

“MMM MMM MMM MMM!” Ciri’s muffled screams echoed through the room, drowned out only by the sound of Harry’s powerful hips slapping against her ass again and again.

His long, thick cock was stretching her pussy wonderfully, driving her wilder and wilder with each long, hard stroke, and she knew that her squeals of pleasure would have reached across their entire island by now if not for how occupied her mouth was. Despite the mind-melting pleasure wracking her brain as she soared towards yet another blistering peak, she was managing to remain focused on eating out the gorgeous blonde in front of her. It was the least she could do, given that the woman was letting her husband reduce her mind to mind.

“Oh, you’re so good at that!” Luna moaned, her nails pricking Ciri’s scalp as she held her face to her dripping cunt.

“She should be, with all the practice she gets,” Harry chuckled, his grip on Ciri’s hips tightening.

He might have feared that his fingers would leave bruises on her pale skin if either of them were normal, but he was more than capable of healing her if he did, and she was so much tougher than most. Her squelching cunt clung to him tightly, her powerful inner muscles squeezing around him each time he drew back, milking him in a way that would have made a lesser man cum already. His stamina was far beyond most, though even he was starting to reach his limits for this round. The sheen of sweat making her smooth skin glow under the soft light of their bedroom was nearly as much of a sign of how long they’d been going at it as the veritable puddle under them.

“S...suck on my clit, Ciri,” Luna begged, squeaking when the ashen-haired beauty did so. “Oh, don’t stop, don’t stop!”

Harry smiled at his wife and smirked when he felt their lover’s quim start to flutter around him. Determined to get her off one more time before he filled her to the brim, he gritted his teeth and forced himself to hold on, something that wasn’t made any easier when he heard Luna cum.

“YES!” the short blonde squealed in pleasure, her back arching off the bed as her orgasm hit hard.

“Oh, fuck, I’m...ahhh...close!” Ciri cried, looking back at him.

Harry cupped her cheek, the very one Luna had healed when they first met, and grinned before grabbing her braid and pulling her hair, making her cry out and slap the mattress. Spanking her hard, he leaned in and whispered, “You did so well, making Luna cum hard like that. Now be a good little princess for me and scream my name.”

“HARRY!” Ciri shrieked like a banshee, cumming so hard she squirted again.

Making a mental note to summon a glass of water for her, Harry let go with a roar, filling her with rope after thick rope of cum that only enhanced her pleasure further. The two of them fell forward, Ciri’s head resting on Luna’s taut stomach as Harry held himself on his forearms above them. They writhed together in bliss, lost in it completely, and Ciri was so overwhelmed by it all that she couldn’t help but giggle like she’d gone mad when she finally started to come down from her high.

“Pull out of her when you can, baby,” Luna smiled, kissing his cheek. “I want to slurp your tasty load out of her pretty little pussy.”

“Doubt it’s...little right now,” Ciri panted, still quivering from the sheer intensity of her pleasure. “Fuck me...that was insane!”

“It just keeps getting better, doesn’t it?” Luna asked, smiling widely as she kissed the younger woman who had become somewhat of a fixture in their lives over the past few months.

Harry pulled his softening cock out of her gaping cunt and rolled onto his back, scooting over to give her room to do the same, which she quickly did. She spread her legs wide, both because she knew Luna would want her to and because she couldn’t close them with having them shake just then, and moaned softly when the other blonde immediately crawled between them and started lapping at her battered folds.

“I...oh...might never leave at this rate,” Ciri whimpered in pleasure as she threw an arm over her forehead.

“That would suit us just fine,” Harry rumbled, licking the salty sweat from her arm before kissing her softly.

Ciri stared up into his eyes and sighed happily. It had been six months since she first stumbled into this world, fleeing from Eredin and the Wild Hunt, and she was happier than she could ever remember being. She would always cherish her time with Geralt, Yennifer, and the others, and she intended to return to her world at some point to check in on everyone, but this insanely powerful couple whose bed she’d found herself spending most of her nights over the past few months in had burrowed their way into her heart in a way she’d never have expected.

The very idea of being a married couple’s mistress would have been unthinkable back when she was the heiress of Cintra, and even in the difficult years after her kingdom’s fall, she still never would have imagined doing so, but she couldn’t exactly complain about how her life had turned out. Harry and Luna were kind, giving, patient, and absolutely incredible in bed. She had learned more in the past few months than she had in as many years back in her world and felt safer than she had since she was a child. Between that and the luxury all around her, which honestly exceeded what she’d grown up with, the idea of ever leaving them seemed unimaginable by now.

