

Veela Christmas

Chapter 1

After spinning wildly in a swirl of color, Harry kicked his feet as the ground neared. He smiled to himself when he landed on his feet with only a slight stumble. Grabbing the handle of his suitcase, he picked it up and took in his surroundings.

The Portkey had dropped him about a hundred yards from the towering, wrought iron front gate to Delacour manor. It was much warmer here than it had been in England, and the smell of the sea wafted in the air.

Walking down the private road, gravel crunching under his feet, Harry approached the gate. Raising his wand, he licked his lips nervously and sent a Patronus streaking up to the sprawling, off-white manor.

Of course, he'd met his girlfriend's parents before. Apolline and Jean had been at Hogwarts for the Triwizard Tournament when they first started dating, but this was different. Now, they were engaged, and he'd be staying with them for the next two weeks.

A moment later, the gate creaked open, and Harry continued down the drive.

Still, nervousness aside, it felt great to get out of Britain. For the last six months, since he'd finally defeated Voldemort, things had been crazy. The press hounded him at every turn, even when he was working as an Auror. People thronged to him in Diagon Alley just to shake his hand and thank him. He'd even received dozens of marriage proposals, some including rather racy photos that Fleur was happy to incinerate.

Reaching the front door, Harry shook his head in an attempt to clear his thoughts. Raising his hand, he was about to knock when the door was yanked open, and he found himself staring at a pale, angelic face framed by silky blonde hair pulled back into a messy ponytail.

"Arry!" Fleur exclaimed, a beautiful smile on her face.

She rushed forward as fast as her tight red dress would allow and threw her arms around his neck. Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and held her tightly, luxuriating in the feel of her curvaceous body against his. Even though they'd only been apart for a couple of days, he'd missed her greatly, especially not being able to share a bed with her at night. He really hoped her parents didn't make them stay in separate rooms.

Kissing him lovingly, Fleur pulled back, her hands sliding down his arms until she held both of his hands in hers. As Harry gazed at her, he finally got a good look at the dress she was wearing. It was bright red with no shoulders, only short sleeves that ended in white tufts at her elbows. The thin fabric clung to her body, bulging out at her large, perky breasts and wide hips, then ended about an inch above the knee.

Harry smiled, thinking she looked like the sexiest Mrs. Clause he'd ever seen.

"New dress?" he asked.

"Oui," Fleur smiled.

Letting go of his hands, she spun around on the spot, her tall, matching red heels clicking on the hardwood floor. Giggling happily, she grabbed his hand and pulled him into the house. Closing the door behind him, Harry looked up and found himself facing Apolline, Jean, and Gabrielle. Apolline and Jean looked just as he remembered them; Apolline was stunning in a green dress enchanted with moving snowflakes, and Jean still had his pointed goatee and round belly. Gabrielle, on the other hand, had changed a lot. Gone was the cute little girl, and in her place was a beautiful young woman.

"Welcome, 'Arry. Eet's so good to see you again," Apolline said.

"Thanks for inviting me," Harry said.

Fleur led him over to them, and Jean shook his hand before Apolline and Gabrielle hugged him. As he hugged Apolline, he glanced at Jean over her shoulder. For a moment – as had happened numerous times since the destruction of the Horcrux in his scar – he found himself unintentionally reading his mind. When Harry's hand rested on the small of Apolline's back, Jean felt a flare of excitement. He had to physically resist the desire to drop his hand down to her bum before he was able to pull his mind free.

Stepping away, Harry forced himself to smile as he took Fleur's hand in his.

"Fleur, why don't you show 'Arry to your room?" Apolline asked. "Dinner will be done in a few minutes."

"Oui, maman," Fleur said.

As she led him out of the room, Harry let his smile drop and blew out a sigh. Fleur giggled at him.

"Don't be so nervous," she smiled. "My family loves you."

"I know," Harry said as she took him past a large, open living room and up a curved staircase.

Walking down the hall, she took him to the third door on the right and pushed it open. Harry smiled when he realized it was clearly a girl's room with a large bed draped in sheer, light blue curtains. Outside the window, he could see a wooden walkway leading to a private beach. Across from the bed, the wall was covered in moving pictures of Fleur with her friends and family, many of them with Beauxbatons castle in the background.

"So, this is your room?" Harry asked. "Do your parents know I'm staying in here?"

"Of course," Fleur said, taking his suitcase.

Walking over to the closet, she opened the folding doors. Harry had expected a normal sized closet, but instead, it was at least the size of her bedroom and packed with clothes and shoes. Blinking in surprise, he watched as she opened his suitcase and magicked his clothes onto an empty shelf.

Seeing the look on his face, Fleur smiled and walked over to wrap her arms around his neck.

“Don’t worry,” she said. “Maman bought me most of zthese. I promise not to bankrupt you buying shoes.”

Smiling, Harry kissed her and then glanced over her shoulder.

“I kinda wish my cupboard had been that big,” he muttered.

“Don’t say zthings like zthat,” Fleur said, smacking his shoulder. “I ‘ate zhe zhought of you living wiz zhose ‘orrible people.”

“Sorry,” Harry said. “At least I never have to see them again.”

“Good,” Fleur said.

Lifting her head, she kissed him again and started pulling him towards the door.

