

'I cannot get out,'

She couldn't escape the darkness. Panic gripped her while her fingers failed around her. Her body couldn't push or break free of the unseeable goop or amber. When the woman tried extending her claws, even those failed her.

'It can't be! Not again!'

The feeling of being unable to break free only compounded the damage done to her when those mysterious raiders chased after them. Laura had been completely caught off-guard and shocked by them. It wasn't just a harrowing escape, with Harry's arm being savaged by a harpoon. Laura had felt the being's power, it felt so close to the energy of demons who had held her prisoner as their toy for so long. Now Laura feared what would happen to her Master if the creatures were more powerful than Harry.

She couldn't think and each breath fell shakily from her lips. Brazen hate formed in her belly, but no amount of rage or old trick that came to her mind helped to free her from the state. When Laura thought back to the point where she'd left the demonic influences behind, she remembered the solemn promise she'd made to herself.

'I will not be bound again! No matter what happens,'

Some small part of her mind did hold firmly on a small candle of light nearby. This time, Laura wasn't alone when threatened by something she could not beat and did not understand. Of course, it remained to be seen whether these new companions would be able to stand against the new threat they now faced.

Assembled nearby, the rest of the mutant's companions occasionally glanced towards the black-haired warrior. Laura was effectively catatonic when they pulled her out of the snow after they had crashed through several feet of snow. Nothing, not even a spell had worked to break her mind free of its shackles so far. It made Ginny sigh out worriedly as she pulled long golden-red hair from her face. The brave woman was finding it harder and harder to keep her hopes up. She didn't know what world they were meant to arrive at, but this one felt harsh and cold. None of them had been prepared for the harsh extreme of the weather.

Sure, they would be able to create some additional clothes in time, but just getting everyone out of the snow and seeing to Harry's wounds reduced their resources and will considerably. The harpoon itself stung any of the witches who tried to extract it. Pei activated a rune and her arms turned into rocky, volcanic extensions of her body. Even then, she screamed in anguish, but she did manage to rip the projectile free from Harry's muscle and bone.

Hermione went to work after that, guiding her and Ginny's magic to do their best to stop the bleeding and start rebuilding his arm. It took both women a considerable amount of magic to save his life, but in the end, Ginny's will, and Hermione's extensive knowledge of spells made sure that Ginny's husband and the future father of Hermione's child would survive.

"What I wouldn't give for a bottle of Skele-Gro right now," Hermione said with a faint smile. Her bushy hair looked like a mess as she labored over her friend and lover.

Harry coughed and winced and then adjusted his glasses before shaking his head. "I'd rather drink Polyjuice potion again," Ginny smiled down at him, touching his damp black hair and kissing his forehead.

"It's that stubbornness that means you'll keep getting injured like this," Ginny said quietly while stroking her husband's lightning-shaped scar. Harry just smiled at her and gripped the redhead's hand firmly. Meanwhile Hermione let out a grunt as she put her wand to work once again. The wise witch realized that some part of the harpoon had been enchanted, making it much harder to triage the wound than any other she'd helped with.

By the time they managed to stop the flowing of blood, night fell around them and only Fleur had enough magic to make them a shelter, a task easier said than done. The French witch was skilled, but not in the manner of building a hut, let alone a basic lean-to with her skills. Ginny ended up walking her through a few spells that the Weasley children picked up while living in the Burrow.

"There you go, you have it, Fleur," Ginny said with a limp smile as she watched the woman turning the pile of snow into something else entirely. Under the redhead's direction, the blonde crafted an expansive igloo with an insulated interior. A small cooking area sprouted up, followed by several sleeping bags and pillows to help Harry recover while they would also catch some sleep.

Pei took up a guard post outside. She had hoped to be alone, to suffer the occasional hard bracing breeze. Fleur and Ginny had created some cold-weather gear to take the sting off but pulling down some of the material exposed her lips, cheeks, and nose. The cold whipping across her face hurt, but she made no move to cover up.

'I deserve this and more. I couldn't protect Harry from them. What if he died?'

She heard the heavy fur barrier covering up the entrance shift. Her misty-blue eyes turned over, expecting to see Ginny so that she could receive an earful. Instead, she found the lovely blonde woman smiling at her and holding a bowl of very good-smelling soup.

"Pei, zu ar going to catch your death out here. Pleaz cum in," Fleur said gently and warmly.

Pei nodded at her. "I will soon. But someone should keep an eye out,"

Fleur looked at her for a moment and then handed Pei the bowl of magically created soup. "Very well. But eat at least. We need you to keep your strength up. Do you know where are anyhow?"

"It could be two places, I am not sure," She exhaled deeply and then grabbed the spoon in the soup and took a zip. Her cheeks flushed from the heat, and the incredible taste. Ginny's mother had certainly gifted her daughter with a great boon.

