

Harry and the Divorcees

Chapter 6

Harry had never been to Monaco before, but he suspected that even its richest regulars weren't prepared for what he brought to town. He took all three Delacour women, and they blazed a path down the coast in his brand new Rolls-Royce Phantom Drophead, which set him back half a million bucks. Of course, that was chump change to him. He let them loose on the city-state's streets with each one clad in a different exquisite, impossible-to-pronounce designer dress. Their designer heels made their legs look incredible, and the way they carried themselves made them even more impossible to look away from.

They turned heads from the moment they stepped out of the car. Monaco's fabled harbor was lined with yachts and filled with tourists, but the only thing anyone could focus on was the trio of blonde Veela. Fleur was sleek and sexy in a silver sheath that clung to her every curve. Her silver-blonde hair was twisted up in an elegant bun. Gabby wore a little black dress that looked painted on, and the hem was short enough to show off most of her pale, creamy thighs. Her small, dainty feet were laced into black, strappy stilettos. Apolline, meanwhile, chose a white column dress that bared her shoulders and made her look like a Roman goddess who had just stepped down from her marble plinth for a night on the town.

They hung on Harry's arms and leaned into his side, making it perfectly clear to anyone paying attention that these women were with him, and only him. The effect was so blatant that a group of young men outside the casino nearly fell over one another trying to catch a second glance. Women watched with fierce envy simmering in their eyes, and they whispered behind their hands as the trio swept through the crowds with Harry in tow. He could feel the stares, the longing, and the awe wherever they went. He couldn't help but smirk.

They didn't just walk, either. The Veela strutted, dripping with confidence and sheer sexuality. Gabby flipped her hair at every step and greeted the cameras with a smirk. Fleur's gaze was fixed ahead, and her lips were slightly parted. Her round tits bounced around in her dress with every step, and one poor young man actually got a nosebleed from staring too intensely. Apolline was more regal, gesturing with her hands as she talked and smiling slyly at anyone brave enough to meet her eyes. Sometimes, when the three of them laughed at a joke, heads would turn from every direction.

He took them through Monaco's glimmering shopping district, and it was there that the Veela truly shone. The salespeople in the boutiques were used to catering to the elite, but Fleur, Gabby, and Apolline put them on the back foot. They tried on dresses, shoes, and jewelry with giddy abandon, often pulling Harry into the fitting room with them. Gabby would come out of a fitting room in something scandalous and twirl for Harry's approval. Fleur would choose a necklace and rub her ass against his crotch as he stood behind her and slipped it around her graceful neck. Apolline would intentionally have wardrobe malfunctions in front of him, which

resulted in her flashing plenty of cock-hardening skin. Their laughter and giggles filled the shops. These women were made for Monaco, Harry discovered.

After hours of shopping, they stopped for lunch at an outdoor bistro overlooking the sea. The Veela drank wine and sampled small plates, feeding each other bites and arguing playfully over who looked best. Every so often, rich men would nod respectfully in his direction, obviously wanting to know how he had bagged those babes, but Harry was too busy being worshipped by three beautiful women to care.

He took them to the casino that afternoon. Fleur and Gabby posed for photos with the sports cars outside after a bit of pleading from the cars' owners, and Apolline linked arms with Harry and led the way through the marble lobby. Inside, the atmosphere was thick with expensive perfume, cigar smoke, and wealth, and the Veela fit right in, as if the casino had been built to welcome them. Harry watched with a smile on his face as Fleur tried her hand at the roulette wheel. Gabby leaned on his shoulder while he played blackjack, and Apolline charmed everyone she met. The three of them drew so much attention that a tabloid photographer tried to snap a photo, only to be shooed away by the Monte Carlo's security.

As the night wore on, the Veela grew more affectionate and even more outrageous. Gabby flirted openly with the waiter, then gave Harry a possessive kiss when the poor guy brought their drinks. The sad, disappointed look on his face was priceless. Fleur pressed herself against Harry every time she was near, and Apolline would pull him into a passionate kiss any time a good-looking woman made eyes at him.

Harry couldn't remember a time he had enjoyed himself more. The women were a maelstrom of beauty, charm, and mischief, and he was at the center of it. He made sure to keep a hand on each of them as they moved from the casino to the club. The women looked like movie stars, and he realized the entire city was powerless to resist them.