“Wait,” Harry said, pulling her to a stop. “I need to tell you something.”

“What?” Fleur asked. “Is everything okay?”

“You know how I’ve been having trouble controlling my magic lately?” Harry asked, to which Fleur nodded. “Well, I accidentally read your dad’s mind.”

Fleur raised a manicured eyebrow, and Harry hesitated for a moment, wondering if he should actually tell her. After a moment, he decided it would be better to get her thoughts. Veela were more open about sex anyways, so he didn't think it would bother her.

"He... kind of got excited when I hugged your mum," Harry said.

Fleur smiled widely, then dissolved into giggles.

"Zhe look on your face," she said when he looked at her oddly. "Papa 'as been trying to talk maman into sleeping wiz ozzer men."

"Oh," Harry said, blinking in surprise.

Chuckling, Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I wanted to give you more time to get to know maman and papa and tell you at Christmas, but I might as well tell you now," Fleur said. "Maman was 'oping to sleep with you while you are 'ere."

"What!?" Harry exclaimed.

"Papa 'as wanted Maman to sleep wiz ozzer men for years, but zhey didn't know anyone zhey could trust," Fleur said. "I told you 'ow Veela sometimes share men wiz zheir family."

"Yeah, but I didn't think...," Harry trailed off, completely at a loss of what to say.

"You don't 'ave to, of course," Fleur told him. "But I know maman and papa would appreciate it. Maman 'as said 'e has trouble keeping up wiz 'er in bed. And I 'aven't talked wiz Gabrielle about it yet, but I know she would like you to be 'er first."

“Gabrielle!” Harry said. “But she’s...”

Harry paused, having forgotten he didn’t know how old Gabrielle actually was.

“She’s seventeen,” Fleur told him with a smile.

“And you’re okay with all of this?” Harry asked, watching her closely.

“Oui,” Fleur said.

For the second time, Harry found himself unintentionally found himself falling into someone else’s mind. He recognized what was happening quickly, but before he could pull himself out, he felt her excitement at the thought of him sleeping with her mother and sister.

“Damn it,” Harry said, closing his eyes tightly. “I’m sorry. I don’t know why this keeps happening.”

He felt Fleur’s hand caress his cheek and then comb through his hair. It was a soothing feeling that helped calm his roiling emotions.

“Look at me, mon amour,” she said softly.

Taking a deep breath, Harry opened his eyes to meet her bright blue gaze.

“It’s alright,” Fleur told him gently. “You saw ‘ow I feel. I *want* you to sleep wiz maman and Gabrielle. I want zhem to know ‘ow lucky I am to ‘ave you. I want maman and papa to be ‘appy.”

Cupping his cheeks, she pulled him down for a searing kiss.

“And before you start worrying, I don’t want, or need, any man other than you,” Fleur said.

Smiling, she took his hand and led him out into the hall. Harry’s thoughts were a bit of a mess as they walked back downstairs and entered a large dining room with a crystal chandelier hanging above the table. Quietly taking a seat, he watched as Fleur and Apolline shared a quick conversation in French before taking seats on either side of him. Jean and Gabrielle sat across from him, smiling.

As the food was passed around, Harry began to relax and open up when they asked him questions. Gabrielle still spoke very little English, so Jean acted as a translator. Although he tried to focus on the conversation, Harry couldn’t help but think back to what Fleur had told him in her room.

With his fork halfway to his mouth, Harry froze when Apolline rested her hand on his thigh under the table. Not daring to look at her, he set his fork down and took a long drink of wine. Fleur looked amused as she reached over and squeezed his hand. Harry’s curiosity had gotten him in trouble throughout his life, and this time was no different. With his magic reacting strongly these days, it wasn’t long before he was picking up on everyone else’s thoughts without meaning to.

Immediately, he was hit with a strong sense of arousal and excitement from Apolline and Fleur and curiosity from Jean. Gabrielle was still ignorant to the fact that anything untoward was happening, but he easily picked up on the attraction and fondness she held for him. Still, the excitement and complete lack of jealousy from Fleur interested him the most, causing him to unconsciously relax.

When Apolline felt his muscles uncoil, she started caressing the inside of his leg, just above the knee, with her long, manicured nails.

“So, ‘Arry, ‘ow do like being an Auror?” she asked.

"It's alright," Harry said, then cleared his throat when her fingers moved higher. "With most of the Death Eaters captured, I've actually been thinking about leaving. Fleur and I want to travel a bit before we really settle down and start a family."

"Really?" Apolline asked with a flirty smile as she sipped her wine. "Where do you plan to go?"

"Italy, Greece, America, India, and China to start," Harry said, swallowing thickly when her nails traced the edge of his hardened shaft through his thin slacks.

"'Arry's magic is much more powerful zhan it was before," Fleur added, patting the back of his hand with a knowing smirk. "We're 'oping they can 'elp 'im learn to control it."

"Oh, 'ave you been 'aving trouble controlling yourself, 'Arry?" Apolline purred.

Even the slightly sultry tone of her voice caused his erection to throb against her fingers.

"A bit," Harry admitted.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea," Jean said with barely an accent and a wide smile. "It'll be good for you to explore the world. Apolline, could you pass the potatoes?"

