

Imperio

Chapter 6

“ ‘Ow are Gabrielle’s lessons going?” Harry heard Apolline’s sexy voice chime as he came down the stairs. He immediately saw the gorgeous woman sitting on the sofa with a magazine in hand while sipping a cup of coffee.

“She’s still having trouble, but I think she’ll get it soon enough,” Harry told her as he approached. He sat down next to her, and he couldn’t help but stare at her exposed thighs. Her dress was fairly short, and the way she was sitting caused it to ride further up her legs. Her skin was pale and perfect, and he couldn’t see a single blemish on her long, sexy legs. Harry had a feeling she was sitting like that to entice him. Truthfully, it wouldn’t have taken much. His time with Gabrielle already had him very worked up, and having an outlet to sate his baser urges would be helpful.

“She ‘as always been a quick learner. She will get it sooner or later,” Apolline said with the utmost confidence in her. Harry wasn’t even paying attention to her answer. His hand found her thigh, and he slowly ran his palm down the length of it. His cock rapidly stiffened in his trousers as he caressed her delicate skin. Her skin was incredibly smooth and soft, and he felt her shudder when he tickled it with his fingertips.

“Uh-huh,” he replied without even thinking. When his hand reached her knee, he slid it over to the inside of her thigh and slowly moved it back up. Inch after inch of cock-hardening skin danced along his palm until the side of his hand reached the blockade that was her panties. From the small touch, he could tell she was wearing a pair of her lacy panties. They felt a little rougher than the silky ones she normally liked to wear. Harry didn’t care what they were made of. All he could think about was getting them off her. He wanted the wet, pink prize hidden underneath. He looked up at Apolline with lustful eyes, and he was glad to see the reciprocation in hers. He also noticed that her legs had slightly parted. Harry sent her a knowing smile before standing up and moving in front of her. Apolline opened her legs wider and allowed him to step between them. He leaned down for a kiss, and Apolline dutifully tilted her head back, closed her eyes, and accepted his lips.

“Mmm,” he hummed against his lips as he softly kissed her. He first kissed her upper lip and then her lower. While Apolline loved his soft kisses, she wanted more. Her lips parted, and she ran the tip of her tongue along his lower lip. When she did it again, Harry’s tongue met hers. The response from the older woman was immediate. Her hands lashed out, grabbing the back of his head. She pulled him in and deepened the kiss until she was practically devouring his mouth. After a minute or so of being defiled by her perfect mouth, Harry pulled back.

The soft, lustful look she had previously been gifting him had turned into a thunderous gaze of pure arousal. Her eyes were sharp and determined, her cheeks were flushed pink, and her breathing was slightly labored. It was a look he loved to see. Harry knelt down between her

spread legs and ran his palms from her knees to her hips. Though he couldn't see the crotch of her panties hidden under the bottom of her dress, he could smell the level of her arousal. Her womanly scent made his cock throb with desire.

Harry had many ups and downs throughout his life, but at that moment, he felt like the luckiest man in the world. He had three gorgeous Veela who always seemed to be horny and would allow him to do anything he wanted with them. Life couldn't get much better. To prove this, Harry slipped his fingers under the lacy fabric that was digging into her fleshy hips and tugged her panties down her thighs. Instantly, the smell of her wet pussy grew stronger.

"Maybe we should take this to my room? The girls could walk in at any moment," Apolline breathily suggested, even as she lifted her knees to let him slide the panties down her calves and off her feet. Harry stuffed her panties into his pocket and pushed her knees further apart.

"We will ... but first ..." Harry said, dipping his head and pushing it underneath her dress. He heard Apolline gasp as his face neared her heated core. With her dress acting as a tent, there was no escaping the smell of her pussy. It surrounded him and dominated his every breath. His cock was threatening to burst through the front of his trousers by that point. There was just enough light to see the split between her two puffy lips. Harry placed his hands on her thighs and kept her legs open. His face neared her, and the heat grew stronger. He first leaned to the right and kissed her inner thigh. His lips peppered her delicate skin with soft kisses, each one getting closer to his goal. Apolline seemed to enjoy his treatment of her body. She squirmed and squeezed his body between her strong thighs. When his lips reached the junction between her pussy and thigh, he heard Apolline moan deeply. Harry dragged his tongue along that junction, teasing her and heightening her arousal to new levels.

