

Harry and the Divorcees

Chapter 4

By the time they'd exhausted half a dozen boutiques and ate a decadent lunch at a waterfront café, the afternoon sun was high in the sky, and the Delacour girls had grown restless. Harry suggested they rest for a while, but Fleur had other ideas. "It's a crime to waste such weather, 'Arry. Come, let us show you 'ow the French truly enjoy the Riviera." After dropping off their purchases and changing, she led them down a narrow stone path that cut through lush gardens and grapevines.

A private staircase led from Harry's terrace down to a crescent of perfect sand, hemmed in by boulders. A crisp blue umbrella and four striped loungers waited for them. The air was warm and salty, and the bay was so clear he could see the pale stones at the bottom.

Fleur's bikini was little more than a triangle of pale blue mesh. She stretched unashamedly and untied the string behind her neck, letting her breasts spill free. "Tan lines are a disgrace," she announced, and lay back on a lounger, arching her back as she adjusted herself. Gabrielle followed suit and slipped off her own bikini top. She giggled and spun, tossing her discarded bikini top into the air.

Apolline was a little more reserved than Gabrielle, but no less bold. She stood facing the water and untied her new silk wrap, letting the breeze whip it away. Her bikini was a champagne color that was barely visible against her skin. She gave Harry an appraising look as she unfastened the top and let it drop at her feet. "It is only polite to match the company, no?" she teased, and reclined on the lounger nearest to his.

Harry followed their lead, though his swimming trunks were far less scandalous. He set the bags down and took off his shirt and shoes. He was rewarded with three sets of appreciative eyes and a few whispered comments in French he couldn't quite translate, but the tone was unambiguous.

They settled in around the umbrella, the girls rubbing thick layers of coconut-scented sunscreen onto one another's backs and shoulders. Fleur massaged the lotion into Gabrielle's sides with long, slow strokes of her hands. Gabrielle moaned and shivered in response. Apolline watched Harry over her sunglasses and smirked. "Would you 'elp me, 'Arry? I burn easily," she purred, offering him the bottle and rolling onto her stomach.

He knelt beside her and poured a generous line of oil down her back. Apolline's skin was impossibly smooth and soft, and she made no effort to stifle the pleased little noises that escaped as he worked the oil into her shoulders, then lower across her hips. She propped her chin on her folded arms and watched him with a tilted head. "You are very thorough," she giggled, and Harry grinned, sliding his hands a little lower for effect.

The women took turns sunning and swimming in the turquoise bay. Fleur dove in first, slicing through the surf with effortless strokes. She swam out past the rocks, then floated on her back, baring her wet breasts to everyone. Gabrielle shrieked and ran in after her. Harry couldn't help but stare at her bouncing tits. They wrestled and splashed, and their laughter echoed off the cliffs.

Apolline stayed close to Harry. She talked softly, asking about his life in England, about Hogwarts, and about his work. Her voice was so melodic that Harry found himself drifting closer and closer to her.

They spent an hour like this, and their presence lulled Harry into a warm haze. At times, Fleur and Gabrielle would come ashore and sprawl beside him. Their bodies pressed close, and their limbs entangled with his. Fleur rested her head on Harry's chest, and her breath tickled his collarbone, while Gabrielle curled into his side, drawing patterns on his thigh with a wet finger.

Apolline watched over them all with a pleased expression. She took occasional dips in the sea herself, but always returned to her spot at Harry's side. She would dry her hair with a towel while showing off her perfect chest or reach across him to steal a sip of his drink, thereby rubbing her naked tits against his bare chest. At one point, she nuzzled her soft lips against his cheek and said, "You take very good care of us, mon cher."

Harry was growing almost dizzy from the attention, and he was not at all unhappy about it. He'd never felt so relaxed or unburdened. As the sun sank toward the horizon, the air cooled, and the girls pulled on light cover-ups. Fleur, Gabrielle, and Apolline lounged around him, perfectly at ease in their bare skin, laughing and slinging sand at each other.