Standing, Apolline grabbed the platter and bent over to pass it across the table. Her green dress pulled tight over her full, round backside right next to his face. Realizing he was staring, Harry jerked his head forward. Jean caught his eye and smiled as he took the platter from his wife. Before he had realized what was happening, he was picking up on Jean's thoughts, and his hand lifted unconsciously to rest on the back of Apolline's thigh.

Bent over as she was, her muscles were taught. At his touch, a small gasp left her lips, and her muscles quivered under the smooth skin. Everyone froze seeing his hand on her legs, a sense of anticipation filling the air. On the other side of him, Fleur leaned close and pressed her body against his.

Feeling her excitement, his hands started to move. Resting her hands on the table, Apolline stood still as he slid his higher under her dress, her eyes locked with her husband's. Harry didn't dare look around as he caressed her smooth thigh, his wrist slowly raising the back of her dress. When the bottom of her matching green panties came into view, he stopped and licked his lips.

Sliding his hand towards the inside of her thigh, Apolline shifted in place, her legs parting just slightly. His fingers slipped between her legs and trailed up, the heat of her excitement pouring over his hand. Apolline moaned when his index finger pressed against her mound, lightly pressing against the hot, damp gusset of her panties. Pulling his fingers back to slide along the silky material, he followed the curve of her cheek and then laid his hand flat on her bum.

Jean shifted in his chair as he stared at Apolline's face, her eyes closed and mouth slightly open as she panted. Feeling a bit self-conscious, though excited, Harry let his hand drop. Fixing her dress, Apolline retook her seat and smiled at him. Her hand returned to his thigh, this time her fingers resting directly on his length as it rested against his leg.

"So, what country do you want to go to first?" Jean asked, a happy smile on his face.

Harry let Fleur answer as he tried to focus on his food, which was difficult when Apolline kept teasing him under the table. Eventually, dinner ended, and they moved into the living room. When he stood, he had to put his hand in his pocket and hold his erection against his leg so it didn't create a bulge in the front of his pants.

Taking his free hand, Fleur led him over to the large white couch and pushed him down in the middle. Once again, he found himself flanked by his girlfriend and her mother while Jean and Gabrielle took in chairs on either side of the couch. Gazing around the room, Harry was surprised to see a large, flat screen tv hanging on the wall above the fireplace.

"What movie should we watch?" Jean asked.

Everyone turned to Harry and he flushed under the attention.

“Er, I never really watched the telly much,” Harry said.

“What about ‘Ome Alone?” Fleur asked.

“Or Die Hard?” Jean asked.

“Die ‘Ard is not a Christmas movie,” Apolline said, rolling her eyes.

“‘Ome Alone, papa,” Gabrielle said.

Jean sighed and grumbled good naturedly as he put a disc into the DVD player. Hitting play, he spoke to Gabrielle in French for a moment before casting a spell on her.

“‘E put a Translation Charm on ‘er so we can watch it in English,” Fleur explained.

“Oh. Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

“Of course,” Apolline smiled. “You’ll be family soon enough.”

Harry smiled, a feeling of warmth filling his chest as the movie started. Folding her legs up under her, Fleur leaned into his side and lifted his arm to rest it over her shoulder. Rubbing her arm gently, he leaned over and kissed the top of her head.

Only a few minutes into the movie, Apolline’s hand was back on his thigh, and she leaned into his side. After a moment of thought, Harry decided to just go with it and draped his arm over her shoulders. Looking at her out of the corner of his eyes and seeing the large, pale valley of cleavage her position put on display, he throbbed against her teasing fingers.

Glancing over at Jean and Gabrielle, and seeing them both engrossed in the film, Harry let his hand drop to her chest. Starting near her shoulders, he traced his fingers down over the exposed part of her breast. Apolline shifted, cuddling into his side. As his fingers reached the center of her chest, he traced them down between her warm, smooth breasts.

Feeling bold, Harry slipped his hand under the neck of her dress and fully cupped her breast. It was momentarily surprising that she wasn't wearing a bra, considering how perky her breasts were, given their size. Sucking in a deep breath through her nose, Apolline thrust her chest forward into his hand and let out a quiet moan.

That sound drew the attention of Jean and Gabrielle, whose eyes widened excitedly. Now that his nervousness had faded, Harry could admit to himself how exciting the situation was. It was a powerful, heady feeling to be groping a stunningly beautiful woman while he husband watched and did nothing.

Pulling his hand out of her dress, he smiled when Apolline made a small noise of disappointment. Grabbing the strap on her right shoulder, Harry pushed it down her arm, revealing more of her flawless, milky white skin. Moving his hand back down to her breast, he scooped it out of her dress and exposed it to the room. Like Fleur, she had wide, pale pink areolas surrounding small, puffy nipples.

Casually turning back to the movie, he continued to caress and fondle her breast, his fingers occasionally teasing her swollen nipple. Apolline moved from teasing his rigid length with her nails to stroking him lightly through his pants. Looking over at Fleur, he found her eyes moving from his hand to her mother's with an excited sparkle. As if feeling his gaze, she looked up at him and smiled. Lifting her head, she kissed him heatedly before resting her head on his chest and watching Apolline's hand caress the shape of his length.

Leaning over, Harry placed his lips next to her ear.

"Take it out," he whispered.