"Iz what vy zu are so ashamed right now? Cause I can hear zit in your voice, Pei. And in ze vay you stand..." Fleur said as she watched the strange woman for a moment.

Pei let out a laugh that was full of fake mirth. "You might be right. That is two escapes now that nearly cost us a life. When I started my quest, I never imagined that we would run into so many dangers. It was supposed to be simpler, like the other tasks,"

“These zar tasks given to zu by zee Starmother, yes?” the beautiful woman with luxurious golden hair asked.

Pei took another sip of the soup. “Yes. There is a ritual that must be done, to safeguard the galaxy. If Harry and I can’t do it, the ancient vault will break apart,”

“And zat would be very bad...”

She nodded again towards the inquiring French woman. “Terrible. Not even I know everything that would happen. But that is why we must press on, dangers or no...”

Fleur nodded, but then her mind returned to Harry and the still despondent Laura. It was hard for Fleur to see the light at the end of the tunnel at that moment. But she knew that Harry was strong, probably the strongest wizard she had ever met.

‘It is not in him to accept defeat, and neither will I...’

Fleur steeled herself and then pinched Pei’s upper arm lightly. “I believe zhat zu vill not let us down, Pei. And all of uz ar no strangers to danger. Ve vill help you complete your quest...”

Pei sniffed and the faintest smile formed, if only for a moment. Soon the bodacious blonde turned and went back inside of the shelter. The woman who traveled the stars felt a small measure of relief. She had fully expected all of their frustration and anger after Harry had been injured to land on her, the same way it had when she’d tried to help Laura completely exorcise her demons.

Still, she couldn’t help but sigh out heavily. In the morning, she would need to find the nearest settlement to them. They needed answers before they traveled again. But she was still a little lost and fearful about just where they had landed. Of course, hovering over those worries was the knowledge that the hunters who attacked them in between worlds would not stop their hunt.

‘And stopping them would not be easy either...’

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The next morning, the group was greeted by a strange sight. It almost looked like someone was surfing across the snow. They saw some kind of figure, and they were fairly sure that she was wearing a crown or something, with a cape billowing behind her as she flew across the blanket of soft whiteness. The wizard and witches prepared their wands while Pei prepared a new rune spell. The morning brought no reprieve for Laura however, and she simply stood in Harry’s shadow while the figure moved closer and closer.

The stranger got within range of their spells. Fleur’s wand raised up, along with Hermione’s while Pei closed her eyes, preparing to summon the magic from within her body. But then, Harry let out a chuckle and waved them off.

“It’s all right. She’s actually a friend,”

“Friend? What?” Pei asked quickly, fearing that somehow, Harry had finally broken from the shock of his injury before. It wouldn’t have been too much of a surprise. He had been through so many harrowing injuries after all.

'It must be a stiff-upper lip thing. Whatever that means,'

Fortune ended up being with them however, as Harry's declaration was right on the galleons. Arriving via some magic of her own was none other than Queen Elsa of Arendale, someone that both Harry and Ginny were familiar with.

'Of course, they met a Queen from another realm,' Pei thought privately to herself. It made no sense to her, and when she asked, Harry and Ginny simply said they had met at a delightful hotel during their honeymoon.

In the end, it mattered little since Elsa was there to help them. Pei watched with astonishment as the woman crafted an entire sleigh out of the snow around them. The material went from powdery snow into hardened ice, and soon enough, the group zoomed across the open expanse of frozen land at an incredibly fast pace.

"I did not expect to meet *you* two out here, but I am happy to see you. It's been too long," Elsa said to Ginny and Harry. The Ice Queen with soft-white hair stood in between the witch and the wizard, enjoying the slight warmth of their bodies on her creamy skin. Ginny smiled and her eyes gave Elsa a excited look before glancing towards Harry. The Queen was actually one of the first girls that Ginny had brought in to help deal with her husband's great power. Some time had passed since their meeting, but it was clear that all three remembered the encounter fondly.

So it was that they soon arrived in Elsa's castle, an impressive construction of ice and snow. Hermione herself marveled at the towers and shapes. When she asked how it kept its structure, the Queen informed her that each day, she had cast new spells and protection into the central core of the castle, ensuring it would stand. It was inside of the castle where Harry's wounds were further healed, and the group found respite once more.

As their convalescence continued, Pei informed the group, and Elsa once Harry and Ginny vouched for her, that they had not arrive at the place she'd hoped for. Still, she remained hopeful, noting that with the Orb of Dragonkind, she sensed that they could find a Dragon without using a portal. She recruited Hermione to help her, while Fleur and Ginny mostly spent their focus on trying to get Laura back to normal.

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One night, Elsa shared dinner with Ginny and Harry. The Queen of Arendelle asked them to join her on their own because she had a delicate proposal to bring to the couple. Given the looks that Elsa kept giving towards the newly recovered wizard, neither Ginny nor Harry was surprised when the white-haired beauty cut to the chase.

