

Unfaithful

Chapter 3

The gorgeous, blonde bombshell better known as Fleur Weasley, formerly Delacour, sighed as she sat in her childhood bedroom at her parents' house. Her husband, Bill had just left on another expedition. This time he and his team were traveling to somewhere in South America. Apparently, Gringotts had been hired to break into a newly found set of Mayan tombs. Fleur wasn't amused when he told her that he would be leaving again after having just returned a week before. He had been in Egypt for over a month, and now he would be in South America for over two more. Fleur grabbed her favorite stuffed rabbit and held it to her chest.

As a Veela, her instinct was to lash out at him. Who was he to abandon her? She was Fleur Delacour before she married that poor sod. She was the sexiest girl in Beauxbatons by far. Now here she was, abandoned and alone while her husband gleefully traipsed all across the globe. If that were her only problem, then maybe she could forgive him. It sadly wasn't. Even before he started taking every job offered to him, they had been having problems in the bedroom. There was no spark anymore, at least for her. He didn't excite her. Bill did the same things time after time. Nothing new, nothing exciting. Just missionary followed by falling asleep, leaving her angry and unfulfilled. She talked to her mother about it and found that she had suffered from the same problem. Her problems had been going on for years with no end in sight. Maybe that was why there was no sparkle in her or her mother's eyes anymore. The only one whose eyes did shine brightly was her sister, Gabrielle.

Her younger sister had met a cute boy and had been dating him for nearly a year now. He must be treating her wonderfully if he could keep Gabby so bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. Maybe it was time that she bit the bullet and talked to Gabby about her problems. Perhaps she had some advice that was better than her mother's. Placing her plush bunny back on the bed, she got up and put some shorts on before going to Gabrielle's room. Normally she wouldn't care about her sister seeing her in her panties, but Harry Potter happened to be staying in the house this weekend. Gabrielle and Harry had developed a very tight friendship after she had finished Beauxbatons. It wasn't that surprising to Fleur. Gabrielle had always been a bit of a social butterfly. The young Veela could charm the pants off of a Mountain Troll if she wanted. Fleur wondered how Gabby had convinced her boyfriend that it was okay if she spent a lot of time around Harry Potter. Fleur would be the first to admit that he had grown up very nicely. She put that out of her mind since it was none of her business.

It was already well past sunset, and her parents had gone to sleep. When she crept up to her sister's door, she heard muffled male and female voices. She wasn't surprised that Harry was there with her. They were likely talking a while before bed. The two of them were going to a festival the following day, and Gabrielle was likely excited. She was about to knock when she stopped short. Having a good grasp of wards and enchantments, Fleur spotted Silencing Charms laced all over the door. Judging by how strong they were, there shouldn't be any noises coming from the room unless the people inside were being particularly loud. Finding that

strange, Fleur took precautions. She went down the hall to her parents' room and placed similar charms on their door to keep noise from entering their room. Then, she went back to her sister's door and silently opened it. She peeked her head in to see what was going on. She didn't know what she was expecting.

Whatever it was, it sure wasn't what was presented to her. Immediately, the strong smell of sex hit her nostrils. As a Veela, the scent instantly made her stomach flip. The view before her was absolutely insane. Both Harry and Gabrielle were facing away from her, and both were completely nude. Gabby was on her bed with her face and chest firmly on the mattress and her cute ass up in the air. Harry was ferociously working her clit with one hand while he used his finger on his other hand to brutally finger-fuck her asshole. She arrived just in time to see Gabby cum violently.

Her hands gripped the blanket tightly while her pussy sprayed girl cum all over Harry and everywhere else.

“ ‘Arry! Please, no more!” she begged, but with every thrust of his finger, another jet of pussy juice sprayed from her puckering pussy. Fleur could see her back arched like a Parisian whore, and her toes were curling. Her body was trembling and spasming so hard that Fleur was surprised that she hadn't passed out yet.