Shivering with arousal, Fleur reached for his belt. The sound of his belt buckle clinking drew the eyes of everyone in the room. Apolline licked her lips, her eyes locked on his lap. Gabrielle sat up straight to get a better look before grabbing a pillow from the chair and standing up. Moving in front of the couch, she turned her back to the telly and sat crosslegged on the pillow just as Fleur pulled his throbbing erection free.

After being teased for well over an hour, his cock was rock hard, the head swollen and a dark, angry red.

“C’est magnifique,” Gabrielle gasped quietly, eyes wide.

“Oui,” Apolline agreed, rolling over and shifting onto her hands and knees. “Your sister is very lucky.”

“Weel you share?” Gabrielle asked.

“Of course, mon petite,” Fleur smiled.

Harry throbbed excitedly and reached out to brush Apolline’s long blonde hair out of the way. As if taking that as a request, she bent down and took him into her mouth.

“Fuck,” Harry hissed.

Harry bucked his hips as she bobbed her head, running her tongue all over his head and shaft. Despite the intense pleasure he was feeling, he couldn’t help but smile at the look on Gabrielle’s face. She leaned forward with her mouth hanging open, unconsciously imitating her mother.

Running his hand down Apolline’s back, Harry grabbed her dress and pulled it up over her ass. Jean had the best seat in the house as he caressed her protruding bum, his fingers slipping under her silky green panties. Apolline moaned around his length as he teased her folds in plain

view of her husband. Arousal quickly drenched his fingers, and in return, she pushed herself deeper onto his length.

“Papa, ew,” Gabrielle said, wrinkling her nose cutely.

Harry looked over to see Jean had taken his cock out of his pants and was stroking himself. Shaking his head, he looked away but noted that he was quite a bit bigger than Jean. Smiling down at the back of Apolline’s head, he pulled her panties to the side and sank two fingers into her sweltering depths.

Pulling off of his length, she moaned loudly, her eyes half closed in pleasure. Sitting up on her knees, Apolline grabbed her dress and pulled it up over her head. Tossing it to the floor, she stood up and pushed her wet panties down her legs. As she stepped out of them, she climbed back onto the couch, straddling Harry’s lap.

“I need this,” Apolline panted.

Leaning forward, she kissed him hard while lining him up with her hot, dripping entrance. Harry cupped her breasts, groping them firmly as their tongues danced. Slowly, Apolline lowered herself onto his lap, driving him into her incredibly tight, silky depths. When she bottomed out, she yanked her lips from his.

“So big,” Apolline gasped.

“Bigger than your husband?” Harry asked with a smirk.

“Oui,” Apolline panted, looking over at Jean as she rolled her hips. “E’s so deep in me.”

“You like fucking maman?” Fleur asked, looking up at Harry as she leaned against his side.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Fleur smiled before kissing him lovingly. “Now give maman what she needs.”

Smiling, Harry gave her one more kiss before grabbing Apolline’s hips and thrusting up. The mother of two gasped loudly as he plunged into her depths. With a wanton moan, she gripped his shoulders and started bouncing in his lap. Behind her, he could see Gabrielle with a hand in her skirt as she watched his length moving in and out of her mother’s slit.

“‘Arry,” Apolline moaned, the movement of her hips getting harder and faster. “Fleur, marry zhis man. I need someone to fuck me like zhis. Your father just can’t satisfy me alone anymore.”

“Gladly,” Fleur giggled, kissing Harry’s neck.

Grinning, Harry thrust up into Apolline with hard, powerful strokes. He let go of her breasts and grabbed her bum, using it as leverage to hammer into her. She cried out, her large breasts bouncing wildly on her chest as his thighs clapped against her ass. Harry growled, feeling a perverse pleasure in drawing that sound from her while her husband was in the room.

With her face scrunched up, Apolline cried out again as she came, her arousal soaking his lap. As her depths tightened and fluttered wildly around his cock, Harry continued slamming into her furiously. Apolline gasped for breath as her climax continued through his animalistic pounding. When her eyes opened, they rolled into the back of her head while her body quivered and shook.

With a groan, Harry gripped her ass tightly and slammed her down on his cock as he erupted. Apolline muttered in French, collapsing against his chest while his length pulsed in her depths. Bucking his hips, he emptied himself in her and held her close. All of them heard Jean grunt as he reached his own peak, but none of them bothered to so much as glance in his direction. Considering what he’d seen from the man so far, Harry thought he’d probably found that a turn on.

After relaxing for a couple of minutes and catching their breath, Apolline climbed off of him and curled up against his side. Smirking at her panting, spent husband, she spread her legs to reveal her dripping folds.

"I've never felt so full of cum," she said, running her finger through her lips to gather some that had leaked out. "I 'ope zhe potion is strong enough to keep me from getting pregnant."

Jean groaned, his spent length pulsing and dribbling a bit more cum onto his pants.

"Ew," Gabrielle said, turning away.

"Come here, Gabby," Harry said, patting his lap.

Perking up excitedly, she looked to Fleur for permission. When her sister nodded, she stood up and practically ran to sit on his lap.

"I don't know if--"

"Behave, Jean or I will not let you touch me tonight," Apolline interrupted firmly. "Gabrielle is old enough to decide for 'erself."