At one point, Fleur leaned over and whispered in Harry's ear, "The French 'ave a way of thanking their generous hosts." She tilted her head toward Gabrielle, who was glowing and barely suppressing a smirk.

Harry played along and smiled. "And what's that?"

Gabrielle pounced, knocking him back onto the lounge. She straddled his waist with her hands on his chest, and her hair fell around her face like a silvery curtain. The other two cheered her on, and even Apolline clapped with bright, delighted eyes.

Gabrielle grinned down at him, and her cheeks flushed. "Let me show you," she said, leaning in close and kissing him on the lips. The kiss started out soft, but her lips quickly grew bolder, and her tongue slid against his. When she finally broke the kiss, she left him breathless and blinking up at the sky.

Fleur and Apolline giggled in response, but the game quickly devolved into a pile of limbs and giggles. They took turns kissing him, and even Apolline, who had seemed content to watch, surprised him with a deep, lingering kiss that left him reeling.

When the stars came out, they gathered their things and wandered back up to the villa. Fleur led the way, still topless and singing softly to herself. Gabrielle walked beside Harry, holding his hand and chattering about all the places she wanted him to take her. Apolline trailed just behind with her arm wrapped around his waist and her head resting on his shoulder.

Any lingering doubts or awkwardness melted away by the time they reached the villa's garden. There, they sprawled on the patio furniture and sipped iced drinks. The women lounged, seemingly quite comfortable with Harry eyeing up their near-naked forms, and their laughter and affection as effortless as breathing.

Harry and the Divorcees

Harry exited from his shower, toweling his hair dry as he padded toward the bed. He was so preoccupied that he didn't realize he had company until a familiar, breathy voice said, "You take forever in there, 'Arry." Fleur was sprawled across the center of his bed in a pose so brazen it left no room for uncertainty. She wore nothing but a pair of white panties that were so sheer that he could see the peachy flush of her skin beneath. She pressed her thighs together and arched her back, watching him with dark, hungry eyes.

Harry stopped mid-step, caught off guard by her forwardness. Her stare swept down to the towel wrapped around his hips. Her eyes lingered on the outline of his cock beneath it before meeting his gaze again. Fleur's lips parted, and she beckoned him closer with a curl of her finger. "Don't just stand there. I need you."

He felt his body respond before he'd even made a conscious decision. Harry whipped the towel from his lower half, leaving him completely naked and unashamed. Fleur's eyes widened at the sight of his massive erection, and she bit her bottom lip as her cheeks flushed even redder. She reached for him as he climbed onto the bed, but instead of joining her at once, he paused to take her in. The soft planes of her stomach rose and fell with her shallow breathing. A thin line of goosebumps marked the path where her hands had just caressed her own thighs. Her panties hugged the swell of her hips and did nothing to obscure the perfect, hairless mound beneath.

"Someone's eager," Harry teased, stretching out beside her. There was a wet spot on the crotch of her panties. He ran his fingers down her arm, then across her belly, stopping at the hem of her panties. He hooked his fingers beneath, then peeled them away with excruciating slowness, exposing her fully.

Fleur moaned at the touch and parted her legs, as if inviting him to look. Her pussy was utterly bare, smooth, and delicate, with lips that were flushed, puffy, and glistened in the low light. The petite folds drew into a tight, perfect slit that seemed almost too tight to be natural. Harry took a moment to appreciate the sight, and Fleur blushed even deeper and squirmed. "Don't just stare," she demanded through a smile.

Harry leaned in and brushed his lips over her inner thigh. He kissed the sensitive skin beside her mound, and Fleur's whole body tensed as she gasped. She tangled her fingers in his hair and tried to guide his mouth to where she wanted it most, but Harry resisted, letting her desperation build. He kissed along her hips, up her belly, and over her tits. Fleur arched her back and moaned as he took turns sucking each hard nipple into his mouth.

Harry finally claimed her mouth in a deep, passionate kiss. Their lips slowly danced together, and Fleur moaned when he sucked on her hot, wet tongue. Fleur's legs wrapped around his waist, and she ground herself against him with increasing urgency.