“Have you given any more thought to what I suggested last night?” Luna asked as she drank down the last vestiges of Harry’s cum. “I’ve made it look so very fun over the past few months, have I not?”

“Luna, don’t pressure her,” Harry chided lightly. “Not everyone’s into anal, and I’m more than a little intimidating for that kind of thing.”

“Actually, I...gah, fuck!” Ciri cried as she felt Luna start to swirl the tip of her tongue around her puckered asshole.

She had learned many things about herself over the past few months, and one of the stranger ones was that she absolutely loved having her asshole eaten. Harry had explained why it felt so bloody good, something that she barely paid attention to because she flushed scarlet at having so thoroughly enjoyed something so taboo, but all she knew was that she could actually cum hard from that if her clit was rubbed, or even better, sucked on at the same time.

“O...okay!” Ciri cried, her whole body quivering from both how oversensitive she still was and how good Luna’s tongue felt.

“Really?” Luna asked, her large silver eyes going wide in delight.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to,” Harry assured her, though she could see the excitement in his eyes anyway, and even if she couldn’t, she wouldn’t have been able to miss the way that his half-hard cock twitched.

“No, I’m ready,” Ciri smiled. “I feared whether or not I’d be able to take you in my cunt before, and that worked out, and as Luna has proven repeatedly, I have far more room back there than I would have imagined.”

“This is going to be so fun!” Luna exclaimed. “I can’t wait to see the look on your face when it starts to feel really, really good.”

Ciri laughed at that and sat up, her eyes going right to Harry’s cock, which had rehardened completely already. Still as long and frighteningly thick as ever, she never would have considered trying to fit something that large in her ass before, but months spent sharing a bed with these absolute hedonists had warmed her to the idea of all manner of pleasures she’d have rejected before. Part of her also couldn’t help but feel that it was only right for her to give all three of her holes to the man who had saved her life and kept her safe from the Wild Hunt for all these months.

“Okay, so this is going to feel really cold for a second,” Luna smiled as she grabbed her wand and cast the lubrication charm on Ciri, who squeaked and sat up straight.

“Yeah, that’s pretty much everyone’s initial reaction to the charm,” Harry chuckled.

“You said it would be cold, but fuck, that was weird,” Ciri muttered. “So it fully cleaned everything out?”

“Mmhmm,” Harry replied. “It empties, cleans, and lubricates everything, so so long as the man in question isn’t a complete, rampaging troglodyte, you shouldn’t have to worry about a thing.”

Ciri chuckled at that and shifted onto her hands and knees, having to physically straighten up when her legs buckled a little. She rested her head on her hands and wiggled her ass at him, her breath hitching when she felt him spread her round ass cheeks wide and peer down at her puckered hole. She knew that her cunt had still been gaping a bit after how he’d fucked her before, and she wondered if her other hole was as well. That thought was forced out of her mind when she felt him push one of his long, thick fingers inside her, though.

“Oh, fuck,” she whimpered, recognizing at once how much more easily that went in than any other time he’d fingered her back there.

He never bothered casting the charm for that, trusting either his saliva or her copious vaginal fluids to do the trick, as while his hands were very large, it wasn’t like he was a troll or anything. She didn’t mind him fingering her while he fucked her, usually finding that she came even harder when he did, and was used to feeling the minor resistance that she did when he pushed one of his digits into her. There was no resistance that time, something that didn’t change when he added a second finger and barely did when he added a third.

“Shit!” Ciri exclaimed as she felt heat start to pool in her core again. She felt a hand on her cheek and looked up to see Luna smiling down at her.

“I’ll happily drink his cum from your ass too,” she whispered in her ear, and Ciri moaned at her filthy words.

“Last chance to back out,” Harry said as he pressed the bulbous tip of his cock against her asshole.

“Do it, Harry,” Ciri whimpered. “Fuck my ass.”

Harry grinned wickedly at that and, holding onto her hips, pushed forward. Ciri’s eyes went wide as saucers as she felt him pop inside her ass, and a loud, low moan spilled forth from her lips. He felt so much bigger back there that it took her breath away for a moment. The first time she fucked him, the way he stretched her out had burned quite a bit to start, though that quickly lessened as she relaxed around him. This was different, and it hurt a bit, but not nearly as much as she feared it would, and she’d had him often enough to know that he knew what he was doing. She had also watched Luna cum so hard she squirted like a fountain when he bugged her, so she knew that this could be really, really good.