The sight of her sister in such orgasmic bliss made her mouth dry. A blush covered Fleur's gorgeous face as her breathing intensified. She felt her nipples crinkle and her panties dampen. Already, she could feel her pussy tingling and her clit begin to throb. Breathing in deeply, her eyes fluttered at the smell of them. Just then, Harry stood up, and Fleur nearly collapsed in shock. She already knew that he was handsome and well built. What she didn't know was that he was hung like an Abraxan. The length and girth of his hard cock were absurd to her. It didn't appear real. It was simply too big for any mortal man to possess. But she had to believe it because she could see it with her own two eyes. As Gabrielle spasmed uncontrollably, she reached out like a horny, little slut and grabbed the beast hanging between his muscled legs. She stroked it vigorously before scooting closer to him. Gabrielle was laying on her back as her upper half hung off the bed. She opened her mouth and took the head into it. Slowly, Harry began to thrust and fuck Gabby's throat. Fleur watched as his large, bloated balls swung from side to side as her sister sucked him off. Blushing fiercely, she silently closed the door and ran back to her room.

Closing the door behind her, she sat on her bed breathing heavily and clutching her chest. She couldn't get the image of Harry's gorgeous body out of her mind. No wonder why Gabby's eyes were shining constantly. The little bitch had a secret sex god taking care of her every perverted need. As she got in bed and tried to go to sleep, she remained awake thinking about what she had seen. She knew that her body wanted Harry. That much was obvious from her hard nipples and damp petals. Her mind, however, was in turmoil. Bill had let her down as a husband, but she knew that it wasn't right to cheat. As the night went on, she tossed and turned and barely got any sleep.

Two Days Later

Fleur took a deep breath and steeled her nerves. She looked out the window of her room and saw Harry swimming in the family pool. Gabrielle was spending the day with her boyfriend and would be back the following day. That left one day for Fleur to initiate her plan. After a lot of deliberating, she decided to give in to her Veela instincts. Securing her bathrobe around herself, she walked out of her parent's house and into the backyard. When Harry saw her standing by the pool, he smiled. She happily returned the smile. She sensually removed her robe and stood as sexily as possible without trying to look like she was posing. She watched as Harry's eyes bugged out. Fleur was wearing the tiniest bikini that she could find. An already tiny bikini was made even smaller when she ordered it a size or two too small. Her tits were spilling out in every direction.

Harry was surprised to see Fleur come out to swim. She had been avoiding him for the last day or so. So when she appeared wearing that scandalous bikini, Harry was surprised and intrigued. He had a feeling that she was looking for more than a friendly swim. When she held up a bottle of sunblock and asked him to help put it on, he smiled, though he was smirking inside. The poor girl didn't know what was coming.

Fleur laid down on a pool chair and handed him the bottle. She rolled over onto her back and waited for him to begin. She shuddered when she felt his strong hands start on her feet before moving up her legs. His hands glided over her silky, smooth skin. He even massaged her calves before moving up to her thighs. Her breathing became heavy when she felt his hands touch her inner thighs. The lotion was making her smooth skin even slicker and silky-feeling. The tiny thong that she was wearing covered almost nothing, and she knew that Harry could see practically everything. His thumbs were rubbing the junction where her leg met the rest of her body. While doing so, his thumbs were accidentally brushing against her plump and bald lips. Fleur bit her lip when Harry "accidentally" moved her thong to the side a bit and exposed part of her pussy and all of her asshole.

"You're gorgeous, Fleur," she heard Harry say as his breath hitched at the sight. Fleur blushed red and responded.

"Merci, 'Arry," she said softly as his thumb rubbed lotion all over her tight, crinkled hole. Suddenly his hand started moving. He squirted a glob on the middle of her back and began rubbing it into her delicate skin. Fleur moaned as his strong hands massaged her back while doing so. His fingers dipped a bit lower when he started working her sides, and she felt them brush over the side of her lovely breasts. Unable to help herself, she wiggled her bottom a bit, giving him a clear indication of what she wanted. Still, his hands moved up to her shoulders. Pulling her hair to the side, Harry worked the stress out of her shoulders and neck, making the sexy blonde mewl in satisfaction.