Her hands roamed over his back and arms, then moved down to his cock, which she stroked almost reverently. She guided him into position, but her nerves betrayed her when his fat head brushed over her sensitive clit. Her body bucked, and she missed the mark. Fleur pouted and tried again, this time lining him up with a trembling hand. Still, she was unable to get his cock inside her from such a difficult angle. "Please, 'Arry. I want it now," she begged.

He was more than ready to give her what she needed. Harry slid himself into her in one slow, careful thrust, and Fleur gasped while her body bowed upward. Her pussy was hot and impossibly tight, and her inner walls gripped him in a velvet vise. It took every ounce of Harry's self-control not to lose himself immediately. Fleur dug her heels into the mattress and pulled him deeper. Her gorgeous face was contorted in bliss. "Mon dieu," she whispered. "You feel perfect."

Harry set a slow, teasing rhythm, savoring every flutter of her pussy. Fleur's body trembled and writhed beneath him. Her hands clutched his shoulders, and her nails scratched at his skin, leaving delicate red lines. She met every thrust with a roll of her wide hips, and her voice broke into soft, high-pitched whimpers. Harry watched her, mesmerized by every flicker of pleasure that crossed her face.

As the minutes passed, Fleur's composure crumbled. She became wilder, clawing at his back and bucking her hips. She locked her legs around his waist and pulled him in, again and again, desperate for more. Her pussy squeezed him relentlessly, milking every inch with each stroke. Harry gritted his teeth, determined to hold out as long as possible, but Fleur's tight warmth and urgent moans made it a losing battle.

He slowed and then stopped, holding himself deep inside her. Fleur panted, and her chest heaved. She clung to him with her arms locked around his neck, and she buried her nose in his shoulder. "Don't stop," she pleaded. She wriggled her hips, trying to coax him back to action, but Harry stayed still, moaning at the way her pussy clung tightly to and massaged his shaft.

Finally, he resumed, but this time his self-control was practically non-existent. They moved together in perfect unison. Fleur's moans grew louder and more desperate until, with a sudden cry, she came. Her whole body shook, and her pussy clenched around his cock so hard he almost came with her. He held off, letting her ride out the waves of pleasure. He then fucked her

harder, eager to finish inside her. When he finally finished, she shuddered again, and they collapsed together, sweaty and spent.

They lay there for a while, catching their breath. Fleur stroked his chest with her delicate fingers. "You stretched me so much it almost 'urt," she said, and kissed him sweetly. Harry smiled and wrapped his arms around her. He could still feel her pussy fluttering as she rubbed it against his thigh.

A faint sound from the doorway made them look up. Gabrielle stood there, wrapped in nothing but a towel. Her hair was dripping wet. She watched them with wide, eager eyes. "Are you finished with 'im yet, Fleur?" she called, not even trying to hide her impatience.

Fleur giggled and rolled off Harry's chest. "You can 'ave your turn, Gabby. But don't wear 'im out. There is plenty of time for fun and games."

Gabrielle smiled and dropped her towel, revealing her own flawless body. She climbed onto the bed, nudging Fleur aside. "I'll be gentle," she promised, but the mischievous glint in her eyes said otherwise. She straddled Harry's waist and leaned in until her lips were close to his. "Are you ready for round two?" she asked teasingly.

Harry laughed, feeling a fresh surge of energy. Gabrielle kissed him, and her lips were soft but insistent. Her perky breasts pressed against his chest, and her skin was cool from the cold shower she had just taken. She shifted her hips and ground her pussy against him, and Harry felt himself harden again.

Harry groaned, and Gabby leaned in and lightly nipped his lip. She reached down to guide him in, and Harry slid easily inside her. Gabrielle's pussy was as soft and tight as Fleur's, but she moved differently. She was more playful and less urgent, and she took her time to make sure his cock was hitting exactly the right spot.

She rode him slowly, rolling her hips and arching her back to show off her jiggling tits. She locked eyes with Harry, and her gaze was unblinking and intense. Fleur watched from beside them with her head propped on one arm. She had a satisfied smile on her sweet lips.