His lips then found her mound. It amazed him how soft and smooth the skin of her mound was. He pressed his lips against the puffy skin and softly nipped at it. Apolline was doing her best to get his lips down to the promised land, but Harry wasn't done teasing her. He sucked on the area directly above her clit, which incidentally stimulated the little nub. Apolline's squeak of pleasure was music to his ears. " 'Arry ... please," he heard her beg. Harry responded by laying soft kisses all around her weeping pussy but never on it. Apolline was nearly out of her mind with sexual frustration. She moved her hips around, trying to get his lips to her pussy.

Harry gave in and kissed her clit. The little bead was hard and ready to be sucked. Apolline arched her back and draped her legs over his shoulders. Harry then flicked it with his tongue, but by then, Apolline wasn't playing games. She wrapped her legs around the back of his neck and pulled his face against her pussy. Holding him there, she ground her pussy all over his mouth, and she especially liked when she accidentally mashed her clit against his chin. Harry's tongue found her slit, and Apolline closed her eyes with a smile. She loved the way his tongue lapped at her folds and occasionally penetrated her. Her juices were flooding his mouth, and she threaded her fingers through his hair and giggled when his nose bumped into her clit. She dragged her pussy down his mouth until her clit reached his lips. She rubbed it against his lips, silently begging him to suck on it. Instead, Harry wiggled his tongue around it while two of his

fingers slipped inside of her. Her wet, silky walls instantly clutched his digits, and Harry expertly curled them to bring the greatest amount of pleasure to her. He could feel her body trembling, and she squealed when he sucked on her clit. He flicked his tongue against it over and over until she was ready to cum. Harry then let it go, pulled his fingers from her, and dragged his tongue from her ass all the way up her slit. Then he moved it back down.

Apolline gasped and bucked when the tip of his tongue tickled her asshole. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head when he began to tease her hole. Though she was embarrassed to admit it, she loved the sensation of him licking her there. It was a strange pleasure that made her clit throb. It was so naughty, and for some strange reason, it made her feel like a young woman again. His tongue traveled around the rim, making her skin goosebump. His tongue left that hole a little too soon, but luckily, it found a new home. His tongue penetrated her, and she could feel herself clutching it like it was a cock ready to cum.

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Fleur put her book down and checked the time. She smiled when she realized that Harry should be done with Gabrielle's lesson. She got off the bed and exited her room, hoping that Harry would go on a walk with her. As she neared the stairs, she heard the sound of moaning coming from down below. She trod lightly, walking as softly as a cat as she neared the stairs. She tip-toed down them one by one until she could lean her head down and get a clear view of what was happening. The sight had her huffing in annoyance.

Harry had her dress flipped up over her hips, and her legs were spread and wrapped around his neck. The older Veela was pawing at her covered breasts while her back arched and her eyes fluttered. Her hips bucked up and down, and Fleur could hear Harry slurping on her juices. He hummed into her pussy and slipped his hands up her dress. Fleur could see him caressing her belly under her dress. Then his lips moved to her clit. The delight on her face was obvious. She looked like Christmas had come early. Fleur quietly went back to her room.

She wasn't annoyed that he was doing that with her mother. He had obviously already been intimate with her during their lessons, and it wasn't surprising that she would want to have a little fun here and there. She was a flesh and blood woman with wants and needs. Fleur could easily understand that. No, what annoyed her was that Fleur was hoping to have a little fun herself. It appeared she needed to take the bull by the horns. Fleur went into her closet and pulled out a cute summer dress. She pulled her shirt over her head and reached behind her back. Unclipping her bra, she let it fall to the ground before unbuttoning her jeans. She pushed the tight material down her toned thighs and sat on the bed before pulling them from her feet. Leaving her panties on, she pulled the dress down over her head and put on some cute platform heels. After checking herself in the mirror, she smiled at her reflection. Fleur then returned to the stairs. By then, she heard the telltale squeal of a female orgasm, so she didn't feel too guilty about interrupting their fun. She began walking, letting her heels clunk loudly against the hardwood floor. She nearly snorted when she heard her mother say, " 'Arry! Get out from there!"