“You’re so fucking tight,” Harry groaned as he pushed another inch inside her and paused, letting her get used to him a bit.

“How does it...fuck me, you feel like a damn fist...differ for you?” Ciri whimpered.

“Your puckered rim is tighter than bloody anything and squeezes the life out of me, but it’s the only part that is,” Harry replied. “The rest is just this wonderful, molten heat that feels fucking amazing.”

“How do you feel?” Luna asked, brushing a few stray hairs out of her face and smiling down at her.

“Full,” Ciri replied. “More than anything, I’m full. It hurt a bit at first, but that’s already fading.”

“It’s even more important during anal that you relax,” Luna smiled. “I can add a little spell if you like. It’s been so long since I even thought about it that I forgot.”

“Sure,” Ciri replied, and she watched as Luna traced her wand in an intricate pattern through the air before tapping it on her back. “Oh!”

The effect was immediate as she felt her body relax as though she’d just slipped into a hot tub. Tension she didn’t even know she had melted out of her, and she gasped when she felt Harry push more of his massive cock into her.

“I had forgotten about the relaxation charm too,” he admitted, carefully easing his cock in and out of her, pushing a little further each time.

Ciri’s fingers dug into the sheets below her as he started fucking her slowly. With her body utterly relaxed, what little pain and discomfort there had been swiftly disappeared, replaced by that fullness that rapidly turned to pleasure, and when she felt his hips finally press against her meaty ass, as he buried the last inch of his cock inside her, and his balls slapped her clit, she moaned loudly, only to freeze as an alarm went off at that very moment.

“Hmm?” Luna asked, getting out of bed and looking out the window. “Oh, it seems like the Wild Hunt is here.”

Those words would have terrified her just a few months earlier, and the idea back then of hearing them while she had what felt like a foot of cock buried in her ass would have been horrifying beyond reason. It was because of the sheer absurdity of the moment, of them choosing that of all moments to attack, that she did the only thing she could do: laugh.

“They could have picked a more convenient moment,” Harry grunted as he started fucking her with long, hard thrusts, “but still, it’s about fucking time.”

“That is a lot of soldiers,” Luna commented, “and they brought the ice crystal hound thingies. You’re sure we can’t tame one of them?”

“Probably...not!” Ciri cried as Harry picked up his pace, pounding her ass so hard that his balls were slapping her clit each time he bottomed out, making her see stars. “They’re fucking hideous, anyway.”

Luna shrugged at that and turned to watch her husband sodomize their girlfriend instead, hoping that the army wouldn’t make too much of a mess of their island before their defenses dealt with them.

“This place is brimming with magic,” Caranthir hissed as he looked around the island.

He had already opened a portal to let in a trace of the frost, which was spreading across the island, covering everything in reach with its icy death. This place was a lot warmer than the spot they’d followed the girl to when they last came to this world, being almost tropical, but though it was warm and the magical energies permeating it great, there was still no stopping the power they had learned to wield.

“That must be the sorcerer’s home,” Imlerith chuckled, pointing at the tower with his large, heavy mace. “What is it with sorcerers and towers, anyway? Compensating for something?”

As Caranthir rolled his eyes, Eredin snarled, “Spread out and search the island, but avoid that tower. If this is the home of the sorcerer we met when last we came to this world, I don’t want there to be any surprises waiting for us when we move in against him.”

The King of the Wild Hunt still shook with rage whenever he recalled the last time he’d laid eyes on Zireael. He’d had her cornered, in his grasp, so close he could practically taste the blood of Lara Dorren, and then that human had appeared. He’d seemed like such a fool at first that Eredin had dismissed him, only ordering his death when he grew irritating. That had been a facade, one hiding a sorcerer of truly incredible power. The sorcerer had slain a score of his warriors before he even knew what was happening and had had to be dragged away for his own protection.

The humiliation had burned in him for months as he waited for another sign of the girl to emerge. He’d thought to return to this world immediately, but when no signs came of Zireael using her power, he assumed that she’d slipped away while they were all so distracted and held off. That had turned out to be the correct decision, as it seemed that she’d found a way to evade their detection for a time, one that proved to be temporary, and when the first noticeable sign they’d found of her appeared mere hours before she slipped back to this world, he’d come to an obvious conclusion.

