

Breaking the Girl

Chapter 8

The manor was silent after Fleur and Gabrielle had left for their morning out. Harry spent a few minutes wandering the upstairs hall in nothing but an old T-shirt and pajama bottoms, unsure what to do with himself. He poured a cup of coffee and wandered into the study, but couldn't focus on anything in the newspaper. The kitchen was quiet and bright, and Apolline was there at the center of it, arranging a bouquet of flowers in a wide glass vase.

She wore a pale green robe that made her skin look even whiter, and her bare legs glistened where the hem swished against her thighs. Her hair was up in a messy twist, and she hummed to herself as she trimmed the stems. Harry tried to slip past her to get more coffee, but at that moment, Apolline dropped her towel. She bent to pick it up, but as she did, she gave a sharp little cry and reached for the small of her back.

Harry froze and turned toward her. "Are you alright?" he asked, setting his mug down with a clatter.

Apolline straightened up slowly, biting her lip. "Merde," she muttered. "It is nothing." She reached for the edge of the counter to steady herself.

Harry stepped closer. "Did you hurt yourself?"

She nodded, looking almost embarrassed. "Only a little. My back, it is very tight today." She arched her spine, which only made her ass stick out more. Harry was instantly distracted by the sight of her hips shifting beneath the thin robe and the gentle bounce of her breasts as she shifted her posture. The sash dug into her waist, accentuating the flare of her hips. She noticed his wandering eyes and gave a sly little smile.

"Would you like me to look at it?" he asked. He tried to sound professional, but his voice was thick and lustful.

Apolline's smile widened, and she cocked her head in mock seriousness. "Are you a 'ealer, now, 'Arry?" she teased.

He grinned. "No, but I'm not bad with my hands. Fleur and Gabrielle both say so." The words came out with more confidence than he intended, and it only made Apolline's eyes sparkle more.

She placed both hands on the counter and gingerly arched her back again, giving him a perfect view of the deep curve above her hips. "You can try. If you are gentle," she said. "It 'urts 'ere." She pointed to a spot just above the hem of her robe, at the base of her spine.

Harry stepped behind her. He let his fingers rest lightly on the spot she indicated, then gently rubbed in a slow, circular motion. Her skin was soft and warm. He pressed a little harder, using the heel of his palm, and Apolline let out a relieved sigh.

"That is better," she said softly. She looked over her shoulder at him, her blue eyes half-lidded.

"Your muscles are really tight," Harry said, working his thumbs along the curve of her waist.

Apolline closed her eyes and melted under his touch. "You are very good at that," she said, and her accent thickened. "Much better than my 'usband ever was."

Harry's cheek heated up slightly, but he kept at it. He trailed his hands up along her sides, kneading the tension away. He could feel the heat radiating off her body. Every movement of his hands made her hips wiggle closer to him, and every wiggle made his cock twitch beneath his pajama pants.

"You should let me give you a proper massage," Harry said, not sure what possessed him to say it, but the words came easily.

Apolline looked at him, and her lips curled into a hungry smile. "A real one, on the bed?" she asked, sounding hopeful.

Harry nodded. "If you want."

"I want," she replied immediately. "Come, 'Arry." She let her hand slide into his, and her fingers were warm and strong as they led him up the stairs toward her bedroom.

Breaking the Girl

Apolline's bedroom was drenched in honey-colored sunlight, and the soft, lace curtains framed the wide bed like a stage. The sheets were white with a faint floral pattern, and the pillows were all fluffed to perfection. A faint scent of perfume and clean linen hung in the air. Apolline stepped inside first, dropping Harry's hand so she could move to the center of the room. She turned to face him, the sash of her robe clutched in her delicate fingers.

"Are you sure you are up for this, 'Arry?" she teased, drawing out the syllables with a sultry tilt of her head. Her eyes drifted down to his crotch, and she could see that he was definitely "up" for this.

Harry nodded, watching her undo the knot at her waist. The silk slipped open and fell from her shoulders. Underneath, Apolline wore nothing at all. Her body was a masterpiece, every bit as beautiful as his other girls but with a deeper, more decadent fullness. Her waist was trim and tight, but her hips flared extravagantly, and her ass jutted out with a proud, almost indecent roundness. Her breasts were large and incredibly soft-looking, with pale pink areolas as wide as

galleons and nipples that were already stiff and crinkled with arousal. Her belly was smooth and flat, and her skin was the same flawless ivory as Fleur's, but even more luminous somehow. Apolline's mound was puffy and perfectly bare, and her thighs were thick and creamy, inviting Harry to stare, which, of course, he did.

