a bit before she granted him the kind of boon he needed to get home. Her body was more than warm now and she could feel some of her juices leaking freely from her pussy as Harry’s hot breath continued washing over her sensitive breath. He did not disappoint her, and quickly enough she felt his lips on her labia while his noise brushed close to her clitoris.

The first moan that came from her mouth must have startled Phillipa and Ida. The two tensed up, seemingly worried it was the harbinger of something bad. Soon enough they relaxed, noticing the new look of lust starting to make its way into Francesca’s eyes. She did not care about them watching in the slightest. She had copulated with others watching before; Ida had even been one of the observers and participants on one occasion. Francesca moaned out as Harry continued licking and lapping away at her pussy. Soon enough he put his tongue to good use and pressed it inside of her nether regions. Her legs closed in a bit towards his head, but Harry pressed back against her.

The Queen of the Elves found it cute that the human thought he could keep her legs open with just his hands alone. For the moment, the queen was either uninterested in a show of force, or simply enjoyed

the young man's behavior as his tongue continued sliding and exploring the inside of her vaginal opening.

Harry continued working away at the elf woman's pussy. His own sex was starting to awaken and throb. His fingers continued pressing out against Francesca's legs until he decided to enhance his magic. Releasing his left hand, the young wizard reached his fingers out to start stroking the elven leader's clit while his tongue continued wiggling left and right inside of the first few inches of her pussy. He no longer begged with his words and was enjoying this new practice as the sharp-tongued queen continued to moan as her body shivered from his touch.

Francesca was surprised when the amount of her moans started turning from a trickle to a flood as Harry ate out every bit of her delicious pussy. *How is he making me feel this good?* the Queen thought while she noticed that Phillipa and Ida were now settled down near the throne and undressing each other with their own magic. Francesca felt that she should do the same, not only to mirror the other women in the room, but to free up her breasts from her clothing so that she could play with her nipples while Harry continued to pleasure her.

When Harry noticed that Francesca's clothing was floating off her body just like her panties, he allowed himself a small grin before he drove his tongue back inside of her pussy. It looked like he was winning, and it tasted like that as well. The Queen's juices were flowing from her slit at a rapid rate compared to when he had started. When her entire body was exposed to him, Harry's cock and his entire body throbbed with sexual energy. His hands reached down to grab at his belt. Just about as he had undone his buckle, he found his own clothes dematerializing before his eyes. Soon he was as naked as the Elf Queen seated in front of him.

Francesca gave the Dho'ine no words. She unlike him, would never beg, but her green eyes did lock onto him with an expectant look as he inched closer. The tool of the man was rather impressive. She was eager to test it out, but she still had yet to see anything truly special. When Harry leaned forward and pressed his cock inside of her, she gasped lewdly and spread her legs nice and wide. It gave the young, bold man a nice view of her pussy taking him, but it also worked to tighten her vaginal opening along every inch of his thick crown.

"Prove your worth to me other-worlder." Francesca said, a horny smile forming on her lips as her body started hungering for the young man's cum the moment he started sinking more than his crown into her hole. Her tunnel quaked with growing energy. Warm liquid desire poured out from her slit as Harry's large cock continued spreading her nice and wide. Harry soon started pounding the Queen against her chair. The rush it created in her body was fiery and just on the precipice of painful. It felt like each new thrust of his cock was igniting new blasts of magic nice and deep within her pussy while his cock continued punching closer towards her womb.

While the young wizard continued plundering the Queen's royal pussy, Ida and Phillipa busied themselves on the ground near the ornate elfish throne. Resuming her normal domineering behavior, Phillipa had her hands wound up tightly in elven sage's long red hair. Currently, the bitch of a sorceress was using both her hand and her magic to keep Ida plastered to her pussy. As the elf woman started probing her nether lips with her tongue, Phillipa smiled greedily while she tweaked and played with her nipples as she watched Harry's true strength starting to come out. Each of his thrusts was making both Francesca and her throne bounce. The sight was barbaric, and it stirred something deep in Phillipa. She

wanted even more of that. No more 'nice young wizard', but a man at the height of passion as he did his best to balance out her great sexual hunger.

