

Awakening

It was late at night at Shell Cottage and everyone was asleep. Everyone except Victoire Weasley that is. She was laying in her bed while daydreaming about a boy ... a man, she corrected herself. As a seventeen year old girl who was on her Christmas break from her final year at Hogwarts, you would assume that she was daydreaming about a boy from her school, but you would be wrong. She was in fact, thinking about her family friend, Harry Potter.

Victoire shuddered just thinking about his name. The young Veela had become infatuated with him at the end of last year. It all started while she was staying at his house when her parents had gone to France for a romantic weekend together. 'Gag!' she thought.

At first, everything was completely normal. She had always had a bit of a crush on him and thought that he was hot, but that was completely normal. Her cousin Rose felt the same way. The two girls often got together and gossiped about him. They giggled while talking about what it would be like to kiss him and other nonsense. What had changed things for Victoire, however, was when she was supposed to be visiting her friends but had decided to go home early. She was hanging around in Harry's house when he came out of the bathroom. He had just finished showering and was vigorously rubbing a towel over his head while trying to dry his hair. He obviously didn't see her, but she saw him. Every inch of his glorious manhood.

Victoire remembered when she first saw it. She had seen other naked men in magazines that she and Rose had explored while at school. The men in those magazines were big, she supposed. She really didn't have any real-world experience. But compared to Harry, they were downright small. Her mouth dried while thinking about the way his cock hung halfway down his thighs while swaying when he walked. Even semi-erect he was still the biggest by far. It looked so thick that she immediately wanted to get on her knees and worship that beast. That's when the daydreams really started.

Victoire bit her lip cutely while reaching underneath the shirt that she slept in. She never told her parents, but the shirt she slept in actually belonged to Harry. She had asked him to borrow it one day and never returned it. The shirt reached mid-thigh and felt wonderful against her bare skin. With shaky hands, she grabbed the waistband of her little, cotton panties and worked them down her gorgeous thighs. Leaving them at her knees, she slid her hand between her slightly parted legs. The sexy blonde let out a shuddered gasp when her fingers touched the burning heat of her very wet pussy. A moan left her cute lips as her fingers slid into her silky folds. "Harry!" she gasped as her pussy tingled wildly.

Victoire didn't know it, but her mother was walking by and heard what she was doing. When she heard her gasp Harry's name, Fleur knew what had to be done.

Awakening

"I don't know, Fleur," Harry said, looking uncomfortable.

"I know that it is a strange request, 'Arry, but you are the one she chose," Fleur told him. "You must take responsibility and 'elp 'er."

Fleur had come to him and explained the process of Veela's Awakening. Once a Veela hit the age of maturity, it was only a matter of time before they became obsessed with a man of their choice. For Fleur, it was her now-husband, Bill.

"Does this mean that she'll want to marry me? I'm more than a little too old for her," Harry went on.

"I do not know. It is always different for each of us. She may wish to marry you, she may wish to be owned by you, or possibly somewhere in between. Either way, she will want you in 'er life forever. Even if she marries someone else, do not be surprised if she still comes to you for pleasure," Fleur explained.

"And she won't just grow out of it?" he asked. Fleur shook her pretty head.

"The desire will remain until she can no longer take it. She will likely throw you to the ground and attack your cock!" Fleur giggled at the thought.

"Ugg!" Harry groaned, rubbing his eyes. "What will Bill think? And the other Weasleys?"

"Do not be worried about them. If and when the time comes, I will explain it to them. Bill already knows about the Awakening from my experience with 'im," she promised. "He will not like it, but 'e will understand."

Fleur giggled at the look on his face. She was taking it easier than one would think. In truth, she knew that it was going to happen soon and was glad that it was Harry that she chose. Harry was a good man and friend to the family. Sure, he slept with way too many women and happily spoke about his conquests to Bill and Ron while out drinking, but he would no doubt take good care of Victoire. Fleur never told anyone, but she too always had a little thing for Harry. She couldn't help it. Her Veela genes practically demanded that she bend over for him. He was a classic Alpha Male and from what she knew from the days when Ginny used to date him, he was hung like a bull Hippogriff. During the occasional girls-night-out, Ginny often drunkenly proclaimed that he had stretched her so much that no other man could take pleasure from her ruined vagina. This always made the girls laugh. It was a tradition at this point. Fleur was saddened that she would never get a chance to test it for herself, but she would never betray her husband like that. So she did what every girl in her extended family did, she kept her fantasies about Harry a secret.