Curling up on Harry's lap, Gabrielle cuddled up to him like an oversized cat and pulled his arms to wrap around her. He smiled when she deliberately placed one of his hands on her pert breast with a glare at her father.

Fleur giggled at her sister's antics, and Harry looked over at her with a smile.

"Best Christmas ever," Harry told her.

“We’re only getting started, mon amour,” Fleur whispered.

Chapter 2

Over the next few days, Delacour manor became a den of debauchery. Harry fucked Apolline and Fleur all over the house any time any of them felt like it. Apolline, in particular, was especially wanton. It was like she was releasing years of sexual frustration all at once. Of course, that didn’t mean Jean enjoyed the sight any less. Every time he and Apolline finished, Jean was quick to drag her off to their bedroom. Harry had no idea how he could like seeing his wife with another man, but he wasn’t going to argue with it.

Gabrielle cuddled with Harry, growing comfortable enough to take off her clothes after a couple of days, but they’d yet to do much beyond snogging and some heavy petting. She was still a bit shy at times, and Harry didn’t want to push her into anything, so he let her set the pace.

Fleur, on the other hand, delighted in what was happening. She cheered him on at every turn, even pushing her mother’s head down on his cock as she sucked him during breakfast one morning. Most nights, Harry collapsed into bed, completely exhausted from seeing to the insatiable needs of two Veela. It made him wonder if he’d be able to keep up once Gabrielle joined the fray.

On Christmas morning, Harry woke with his arms full of his beautiful, naked girlfriend. Blinking his eyes and wondering what had woken him up so early, he felt a hand nudge his shoulder. Rolling over, he found Gabrielle wide awake and smiling brightly.

“Joyeux Noël,” she said.

“Merry Christmas, Gabrielle,” Harry said, smiling tiredly. “We’ll be up in a minute.”

Gabrielle understood enough that she nodded and skipped from the room. Rolling over, Harry tightened his arms around Fleur. Squeezing one of her breasts gently, he buried his face in the hair and kissed her neck. It only took a few seconds for Fleur to wake with a moan.

“Starting so soon, mon amour?” she asked playfully.

“I’d love to, but it’s Christmas, love,” Harry said as she ground her bum against his morning erection. “We need to get up before Gabrielle comes back.”

Fleur groaned disappointedly and rolled over towards him. Kissing him on the lips, she sat up and climbed out of bed, her tear drop shaped breasts bouncing alluringly. As she pulled on an emerald green silk robe, Harry rolled out of bed and pulled on a pair of flannel pants and a t-shirt.

Hand in hand, they walked downstairs to the living room, where Gabrielle sat next to a large Christmas tree. Jean and Apolline sat on the couch, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes. Just as Harry and Fleur sat next to them, the Floo flared to life. From the crackling green flames stepped a tall, blonde woman who looked so much like Apolline and Fleur that he knew she had to be a relative.

“Grandmere,” Gabrielle exclaimed.

With a beaming smile, she hopped up from the floor and hugged her grandmother tightly. Harry smiled wistfully as he watched. There was an innocence to Gabrielle that he hadn’t seen in a long time.

As if sensing his thoughts, Fleur squeezed his hand with a smile before pulling him to his feet. Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out her wand and gave him an apologetic look.

“She does not speak English,” Fleur explained.

“It’s fine,” Harry said. “I really should learn French or go to the Ministry and file for a Permanent Language Charm anyways.”

Smiling, she gave him a kiss before waving her wand over his head. A tingle ran over his scalp while the unintelligible French chatter turned into crystal clear English. Taking his hand, Fleur led him over to her grandmother, who she kissed on the cheek and hugged.

“Grandma, this is my boyfriend, Harry. Harry, this is my grandmother, Alana,” Fleur said.

Harry reflected that it was odd hearing Fleur speak without the accent he’d grown so used to as he held out his hand. Pushing it aside, Alana smiled brightly before kissing his cheeks and hugging him tightly.

“It’s so nice to finally meet you,” she said. “My girls have told me so much about you.”

“It’s nice to meet you, too,” Harry smiled.

“Can we open presents now?” Gabrielle asked.

“Oh, alright,” Apolline said while the rest of them laughed.

Harry followed the group as they walked back over and sat around the tree.

“Since Harry is our guest, we’ll let him open one of his presents first,” Apolline said, causing Gabrielle to pout.

“Actually, if you don’t mind, I’d like to give Fleur her present first,” Harry said.

Standing up, he walked over to the tree and pulled off one of the ornaments. Tapping it with his wand, it melted into a small, palm sized box wrapped in red paper and tied with a white bow. Walking back over to Fleur, he smiled nervously and held out his hand. When she took it, he gently pulled her to her feet and handed her the box.

Smiling excitedly, Fleur unwrapped it to find a black velvet box.

“Harry?” Fleur asked softly.

Swallowing down his nerves, Harry smiled, took the box from her, and dropped down to one knee. He opened the box, and on a pillow of velvet sat an extravagant, glittering ring of gold and diamonds.

“Fleur, will you marry me?” Harry asked.

Eyes filling with tears, Fleur nodded as a watery smile came over her face.

“Yes,” she said thickly.

Letting out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding, Harry beamed as he stood. Taking the ring out of the box, Fleur held out her trembling left hand so he could slip it onto her ring finger. As her family cheered and clapped, Fleur threw her arms around him and kissed him hard. When they pulled back, Apolline hugged the both of them with tears rolling down her cheeks.