He reveled in it. He let the Veela take the lead, and by the time they returned to the penthouse suite overlooking the harbor, all three women were giddy, laughing, and desperate for his attention. Their dresses fell away in a flurry of hands and kisses, and the rest of the night was a blur of bodies, heat, and pleasure.

He never wanted the trip to end, and from the way Fleur, Gabby, and Apolline clung to him the next morning, naked under the hotel's expensive sheets, he got the sense that neither did they.

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Apolline's eyes fluttered open to the soft but insistent rhythm of the king-size bed shaking beneath her. For one disoriented instant, she thought she was back home in their small, shabby cottage, but she couldn't have been more wrong. The room she was in was luxurious beyond all belief, and the bed was full of naked bodies.

She rolled onto her back and blinked in the soft morning light. Harry lay sprawled to her left, and his pale chest was streaked with Fleur's fingernail marks. Fleur's mess of silver-blond hair was splayed over Harry's shoulder, and her nose was buried in the crook of his neck as she peppered it with kisses. Harry moaned deeply, and the sound was almost covered up by the wet, obscene slurping noises emanating from the foot of the bed.

Gabrielle was kneeling between Harry's legs. Her dainty hands were locked around his thighs, and her head slowly bobbed up and down. Each time she bottomed out, her nose mashed against the base of his cock, and her throat worked hard to swallow it all. The bulge in her neck was visible even from this angle, and the shine of spit on his shaft gleamed in the morning sun. Harry's hand was threaded in Gabrielle's hair. He wasn't pulling or controlling her movements. He was simply holding on for dear life.

It was then that Apolline recognized the ache between her own legs. It was a deep throbbing sensation that had nothing to do with romance and everything to do with the carnal display unfolding across the bed. She reached down beneath the covers and grazed a finger across her slit. She was already ridiculously wet, and the scent of sex in the room was thick enough to taste. For a moment, she simply watched. She was perfectly content to be a passive observer while listening to Harry's ragged breaths and Gabby's hungry slurps.

Fleur noticed the movement at the edge of the bed, and she propped herself up on one elbow. Her eyes were heavy-lidded with tiredness and the remnants of last night's wine. "Good morning, sleepyhead," she said in a gravelly voice. She dragged her hand lazily across Harry's abdomen and cupped his balls, giving them a gentle squeeze. Fleur pressed her tits against Harry's arm, and the soft flesh flattened against his skin as she watched Gabby work.

Gabrielle was relentless. She set a punishing pace, and each time she surfaced for air, she gasped like a swimmer desperate for oxygen. " 'e tastes better in the morning," Gabby announced with a giggle. She dove back down, and the tip of Harry's cock vanished past her lips. She moaned around the thick length in her mouth, and the vibration sent a shiver through Harry that made his whole body twitch.

Apolline suppressed a laugh, unsure if she was amused or aroused. She grabbed her wand from the nightstand and slipped out from beneath the duvet. Her bare feet hit the cold marble floor, and she padded to the bathroom. She could still hear Harry's groans and Gabby's wet, slurping echoing down the hall as she stood before the vanity and ran a brush through her hair. Her reflection looked nothing like the woman she was only a few days ago. Her complexion was healthier, the stress lines were gone, and her lips were fuller and slightly swollen from hours of kissing. There was a love mark on her collarbone, and her full, heavy breasts were pockmarked with hickeys from Harry's greedy lips. Apolline rolled her eyes and removed the marks with her wand. Harry was taking them to the beach today, and it wouldn't do to go out in public with love marks all over her body.

She washed her face and stared at herself in the mirror with her hands pressed to the cool marble countertop. Why did this feel so right? Why did she feel more like her true self now, in this rented penthouse with a man half her age? She wasn't sure, but she didn't want to overthink it. She wanted to enjoy it. She ran her hands down her body, caressing the curve of her hips, and for a moment she fantasized about walking back into the bedroom and pushing Gabby aside to claim her own share. She was half-convinced she'd do it, too.

She brushed her teeth, and the whole time, all she could think about was Harry's cock. The annoyance at being left out of the naughty fun built with every second that passed. Her nipples hardened in the crisp air, and her cunt throbbed with a need she hadn't felt in many years. She gave herself one last look, fluffed her hair, and went back into the bedroom.

When she stepped back into the bedroom, the scene had grown even more obscene. Gabby was still on her knees between Harry's legs, but now she was alternating between sucking his cock and licking the length of it from base to tip while swirling her tongue. Harry was panting, his eyes were glazed with lust, and he'd begun to thrust upward each time Gabby's head dipped.

