

Harry and the Divorcees

Chapter 5

Apolline awoke to a rough but gentle hand stroking her hip. She let herself bask in the warmth while her eyes drifted open. There was a weight along her back and a slow, even breathing near her ear. It was one she recognized even after just a single night's experience. She smiled to herself, feeling the delicious soreness in her limbs after a marathon lovemaking session. Harry lay behind her, pressed tight to her back and claiming her as if she belonged to him. When she shifted, he only drew her closer, and a strong arm circled her stomach so his palm could cup her lower belly. Apolline let out a tiny, involuntary gasp.

She remembered every moment of the night before. It was all she could think about. She remembered the way he had touched her, the way he had tasted her, and the way he had needed her as if she were a drug he couldn't live without. Now, in the quiet morning, everything felt softer and gentler, but no less intense. His breath ruffled her hair, and she tilted her head back so that their cheeks touched. Harry's hand wandered up to cup one of her breasts, and his half-erect cock pushed eagerly against her backside.

"Good morning," she said in an accent that was still thick with sleepiness.

"Morning," Harry gruffly returned, and he nuzzled her neck and planted a lazy kiss just below her ear.

Apolline giggled and wriggled her hips, grinding her ass against him and feeling his cock inflate to full hardness. She felt a surge of pride knowing she could arouse him so easily. For a moment, she considered playing coy, but the memory of last night's hunger was too strong. Instead, she rolled her hips again and aligned herself with his cock, and Harry responded with a low, appreciative growl.

She reached back to stroke his thigh, then tugged him closer. Harry didn't need further invitation. With a skillful maneuver, he hooked his leg over hers to part her thighs. Apolline's body was already open and slick for him, and when his cock nudged at her entrance, it took barely any effort to slip inside. She sighed, loving the stretch and the fullness as he filled her pussy completely.

Harry held her with one hand on her belly and the other still cupping her breast. He began to thrust slowly, keeping their bodies pressed together as he rocked into her from behind. Every movement drew a little gasp from Apolline's lips, and she closed her eyes to focus on the sensation of being filled, held, and worshipped all at once. She delighted in the way his cock dragged along her walls, stroking every sensitive spot and every nerve ending.

She arched her back to press her ass more firmly against his groin. He responded by picking up the pace slightly, and Apolline felt her breath go ragged. Harry's fingers found her nipple and

rolled it between them, sending a fresh jolt of pleasure straight to her core. She whimpered and clamped down around him, and was rewarded by a throaty moan from Harry himself.

Their rhythm remained slow and steady, but every thrust brought new waves of pleasure. Apolline squeezed her thighs together and let herself be used, loving how completely Harry took over her body. She twisted her head to look at him over her shoulder, catching his eyes. He grinned and kissed her, and the look in his eyes was searing.

"Can I 'ave an encore tonight?" she asked through a moan.

"As many as you want," Harry answered.

She laughed and ground back harder, and he responded in kind. The sound of skin slapping and the wet squelch of her pussy filled the room, but Apolline was past caring about anything but how good it felt. She let herself moan loudly and shamelessly. Harry kneaded her breast, then let his hand slip down to her hip.

Harry's hand then drifted from her hip back up to her chest. He pinched her nipple, and she gasped. Then he let go of her entirely, only to reach between her legs, and his fingers easily slipped between her folds. She cried out as he found her clit, which was still swollen and sensitive from the night before.

He drew soft circles in time with his thrusts, massaging her with just the right amount of pressure. The sensation was overwhelming. The deliberate torment of his fingers on her clit nearly made her cum on the spot. Apolline arched her back, and she could hear the raggedness creeping into Harry's breathing as well.

He thrust harder, moving his hand in sync with his hips. She rocked back into him, determined to get as much pleasure as she could. Her orgasm caught her by surprise, and a sudden, blinding rush of pleasure left her squeezing his cock so tight she thought she might break him.

Harry didn't stop. He fucked her through it, and his fingers never left her clit. She rode wave after wave until she was squealing with pleasure while her whole body shook. He kissed her neck and whispered sweet encouragements in her ear.

When it finally passed, Apolline lay limp and trembling with her cheek pressed to the pillow. Harry slowed and eventually stilled, still buried inside her. He stroked her side soothingly, and for the first time in forever, she actually felt satisfied.

After a few moments, she felt Harry's cock twitch, letting her know he hadn't finished. Apolline giggled into the pillow and reached back to cup his hip, urging him to keep going.

"You can finish inside," she told him. "I want to feel all of you."

