

Alpha Male

Victoire Weasley had never blushed so hard in her entire life. She sat there on the couch while her mother gave her the eye. It appeared as if her mother was thinking things over, but who really knew? Fleur was very good at hiding what she was really feeling.

“ ‘Ave you really thought this through?” Fleur asked her as she tapped her fingertips against the smooth skin of her knee. Fleur was wearing a knee-length skirt that had been hiked up when she sat down and crossed her legs. Victoire took a deep breath and nodded.

As she saw this, Fleur sighed. In truth, she had been expecting it, but hoped that her daughter would be strong enough to resist. It was a fool’s hope she realized. All of this was because of one man ... Harry Potter.

When she was young, her mother, Apolline, sat her down and explained to her the pros and cons of having Veela blood in her veins. Obviously, her incredible beauty was a pro, as were many other things. The biggest con, however, was that if she were ever to come across a true Alpha Male, she would be unable to control her urges. She would practically throw herself at him. At first, she was quite nervous, but after years of absolutely nothing, Fleur simply chalked it up to it being an old wife’s tale. She shook her head while thinking back. She was so naive back then. Teenage Fleur Delacour thought that any strong, good-looking man with muscles and a dominating personality was a true alpha, but she was wrong.

Being a True Alpha Male was much more than that ... at least it was in the magical world. A man’s magic had a lot to do with it. That was why she ended up marrying Bill Weasley. She never met a True Alpha and decided that they didn’t exist, or that she was too powerful to fall under their spells. Sadly for her and her marriage, a True Alpha wasn’t born but made.

When she first met Harry Potter, he was young, little, and skinny. This remained true for quite a while, though he did impress her with his skills in the Triwizard Tournament. Eventually though, something had changed. After defeating Voldemort, he became more confident and heaps more powerful if she was being honest. This continued over the next few years. Fleur had Victoire but always paid attention to what was happening with Harry. It was like her Veela blood was dancing in her veins, waiting for him to blossom. Then one day, it happened.

She saw him at the Weasleys one day and had to excuse herself. Harry had grown tall and very handsome. His muscles were much more apparent than they were the last time that she had seen him. Immediately, she could tell that he was a True Alpha that the Veela had been warned about. She told everyone that she was feeling ill and instantly went home. What they didn’t know was that she had beads of arousal dripping down the insides of her legs.

She tried to do right by Bill and avoided Harry for the next few months, but it was no use. Her body was pulling her toward him. Eventually, she had to give in. It wasn’t just her either. Even the Weasleys were deferring to him whenever possible. She had noticed the way others acted

around him or talked about him when he wasn't around. It was as if they were sheep and he was the shepherd.

Filing for divorce was very hard on her and the family. She never told them why, but made up some excuse. Harry, being the leader of the group, smoothed everything over and made sure that Victoire remained in everyone's lives. Eventually, Bill remarried and had been living a good life. It was only after the divorce that she confessed to Harry the true reason. After that, her family's lives were never the same. Like her, Apolline and Gabrielle stood no chance and joined her in her worship of him.

Fleur stood up and pulled her daughter up with her. "Come. I wish to show you what your life will be," she told Victoire as she was pulled along. Victoire's heart hammered in her chest as Fleur opened a door that had previously been forbidden to her. Of course, she had tried to get in dozens of times to see what the room held but had never been able to get in. Her mother had no such problems. She reached out, grabbed the knob, and turned it. The door instantly opened. As she was pulled inside, the strong smell of sex immediately filled her nostrils. Looking around, she blushed beet-red. Along the walls were shelves that held every type of sexual object imaginable. Dildos, vibrators, lubes, whips, chains, cuffs, there was everything. She could see sex swings and many other weird sexual apparatuses scattered here and there. The room was massive with couches, big comfortable chairs, and very large beds strategically placed in different spots. A loud moan captured her attention.