“I’m so happy for you,” she said.

Kissing Fleur on the cheek, she turned to Harry and kissed him on the lips. He blushed lightly while Jean shook his hand, and Gabrielle and Alana hugged him. After the ladies had enough time to gush over Fleur’s ring, they retook their seats to finish opening presents.

Despite needing to use a Translation Charm to understand the language, Harry felt like he was actually part of a family for the first time. He smiled and laughed as Gabrielle ripped open her presents with childish glee while cuddling with his fiancé. It was the happiest he’d felt in a long time.

Once they'd finished with presents, they all moved into the kitchen, where Harry helped Apolline make breakfast. They both toned down their usual teasing, but it was still there. When she passed behind him to grab the butter, she groped his bum, and when he reached around to grab the eggs, he squeezed her breast. Little moments like that happened occasionally, and they always smiled at each other when it did.

When they sat down to eat, Apolline had to take a seat on the other side of the table while Harry sat between Fleur and Alana. Smiling playfully, Fleur tapped her wand on his head and removed the Translation Charm. When he looked at her curiously, she winked before turning to talk to her sister in French.

"I guess that conversation's not for my delicate ear," Harry joked.

Apolline and Jean laughed before she translated for her mother. Chuckling, Alana patted his leg under the table. Harry expected her to take it away, but she didn't. She left her hand on his leg and then began caressing the inside of his thigh. Swallowing a mouthful of eggs thickly, he looked over at her, and she smiled. Looking over at Fleur, she was still engrossed in a quiet conversation with Gabrielle and was completely oblivious to what was going on.

Just as Harry was about to relax, he felt a foot on his shin. Looking up in surprise, Apolline smirked at him as her foot moved up to his knee. He opened his mouth but couldn't get words to come out. What was he supposed to say? Before he could think of anything, Apolline's foot hit Alana's hand.

"Maman!" Apolline exclaimed.

Harry watched nervously as the two spoke back and forth rapidly in French. They even drew Fleur's attention, who joined in. After a few moments, she said something that caused all of them to turn to Harry before they broke into laughter. Harry relaxed a bit and looked at Fleur with a questioning look.

"They are just teasing each other," she explained.

Taking out her wand, Fleur cast the Translation Charm on him again, but everyone seemed to unanimously decide to change the subject. Alana still teased him under the table, her fingers tracing the outline of his length, but she said nothing about it. Instead, she asked him many of the same questions Apolline and Jean had to get to know him better.

Distracted by the conversation, he never noticed Gabrielle slipping under the table. It wasn't until he felt a second, smaller hand rubbing his rigid length that he realized she was there. Kneeling between his legs, she smiled up at him with her wide, bright blue, innocent eyes while pulling down his waistband.

"Er," Harry said as he looked over at Fleur.

Smiling, she took his hand in hers and laid her head on his shoulder as her sister pulled him free of his pajama bottoms.

"I can see why you agreed to marry him," Alana said, stroking his shaft.

Gabrielle giggled as he throbbed excitedly. Taking him in hand, she leaned forward and licked his tip like an ice cream cone. Smiling, she looked up at him as she opened her mouth wide and swallowed the first few inches of his length.

"Be sure to use your tongue," Alana instructed.

Gabrielle followed the advice, and Harry groaned from the sensation. Bobbing her head, she gradually gained confidence, taking him deeper and sucking harder. Soon, she was taking nearly half of his length, her lips stretched wide and sealed tightly around his girth.

"Having fun?" Fleur asked.

With her lips wrapped around him, Gabrielle nodded her head and hummed in agreement. Harry groaned from the vibrations, his hips unconsciously bucking from his seat. On the other side of the table, Apolline stood up and walked around behind Harry.

"Is she doing good?" she asked.

"Very," Harry panted.

"Gabby, he's getting close. You should start thinking about where you want him to cum," Apolline told her.

Gabrielle's face took on a thoughtful look as she continued to bob her head. Suddenly, she stopped and pulled off of him. Grabbing the bottom of her t-shirt, she pulled it up and over her head. Unlike the rest of the women in her family, who had very busty, curvy figures, Gabrielle had smaller breasts and a more athletic shape. Harry still thought she was incredibly attractive, just in a different way. Leaning forward, she took him back into her mouth and began bobbing her head quickly.

"Why did you take off your shirt?" Fleur asked curiously.

Gabrielle pulled off of him, a *pop* coming from her lips from the suction she was applying.

"I don't want to get cum on my favorite shirt," Gabrielle replied.

Fleur giggled as Gabrielle returned to bobbing on his length, sucking hard and swirling her tongue around his throbbing shaft. As he neared his peak, Harry reached out and ran his fingers through her hair. When he tipped over the edge, the first shot fired straight into her mouth and caused her to flinch back in surprise.

Closing her lips tightly, Gabrielle stared at his swollen, purpled head with wide eyes as he pulsed for a second time. She just managed to close her eyes in time for him to paint her face.

Despite her surprise, she kept stroking him rapidly through his climax, sending his cum flying everywhere. It got in her hair, on her face, chest, and hands, and some even hit the underside of the table.