She saw his awe and gave a little laugh, then climbed onto the bed and lay face down, her arms folded under the pillow and her hair fanned out. She wiggled her ass, causing the cheeks to bounce around. "Come on, then," she said, looking back at him. "I am ready for you."

Harry peeled off his shirt and shucked his pajama pants. His cock sprang free, already fully hard. He crawled onto the bed, careful not to crush her, and straddled the back of her thighs. His shaft nestled between her wide cheeks, and the heat of her body almost made him lose his mind.

He began at her lower back, just above the cleft of her ass, and kneaded the muscles with his thumbs. Apolline purred in appreciation. "Right there," she said. "Just like that." Harry's hands were strong, and he pressed deeper, coaxing every knot of tension loose as he moved up her spine. He rubbed the knots at the base of her ribs, and Apolline arched her back, grinding her hips into the bed. The movement squeezed Harry's cock between her ass cheeks, and she made a soft, whimpering noise when she felt it.

"You are very 'ard," she whispered, not looking back. "Does it excite you to touch me, 'Arry?"

"Yes," he said, and the honesty made Apolline smile even wider.

Harry leaned forward and worked her shoulders. He felt the muscles in her arms twitch, the warmth of her body, and the faint trembling that ran down her back as he massaged her. Her tits were flattened beneath her chest, but the sides bulged out, soft and tempting. He reached her neck and rubbed gently, and Apolline rolled her head from side to side and moaned.

When he finished with her upper body, Harry slid down the bed. He knelt at her feet and reached for her calves, working the knots out with slow, sensual pressure. He squeezed her thick, pillowy thighs, and every time he pressed her flesh, her pussy glistened a little more. He saw the shine on her folds, and he could smell her arousal in the air. Apolline spread her knees slightly, opening her lips just enough to show off the delicate pink flesh within.

Harry massaged her calves, then her feet. When he started kneading her soles, Apolline made a noise so desperate it almost didn't sound human. She twisted in place, her entire body rippling with pleasure. "Turn me over," she breathlessly demanded.

Harry helped her flip onto her back, and Apolline let her legs fall open. Her pussy was a perfect, hairless cleft. The lips were pert and pale, and they were pressed tightly together, glistening wet at the center. The flesh was so light pink it was almost translucent, and her clit peeked out, already hard and begging for attention.

Apolline smiled up at him, her eyes bright with lust. "You see?" she said, running her fingers down her belly and cupping her mound. She spread her lips with two fingers, and a gleam of wetness glimmered between them. "You make me feel so good. I want more."

Harry watched, entranced by her body, as Apolline gently massaged her own pussy, showing off for him, then let go and waited for him to move closer. She reached up, grabbed his hand, and pressed it to her thigh, pulling him toward her heat. "Make me feel even better," she whispered. "I need you, 'Arry."

Harry crawled up between Apolline's parted thighs, the muscles of his arms shaking slightly with excitement. She looked up at him through heavy lashes, her lips parted in a hungry smile. Her hands reached for his cock before he even had a chance to guide it himself.

She gripped the shaft with both hands, marveling at the length and thickness, then angled it downward until the swollen head nudged against her spread lips. She was sopping wet, and her pussy felt scorching hot. Apolline moved her hips to get a better angle, then slowly dragged the head up and down her slit, smearing herself along his length until it glistened with her juice.

Harry groaned, barely able to hold back. "You are so wet," he whispered.

"I 'ave wanted this since the last time we were in bed," she whispered, and the honesty in her voice made him shiver.

She angled the head to her entrance and pushed just a little, letting it pop in the first inch. She gasped, her breath caught, and her legs trembled. "Fuck me slowly, 'Arry," she said, and pulled him forward by the hips.

He let her control the pace at first. Apolline rolled her hips forward and let Harry slide inside, the heat of her body making him feel dizzy. She was tight, and the pressure on his cock was almost overwhelming. Her pussy fluttered around him, milking him before he even began to thrust. Apolline's hands gripped his back, and her nails raked gently down his skin.