"Ouwaaahh... yes.... Yes Harry. At the very least, your cock is of...huwaahh some use. Quickly, sit down... I need to properly ride you..." Francesca declared, partially because she wanted to change position, but mostly because she didn't want to orgasm as she was literally fucked against her throne. Even as her mind swelled with passion and her body hungered for cum, she still had some sense of decorum.

Harry nodded, and quickly settled in on the throne, only to find the royal elf practically jumping onto his lap. Francesca rested her legs out on the arms of her throne and then quickly lowered her body back down to meet Harry's member. The instant that her lips parted to take Harry's long hard prick back inside of her bare pussy, it felt like one of her last seals had broken. Her nipples rose out towards the roof of the structure as her moans turned wanton and undisciplined. Very quickly the last vestiges of control were failing Francesca as easily as she had removed her clothing with a simple spell.

Her nice full breasts bounced and were occasionally played and teased with by Harry as he picked up his speed. The Elf Queen could feel his head pressing inside of her. It somehow felt thicker, and definitely hotter than when he had first started fucking her quivering sex. He was getting closer.

"Yes... fuck me... give me all of your strength. Prove yourself to me with your great hard manhood... Do this... Ouwaahhh... do this anduaahh." Despite herself, Francesca found herself short on breath and unable to even form a simple retort as she felt Harry's cock driving like a sword into her most sensitive and hungry flesh. Each new thrust found the Dh'oine's cock reaching closer to her womb and the beautiful woman smiled, craving that intense burst of heat nice and deep within her body. She was past breeding age for her people, but she still enjoyed the simple pleasure accompanied by the ritual of mating.

When Harry's started plunging inside of her pussy, the usually astute queen found herself unable to guard her tongue. She moaned like some tavern wench when a sailor threw himself on top of her after returning from a voyage. Her hands even flew up after on particularly thunderous penetration. As she cried out, Francesca's fingers gripped Harry by his neck and hair as his cock stated losing its regular patterns of thrusts. Instead, as the passion in Francesca's stomach rose to volcanic levels, the young magic user's thrusts became wild and chaotic. Normally Francesca would never have admitted her acute hunger for such things, but right now, she was little more than a horny sextoy for the boy who lived.

"Yes... cumm... Harry... I order you.... Fuwaaahhh... give me... I... you must deposit your cumahh... in.... insideeeuaaaaah!!!

As Francesca cried out, Phillipa took particular pleasure in watching Harry Potter start filling up every inch of Her Royal Bitchiness with his boiling hot cum. She knew that feeling all too well and was actually more than a little bit jealous as she watched some of his thick seed spilling out of Francesca as both of them continued flying through the high of their orgasm.

Francesca was still moaning and Harry still just trying to keep breath in his lungs when there was a crack followed by the sound of rumbling thunder. The queen's eyes snapped to attention, followed shortly by Phillipa, Ida and Harry. Triss Merigold stepped forward and gave a quick bow to Francesca. As if her mind had been restarted, Triss' eyes narrowed on who was behind Francesca and that she was naked.

“Oh no...” Triss said, and it was only at that moment that all three of the powerful magic women realized something felt different when they sensed Triss through their magic. They sensed not one life, but two...

Francesca quickly removed herself from Harry. The quickness in her movement and no attempt whatsoever to close her vaginal lips caused a great deluge of the cum to fall from her. The thick white seed from Harry's balls poured out, staining her throne and the ground of the room. Of course, the Queen didn't need magic to know that there was still plenty left within her womb.

While the Queen looked more than a bit taken aback, Phillipa couldn't help but give a dark smile as Triss went over to Harry to explain the difference that he did not sense. Harry looked quite confused, but Phillipa wasn't interested in that. All that she was interested in now was the incredible gift that had now been revealed to her and only a few others. It was a gift that if, properly nurtured might allow her to complete the great goals she had set out to accomplish so many years before...