It took a little more convincing, but eventually, Harry agreed to let her set things up.

Awakening

Victoire's heart was hammering in her chest. Her mother and father had decided to go spend a few days in France. Her mother asked if she wanted to go, or if she'd rather stay with Harry. Immediately she said Harry, probably a little too fast if she was being honest. Now here she was, sitting on the couch in his large house waiting for him to come home from work.

Victoire, of course, did her best to look desirable. She wore very short shorts that practically showed off the entire length of her perfect legs. As a Veela, she didn't need to worry about shaving. Her body was always as smooth as possible. She wore a very thin tank top with spaghetti straps and no bra. Her nipples were already rock-hard and tenting the front of her shirt. As embarrassed as she was, she didn't cover herself. She wanted him to see her. She wanted him to want her.

She jumped when he walked into the room. Harry smiled at her and sat beside her. She noticed that he was closer than normal.

"What are you watching?" he asked, pointing at the TV. She shrugged.

"Just whatever was on. I'm not really paying attention," she told him, looking at him out of the corner of her eye. She gasped when his warm hand touched the cool skin of her leg.

"Are you cold? You've got goosebumps," he said, sliding his hand up and down her calf. Victoire couldn't believe how wet that her pussy was.

"A little," she said, trying to look cute. In reality, it felt as if her skin was burning. She just wanted his hands on her some more. Harry grabbed a fleece blanket and pulled it over them. Then, he grabbed her legs and pulled them on his lap. Victoire's face was burning red. She tried to hold in gasps and moans as his fingers traveled the length of her delicate skin. When his hands grabbed her bare foot and started to massage it, she nearly came. Her nipples were beginning to ache, and she desperately wanted to run her fingers over them.

His hands explored every inch of her smooth, creamy legs, and when they reached her thigh, her Awakening kicked in. Unable to help herself, she moaned loudly and parted her legs some more. Realizing what she did, she blushed fiercely and began to stutter. She wanted to make an excuse but couldn't think of one. It didn't seem to matter, however. Harry removed the blanket and both were overcome by the scent of her fresh, teenage pussy. She saw the hunger in his eyes and gulped. She squeaked when he reached out and threw her over his shoulder. Holding onto his back, Victoire gasped as he carried her upstairs and into his room. Along the way, he roughly grabbed her shorts and pulled them down her legs. They were tossed somewhere along the way.

Victoire was now naked from the waist down. Harry took her into his room and placed her in front of his full-length mirror. She blushed as she looked at her half-naked form. Seeing him in the mirror removing his clothes behind her, she wanted to see his cock again, but couldn't since

it was blocked by her body. When he was naked, he grabbed the hem of her shirt. She lifted her arms up, and her shirt was pulled off of her body. She let her arms fall to her sides which caused her medium-sized breasts to jiggle. Her legs were shut tightly as she rubbed her thighs together, trying to relieve some of the tingle that was making her pussy quiver. Harry's hands gripped her waist tightly from behind.

"Your mother told me about your Awakening," he said. Victoire's eyes widened.

"She did?" Victoire had completely forgotten about it after her mother explained it a few years back. She supposed that it made sense. Her obsession with Harry was getting worse and worse.

"Mhmm," he confirmed, his hands sliding lower until they were on her hips. "So the question is, what do you want? Do you want to be my girl or do you want to be my toy?" he asked, his hand brushing over her smooth mound. Victoire just blushed and didn't answer. At least she didn't until he captured her clit between his fingers and began rolling. She shuddered hard. "Answer me, young lady," he told her firmly.

Blushing, she answered, "Toy." Her voice was barely above a whisper.

"Come again?" he asked, pinching her clit. Victoire squealed.

"TOY!" she cried out. "I want to be your plaything!" Harry smiled behind her.