That was all the encouragement Harry needed. He picked up the pace again, eager for a release. The hand he'd used to stimulate her clit now gripped her thigh, pulling her open even wider. His breathing grew ragged, and deep grunts escaped him on every thrust. He fucked her hard, slamming into her so the head of his cock battered her cervix.

Apolline braced herself and relished the feeling of being pushed past her limits. She reached up to grab the headboard, needing something to hold onto. Harry was relentless, and the pounding pleasure reignited her own arousal, making her tremble with every slap of his hips.

She could feel him getting close. His cock swelled even bigger, and his movements grew erratic. He grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled her head back so he could kiss her neck as he came. Hot ropes of cum filled her, and Harry didn't stop moving until every drop had been milked from him.

Apolline felt the warm wetness leaking from her pussy, and the sense of being marked, claimed, and utterly ruined made her shiver with delight. She turned her head to kiss Harry's cheek, then giggled softly. He smiled and kissed her forehead. "I could get used to this," he said through a yawn.

Apolline basked in the afterglow of her orgasm, loving the way her body buzzed with pleasure and exhaustion. She wiggled her hips and felt Harry's cock soften and slip from her body. She then rolled onto her back so she could look at him. Harry propped himself on one elbow and looked at her. His black hair was a wild mess, and his eyes were bright with satisfaction. Apolline saw his eyes move down to her naked breasts, which were rapidly rising and falling with every labored breath. Wanting to tantalize him further, she arched her back, making her naked tits look even more impressive. She got the response she was looking for. Harry leaned in and took her nipple into his mouth. Apolline gasped and mewled sexily as Harry took turns sucking each hard nipple.

Harry and the Divorcees

The morning air in Harry's villa was thick with the scent of espresso beans and the soft sound of female voices conspiring. Fleur lounged on the plush white sofa with her knees drawn up and her long silvery hair tumbling over her bare shoulders. She was aimlessly flipping through a magazine, but her mind raced with indignation. Across from her, Gabrielle sat in a plush chair, drumming her manicured nails on the marble coffee table. Her face was set in an exaggerated pout, and her blue eyes narrowed at the hallway that led to the bedrooms. They had been awake for nearly an hour, yet neither had seen a trace of Harry, and both knew exactly why.

"She is doing it on purpose," Fleur muttered and tossed her magazine aside so hard it nearly bounced off the couch. "When I encouraged 'im to spend time with maman, I did not think she would keep 'im in bed past breakfast."

Gabrielle rolled her eyes. "She is the worst. 'ow am I supposed to get 'im to fall in love with me if I never see 'im?" She scowled, then slouched back and let her head loll over the chair's back. "It is all 'er fault."

Fleur snorted. "That woman is over forty years old and still acts immature. She probably thinks if she fucks 'im enough, 'e will marry 'er."

Gabrielle giggled, and her mood brightened for a split second. "You are just mad because she is prettier than you." She stuck out her tongue and ducked as Fleur lobbed a throw pillow in her direction.

Before Fleur could retort, the girls heard a door click open. Both sat upright and craned their necks to see who it was. Apolline emerged at the far end of the hallway, floating across the marble tiles with the air of a queen who had just conquered a country.

She wore a short pink nightie that ended just below her ass, and the fine lace clung to every curve. Her long, toned legs were bare, and her hair looked deliciously rumpled. A lazy, self-satisfied smile played across her lips. She barely glanced at the girls as she breezed past, humming to herself.

"Good morning, my darlings," she called out in a sugary sweet voice.

Fleur and Gabrielle exchanged a glance. Fleur raised an eyebrow, and Gabrielle wrinkled her nose in disgust. "Where is 'Arry?" Fleur demanded, not bothering to mask her irritation.

Apolline turned her head just enough to make eye contact, and her smile never faltered. "'e is taking a shower. 'Arry got a bit messy this morning," she giggled, as if it were the most innocent thing in the world. She turned her back on them and made her way to the gleaming kitchen, where she began to prepare a cup of coffee, humming all the while.

Gabrielle leaned forward, lowering her voice to a whisper. "I bet if we go now, we can catch 'im before she gets to 'im again." She was already rising from her chair while her mind raced with strategies.

Before Fleur could even respond, Gabby was already bolting for Harry's room. "Gabby!" Fleur cried out, annoyed at being left behind. She bolted from the couch and practically ran after her.

Apolline watched them from over the rim of her coffee mug with amusement sparkling in her blue eyes. She leaned against the marble counter, enjoying the heat of her drink and the lingering aches in her thighs. Her pussy still tingled from the repeated orgasms Harry had coaxed out of her all night and morning, and she felt like a goddess. She let herself bask in her feeling of superiority, confident that no one would upstage her ... not even the combined forces of those two conniving girls.