“ ‘Arry?” Fleur called out before reaching the stairs. “Are you down there?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’m here, Fleur,” Harry called back. When Fleur came down the stairs, her mother was sitting on the couch with her legs crossed, trying to look normal. Her hair was a bit messy, and her cheeks were flushed pink. She could also see that her breathing was labored. Harry’s hair was messier than usual, and Fleur saw a wet spot on his cheek.

“Will you take a walk with me?” she asked cutely, batting her eyes. “I ‘ave been stuck in the ‘ouse too much today.”

“Sure. Let me use the bathroom real quick, and then we can go,” he told her. She was sure he was going to freshen up. Her mother looked slightly annoyed at having her fun time cut short, but Fleur brushed it aside. It was only fair if she got to have some fun as well. When Harry returned a few minutes later, Fleur smiled at him, took his hand, and led him to the door. When the door closed behind them, Apolline got up and huffed in irritation. She was really looking forward to Harry taking her to bed. ‘Maybe I’ll sneak into his room tonight,’ she cheekily told herself.

“Maman!” Gabrielle suddenly called out as she bounded down the stairs, which startled Apolline.

“Yes?” Apolline asked her daughter. Gabrielle wore a cute outfit that showed off quite a bit of skin. No doubt she wore that outfit solely for Harry’s enjoyment.

“Where is ‘Arry?” she asked, looking around. Apolline refrained from rolling her eyes. If only she could clone Harry, then she might have more than a fleeting moment with him. ‘At least he gave me an orgasm,’ she reminded herself. That was certainly better than nothing.

“He’s out with Fleur,” she answered in French. “They’ll be back in a while.” Gabrielle huffed and went back upstairs to pout. Apolline smiled and shook her head.

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“There is a good spot over ‘ere,” Fleur said, pulling him by the hand. She led him into a cluster of trees where a picnic table sat. She liked to visit this spot when the weather was too hot and sunny for her tastes. The best part was that it offered them complete privacy.

“I thought you wanted to take a walk?” Harry asked as they reached the hidden table. Fleur saucily smiled at him.

“I changed my mind,” she cheekily answered. “Now, I want something else,” she giggled and stepped up to him. She kissed him while reaching behind her back. Harry heard the sound of a zipper lowering. Fleur broke the kiss and pulled the dress’s straps down her shoulders. The dress dropped down her body, and Fleur stepped out of it and kicked it away, leaving her

wearing only a pair of panties and her heels. Fleur looked like an ancient goddess standing there with only the tiniest amount of material covering her hairless pussy. Her breasts were large, perky, and hung high on her chest. As she moved, they lightly swung from side to side, creating a wondrous sight. Her panties hung low on her hips and weren't even big enough to fully cover her mound. Harry could see the upper quarter of her mound sticking out from the top of them.

She then moved to sit on top of the table, her breasts bouncing around as she did. Harry acted quickly and whipped out his wand. With a flick, the top of the table was suddenly covered with a thick, comfortable blanket. Fleur smiled sexily at him in appreciation. She sat on top and spread her legs, showing off the crotch of her panties. Fleur teased him further by rubbing her covered pussy. Her fingers slid down the front of her crotch and over her covered slit. She then began stroking herself in circles, causing her panties to bunch toward her slit. Her panties were already quite small, and Harry could see the sides of her puffy lips hanging out of the thin fabric.

"Are you going to stand there staring?" Fleur smirked and grabbed the crotch of her panties. "Or are you going to join me?"

She pulled them aside, exposing her delicate pink slit to his wandering eyes. Her lips were pink and puffy with arousal, and he could see that her clit had fully hardened. Fleur was clearly ready to be fucked. Harry unbuckled his trousers in record time and positioned himself right between her spread legs. As he pulled his trousers down, his cock sprang out and slapped Fleur right in the pussy. Fleur grabbed his cock and gave it a few tugs while cutely biting her lower lip. She pressed the head against her clit and wiggled it from side to side. From Harry's point of view, it felt good, but for Fleur, it must have felt fantastic. She moaned and closed her eyes while stimulating her clit with his cock like it was a sex toy. He could feel how hard her clit was as it rubbed against the sensitive bottom of his head. Fleur then pushed the head down her pussy. The head slowly slid down the length of her damp slit. It kept going until the tip was touching her asshole. At first, Harry thought she wanted him to fuck that hole, but then she slowly moved his cock back up her slit. The head dipped into her when it reached her opening, and she kept it there. Holding the head of his cock inside of her, she began slowly stroking his cock, teasing him into action. "Fuck me, 'Arry," she throatily begged. "I love being stretched by your big cock," she moaned, slightly bouncing her hips and fucking herself on the head.