Gabrielle gradually picked up the pace, bouncing in his lap and moaning loudly. Her pussy slurped and squelched, telling him exactly how wet she was. Even if he couldn't hear it, he could still feel it. Her hot arousal dripped down his shaft and coated his balls in a thick sheen. She clung to his shoulders and arched her back with every thrust. Harry grabbed her hips and held her steady, thrusting up into her as she rolled her hips in tight circles. The pressure built quickly, and Gabrielle's pussy squeezed him even harder than before.

She came with a shrill cry and collapsed onto his chest, panting. Harry grabbed her ass, spread her cheeks, and thrust up into her. Only a few thrusts later, Gabby squealed and slipped off his cock with pink cheeks. "Sorry," she apologized through heavy breathing. "I am too sensitive,"

she admitted with more than a little embarrassment. Harry chuckled and kissed her forehead, making her mewl cutely. Gabrielle lay atop him, giggling and catching her breath, while Fleur cuddled against his side.

The three of them stayed together until they had recovered. Occasionally, Fleur or Gabrielle would lean over to kiss him, and he would kiss back while exploring their nude bodies with his hands.

Eventually, the quiet was broken by a gentle knock on the door. Apolline peeked in. Her hair was immaculate, and her dress was as skimpy as ever. "Dinner will be ready soon," she announced in a warm voice. Then her eyes widened, and a cheeky smile crept across her lips at the sight of the three naked bodies in bed. "I will give you a few more minutes."

Fleur and Gabrielle burst into laughter, and even Harry couldn't help but grin.

Harry and the Divorcees

After dinner, Apolline retreated to her bedroom. She settled onto the enormous bed with a novel in hand, though her eyes wandered over the words without really reading. Apolline had changed into her favorite nightgown. It was a wisp of pink fabric that clung to her body and left little to the imagination, and as she lay with one thigh folded over the other, she couldn't help but think about what was going on in Harry's bedroom. She wondered which one of her girls had snuck in for some nighttime fun. She tried to put it out of her mind and read, but her thoughts kept circling back to the young man who had, at least momentarily, lifted them from poverty.

The latch clicked. The door eased open, and Harry stepped in, bare-chested. Apolline's heart gave a furious little flutter. She hadn't expected him, though she realized now she had spent the last hour wishing for exactly this. He wore nothing but a pair of soft, dark boxers, and her eyes were immediately drawn to the conspicuous bulge at his groin.

"Bonsoir, Madame Delacour," he said in a teasing tone.

Apolline smiled and tucked a loose strand of silver hair behind her ear. She closed the book and set it aside, grateful for the excuse to focus on him instead. "Bonsoir, 'Arry," she said. Her accent always thickened when she was nervous.

He lingered in the doorway, scanning her body from head to toe. Apolline knew exactly what he saw. Her hair was loose and tumbling over her shoulders. Her nightie was cut low enough to bare the upper curve of each breast, and her smooth, pale legs were on full display. She had chosen this nightgown because it made her feel daring and youthful, but now that Harry's eyes were taking her in, she felt almost shy.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," Harry said.

“Non, not at all,” Apolline said. “You are always welcome ‘ere.”

He smiled, and she saw a hint of mischief behind his slight nervousness. He stepped closer, and she noticed how the soft light played over his skin, highlighting every muscle along his chest and arms. He stopped at the foot of her bed and hesitated, as if waiting for permission to climb onto it.

“Fleur said you might be in here,” Harry said. “She ... suggested, rather forcefully, that I should spend some time with you. Alone.”

Apolline arched an eyebrow. “Is that so?”

Harry nodded, and the tips of his ears turned pink. “She said you deserved a little attention. And that I should be the one to give it.”

Apolline laughed, and a soft, musical sound filled the room. “Fleur always was a troublemaker,” she said, but her heart swelled with affection for her. “And what do you think, ‘Arry? Do you want to be ‘ere?”

He didn’t answer right away, but the hunger in his eyes was answer enough. He sat on the edge of the bed and placed one warm hand on her knee. His touch was gentle, and Apolline shivered in anticipation. There was a moment of charged silence between them as Harry’s thumb caressed her bare skin.