Harry panted as he sat back in his seat, blinking down at the mess he had made, while Fleur, Apolline, and Alana chuckled as Gabrielle cautiously opened her eyes and finally swallowed.

"I guess it's a good thing you took off your shirt," Fleur teased.

"Is there always so much?" Gabrielle asked.

"It varies," Apolline smiled. "Why don't we go into the living room and get you cleaned up?"

Pushing his chair away from the table, Harry helped Gabrielle to her feet. While he did, Alana dropped to her knees in front of him. Grabbing his mostly hard length, she sucked him clean with a wink. Still sensitive, Harry trembled as she dragged her lips over his tip.

"Bloody hell," he groaned.

Giggling, Fleur took him by the hand and led him to the living room. They sat down on the couch while Apolline used her wand to clean the mess off of Gabrielle.

"I need to get started on dinner. Jean, will you help me?" Apolline asked.

Looking a bit uncomfortable with his youngest standing around half naked, he nodded eagerly and led the way back into the kitchen. Just before she walked through the doorway, Apolline turned back and winked at Harry.

"Harry," Fleur said, drawing his attention. "Gabby and I were talking earlier, and she was hoping to have her first time with you as a Christmas present."

Harry lifted an eyebrow and looked over at the nervous looking girl.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

Fleur translated for him, and Gabrielle nodded. Smiling, Harry stood up and waved her over. As she approached him, he pulled off his shirt and stepped out of his pants. Biting her lip, she stepped out of her shorts, the last piece of clothing covering her body.

“You’re beautiful,” Harry smiled, resting his hands on her hips and pulling her close.

Gabrielle smiled up at him while wrapping her arms around his neck. Caressing the bare, smooth skin of her back, he bent down and kissed her gently. Her fingers curled in his hair and pulled his lips firmly against hers, their tongues dancing wildly. Harry’s hands slid down her back to cup her bum, smaller yet much firmer than that of her relatives. Giving her perk little bottom a tight squeeze, she moaned into his mouth and pressed her body against his, her stiff nipples rubbing his chest.

Pulling back, Harry smiled at her flushed face and stepped back towards the couch. Falling into his seat, Gabrielle climbed onto the couch on her knees and straddled his lap. Looking down at his towering erection as it rested against her stomach, she bit her lip cutely and shuffled forward under it was pressed against her hot, damp folds.

A light whimper left her lips, and she rocked her hips, grinding on his length. Meanwhile, Harry cupped her breasts before leaning forward to suck her nipples between his lips. Arching her back, Gabrielle moaned and bucked her hips. When she did it again, he ended up pressed against her entrance. Pausing, she pulled back to look down at his face before glancing at the doorway over his shoulder.

“Maman!” she called.

“Yes?” Apolline asked, appearing in the doorway while wiping her hands on a towel.

"Will you stay?" Gabrielle asked, biting her lip.

Apolline smiled, "Of course, sweetheart."

Tossing her hand towel back into the kitchen, she walked over and took a seat in one of the chairs. Smiling at her mother, Gabrielle looked over at Alana, who sat on Harry's right, then Fleur, who was on his left. All of them smiled at her encouragingly.

Taking a deep breath, Gabrielle lowered herself onto his length. As soon as his swollen tip slipped into her tight embrace, she gasped loudly and stopped, her eyes riveted to the spot where they were connected.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked worriedly.

Gabrielle lifted her head, and he was stunned by the look of darkened lust clouding her eyes. Before he could say anything else, she practically slammed herself on his cock. Harry gasped at the sudden tightness and heat that surrounded him while Gabrielle arched her back and moaned wantonly.

With only a brief pause, she lifted herself up and dropped down again.

"It's so big," she gasped. "I feel so full. I love you, Harry!"

"Control yourself, Gabrielle," Apolline warned. "Don't go too fast."

Ignoring her mother, Gabrielle started jumping up and down on his lap. With a hooded gaze and her mouth hanging open, she rode him hard and fast, her tight folds swallowing him with surprising ease. Long, wanton moans and pleasured cries left her mouth in a nearly constant stream. Harry grunted as her ass clapped against his thighs, his hands holding her hips to help

her move. His eyes moved from her face to her chest, where her perky breasts bounced wildly from her aggressive movements.

"I think she likes it," Fleur giggled.

That was made eminently clear when Gabrielle screamed out her climax a moment later. Her already tight depths clamped down around Harry's cock, twitching and fluttering as she shuddered in his lap. The feeling nearly sent him over the edge but wasn't quite enough as Gabrielle collapsed in a panting mess against his chest. Around them, Fleur, Apolline, and Alana clapped and cheered.

Flushed and breathless, Gabrielle turned her head and smiled.

"Was it as good as you hoped?" Alana asked.

"Better," she replied tiredly, snuggling against Harry's chest.

Smiling down at her, he caressed her back and kissed the top of her head. He wasn't concerned about his still throbbing length buried inside of her. He knew that even if Gabrielle was too tired to continue, one of the others would take care of him soon.

"I wish my first time had been that nice," Alana sighed.

"Me too," Apolline agreed.

"Mine was," Fleur boasted, reaching over to run her fingers through Harry's hair. "Harry has always taken care of me."

Reaching around Harry, Alana swatted her leg lightly.