"I would like Harry to give me a child. If that is all right with the two of you," It wasn't the strangest request Ginny had heard since she started sharing her husband with other women, but she still had to struggle to hold onto her fork.

Harry's body pulled back from the table and his eyes landed on Ginny. Naturally, she was already okay with him fucking other women, including those they traveled with, but what Elsa wanted was something else. Something they'd never really ironed out, not that either felt the need to.

“Forgive me, Elsa. I’m not exactly sure you’ve thought this through,” Ginny offered as she set down her fork.

The Ice Queen clasped her fingers together. “I’ve been thinking about it since the first awkward council meeting when my advisers turned red as beats trying to talk to me about it. ‘The Kingdom needs an heir,’” Elsa said the last sentence in a funny, blustering voice, an imitation of one of her councilors.

Ginny chuckled, imagining the funny image. Then, her mind returned to what they were discussing. ‘She really wants to have a child with Harry. Well... I cannot say I blame here,’ The woman gently touched her husband’s arm and gave the Ice Queen a bit of a half-hearted expression between friendliness and directness.

“To be clear, it is not as though Harry will stay here, Elsa. One day, we’ll both be returning to our children,”

Elsa smiled and then took a sip of wine. “Of course. I shouldn’t have to remind either of you that... *me* getting impregnated was not an issue *earlier*,” the Queen declared.

All three adults exchanged smiles, recalling just how many times Harry filled Elsa’s pussy with his warm cum before. Come to think of it, it was quite a surprise she hadn’t gotten knocked up the first time. Her and her sister.

At the thought of both beautiful women, the wizard’s sensual appetite stirred. He looked at Elsa who in turn gave him a sensual smirk and brushed her hand on his shoulder, opposite Ginny’s hand. His green eyes glanced back and forth between both lovely woman and Harry grinned.

‘I should make sure everything still works after my injury,’ With that, the muscular man started things off by kissing his wife. There was no more need for discussion in his mind. The three of them were all adults with an understanding of what Elsa wanted. His lips pushed hard on Ginny’s mouth, leaving her breathless before Harry turned his attention towards Elsa. Unfortunately, when he kissed the woman with piercing eyes and bleached-white hair, his lips burned with a sudden shock of cold coming from her skin.

“Blimey,” Harry said as he quickly pulled back. Elsa’s eyes suddenly grew wide at the realization.

“Oh no! No. No! Sorry, Harry. I forgot that we’re in my home now... My powers are much stronger than when we first met...” She stroked his shoulder apologetically. Ginny started imagining that Elsa’s wishes were finished before they started. It would be hard to knock her up if they couldn’t kiss her... and more...

Of course, Harry wasn’t going to let a small thing like that get in the way. He rushed out of the Queen’s bedroom and easily located Hermione in the library. The bushy-haired woman was slightly confused by his request, but within ten minutes, Harry burst back into the room and picked up his wand before aiming it at himself to cast a powerful protection charm on himself.

This time when he kissed Elsa, he felt some cold, but it soon melted in the face of their rising passions. Elsa’s eyes closed and her fingers dragged over his shoulders and thick black hair as she drank in the wizard’s powerful scent. ‘He is not just handsome, but resourceful too. I’ve made a great decision,’

After making out with Elsa, his lips returned to his wife while Ginny used her own wand to cast a charm on herself. Then, she started moaning against her husband's lips while her eager hands began climbing over his body to quickly strip him out of his clothes. Nearby, Elsa's delicately removed her crystalline-blue dress, revealing her milky-white flesh and the icecaps of her soft pink nipples.

Harry's strong arms pulled the eager Queen up to him and he kissed her like a ferocious tiger as Ginny moved around behind her. The Quidditch player's fingers swam up Elsa's shapely ass and then she nibbled and bit on Elsa's shoulder before driving a finger along the curve of her asscheeks.

Elsa whimpered and moaned as she felt Ginny's warm fingers pushing into her leaking pussy while Harry's tongue warmed up her mouth. When Harry left her in the care of his wife, Elsa's moans turned into soft, whimpering sighs of pleasure as the redhead fingered her vigorously. However, the leader of her own country was not used to being played with like a submissive girl. Harry watched both women vie for dominance for a moment.

Neither stopped the other from fingering each other's pussy, which ended up having them both face each other, kissing their lips feverously to cover up desire-filled moans. Wet-slapping noises blanketed the space as both Ginny and Elsa's sexes became wet as melting ice. During a small pause to relax their hands, Ginny laughed playfully at the Queen and kissed down her neck.

"Please allow me, your Highness. We have to get your pussy nice and loose for Harry's big wand. It's been a long time since you had him last..." Despite her need to remain strong, Elsa couldn't fault the logic. Soon enough, she felt herself reduced to a crying and shivering conduit for pleasure thanks to the Quidditch player's skilled fingers.