“I do,” he said at last. “If you’ll have me.”

Apolline’s cheeks flushed, and she uncrossed her legs, opening herself a little more. Her nightie rode up her thighs, and she knew just how much Harry could see. She wanted him to see. She reached out and brushed her fingertips across his knuckles, inviting him closer. He shifted, kneeling on the mattress so that he loomed over her, and she could feel the heat of his body.

Harry leaned in, and their lips met. Apolline was tentative at first, but she quickly deepened it. She practically melted beneath him. She had always been a generous lover, but it had been so long since anyone had touched her with such single-minded devotion. Harry’s hands moved in careful increments, resting on her hips, her waist, and her ribcage, as if he was memorizing every inch of her. His tongue explored her mouth, and her hands slid up his sides to trace the line of his spine.

When they finally broke apart, Apolline gasped for breath, and her chest was heaving beneath the thin fabric of her nightgown. Harry’s eyes had gone dark with desire, and he grinned as he looked down at her.

“You’re even more beautiful up close,” he said, and Apolline laughed, both delighted and flattered.

"You are very sweet," she said, and her voice trembled ever so slightly.

He kissed her collarbone, then her shoulder. Then his lips trailed down the side of her neck. Apolline squirmed into his touch, loving the feel of his lips and hands on her body. She tilted her head to give him better access, and Harry took full advantage, nibbling and sucking until she let out a sweet, involuntary moan.

Harry's hands roamed down her body and skimmed the nightie over her hips. He tugged the hem upward, exposing the smooth curve of her thighs and the bare cleft of her pussy. Apolline felt herself growing wet with anticipation. She had chosen to forego panties, and she saw Harry's eyes widen in surprise and appreciation.

"You were expecting company?" he teased.

"Maybe I was 'oping for it," she admitted, lifting her hips to help him slide the nightie higher.

Harry reached for the waistband of his boxers and shucked them off. His cock sprang free. It was long, thick, and flushed, and Apolline's breath stuttered in her chest. It was even bigger than she could have possibly imagined. It was so incredibly long and thick, and the veins stood prominently along the shaft. Apolline reached out with trembling fingers and wrapped her hand around the base. She squeezed, testing the weight and hardness, and Harry hissed in pleasure.

He pressed his palm to her thigh and eased her legs apart, settling between them. He kissed his way down, past her breasts and stomach, until he paused at the very edge of her mound. His breath was hot against her skin, and Apolline's whole body shook as she waited.

Harry looked up, seeking her permission one last time. She nodded while biting her lip, and then he dipped his head and kissed her pussy. The sensation sent a shockwave of pleasure through her. His tongue was slow and teasing, tracing every contour and exploring every fold, as if he was savoring a rare treat. He flattened his tongue and licked up her slit, and Apolline gasped, jerking her hips upward. He circled her clit with the tip of his tongue, causing her to moan like a whore. She threaded her fingers through his hair and pulled him closer, desperate for more.

Harry's tongue moved with confidence and skill, alternating between gentle laps and firm, sucking pressure. Apolline could feel herself getting wetter by the second. Her arousal dripped down to the sheets, and Harry groaned in approval while lapping it up. When he sucked her clit into his mouth and flicked it with his tongue, Apolline nearly lost control. She clawed at the bedsheets and ground her pussy against his mouth while her orgasm built rapidly.

But Harry wasn't finished. He slipped two fingers inside her and curled them to hit the most sensitive spot. He worked her pussy with a steady rhythm until she was a trembling, gasping mess. Apolline bit her hand to keep from screaming, and her pleasure peaked in a series of wild, shuddering spasms.

Afterward, she lay panting with her eyes closed, trying to catch her breath. Harry crawled up beside her and kissed her lips, and she could taste herself on his tongue. She laughed and pulled him in for a deeper, messier kiss while her hand furiously jerked on his cock. By the time she was done with tugging his cock, it was rock hard and throbbing in her hand, and she knew her night was just getting started.