Meanwhile, Gabrielle scampered down the hallway with Fleur hot on her heels. Gabby slipped into Harry's room, and Fleur followed. The sound of running water echoed from behind the bathroom door. Gabrielle paused outside the door, pressed her ear to it, and grinned at the obvious sound of Harry singing off-key to himself in the shower.

"I am going first," she vehemently stated, but Fleur grabbed her by the wrist and yanked her backward.

"Absolutely not," Fleur insisted. "It is my turn."

"Last time was your turn!" Gabrielle shot back. "You always 'og him!"

"I do not."

"Yes, you do!"

They squabbled in harsh whispers, oblivious to the fact that their raised voices were perfectly audible on the other side of the door. The shower suddenly turned off, and there was a brief pause. Then Harry's amused voice rang out.

"If you two are going to keep fighting outside the door, you might as well come in."

They froze, caught red-handed. Fleur recovered first, lifting her chin and pushing the door open with a regal flick of her wrist. Gabrielle shoved past her, and both girls entered the steam-filled bathroom at once.

Harry stood in the center of the tiled floor with a towel slung low on his hips. Droplets of water glistened on his chest and shoulders. His hair stuck up in every direction, and he looked at them with a mixture of resignation and fondness.

"Good morning, ladies," he said, sounding very amused.

Gabrielle wasted no time. She launched herself at Harry, wrapped her arms around his torso, and nuzzled her face into his chest. "Save me from this 'arpy," she pleaded dramatically. "Fleur is being so mean."

Harry laughed and hugged her back, then looked over her head at Fleur. "Is that true, Fleur? Are you being mean to our darling Gabby?"

Fleur stalked across the tiles with her arms folded under her breasts. "She is impossible," she announced, but there was little heat in her voice. She stopped an arm's length from Harry and eyed him up and down. "You were not at breakfast."

He raised an eyebrow. "I had a late night." Both girls snorted in unison.

“Stupid maman,” Gabrielle huffed, peeking up at him from under her lashes. She pouted dramatically. “She is a fiend. We never see you anymore.”

Harry tried to keep a straight face, but the corners of his mouth curled into a smile. She was being very overdramatic. Gabrielle had been cumming on his cock less than twelve hours ago. “You see me now, don’t you?”

Gabrielle grinned, pleased with herself. She then tugged at the edge of his towel. “I want to see more of you.”

Harry’s eyes twinkled as he glanced from one to the other. Fleur rolled her eyes but drifted closer, and her hand moved to rest on his damp shoulder. The competitive energy in the room didn’t fade. Instead, it only heightened.

Harry didn’t even flinch as Gabrielle let the towel drop to the floor. She pressed her body to his and kissed him, and her tongue darted into his mouth. Fleur watched for a second before claiming his other side. She nipped at his neck and ran her hands down his chest.

The girls glared at each other over Harry’s shoulders, vying for dominance without words. Harry’s arms went around both of them, drawing them in tighter.

For the next several minutes, the bathroom became a battlefield of lust. Gabrielle pulled Harry toward her, and she sat on the edge of the counter with her thighs spread wide. Fleur wasn’t to be outmaneuvered. She knelt down and slid her hands up the backs of his thighs, planting a trail of kisses along his hipbones.

“Slow down,” Harry managed to gasp, but neither of them listened. Gabrielle’s hands were in his hair, and her tongue was exploring his mouth. Fleur’s lips moved lower and lower until she reached his cock. She didn’t hesitate to take him into her mouth, and she hummed with satisfaction as he grew even harder.

Gabrielle watched with envy. She then reached down and cupped his balls, rolling them gently in her palm. Fleur glared up at her, and a silent duel played out between their eyes. Gabrielle licked her lips, then leaned down and kissed Harry’s chest, leaving pink marks from her lipstick.

Harry was momentarily overwhelmed. The silky heat of Fleur’s mouth and the eager hands of Gabrielle were too much. He groaned and braced himself on the counter, letting them fight over who could make him feel better.

In the kitchen, Apolline finished her coffee and wandered into the living room, enjoying the quiet. She decided she would not interfere. Gabby and Fleur were predictable and competitive, but she was still the queen of this house. She watched the sunlight spill through the window as she basked in the peace until the inevitable chaos returned.

Back in the bathroom, Fleur finally relinquished Harry's cock with a wet pop. She stood and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, then kissed Harry hard, claiming him with her tongue. Gabrielle whined and squirmed, desperate to be shown the same attention.