"You're such a naughty little Veela," Harry chuckled and slowly thrust in. He felt her walls expand to accommodate his girth. It was a tight fit, but she was so wet that it made the task easy. The deeper he sank, the more her pussy was like a vice, squeezing his cock from all sides. Once his balls touched her asshole, Harry placed his hands on her shoulders and gently pushed her on her back. He ran his hands down her chest and over her large breasts. She gasped when his fingers brushed over her stiff, crinkled nipples. Her pussy instantly tightened around him.

"Feels good?" he asked in a teasing manner. Fleur mewled cutely and nodded. In his opinion, Fleur had never looked sexier.

"They're sensitive," she confessed, squirming as he caressed the delicate skin of her areolas. Harry pulled his hips back and slowly thrust forward. A loud squelching sound erupted from her stuffed pussy. Fleur looked embarrassed by the sounds her body was making, but Harry didn't care. He loved how wet she got for him. He pinched the tips of her nipples and rolled them, making Fleur gasp and arch her back. He tugged on them lightly and started to thrust into her.

The inside of her pussy was so incredibly tight and hot that Harry had difficulty not cumming right then and there. Every thrust was an explosion of pleasure. Her wet, silky walls fluttered around him, massaging his shaft with every thrust. Harry moved his hands down to her slender waist and increased his pace. Her cheeks were flushed, and her mouth was slightly agape as she grunted and moaned in pleasure. Her big tits bounced up and down while his hips collided with the backs of her thighs, making her smooth flesh ripple. Fleur's hands gripped the blanket he had conjured, but Harry grabbed one of them and removed it. He moved her hand to her mound, and Fleur looked at him and blushed. Knowing what he wanted, Fleur began massaging her clit while he fucked her good and hard. The pleasure was almost too much to bear for her. She let out a ragged, high-pitched moan while her pussy tightened further. "I love watching you play with yourself," he confessed, which turned her on even more. Fleur responded by draping one of her legs over his shoulder.

Harry laid soft kisses up the inside of her leg while his hands caressed the full length of her thigh. The skin on the inside of her thigh was probably the smoothest he had ever felt, and he made a mental note to pay more attention to that area later on.

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After a very impatient fifteen minutes of waiting for Harry to return, she decided to take matters into her own hands and went out in search of him. She bounded down the stairs and found that her mother had disappeared. Knowing that her mother would likely tell her to be patient and give Harry and Fleur their privacy, she quickly slipped out the front door before being discovered.

For over twenty minutes, Gabrielle searched the sprawling grounds of their estate but found no sign of them. She thought they might have walked into town, but to be sure, she decided to check the spot where Fleur liked to read when it was too sunny. Gabrielle made her way to the grove of trees at the far end of the property line. As she approached, she heard Fleur's whorish squeals of pleasure. Gabrielle pulled a face, not happy that Fleur was receiving pleasure while she was forced to use her fingers for relief. She snuck through the grove as quietly as humanly possible. A dried stick on the ground snapped under her feet, and Gabrielle froze, afraid she had been heard. Thankfully, neither of the rutting pair had heard it over the sound of Fleur's orgasmic cries of delight. When they came into view, Gabby hid behind a tree and peeked out from the side. What she saw was Harry's bare ass swinging in the breeze as he furiously plowed between Fleur's spread legs.

All she could think about was how she could get Harry to do that to her. Sure, he already promised that he would when she learned to throw off the curse's effect, but she was unsure when or even if that would ever happen. Gabrielle didn't want to wait. She needed it now. Her thoughts were interrupted by Fleur squealing at the top of her lungs. Gabby looked at them and saw Fleur spasming uncontrollably. Her back was arched, and her toes curled as she violently came all over his thrusting cock. Gabby left them to their moment and snuck out of the grove. On her way back to the house, she decided that the best course of action was to tempt him so much that he would be unable to resist any longer. Gabby wore a cheeky smile all the way back to the house.