She had found her means of evading them here and had returned to bargain for another of whatever she was using when it stopped working. Admittedly, there was no reason to suspect that the sorcerer he’d clashed with was the one to provide the girl with whatever she’d used, but he hoped that he was. He owed that human dearly for his humiliation, and no one could say that Eredin Breacc Glas was not one to pay his debts back. As he looked around, he smirked at the stark difference between the force he had now and what he’d brought with him the last time he was here.

“I shouldn’t have taken so few along when I pursued her before,” he thought to himself. “She was exhausted and wounded, and I didn’t want to give her a chance to escape, but I still should have brought more. That error was then compounded by my underestimating the human sorcerer. I won’t make either mistake again.”

“An odd decorating choice,” Imlerith muttered as he dismounted and traced a gauntleted finger down along the breastplate of a suit of armor standing randomly along the side of the cobblestone pathway they were standing on.

“The sorcerer clearly likes armor,” Nithral added, gesturing to the way they were displayed all along the pathway. “They look like sentries, honestly.”

“Caranthir?” Eredin asked, looking at his chief navigator questioningly. “Is there more to these than there appears?”

“It’s possible that the sorcerer can look through them, though I’d imagine that he knew we were here the moment we arrived,” Caranthir replied.

Eredin looked down at the suits of armor and narrowed his eyes. They were all identical, each one a suit of platemail the color of steel, save for the pauldrons and fauld, which were black with gold edges. The helmets were full, with narrow slits to see through and a long, narrow horsehair plume that extended up and fell back along the helm.

“I don’t like this,” Eredin muttered. “Something feels...off.”

“This whole island feels off,” Caranthir concurred. “We are invading the home of a powerful sorcerer. Everything around us could be potentially dangerous.”

“How dangerous could these suits of armor truly be?” Imlerith sneered. “They’re not even armed.”

As though the suits had somehow been waiting for such a statement, they all conjured long pikes just then and attacked, with the one Imlerith had been looking at taking his head off in one clean slash.

“We’re under attack!” Eredin shouted, drawing his sword and urging his charger onward.

He swung at the nearest suit of armor, slicing through the shaft of its pike. The blade fell over, leaving it nearly unarmed, and his men swiftly hacked it apart. The Wild Hunt was one of the most feared fighting forces in existence, an army of horsemen so terrifying to behold that most of those few who survived to speak of them referred to them as specters. With their skeletal armor, something that they fitted their horses with as well, they appeared like an army of the dead, and as their coming was usually heralded by the frost they’d learned to wield, there was plenty of reasons for people to believe that that was exactly what they were.

Eredin had learned long ago how to instill fear in those around him, something that he quite enjoyed doing, but these suits of armor, which streamed in through the woodland by the score, were unaffected by that, and that wasn’t all that they were unaffected by.

“They are imbued with fire magic!” Caranthir shouted as he teleported behind the suit he was fighting with and blasted it apart with his staff. “The frost doesn’t seem to even touch them!”

Eredin blew into the horn he kept in his mount's satchel, calling all those who had spread out across the island back to him. All around him, his soldiers engaged them, their numbers seeming to be legion, but though they were dangerous foes, and could kill with ease, they were actually rather vulnerable too. It didn't take much to cut them to pieces, and he watched with satisfaction as his men continued rending off helmets and vambraces as they went, noting that once a suit had fallen apart, it turned to smoke and vanished. It wasn't until he saw one come charging through the forest wielding a pike with no blade that he realized what was happening, though.

"Focus on their weapons!" he commanded, parrying a blow from one that drew close and lobbing off its helmet because he'd knocked its pike too far away. "The suits are reanimating!"

There were hundreds of them, and that would be of little consequence to an army as vast and capable as his own, but if they continued attacking without end, respawning over and over again, they would eventually tire out, and the elven king snarled when he realized that they were all coming from the tower.

"Push for the tower!" he shouted, urging his horse onward. "This doesn't end until the sorcerer dies!"

His army pushed forward with a battle cry that would have terrified their foes if they were living beings. As he realized what he was truly dealing with, Eredin changed tactics, directing the hounds to deal with the suits of armor. They could tear them apart easily enough, and giving them the task would ensure that his warriors didn't tire themselves out against a foe they couldn't put down for good. They had disarmed plenty of them at this point, but they continued coming back, attacking the nearest thing they could with their gauntlets.