Fleur had climbed onto Harry's lap, and her knees were straddling his hips while she kissed him with a ferocity that Apolline had never seen before. Her hair was a mess, and she had both hands wrapped around Harry's face as she devoured him. She ground her pussy against his stomach, leaving a wet trail as she rutted on him like an animal in heat.

Apolline lingered in the doorway for a moment, letting herself be seen. She knew she looked good. Her breasts were heavy and flushed. Her waist was trim and toned, and her long, shapely legs were made to be worshipped. She rolled her shoulders and took a deep breath, letting her chest fill and her nipples harden until she could see them standing out in the soft light. She walked back into the bedroom, swaying her hips, and she watched as every head in the room turned toward her.

Gabby was the first to speak after pulling Harry's cock from it. "Do you want a turn?" she asked before waving his cock in her direction.

Apolline smiled back, and her eyes practically twinkled. "Why not all at once?" she replied, and the challenge hung in the air, making the other two raise an eyebrow.

She crawled onto the bed, approaching the trio with the grace of a huntress. She kissed Fleur first. It was a deep, open-mouthed kiss that made Fleur moan. Then she kissed Harry, and her tongue slipped past his lips. She could feel the way his whole body responded to her touch, and it sent a thrill through her. Apolline moved down his body and settled next to Gabby. She took his cock from Gabby's mouth and guided it toward her own. She didn't deepthroat him like Gabby did, but she lavished attention on the head, flicking her tongue around the tip and then running it down the sensitive underside. Harry groaned and bucked his hips, and Apolline felt a rush of power at how easily she could make him lose control.

Gabby slid her hands up the back of Apolline's thighs and spread her legs wide. She buried her face between Apolline's legs with reckless abandon. Apolline gasped as Gabby's tongue found her clit, and she grabbed the younger woman's hair from behind, holding her in place while she ground against her face. She could feel herself getting wetter by the second, and she let out a low, involuntary moan.

On all fours, Apolline arched her back and took Harry's cock in her mouth, burying her nose in his lap as she started bobbing her head. Her cheeks hollowed, and her lips stretched tight. He could feel every inch of the suction as she swallowed him as deep as she could manage. She used her hand to twist around the base, but the real show was behind her. Gabrielle's tongue darted straight to Apolline's pussy, and she lapped up the wetness that was already streaming down her legs. Apolline's hungry slurping, Gabby's muffled moans, Fleur's whorish squeals, and Harry's own desperate gasps filled the air.

Fleur was losing her mind. She was furiously grinding her slick, needy slit all over the rigid muscles of his stomach. Each time Harry flexed, Fleur shuddered and smeared more of herself on him. Her hands were clawing at his chest, threading through his hair, and clinging to his shoulders for leverage as she humped him like a madwoman. Harry grinned and reached up to grab Fleur's breasts, which bounced and jiggled as she moved. He squeezed them together, pinched her nipples, and rolled them between his fingers until Fleur's moans threatened to drown out every other sound in the room.

Fleur's tits were so soft and heavy in his hands, and the tips of her light pink nipples darkened as he twisted and pulled them. Every time Apolline's lips slid all the way down his cock, Harry's brain blanked for a second, sending his hips jerking up and making Fleur squeal as she slid higher up his body. Meanwhile, Gabby's hands were on Apolline's ass, spreading her cheeks wide so she could get her tongue as deep as possible. Sometimes she alternated between licking Apolline's slit and sneaking her tongue down to tease her clit, and the combination made Apolline's whole body shiver with pleasure.

Harry couldn't decide which part he liked best ... Fleur's tits in his face, Apolline's mouth on his cock, or the sight of Gabby eating Apolline's pussy from behind. The women seemed to feed off each other's energy, and before long, he was right at the edge.

Fleur's head lolled back, and she started grinding harder, smearing her juices all over him as she rode his stomach. Harry tweaked her nipples, and she screamed out in French.

He could feel the tension building in Apolline, too. Her hips started rocking in time with Gabby's licks, and she groaned around his cock as the younger Veela brought her closer to the edge. Gabby's face was glazed with wetness, but she kept at it, driving her tongue even deeper.