Victoire gasped when she saw her Aunt Gabrielle sitting on Harry's shoulders. She was facing him, and her body was trembling out of control. Victoire could hear the wet slurps of him licking her and sucking up her fluids. Down on her knees was her grandmother, Apolline. Both were completely nude, but her grandmother had a thick, leather collar around her neck with a chain on it. She was gagging with a long string of drool connecting the floor with her mouth. When she pulled back, Victoire nearly fainted. Inch after inch slid from her mouth until a twelve-inch, magnum penis was revealed. It was as thick as her forearm and just as long. It was hard and ramrod straight with angry veins crisscrossing it. It was completely coated in her grandmother's slobber. Her grandmother grabbed his big, fat cock and started beating him off. A sudden squeal made Victoire look closer. She could see something pistoning in and out of her grandmother from behind. As Apolline lowered her head and started sucking on his balls, Gabrielle screamed as a torrent of fluid poured down the front of Harry's chest while she squirted. Apolline's face became drenched as she tried desperately to keep his balls clean.

Fleur pulled her from the room and back to her own. "This is what you will be ... another warm and wet pussy for 'im to enjoy."

"I thought that you loved him," Victoire accused her, glaring. Harry had been very good to her for many years. Victoire had had a crush on him for as long as she could remember. When she first started noticing boys, she was instantly infatuated with him and refused to be with any other besides him. That was when her mother sat her down and explained things. She was also told that she wouldn't be allowed to join until she was at least seventeen, which she now was.

"I do," Fleur explained. "Very much. But my entire life is dedicated to pleasing 'im in every way possible. If you join, then you must be completely sure, because all of your dreams and ambitions will disappear. 'Arry will be your life, and you will do anything for 'im. With a single command from 'im, I will drink 'is cum from my mother's ass. That is the power of a True Alpha, Victoire. So you must be sure before making your decision."

Victoire blushed fiercely. Was she ready to have sex with her family members just to please him? Instantly, her body was making the decision for her. Just thinking about pleasing him had her pussy soaking wet. "I understand, mum. But my decision has already been made," she declared proudly.

Fleur smiled and kissed her forehead. "Then welcome to our relationship. I'll 'ave things set up for tonight. 'Arry wants the first time to be the two of you alone," she told her before getting up and exiting the room, leaving her to her thoughts.

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Victoire was shivering with nerves as she daintily sat on the edge of the bed waiting for her new Master. Her Veela blood was singing with excitement now that the time had arrived. Suddenly, Harry stepped out of the side room completely naked with his mighty cock hard and swinging with every step. He walked right up to her, and she looked up and waited for his command.

"Bra and panties off," he ordered as he looked her over. Victoire hurried to follow his command. Victoire was a very sexy girl that was a bit on the small side. She wasn't tall or busty, but she did have the beautiful face of a Veela along with their blonde hair. Her waist was slim and flared into wide, inviting hips. Her ass jutted out spectacularly which drew the attention of most guys around her. Her legs were shapely and just as soft and smooth as the rest of her young body. She reached back and unclipped her lacy bra and let it fall to the ground. She watched as Harry stared at her B-cup breasts. Her nipples were already hard and ready to be sucked. They were only a few shades darker than the rest of her cream-colored skin and about the size of a Sickle. Next, she hooked her thumbs inside of the waistband of her panties and leaned back as she slid them down her incredible legs. Harry watched carefully as she lifted them up and moved her panties higher into the air. Once at her cute, dainty feet, Harry plucked them off and pressed them to his nose. Victoire gasped as he inhaled the lovely scent of her virgin pussy.

She could see the lust in his eyes and was thankful that like all Veela, she didn't possess a hymen. Her body was ready for him. Whether she was or not didn't really matter, because just then she was lifted into the air and flipped upside down. She squeaked out in surprise as she was maneuvered into a standing sixty-nine position. Harry's massive cock was rubbing against her face before she finally grabbed it to hold it steady.

"Go on, love ... Suck it," he told her. Victoire pressed the head against her lips and opened her mouth. She had been practicing on toys to make sure that she was good enough to please him.