"No doubt there will be other challenges ahead," he thought to himself as he continued forward, watching with satisfaction as his hounds tore the animated suits of armor apart again and again. *"Whatever he throws at me this time, though, my army will be ready."*

They marched forward towards the tower, pushing along the prepared path, and as they finally emerged from the forest, they took in the sight of the first such challenge. The perimeter of the island seemed to be filled with thick woodlands, but the center was cleared, and at the heart of the island lay a circular region that they could all tell at a glance had been carefully built. There were five perfectly circular bodies of water surrounding the tower, looking almost like moats, though the bridges built connecting them suggested that defense hadn't been what the sorcerer had in mind with them. They had clearly been carefully carved into the ground and filled with water that was kept remarkably clean for something that was unlikely to cycle about much. They were far from the most impressive thing on the island, though.

"That had to be a creation of magic," Caranthir said as he looked up at the black tower.

What they had seen from a distance when they first arrived was impressive enough, but up close, it was clear that this tower hadn't been constructed by normal means. It was a brutish thing, nothing like the sophisticated and beautiful architecture of their world, but it was impressive nonetheless. Four black stone piers jutted up from the ground and were fused together, forming a tower that stood impressively tall. Towards the peak, the four sections of the tower melded into one structure from which four sharp spire emerged, pointing towards the sky.

Before Eredin even had to ask him to, Caranthir froze the water of the circular moats, giving them a clear path forward, and the king smirked, urging his charger onward. His army approached the tower, and he took in the sight of the heavy gates, wondering just what it was going to take to

breach them. Whatever it was, they would do it, he was sure of that, and as he looked around, he saw that his hounds had completely cut the armored sentinals off from his army. They continued to spawn around them, almost all of them disarmed at this point, but they were a manageable nuisance at this point.

“That is quite the army,” the sorcerer chuckled, and Eredin froze, wondering how he had managed to appear without anyone even feeling his presence. He was standing right in front of the gates, leaning casually on the nearest stone wall of his tower and looking utterly unperturbed by the massive army at them.

Eredin sneered, happy that his helmet covered his face so he couldn't reveal how much the man's utter disregard for the Wild Hunt disturbed him. He had been to many worlds and met many walks of life, and while there had been a handful of fools who didn't fear his forces until they demonstrated why they should have, he'd never seen anyone face his army with such bizarre confidence before, and he'd seen enough of this man to know that it wasn't foolish bravado either.

“We have you surrounded,” he growled. “Hand over the girl; I know that she's here.”

“Oh, she's here alright,” the sorcerer chuckled. “I'm upstairs fucking her right now.”

“What?” Eredin asked, coughing as his throat felt dry for a moment.

“Oh yeah, I'm not here,” the sorcerer chuckled. “I only projected my image like this to thank you for walking into my trap. I was beginning to think you'd never show.”

Eredin blinked before bursting out laughing and ending up coughing again, his throat bothering him once more. He had feared for a moment that this wasn't simple bravado, but claiming he had lured an entire army into a trap like that was too fantastical for words. His men started laughing too, and one of them, on their own initiative, took things further by throwing a pike that he'd managed to wrest away from one of the suits of armor right at him. It went right through him before bouncing off of the wall, which was completely unharmed, and their laughter ceased at all at once.

“I'll speak to you later, once I'm done with Ciri,” the sorcerer grinned before disappearing.

Eredin snarled and was about to order Caranthir to bring in a battering ram for the gate when he saw his chief navigator start coughing as well. A fair few of them had begun coughing as the sorcerer spoke, but he was too focused on him to notice. As more and more of them did, he realized just what was going on, and he froze before looking to his navigator.

“Caranthir, ope...” he went to order, only to freeze again when he saw one of his most trusted men clearly attempt to open a portal only to fail.

High in the sky above the island shimmered a faint purple light, a barrier of sorts that flashed every time Caranthir or any of the navigators tried to get them out of this. The sorcerer was clearly blocking them, and Eredin's heart raced in his chest as he realized that he had no idea how to get around that. They had charged in, completely confident of the superiority that their numbers and general capabilities gave them, and though they faced resistance, they dealt with it as it came. It hadn't seemed suspiciously easy or anything like that, and he'd had no reason to think that they were being allowed to progress as they had.

With nowhere to retreat to and no way to get off the island, he was trapped, and just as he was about to order his men to assault the tower's gate, hoping that the sorcerer wouldn't poison his own home

with whatever they'd been breathing since they reached it, the gas being sprayed out from the ground grew so thick that he could see it. His vision started to flicker in and out, and the last thing he saw before he lost consciousness was the suits of armor, armed with new pikes, tearing his hounds apart.

"Holy fuck!" Ciri screamed at the top of her lungs as lights went off behind her eyes.