Harry barely managed to escape the grip of the two Veela before they decided to escalate things right there on the bathroom floor. He steadied himself, breathing hard, and watched as Fleur and Gabrielle glared at each other. He chuckled and shook his head, then took them both by the wrist, prying apart their silent tug-of-war.

"Enough, you two," he said, and the command in his voice made both girls shiver. "Both of you will get equal time," he assured them.

He led them out of the bathroom and into his bedroom. Before the door even closed, Fleur was already peeling her tank top over her head. Her bare breasts bounced free, exposing her hard, pink nipples. She tossed the shirt behind her where it landed on Gabby's head, blinding her for a brief, indignant second.

Gabrielle flailed, swearing in rapid French, and yanked the shirt away. She tried to trip Fleur in retaliation, but only succeeded in getting her foot tangled with Fleur's ankle. The two crashed into each other, but Harry effortlessly kept them upright by tightening his grip. He smirked at their antics, and he enjoyed seeing them fight over him.

"Can you both try to behave?" he said as he let go of their wrists. "Or do I have to tie you up?"

Fleur's lips curled into a wicked smile. "That sounds like fun, mon amour."

Gabrielle grinned as her eyes roamed over Harry's damp chest and stiff cock. "I would not mind being tied up," she breathily stated. "As long as you are the one doing it."

Harry rolled his eyes, but his cock twitched with interest. The girls took that moment to make their move. Gabrielle removed her top, stood on her tiptoes to kiss him, and pressed her naked tits against him. Fleur, determined not to be left out, pulled his face to hers and bit at his lip until he kissed her back. Their hands tangled in his hair as the two girls tried to claim more of his lips than the other.

Harry let himself be pulled back onto the bed, landing with Fleur straddling his hips and Gabrielle draping herself along his chest. Fleur wasted no time. She pulled her panties aside and ground her pussy against him, smearing her slickness up and down his shaft, her eyes dark with triumph as she watched the effect it had on him. Gabrielle was busy sucking on any bit of his skin that she could reach.

But Harry was not just a bystander. He reached up, grabbed both girls by their waists, and hauled them closer. Fleur leaned down, kissing him deeply, while Gabrielle bit at his jaw and

nipped the sensitive skin just below his ear. The two girls locked eyes over Harry's face, and Harry could tell that there was a real competitive spirit between them.

Fleur wiggled out of her panties, shifted lower, and reached between her thighs, guiding Harry's cock until the tip was flush against her entrance. She rocked forward, teasing herself with just the head before sliding it in. Gabrielle gasped, and her jealousy morphed into excitement. She grabbed Harry's hand and shoved it down the front of her own soaked panties. Harry curled his fingers inside her and massaged her clit with his thumb while Fleur slowly fucked herself on him.

Gabrielle whimpered and arched her back with her hand over Harry's, pressing him harder against her pussy. She wasn't satisfied with just that, though. She pulled off her panties and straddled Harry's face, giving him no choice but to eat her out while Fleur rode his cock.

The girls' voices rose in unison, not caring if Apolline heard them. In fact, they wanted her to hear. Fleur gasped and moaned while her pussy squelched, and Gabrielle squealed and mewled with every swipe of Harry's tongue. The room filled with the sounds of bodies writhing and mouths sucking. Fleur's hair fanned out around her as she bounced on Harry's lap.

Gabrielle tugged at his hair and ground herself down on his face, making it slick with her pussy juice. "Don't stop! Keep licking," she pleaded as her thighs began quivering. Fleur's hands gripped Harry's chest for support as she fiercely jerked her wide hips back and forth, dragging her slick walls up and down the length of his thick shaft.

He was dizzy from the overload of pleasure, the taste of Gabrielle on his tongue, and the wet heat of Fleur around his cock. He felt Fleur clamp down suddenly, and her whole body trembled as she came. Her pussy squeezed him so tight he could barely breathe. Gabrielle followed seconds later, howling as Harry lapped up her wet orgasm while her whole body writhed above him.

Both girls collapsed onto him, panting and sweaty. Harry didn't mind being trapped beneath them. He let them catch their breath while stroking their smooth backs. After a few minutes, Fleur turned onto her side and gave Harry a pleased smile. She seemed much more even-headed now that she had had her morning orgasm. "That is exactly what I needed," she said with a stretch and a groan.

Gabrielle nodded, still red-faced. "You should just sleep with us from now on."

Harry grinned, wiped his mouth, and kissed Gabrielle's forehead. "I think Apolline might have something to say about that," he responded.

Both girls huffed at exactly the same time, but neither of them could keep the goofy grins off their gorgeous faces. Either way, they still planned to hog most of Harry's attention. However, a certain older Veela had other plans.