"It's not nice to brag," she said with a smile twitching at the corners of her lips. "Hearing you talk about Harry so much, I might have to give him a try myself."

"Help yourself," Fleur told her. "I'm sure Harry won't mind."

"As long as you're alright with it," Harry said.

He must have said something right, because all of the women smiled brightly at him. Sitting up, Gabrielle bit her lips and looked at him.

"Can we do this again?" she asked.

"As long as it's alright with your sister," Harry said.

"Of course," Fleur agreed.

Smiling happily, she climbed off of him, gasping while his swollen length came free of her tight grasp. Standing, Alana moved in front of him and dropped her dress to the floor. Like Apolline and Fleur, she had large, perky breasts, a thin waist, and wide hips. Turning her back to him, he got a good look at her thick, jutting rear before she bent at the waist and sat on his lap.

Somehow, without even looking, she was able to line herself up with his cock and slip it right into her sweltering depths. Harry gasped, not expecting to be inside of her so soon, and grasped her hips. Sliding his hands up, he grasped her gravity defying breasts and pulled her back against his chest.

With a moan, Alana lifted her legs and planted her feet on the edge of the couch. Bracing her hands on the back of the couch, she started bouncing on his length. While not as tight as Gabrielle, like all the Veela he'd been with, Alana had a grasping, welcoming tightness that felt incredible.

Throwing her head back, she moaned long and low, her hips rolling when she bottomed out in a way that sent a shock of pleasure up his spine each time she descended.

“So good,” Alana moaned. “Thank you, Fleur.”

“You’re welcome,” Fleur smiled. “Is he better than grandpa?”

Alana chuckled, “It’s a bit too soon to say that.”

Smirking, Harry wrapped his arm around her waist and suddenly stood up. Alana gasped, feet falling to the ground as he turned her towards the couch and bent her over at the waist. Her hands gripped the back of the couch as she looked over her shoulder at him. Grinning, Harry squeezed her hips and gave a fast, powerful thrust. Alana gasped, her eyes darkening with lust as she moaned.

As he hammered into her from behind with thrusts that echoed through the room, Fleur laughed as her grandmother hung her head and moaned lewdly. Raising his hand, Harry brought it down on her lush cheek, watching as the thick globe jiggled wildly.

“You brute!” Alana exclaimed, her depths spasming around his thrusting length.

Smirking, Harry gave the other cheek the same treatment. Alana used her grip on the couch to rock her hips back against him in time with his thrusts. Her cheeks clapped loudly against his thighs, the flesh ripping with each powerful impact.

“You English barbarian!” Alana gasped.

“I’ll show you a barbarian,” Harry growled.

Grabbing a fistful of Alana's golden mane, he pulled, causing her back to arch and her neck to bend back. Reaching under her, he grasped her dangling, bouncing breast and gripped it harshly. Alana whimpered, her folds fluttering as her legs trembled.

"That's it," Harry grunted, speeding up his thrusts. "Nothing but a French whore!"

"Bastard!" Alana barked between gasping breaths.

Despite her words, she threw herself back onto his cock nearly as hard as he thrust into her. Suddenly, Harry pulled out of her, and Alana stumbled as she bucked back at nothing. Spinning her around, he hooked her leg and brought it up to his shoulder. Alana displayed the impressive flexibility innate in all Veela, showing no discomfort in being forced to do a standing split.

Harry drove his throbbing length back into her and hugged her body to his. Alana stared at him, her eyes glittering excitedly as he manhandled her. On his first, brutal thrust, she broke their lustful gaze as she threw her head back to cry out in pleasure.

One arm holding her in place, he grabbed her breast roughly and brought it to his lips. Sucking hard at first, he raked his teeth over her stiff, swollen nipple. Alana shuddered, moaning wantonly while her nails dug into the skin of his shoulder blades.

With the awkward position, Harry couldn't thrust as hard as he wanted to. Pausing, he lifted her up and laid her down on the couch. Hooking both legs over his shoulder, he nearly folded her in half as he gripped her shoulder and slammed into her.

"You beast!" Alana yelled. "English bastard!"

Gritting his teeth, Harry huffed as he fucked her as hard and as fast as he could. Alana shook her head back and forth as her climax built. He could feel her depths fluttering around his length wildly, her muscles trembling. With a scream, she tumbled over the edge. Her fold clamped down on his cock, and an odd pressure built up in her core.

Eyes rolling into the back of her head, Alana erupted around him, gushing streams of arousal soaking both of their bodies and the couch. Her mouth hung wide open, but not a sound was made. Her breath even seemed trapped in her lungs as her body convulsed under him.

Harry managed to thrust twice more before he reached his peak. Burying his length as deeply as possible with an animalistic thrust, he emptied himself inside of her. Alana sucked in a breath at the feeling before a low, trembling groan left her lips. Collapsing on top of her, she managed to free her legs and hugged him to her body. With his eyes closed, he felt her lips touch his and kissed her back.

A few moments later, Harry tiredly rolled off of her and sank into the couch. Curling up against his side, Fleur kissed him lovingly.

“Appy Christmas, mon amour,” she said softly.

“Harry Christmas,” Harry said.

Taking his hand in hers, he ran his thumb along the band of her engagement ring with a smile on his face. If this was what being married to Fleur was going to be like, Harry couldn’t wait to get married.