Harry had rolled them over after a while, hooking his arms under her knees and pressing her back against his chest as he pounded her ass from behind. The new position meant that her clit wasn't getting any stimulation, but Luna quickly helped with that by leaning in and eating her out. Held in place between them, her feet dangling in the air and her hands grabbing the headboard behind her for dear life, while Harry fucked her ass and Luna ate her pussy, she felt helpless in the best way, and it wasn't long before she was squealing in pleasure as she came hard.

One orgasm led to another and another until her mind had gone completely numb. She had long since stopped thinking about the army being dealt with by the island's defenses below, too consumed by pleasure to think of anything other than how fucking amazing everything felt. She felt like she was floating on a sea of bliss, completely mindless and free of all possible concerns. Her body writhed as wave after seemingly endless wave of ecstasy thundered through her, and she rolled with the tide, more than happy to stay in that perfect, mindless space forever. When she heard the pleased groan of a man and felt the cock spearing into her ass over and over again swell even further for a moment, she let out another joyous scream and happily let the beautiful woman in front of her, whose face was really wet for some reason, kiss her.

"I think you fucked her into subspace, Harry, or something like it," Luna chuckled as she cuddled a babbling, glassy-eyed Ciri once Harry pulled his cock out of her.

"I might have gone overboard a little," Harry replied. "I didn't expect her to be quite that into anal."

"Part of it might have been the realization that she really didn't have to fear the Wild Hunt anymore," Luna said, carefully undoing the other blonde's braid and pulling her in until her head was resting between her breasts, making her giggle. "I don't think that sense of relief really set in fully until she realized that they had come and she wasn't scared, and experiencing that while her arse was stuffed to the brim with cock must have been transcendent."

Harry chuckled at that, recalling how the princess had giggled at the news. Getting out of bed, he cast a few cleaning charms on himself and reached for his robes, saying, "Take care of her for me, luv. We have no idea how emotional she's going to be when she comes down from that."

"Aftercare's always fun," Luna smiled. "Come back to bed when you can."

"I will," Harry replied, kissing her softly before kissing Ciri's forehead.

Tears fell down onto Luna's chest at that, and the shorter blonde traced little circles over her sweaty back and cooed in her ear in response.

Harry smiled at the sight before flying out of the room and over the bannister, descending swiftly to the ground floor of the tower. He found Kreacher at the bottom, who grinned malevolently as he spotted him.

“Did the gas stop?” he asked.

“Kreacher made sure,” Kreacher replied. “Once the island’s shields came back up on, the frost magic they used cut off, but it did cause some damage to the forest before then.”

“We’ll turn most of them into fertilizer to help it recover,” Harry said coldly, earning an approving nod from his house elf.

He opened the gate and peered outside at the mass of unconscious elves. One of his animated suits of armor came over to him, and he repaired a slight dent in their armor with a wave of his hand. The fact that they managed to damage any of them was honestly impressive, given how heavily enchanted they were. They were based on old designs of Atlantean automatons that he had found when he first managed to raise the island from the depths and designed after Malek the Paladin, or what became of him; a character from a video game he’d played years ago.

They were incredibly durable, and while the individual armor pieces were very difficult to damage, they fell apart with relative ease, which was actually the trap. You could beat them down again and again, and they would just reform and come again, meant to exhaust foes as much as kill them. The gas he’d used against them was an aerosolized version of the drought of the living death, so he knew that they’d be out for quite a while. Content in that knowledge, he repaired the other animated sentinels before walking down among the fallen army and grabbing the one thing that had drawn his eye when he first saw them. Ciri had called the one who wielded this staff Caranthir, apparently one of Eredin’s most useful servants. He’d be left alive for questioning, at least for a while.

“Steel,” he murmured to himself as he examined the staff.

The spherical crystal contained in the head of the staff emanated significant magical energy, and he looked forward to studying it, but that would have to wait. Reaching out to the army with his hand, he began shrinking them, one by one, until they were little more than a foot tall. Their armor and weapons he would figure out to do with later, but the elves themselves were going in cages, and while his tower, a structure he based on the design of Orthanc from the Lord of the Rings trilogy, was a vast thing, he didn’t have room in his dungeon for thousands of men. Luckily, he was a wizard, and that made such things much easier.

Once his task was done, he looked to Kreacher and commanded, “Get them in their cages and find somewhere in the treasure room for everything else. Once I’ve peered into Eredin’s mind, I’ll figure out who else is worth examining and who’s going to be turned to mulch.”