Harry couldn't last any longer. He felt his balls seize and his cock throb, and he warned Apolline with a low, desperate groan. She just sucked harder, milking him for everything he was worth, and Gabby ducked under Apolline's open legs and licked at his balls as he came. It was one of

the most intense orgasms of his life, and as pleasure wracked his body, he reached up and pinched Fleur's nipples, making her squeal.

The combined attack of Apolline's lips, Gabby's tongue, and Fleur's thrashing body almost made him black out. He lay there, spent and happy, as the women collapsed on top of him in a sweaty, satisfied heap. He closed his eyes and let the sensations wash over him, but even then, he could still hear Fleur's hoarse moans and the giggling of Gabby and Apolline as they cleaned each other off with playful licks and soft kisses. Sometimes, he really loved his life.

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Fleur pranced around in a micro-bikini made entirely of iridescent blue triangles held together by silver string. The tiny top struggled to contain the generous curves of her chest, barely covering the pale pink of her nipples when she moved. The bottoms were just as tiny, and every time she bent over, half her smooth pussy peeked out. She insisted on modeling the suit for Harry with a twirl and a wicked grin. Apolline's own suit was just as scandalous. It was matte white with almost transparent mesh that made her breasts look like they were about to spill out, and the famous Veela derriere was on full display behind a piece of string that vanished between her cheeks. Gabby, not to be outdone, wore a bikini so small and tight it looked painted on. It was a fiery orange, with two tiny triangles for the top and a triangle barely big enough to cover her slit for the bottom. She winked over her shoulder at Harry, daring him to intervene as she adjusted the string wedged between her ass.

When they got to the public beach, necks craned and cameras clicked. The three Veelas walked at Harry's side. Their arms were linked with his, and they were laughing and whispering in French while their bodies shimmered in the Mediterranean sun. Fleur was an exhibitionist at heart, and she relished the way every man on the sand gawked in slack-jawed wonder at her, or the way the hotel staff tripped over themselves to offer her drinks and towels. Gabby found excuses to "fix" her bikini bottoms every few minutes, yanking them up to expose the roundness of her hips or the swell of her ass. Apolline was a bit more subtle, but no less devastating. Every time an older gentleman tried to sneak a photo, she would catch his gaze and wink, making him blush and avert his eyes.

They spread their towels by the water's edge and settled in. Fleur lay on her stomach, presenting her perfectly shaped ass to the world. Gabby immediately straddled Harry's lap and demanded sunscreen. Apolline lay beside them, stretching her legs and arching her back so her breasts jutted out in the sun. Harry did his best to pretend this was all normal, but he couldn't stop grinning. He rubbed lotion into Gabby's back as she purred. He then did Apolline, who mewled with pleasure and nearly melted into his hands. Fleur rolled over and demanded attention of her own, and when Harry kneaded her shoulders, she whimpered theatrically and arched her back so the whole beach could see the way her tits bounced.

It wasn't long before a crowd gathered. A group of young men set up close by and spent the afternoon inventing reasons to wander past, always staring and whispering. Even the married

couples couldn't keep their eyes off the trio, and more than one wife elbowed her husband when his eyes lingered too long. None of this was lost on Fleur and Gabby, who competed for Harry's attention and for the admiration of the crowd. They fed each other grapes, licked whipped cream off each other's lips, and giggled every time someone did a double-take.

Harry tried to act casual, but deep down, he was loving every second. He sat back on the towel with his sunglasses on as the three Veela draped themselves around him. Every few minutes, one of them made a show of kissing him on the lips, running their fingers down his chest, or cuddling up to him by pressing their exposed bodies against him. The message was clear. Harry was theirs, and they were his. All other men were only allowed to look.

By mid-afternoon, every man within shouting distance had developed a mental complex. Some glared at Harry like he'd stolen a national treasure. Others simply stared with slack-jawed expressions, unable to process the luck of this British bloke with three goddesses hanging off him. Harry basked in the envy. He stretched out on the warm sand beneath him and let the girls fuss over him. He was happy to let them show off. Sometimes he wondered if the Veela part of them fed off attention, or if they just liked making people jealous. Either way, he had no complaints.

The sun dipped lower in the sky, and the sand cooled as the ocean breeze picked up. The girls wrapped themselves in towels and cuddled closer to Harry, giggling as they recounted the day's most lascivious stares. Harry put his arms around them and watched the tide roll in, feeling happy and peaceful. He decided to visit Monaco more often.