Harry leaned down and kissed her deeply, and Apolline moaned into his mouth. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him close. Their bodies pressed so tight together that he could feel every shudder and gasp. She sucked his tongue and bit his lower lip, then giggled softly, her eyes bright with joy.

He started moving slowly, just as she requested. He pushed in and out with a steady rhythm. Apolline's heels dug into his lower back, urging him deeper, and her pussy clamped around his shaft with every stroke. She clung to him, whispering his name, and her voice was thick with lust and gratitude.

“Like that, ‘Arry ... just like that,” she said, her words slurring with pleasure. “You are perfect ... You feel so good.”

He grunted and picked up the pace, but he never lost the gentleness. He kissed her and then trailed kisses down her neck and to her collarbone, tasting her sweet skin. Her breasts flattened against his chest, the nipples hard and hot against his skin.

Apolline gasped and arched her back as his cock found the perfect angle. He saw her eyes roll back, and her mouth dropped open. “There,” she said, and he kept hitting that spot over and over, feeling her pussy flutter with every thrust.

Her legs wrapped around his waist, and she squeezed with her powerful thighs, locking him in place and forcing every inch of his cock deep inside her. She moved with him, meeting every thrust with her own, and her body was trembling now, so close to the edge.

Harry felt his balls tighten, and all he focused on was Apolline’s gorgeous face. It was flushed and radiant, and her eyes were glassy with bliss. She moaned, and her body jerked against him. She then let out a loud, desperate cry as her orgasm hit. Her pussy spasmed around his cock, milking him for everything he had.

The feeling sent Harry over the edge. He drove into her one last time and spilled inside her, his cock pulsing and twitching as he emptied himself deep into her. Apolline whimpered and clung to him, her hands tangled in his hair, and her legs trembling from the powerful orgasm.

They stayed there kissing for several minutes with Harry still buried inside her and their bodies pressed together. Apolline ran her fingers up and down his back, then cupped his face and kissed him harder. There was nothing hurried about it. Apolline took her time and explored every inch of his mouth. Her lips were soft and warm, and her cute mewls of delight had his cock hard again almost instantly

Harry gently rolled them to the side, careful not to slip out. Apolline curled into his chest with her breasts pressed against him. Her ass was nestled firmly in his lap. She smiled and let out a happy sigh.

“Fleur and Gabrielle are going to be so jealous,” she purred blissfully.

“They’ll get their turn,” Harry promised, and Apolline laughed and kissed him again.

Breaking the Girl

Harry dozed in Fleur’s bed, sprawled on his back with the covers draped over him. He was drifting in and out of a warm, post-coital stupor, the kind that made his limbs heavy and his thoughts foggy. He barely noticed the sound of footsteps on the landing, but the burst of giggling

laughter that followed jolted him awake. He blinked at the ceiling, then looked down his bare chest to see the bedroom door fly open.

Fleur charged in first, beaming, with her hair in a silvery blonde ponytail. Gabrielle came in behind her, giggling with her arms loaded with glossy shopping bags. Fleur dropped her bags on the floor with a thud, then leapt onto the bed. The mattress bounced. Harry groaned and rolled over, trying to play dead, but Fleur yanked the covers away and kissed him hard on the cheek.

"Wake up, sleepyhead!" she sang, and her French accent was even thicker when she was happy. Harry enjoyed listening to it.

Gabrielle hovered by the footboard, holding her bags to her chest. Her cheeks were already flushed, and she stared at Harry's naked torso for a full three seconds before she managed to look away. Fleur noticed immediately and rolled her eyes.

"Gabby 'as been dying to see you," Fleur said, dropping her voice to a stage whisper.

Harry grinned, propped himself up on an elbow, and patted the bed. "You can sit," he said, "I promise not to bite."

Gabrielle gave Fleur a wide-eyed look, then tiptoed to the side of the bed and clambered up. She sat cross-legged near Harry's knee, set her bags aside, and tucked her hands primly into her lap. Fleur flopped onto her stomach at Harry's side and propped her chin on his chest.

Harry reached over and cupped Gabby's hip. Her body was warm and soft under his hand. "Did you two buy out the entire village?" he teased, eyeing the haul of bags.