“Yes, master,” Kreacher nodded dutifully before getting to work.

Peering again at the staff in his hands, Harry smiled and made his way back inside, fully intending to help cuddle a woman who was probably feeling quite vulnerable just then.

“What in the...ahh!” Eredin shouted in fury as he saw where he was. He instinctively reached out to grab the bars of his cell, rattling them as he called out for him to be released immediately.

“I don’t speak your tongue yet,” the sorcerer said as he entered the dungeon.

Eredin glared balefully at him, but looking around, he saw no one else in the other cells and wondered where his other people were.

“I’m Harry, by the way,” the sorcerer chuckled. “Terribly rude of me, I know, but then, you didn’t introduce yourself either.”

“You may have managed to lure me into your little trap, but that isn’t something you’ll be able to pull off again,” Eredin growled. “When my people come for me, they will tear the flesh from your bones.”

“You know, you sound much less intimidating without your helmet,” Harry chuckled, pulling his helmet out of a small pouch at his hip that it absolutely shouldn’t have fit into. “This is an impressive little bit of spellwork, actually. I knew a dark lord once who would have loved something like this; he was a self-aggrandizing prick too.”

Eredin just snarled at that.

“You could say just about anything in this and sound terrifying,” Harry continued, undeterred. Putting it on, he added, “I’m a little teapot, short and stout...okay, perhaps not.”

“What do you want?” Eredin hissed. “I assume it isn’t that you wished to mock me. Why involve yourself in this anyway? The girl didn’t seem to mean anything to you when we first met.”

“She didn’t,” Harry replied, “but I just have this thing about responding when I see big fuck-off armies threatening lone women. I’m funny that way.”

“A hero,” Eredin sneered. “You have no idea what you’re interfering with. You would doom entire planets by helping her evade my people. I have no idea what you gave her to keep her from detection, but it clearly stopped working eventually and...”

“Ciri’s been here all along,” Harry replied, making him go silent in obvious surprise. “The magical barrier around my island seems to interfere with your people’s ability to track her. She used her powers a lot during her stay here, and you never came by. I eventually got so tired of waiting for you to invade that I had her bring my wife and me to another world. We came across this one populated by talking ponies, and while it was an experience I don’t intend to **ever** repeat, it did the trick. I even brought the barrier down to let you in. That’s why I’m not worried about reinforcements coming to help you, by the way.”

“I...I...” Eredin stammered.

“You see, my wife and I would like to see what the multiverse has to offer, and Ciri has agreed to bring us exploring, but she didn’t want to do so as long as you lot were still out and about, hunting her down, no matter how much I assured her that I could slaughter you all anyway, so we worked out this little plan,” Harry continued. “It worked out even better than I thought it would.”

Eredin screamed in rage and flew at him, his arms going through the bars only to find that he stood just a touch out of reach. Harry chuckled at his outrage and was about to say something else when Luna and Ciri popped in. Luna flew down the stairs, carrying Ciri, who was still limping quite a bit from the other night, and the sight of her holding a woman more than half a foot taller than her was as comical as ever. They landed in front of the cell, and Ciri glared at the elven king.

“I needed to see this,” she explained calmly.

“You shouldn’t frown so much,” Luna smiled up at Eredin. “You’ll get wrinkles.”

“You little bitch!” Eredin exclaimed. “You have destroy…”

Harry transfigured his mouth shut, making him scream in horror, and forced him to his knees, telekinetically pushing his hands behind his back and bringing his head up until he was looking right into his icy blue eyes.

“The question and answer portion of our morning is at an end,” he grinned. “Now, let’s get some real answers. *Legilimens!*”

“You can do that without asking for people to think of specific memories first?” Ciri asked, recalling how he’d peered into her mind when they first met, looking for what she knew of the army hunting her.

“It’s less pleasant this way, but he’ll be able to see a lot more,” Luna replied. “Depending on how hard he pushes, he might be able to look at most of his memories.”

“He is centuries old,” Ciri pointed out. “I don’t know for sure how he is, but Auberon, the king he succeeded and probably murdered, was over six centuries old.”

“This might take a while, then,” Luna replied, looking at the captured king in surprise. “*I guess he doesn’t have to worry about wrinkles.*”

Eredin turned out to have some mental defenses, but he had clearly never come across anything like legilimency before, and it showed. After putting up a fight that amounted to little more than a loud protest, he buckled under the weight of Harry’s assault, and he slipped into his mind. Even for a man in his mid-twenties with the memories of a man in his fifties on top of his own, the sheer amount of memories he saw as he looked through Eredin’s mind was staggering.