Her work paid off because as inch after inch of his cock slid down her throat, he moaned loudly which filled her with confidence. Suddenly, he started walking until her back was pressed against a padded wall. With her head unable to go back any further, he started thrusting his hips and fucking her throat. Her eyes widened at what he was doing to her. She was beginning to think that maybe she was a bit in over her head. Those thoughts were put aside as she felt a tongue lick around the rim of her exposed asshole

Harry loved the sound of his slut gagging on his cock as he brutally fucked her face. The scent of her pussy was strong as he tickled the rim of her ass and even tickled the hole itself. He chuckled when he felt her cheeks clench every time that his tongue directly touched her hole. Moving his mouth down, he stuck his tongue between her hairless lips and started scooping out her musky wetness. Moaning into her pussy, he pressed his face against her crotch and motorboated her wet cunt, smearing her juices and scent all over his face. Making an airtight seal around her clit with his lips, began sucking on it while flicking his tongue over her hard bead.

Victoire's eyes fluttered as her pussy started contracting even though there was no cock inside of it. Harry's lips alone were enough to make her pussy start milking. Out of nowhere, Harry pulled his cock from her mouth and tossed her onto the big, soft bed. As her body hit the mattress, a soft, velvet tentacle slid out of the bed and wrapped around her chest, holding her arms and body down. Two more whipped out and wrapped around her ankles and pulled her legs up until her body was folded in half. Her body was quivering as she breathed heavily. She blushed as she felt a thick bead of arousal drip from her pussy and coat her clit in her wetness. Harry suddenly leaned down and used his tongue to lap up her drippings. Getting into position, she was forced to watch as he repeatedly slapped her naked pussy with his Beater Bat-sized cock. The wet, fleshy sound that it was making was incredibly perverse and made her body tingle wildly. She watched as he pressed the head of his cock against the slit of her pussy and thrust his hips back and forth slowly. She shuddered as he used his cock to massage her needy pussy. The head spread her lips apart and rubbed her pink insides before trailing down and pressing hard against her asshole. As he continued to do this, her body was increasingly getting more worked up. When his cock rubbed against her asshole one last time, she screamed and squirted straight into the air.

Harry laughed softly as he watched the show that she was putting on. Her toes curled and her pussy contracted as jets of girl cum sprayed up into the air and came down in droplets. A hard slap on the ass made her squeal as Harry stuffed the tip of his cock into her cumming pussy. "You make such a sexy fountain," he teased as she watched the entirety of his twelve-inch penis spread her lips apart and ram into her g-spot before hitting her cervix.

"Harry!" she suddenly cried out. "It's too much!" Poor Victoire hadn't even come down from her previous explosive orgasm. Now she could feel another right around the corner. She suddenly felt his cock slip from her pussy, and she sighed in relief as her orgasm began to taper off. Her body was still spasming when she felt him pour something all over her asshole. She just opened

her mouth to ask what he was doing when she felt his cock bury itself deep into her asshole. Letting out a scream of pleasure, her pussy began leaking juices onto her stomach.

“Don’t worry about getting injured. This is a special lube that makes your asshole the perfect amount of tightness,” he smirked as he brutally fucked her in the ass. Victoire choked and squealed as her ass was used over and over. The pleasure was too intense, and she was beginning to see spots. When she felt him release into her bowels, she thought that maybe she would get a momentary respite. She had heard that boys needed time to get back into the mood after cumming. Unfortunately, Harry was a True Alpha and his cock remained rock-hard.

Victoire begged and pleaded, but Harry continued to take pleasure from her tight, little pussy. Unable to stop cumming, she squirted more violently than any other girl in his Collection.

Harry sighed happily as he felt her velvety insides squeezing him as he fucked her. She had the perfect insides, just like her mother, aunt, and grandmother. He felt like it was a good time for a family reunion. Thrusting in hard, he bottomed out and filled her with his thick, warm spunk. Pulling out, he stroked his cock and painted her lips and clit with his seed as well.

“Ladies! It’s time!” he called out.

Victoire was shivering nude while still tied up. She turned her head pathetically and watched as her mother, aunt, and grandmother all came out of the side room completely nude. She didn’t have time to say anything before she felt three tongues cleaning the cum from her pussy and asshole. Crying out pathetically from the pleasure, she didn’t expect Harry to straddle her chest and shove his cock back into her mouth.

Her initiation continued late into the night before she was finally allowed to rest.