"Maybe," Gabby said. Her voice was even quieter than usual. "Fleur wouldn't agree to come 'ome until we visited all 'er favorite shops."

Fleur draped a leg over Harry's. "We got so many things for Gabby. I am determined to make 'er less boring."

"I'm not boring," Gabby shot back, but Fleur just snorted.

"Prove it," Fleur challenged. "Go on, show 'Arry what you bought."

Gabrielle's face went pink, but she grabbed one of the smaller bags and pulled out a glossy box. The lid was printed with swirling script and a photo of a model in blue lingerie. She set the box on the bed and shoved it toward Harry, then buried her face in her hands.

Harry laughed. "Is this a gift for me, or for Gabby?"

"It is a gift for everyone," Fleur said, rolling onto her back and stretching her arms. She yawned, which made her tits pop out from under her loose shirt. Harry stared for a moment, then looked back at Gabby.

"Are you going to try it on for me?" he asked. Gabrielle bit her lip and looked at Fleur for backup.

Fleur grinned wickedly. "Go on, Gabby. Don't be shy."

Gabby made a whimpering noise, then slid off the bed and padded to the bathroom, hugging the box to her chest. The moment the door clicked shut, Fleur pounced on Harry. She straddled his lap and ground herself against his thigh through the thin cotton of her shorts.

"You are such a brute," Fleur whispered, kissing his neck. "Gabby was shaking the whole walk home."

"Is she nervous or something?" Harry asked. Fleur sucked his earlobe, then kissed her way down his chest. She then shook her head.

"She wants you so badly, but she is afraid to admit it. She still does not realize that she can 'ave you any time she wants. It's so cute," Fleur giggled and nipped his skin. She then ran her tongue across his chest. "You will 'ave to be patient."

"I think you want her as much as I do," Harry replied, sliding his hands up under Fleur's shirt and squeezing her breasts.

Fleur moaned and leaned into his touch. "Maybe I do," she whispered. "But you are my favorite." She sucked on his bottom lip, then pulled away. "Do you want 'er more than me?" she teased, wriggling her hips.

Harry shook his head, but he smiled. "Not possible."

"Good," Fleur said, her voice soft. She kissed him, slow and deep, and rolled her hips until she could feel him growing hard under her. She reached between them, stroked his cock through the sheets, then threw the covers to the floor.

Harry's cock was already hard and twitching. Fleur admired it with a lazy smile, then glanced down and sniffed. She raised an eyebrow at him.

"What?" Harry asked.

Fleur smirked. "You smell like pussy ... and I know that it is not from me or Gabby."

Harry's face went red, and Fleur giggled. "Apolline was very frisky this morning," Harry explained.

Fleur giggled louder, then slid off Harry's lap and knelt on the bed between his legs. She licked the tip of his cock, tasted Apolline on him, and made a face. "She is such a slut," she muttered, but then she sucked him into her mouth anyway, bobbing her head with quick, hungry movements. Her hand worked the shaft while her tongue circled the head, and Harry groaned and let his head fall back.

The bathroom door opened with a creak. Gabrielle peeked her head out, then shuffled into the bedroom with her arms crossed tightly over her naked chest. She wore a pair of blue lace panties, and that was all. The triangle of fabric barely covered anything. Almost the entirety of her smooth, puffy mound was on display, and her clit bulged out at the top. The soft lips of her pussy were visible at the bottom, hanging out on either side of a very thin strip of fabric. The waistband dug deep into her hips, and the back was nothing but a thin string that vanished between her jutting ass cheeks.

Gabrielle stood in the doorway, trembling. She covered her breasts with her arms and stared at the carpet. Her eyes darted up, caught Harry looking, and she went bright red.

"Do you like it?" she whispered, barely audible.

Fleur pulled off Harry's cock with a wet pop and whistled. "Gabby, you look amazing. Show 'im your ass."

Gabrielle shook her head but turned anyway, exposing the round, perfect globe of her backside. The string cut sharply between the cheeks, and the flesh jiggled as she shifted her weight. Harry made a sound halfway between a growl and a moan.

Gabrielle glanced over her shoulder, her eyes wide and nervous. "Is it ... is it too much?"