Realizing that he’d be keeping him alive for a little while longer, since this was not going to be something that he could get through in one sitting, he focused on finding out who among his personal was noteworthy at all, which turned out to be a very unfortunately short list for his prisoners, and why he was so focused on Ciri. She had given her own explanation for that, but from what she’d said, he imagined that there was a little more to it than they had told her and wanted to check for himself.

When he emerged from the depths of the elven king’s mind several minutes later, he looked and saw that Luna had conjured a ping pong table further down in the dungeon and was playing with Ciri, who let a ball fly past her when she saw him staring at them.

“What did you learn?” she asked.

“Well, first off, he totally murdered Auberon,” Harry said as Eredin tried and failed to shout at him through his non-existent mouth. “It was intentional poisoning as you suspected.”

“Right,” Ciri nodded. “What else?”

“*You may or may not be the key to preventing the end of both your worlds,*” Harry thought to himself. “There was more to their interest in you than that Avallac’h fellow claimed, though I’m

going to have to learn more from Eredin and the other knowledgeable elves to say for sure just what they wanted from you.”

“So the others might come for me, then?” Ciri asked, her face falling.

“We’ll keep you safe, pet,” Luna purred, flying up a few inches to nibble on her earlobe. “Remind me, if we ever meet Avallac’h, to have a **very** long conversation with him.”

It was the most serious that Ciri had ever heard her sound, though she had been more than a little upset when she told her tale of him absconding with her to Tir na Lia and demanding that she let his king breed her like cattle to ‘pay the debt’ owed for Lara Dorren taking a human lover.

“It’s not terribly likely,” Harry replied. “The Wild Hunt were the Aen Elle’s primary fighting force, and while reinforcements might have come if I hadn’t put the barrier back up before they called for them, they still wouldn’t have numbered nearly what I captured here. Their loss will leave them reeling, not least because most of their navigators are here.”

“In other words, it sounds like you’re finally free,” Luna whispered, and Ciri felt her eyes grow misty at the thought.

For so long she had been hunted, first by the Nilfgaardians, though they had hardly been the last. Vilgefortz, the Northern kings, the Aen Elle, so many had coveted her for her blood, either because she was the descendant of Lara Dorren or because she was the heiress of Cintra, and after the fall of the only home she’d ever known as a girl, she’d had so few that she could trust and rely on. For the first time in a very long time, she felt like she could breathe again, like the peace she’d found might actually last for a while, and that was an overwhelming thing to consider.

“You lost,” she muttered, glaring at Eredin, whose icy eyes looked murderous as he beheld her. “All your vaunted power, the kingdom you seized, your fearsome Wild Hunt, and in the end, it wasn’t enough. Do with him what you will, Harry. I’m going to go lie down.”

“Rest easy, Ciri,” Harry smiled, kissing her softly. “You’re free of them.”

Ciri kissed him hungrily before turning and making her way upstairs. When she limped noticeably on the second step, Luna grabbed her under her arms and flew up.

“I can actually walk, Luna,” Ciri giggled as the shorter blonde continued carrying her.

“I must thank you,” Harry chuckled as he watched them leave before turning back to Eredin, who would have growled at him if he’d still had a working mouth. “If you hadn’t chased her to my world, I never would have met her, and all the fun my wife and I are about to have would never have even occurred to us. Before we start traipsing across the multiverse, though, I do have a couple last things I need to see to, starting with learning more about this White Frost. *Legilimens.*”

He dove back into the ancient elf’s mind, fully intent on learning all that he could from him before he killed him. From what he’d seen so far, the problem of the frost wouldn’t be something that Ciri’s world had to worry about for a while yet, and if she fully mastered her powers before then, and he made sure to slip her a vial of Felix Felicis, she would quite likely prevail against it, but he wasn’t about to bet on that with incomplete information. He would learn everything that Eredin and the others knew and use their knowledge to make sure that Ciri was as prepared as she could be when the time came.

Their upcoming multiversal adventure would provide him plenty more time to assess her powers and figure out how to help her master them, something that he'd already been doing without the elven knowledge that he was about to acquire. He was sure that they would see some spectacular sights, have some incredible adventures, and spend their nights indulging their every passion with each other across every world they touched, and if they happened to meet any other beautiful, fascinating women along the way who wanted to join them, well, that would only add to the fun.