“Roll over,” she heard him say. Fleur did just that. Rolling over, she laid there in bliss as he stared back with her legs. When he moved up this time, his hands caressed her slim belly. This time, Fleur gave him a hint that he couldn’t ignore. Sitting up, she reached behind her and pulled the string holding her bikini top on. As soon as it was undone, her large tits burst out as they couldn’t be held back by such a small, tight piece of material. She pulled off the top and laid back, presenting her bare breasts to him. He wasted no time in rubbing lotion all over them.

Fleur moaned deeply as his slick hand lathered lotion all over her big tits. Her body jumped when his slippery hand slid over her hard, aching nipples, coating them in lotion. “Does that feel good?” he asked with a smile on his face. Fleur nodded.

“Yes. Very good,” she told him and gasped when he pinched her nipples between his fingers. He pressed the pad of his thumb against her nipple tip and started moving them in slow, circular patterns. “Mon Dieu!” she moaned as her bikini bottom became stained with her fluids. Harry was happily treating her breasts as if they were a childhood toy. He jiggled them up and down and even knocked them together. Fleur’s face was beet-red. She had never been treated this way. Her pussy was now gushing fluid.

Suddenly, Harry reached down and lifted her up by her underarms. Fleur squealed as she was manhandled. As he walked her to the pool, he peeled her bottoms off of her. She felt them slip off of her feet halfway to the pool. Once he carried her into the pool, he set her on her feet. He kissed her deeply which left her short of breath.

When his lips lowered to her neck, Fleur tilted her head to the side to allow him better access. Her eyes fluttered as he nipped and sucked on her sensitive skin, all the while his hands were busy groping her perfect body. Her ass was grabbed tightly and squeezed. Her cheeks were pulled apart before she was lifted. Her legs wrapped around his waist as he carried her to the edge of the pool. Fleur was set down on the edge where she spread her legs. She blushed as Harry looked down at her naked and exposed pussy. Her mound was as smooth as the rest of her body, and her plump lips were wet and glistening in the French sunlight. Harry took his cock in hand and slapped it repeatedly against her delicate petals. When his bulbous head hit her clit, the sudden spike in pain made her pussy contract in pleasure. Not being able to wait any longer, Fleur reached down and grabbed his massive shaft. She rubbed it against the length of her arousal-slickened split before pushing the head inside. Without waiting for Harry to act, she wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him in.

Both groaned loudly at the penetration. Inch after inch of thick man-meat slid inside of her wet tunnel, and her walls instantly clamped down on him.

“Jesus, Fleur! You’re so fucking tight,” Harry moaned, making her blush in delight. It felt good to be desired again.

“Fuck me, ‘Arry! Fuck me ‘ard!” she gasped as her walls fluttered around him. She opened her legs to let him move. With that, he began thrusting into her. Harry started out slow, but soon, he

was fucking her so hard that the pool water was sloshing around them. Fleur tilted her head back and screamed in pleasure when his cock assaulted her previously untouched g-spot. Over and over it was bashed and bruised under his relentless assault. Her toes were curling, and her back was arching as she cried out like a whore. Her gorgeous, pale skin was reflecting the bright sunlight as her body bowed, and she stuck her perky tits up in the air. Her hard, light pink nipples made for a mouth-watering spectacle, Harry thought.

“ “Arry! I cannot ‘old on!” Fleur cried, her body trembling violently. He could feel her pussy squeezing his cock so hard that it nearly hurt. The pleasure that he was feeling was incredible. It was neck and neck with the pleasure that he received from fucking Gabrielle’s tight, little pussy. Reaching down, he placed his thumb against her clit and began to massage it. Fleur screamed and came all over his cock. Harry too moaned loudly and thrust all the way in.

Neither of them saw the older, blonde woman peeking at them from inside the house. Apolline was watching wide-eyed with her hand inside of her panties as Harry and Fleur came at the same time.