"Not enough," Harry said. He sat up, beckoned her closer, and grabbed her by the waist. He lifted her easily and set her down in his lap, face to face. Gabby squeaked and wrapped her arms around his neck for balance.

Fleur moved behind her and cupped Gabby's breasts, pinching the nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. "You are so pretty, Gabby," she said, nuzzling her cheek against Gabrielle's neck.

Harry leaned in, kissed Gabby softly, then bit her lower lip. She melted in his arms, and her hips ground against the length of his cock. He grabbed her ass, squeezed, and let his fingers wander down between her legs. She was already dripping wet.

Gabrielle whimpered when Harry pressed the crotch of her panties against her pussy, rubbing slow circles on her clit. She squirmed and tried to kiss him again, but her lips were trembling too

much. Fleur slid her hands down Gabby's ribs and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of the panties.

"Can I take these off?" Fleur asked, kissing the tip of Gabby's ear.

Gabrielle nodded, her breath coming in short, ragged gasps. Fleur peeled the panties down over her hips, and Gabby helped her take them off. Fleur let them fall to the floor. She cupped Gabby's pussy with her palm, spreading the lips and showing off the pink, glistening folds. "Look at this," she purred to Harry. "She is so wet for you."

Harry licked his lips, then pushed Gabby back onto the mattress. He yanked her legs apart and buried his face between them. Gabrielle shrieked and clamped her thighs to his head, but Fleur gently pushed them back open. Harry licked her pussy from clit to ass, savoring the taste of her arousal. He then sucked her clit between his lips and flicked it with his tongue.

Gabrielle grabbed the sheets and squealed into the pillow. Her hips bucked, and her toes curled. Fleur knelt at her side, stroking Gabby's hair and whispering encouragement in her ear.

Harry didn't stop, even when Gabby's thighs clamped tight around his head. He pushed two fingers into her pussy, curled them just right, and kept sucking on her clit until Gabby started to shake and babble in broken French. The sound was desperate and hungry, and it only made Harry work harder.

Fleur moved down the bed and kissed Harry on the mouth, sharing the taste of Gabby's pussy with him. Then she crawled behind Harry and latched onto his swinging sack. She sucked his balls into her mouth, rolling them around with her tongue while Harry went back to devouring Gabby.

Gabrielle came hard, and her body went stiff. She screamed, and her pussy squirted onto Harry's hand, soaking the sheets. Fleur laughed out loud and clapped her hands together.

"It was well worth the wait, yes?" Fleur said, grinning. She licked the spray off Harry's fingers and crawled up next to Gabby. She kissed her sweetly and whispered, "You look so sexy when you cum. Did you like that?"

Gabrielle nodded and panted, her body still shaking. "Yes," she gasped. "So much."

Harry crawled up the bed, cock in hand, and hovered over Gabby's face. "Open up," he said, stroking her cheek with the tip.

Gabrielle stared at it, almost hypnotized. She then opened her mouth and took him in. She gagged a little, but Fleur stroked her hair and coached her through it. Harry groaned at the sight of Gabby's lips wrapped around his cock, her blue eyes wide and full of desire.

Fleur joined in, licking Harry's shaft wherever Gabby couldn't reach. They took turns, each trying to outdo the other. Fleur teased the head by swirling her tongue, while Gabby sucked hungrily, desperate to please him.

Harry lost control quickly. He thrust into Gabby's mouth, fucking her face with slow, careful jerks of his hips. Fleur licked his balls and then sucked them into her mouth. The sensation almost made him collapse.

"I'm going to ..." he warned, but Gabby shook her head and kept going, her nose pressed against his pelvis.

Harry came with a shout, and his whole body went rigid. Gabby swallowed every drop, her throat jerking with every deep gulp. Fleur kissed her and licked a bit of cum from the corner of her mouth.

They collapsed in a heap, all breathing heavily. Fleur giggled and cuddled up to Harry's side. Gabby curled against his chest and buried her face in the crook of his arm.

"I can't get enough of you girls," Harry said, barely able to breathe.

Fleur nipped his ear and purred, "Good. Because you are never leaving this bed again."

Gabrielle smiled and closed her eyes, feeling utterly content. Harry's warmth made her feel safe and wanted, and that was something she didn't want to live without.