Breathing heavily, she watched as Harry slid his cock between her thighs from behind. Her gorgeous thighs were pressed tightly together and with one push, his cock burst through, causing her taut, quivering lips to spread apart and make room for this behemoth. The young Veela gasped wildly as the length of his cock rubbed against her hard, aching clit. Her body was trembling as he pulled back and his cock disappeared. When he pushed forward again, she saw that his entire shaft was glistening with her juices. Her pussy was literally painting his cock with her arousal. The thought nearly made her knees buckle, but she held on.

Her pussy lips, which were always so little and tight were now stretched out and nearly wrapped around the monster that was snugly secured between her silky thighs. As his cock head burst through again, she saw inch after inch of his veiny shaft appear. His hand slid up her belly and cupped her perky tits. Pinching her nipples between his fingers as his hips really began to move, he asked, "Who's my little whore?" as he sucked on her neck.

Victoire moved her head aside to give him better access to her slender neck. "I am!" she gasped with a shuddering breath. Looking in the mirror, she could see just how hard that he was fucking her thighs. Her poor, little pussy looked to be so abused as his monstrous head bashed her clit and massaged her insides. Suddenly, she was lifted up and placed on the bed, facedown.

"Knees apart. Face on the bed. Ass up!" he ordered. Victoire did what he said instantly. She was more than a bit mortified as she arched her back and lifted up her ass. With her legs apart, she knew that Harry could see everything. Her pussy lips were slightly pulled apart, and her tight, pink asshole was clearly visible.

"You're my little fucktoy from now on ... understand?" he ordered, slapping her ass hard. Her shapely cheeks jiggled from the hard impact.

"Yes, sir!" she cried out, her ass stinging.

"When I bring another girl home, I expect you to pleasure her ... understand?"

WHACK!

Victoire squealed. "Yes, sir!" She felt his finger toy with her soaking wet pussy.

"Who's pussy is this?"

"Yours!" she gasped.

"And this?" he asked. His finger moved from her wet pussy up to her asshole. He rubbed the moisture trapped on his finger all over her tight hole. He smirked as he watched the little hole pucker from the contact.

"Yours!"

Victoire gasped and looked back when she felt the tip of his cock rub against her ass. Right after, Harry dragged it down and pushed the head between her lips. As he sank into her, she put her face back down on the bed and moaned. Her hands gripped the sheets tightly as she was properly stretched for the first time, and she cried out when he broke through her maidenhead. Her eyes clenched tightly as she fought through the pain. Thankfully, Harry didn't move and let her get used to his size. A short time later, the pain had mostly subsided, and Harry began to move. She could feel his incredible size sliding back and forth against her tight walls. As his thumb started massaging her asshole while she was getting fucked, her pussy began contracting around him.

"You're so tight, Victoire," Harry moaned, fucking her with long, deep thrusts. Victoire blushed into the bed as her asshole continued to pucker against his finger. The wet sounds that she was producing were getting louder the longer that he fucked her. She could hear his breathing intensify as her pussy got tighter. Removing his hand from her ass, he reached out and began playing with her nipple just as his other hand moved between her legs. As his fingers danced over her incredibly hard clit, Victoire cried out and came hard. Her walls clamped down which triggered his own orgasm. She felt him push deep into her and let loose. She didn't even have time to enjoy the sensation of getting filled for the first time. She was too busy violently shaking

from her first major orgasm. She felt him lean forward just before he moved her hair out of the way and started kissing her neck and shoulders. Victoire closed her eyes and mewled as her lower half wiggled around. He was still balls deep in her, and her pussy was still fluttering around him.

She groaned sadly when he pulled out. Laying next to her, Victoire rolled over and curled up by him, kissing his naked chest while he played with her hair.

"I'll talk to your mom and get everything straight. Since you want to be my toy, we can probably avoid telling your father and the rest of your family. Victoire nodded vigorously. That sounded wonderful to her. She continued to kiss him until he pushed her head lower. Victoire blushed and got her first lesson on sucking cock. In fact, she received several more lessons that night before she was allowed to fall asleep by his side.