Ginny moved back and Harry moved up to spread Elsa's legs when she placed a hand on his chest. "No..."

Harry stopped, looking at her with confusion. Elsa simply smiled at him and then reached out towards Ginny. "You should take care of your wife first, Harry. She is a very generous... and beautiful woman..."

The couple didn't waste any time after that. Sliding into place on a purple, plush couch, Harry guided his big, juicy inside of Ginny from behind. The redhead winced and moaned, feeling as if the native coldness of the world had made her lips tighter than usual. Soon enough, the heat from Harry's massive prick driving deeper and deeper inside of her helped thaw any chill from inside of her pleated tunnel.

Then, it was like she was enjoying the most blissful pleasure. Her snug passage quaked around her Husband's intensely-stimulating cock each time Harry's tip sank close to the edge of her womb. Her fingers struggled to hold up her leg as his balls began grinding and tickling her inner thighs.

"Ohuuah... Fuck... yes... Fuck Harry... Ooouahh!" Her moans flowed from her lips in the same way as her juices slushed forth from her twitching vaginal walls. Soon, she felt her orgasm rearing its head, but she had yet to feel any sign that her beau was losing his own focus. Craving for a distraction, Ginny moved her other hand to her lips and bit on her thumb to distract her from the pleasure. The pain allowed her to put her mind to center on something else beside the pleasure rocking her most intimate spots.

Elsa smiled when she found Ginny's bright, overjoyed eyes land on her. The woman's white hair was coming loose from its stylish hold, and she occasionally had to brush stray strands of white from her

chilling eyes so that she didn't miss a moment of the action. It was awfully hard for her not to give into her hunger and wrench Ginny off so that she could feel Harry's cock stabbing deep into her horny cunny.

So, Elsa did the proper thing and waited, but she did a very improper thing to keep her pleasure occupied until her slit could enjoy the of a truly excellent cock stuffing her velvet cooler. She crafted two nipple rings out of ice. The immediate pinching of her flesh had her hissing for a moment, but soon enough, a playful tug turned into constant pulling while her other hand slid down and buffeted her pussy with attention as well. Elsa's entire frame began shivering and shaking as the heat of her arousal trickled free from deep within her core.

The Ice Queen was on the precipice of cumming when Harry's cock lost its even tempo. His grunts filled his wife's ear, and she looped her arm around his neck, never letting him go far. With each new thrust, Ginny's breath frosted the air, all the way up to the point when Harry's cum began frosting her womb.

"Harryiaaah! Yes! Ohhuaha-huah-ooouha... M-Morgana's cunt it's so warm..." Part of her had feared that the frigid environment around them that had her nipples hard all the time might stop her husband's sperm from being as brilliantly warm as usual. Her expectations were proved wrong repeatedly and soon Ginny's entire body convulsed in the powerful grip of her orgasm.

Elsa bit her lip and stopped playing with her nipple rings and excited clit as she watched Harry's length stirring up Ginny's vessel with slower... but no less powerful thrusts. Finally, he pulled his massive and still throbbing length free from Ginny's aching hole, giving Elsa a front row seat to his thick creampie as she fell to her knees. Like a hungry cub at the teat, the Ice Queen leaned in and pushed her tongue nice and deep inside of Ginny's melting pussy.

"Mrwaahmm... as tasty as ever, Harry..." Elsa moaned out. She felt a wave of embarrassment, seeing how horny she'd become, but that didn't stop her from sneakily putting a hand between her legs to fuck herself while she continued licking and slurping up some of the excess from the first load of cum, she hoped to see this evening. Once she'd sucked up her full of Harry's seed, Elsa's eyes gave both Harry and Ginny a dazzling look while she gently plunged a finger inside of Ginny's cum-filled orifice.

From there, she pulled back and then stroked the cum into an old symbol. The whiteish cream marked her belly, just above the spot where her womb lay. Marking herself in the fashion made her body even more ravenous than it was before. The woman's pussy drooled like a free-flowing waterfall, and she knew that no finger or icicle would satisfy her lust now.

Harry gently moved off the couch and then rubbed the spot just above where Elsa had put the marking. His hand moved up and he squeezed and rubbed her tits, further exciting the deep-seated arousal pulsing inside of her thin form.

"What's that?"

"Oh... just a mark from some old wives' tale, but maybe it will help," Elsa admitted, practically purring at Harry each time his hands played with her nipples and the icy rings still attached. The handsome adonis gave her a quick smirk before tugging once on her left nipple ring. Behind him, Ginny was still gasping and panting from her orgasm while his cum slowly leaked out of her pussy. Now the time had come for the Queen of Arendelle to enjoy the same gift.

"Well then. Let's put it to the test..."