

## **A Veela Family Vacation**

### **Part 1**

For Fleur Delacour, things were almost perfect. She had already graduated from Beauxbatons with high enough grades that she was wanted in several promising career paths. She was still as beautiful as ever, and Harry Potter finished the Dark Lord, promising many more years of peace and prosperity. She smiled as she looked at the messy-haired young man splashing around in the water with her laughing mother.

During her short stint at Hogwarts, they had developed a lovely friendship that continued until this day. After the tournament had ended, she went back to France where she received weekly letters keeping her in the loop about the things that were going on. As time went on, the letters that she had received made her even more nervous. At one point, she tried getting Harry to leave that awful country and come to France. Of course, he would never abandon his friends. He also made her promise that she would never bring herself or her family back to England until all of this mess was over and done with. In the end, she agreed with him.

When the news broke about Voldemort's defeat, she was as elated as anyone. Meeting up for a friendly weekend together to celebrate, he told her about how he had nothing to do. His friends Ronald and Hermione had started dating, and they were searching throughout Australia looking for Hermione's obliviated parents. Even when they got back, they would still be spending most of their time together. So Harry could either find a job or figure out some other way to pass the time. Fleur already knew that he probably didn't want to immediately find a job. His life had been so bound to Voldemort's that he didn't even get a fair chance to live yet. He was an adult now, with no obligations and a vault full of gold. It was no surprise when he immediately agreed to come on a family trip with the Delacour women.

Since her father had died, her mother had taken over managing the family investments, but she never had a head for business. Because of that, Fleur had quit her job at the local bank and went to work managing things for her. In truth, she liked doing this much more than working at the bank. Gabrielle was only thirteen years old and fresh out of Beauxbatons for summer break. She more than anyone was happy about spending more time with her crush.

So the four of them decided to stay in a Veela owned beach house right next to the main Veela Enclave of France. Because the beach house was underneath the wards of the Enclave, they didn't have to worry about anyone bothering them.

Fleur heard a squeal and looked up from her magazine. She and her sister were laying on beach chairs catching some sun. Not that it would matter. No amount of sun would darken their porcelain skin, but as creatures of fire, they enjoyed the warmth of Southern France. As she looked up, she saw her mother jump on Harry's back and wrap her arms around his neck. Fleur could see her mother's perfect breasts mashing into the skin of his back.

"Are you going to take him to bed?" Gabrielle suddenly grabbed her attention by speaking her native language.

"Who?" Fleur asked, not really paying attention.

" 'Arry, of course!" Gabby rolled her eyes before grabbing the bottle of sun oil and squirting some on her naked chest. She tossed the bottle to Fleur who did the same. She laid there rubbing oil all over her voluptuous breasts while thinking about what she asked.

She wasn't sure if it was a Veela thing or not, but the Delacour women could be extremely sensuous when the right people were involved. They usually were able to keep themselves under control, but it seemed that on the beach, near their kin, and with Harry with them, they were letting themselves slip more than a little. Just then, her mother wrapped her legs around Harry's waist, and he had to reach back and hold her by her ass to keep her from falling.

"I am surprised that you're asking. You're the one who wouldn't shut up about him," Fleur smiled, teasing her little sister. Gabrielle just smiled wickedly. "I know that look. What have you done?"

"I talked to 'Arry," Gabby said cutely. "He has agreed to spend some quality time with me once I reach my age of maturity."

"Gabby! I did not know that you could be so bold. You are usually much shyer than that," Fleur giggled, looking at Gabby's hands traveling up and down her very small breasts. It would still be a few years before she properly matured and began looking like a woman.

"I had to stake my claim while I could. It seems that Maman is doing so as well," she giggled and pointed to the ocean. Apolline was now face to face with a blushing Harry as she ran her hand up and down his muscular chest and belly. Fleur rolled her eyes.

"She hasn't been with a man since Papa died. She's just horny," Fleur explained which made Gabby laugh. They continued to watch their mother flirt with him.

"Well ... I do not know. We'll see how things go," Fleur finally said. Gabby nodded and closed her eyes, enjoying the hot sun on her delicate skin.

### **A Veela Family Vacation**

It was late at night and a tired Gabrielle went to the kitchen to get herself a drink of water. Once her thirst had been quenched, she was about to go back to her room when she heard a moan in another part of the house. Listening closely, she heard it again. Slowly she crept through the house until she was almost at the source of the noises. As quietly as she could, she leaned over the side of the family room entryway and peeked inside. Her big, blue eyes widened when she saw what was going on. Fleur was on the couch with her big butt up in the air, and Harry Potter

was actually liking her hole! Gabby couldn't believe what she was seeing. Still being young, she had no idea that people actually did that. It must feel really good, she thought, because Fleur's face was red, and she was gasping and moaning as Harry held her cheeks apart and tickled the rim again and again. When he stuffed two fingers in her pussy and fingered her ferociously until she squirted her juices everywhere, Gabby clapped a hand over her mouth as she squeaked. Quietly running back to her room, she left them in peace to continue their fun.

"Arry," she moaned pitifully with her forehead glistening in sweat. She let out a small whine when his mouth attached to her wet and dripping pussy, and he happily licked her clean. Fleur giggled as he kissed and nipped at the skin of her cheek before kissing up the middle of her spine. Fleur reached out and grabbed his massive erection and started stroking him.

"It seems that Maman really got you excited," she teased before he flipped her over and attacked her perfect breasts. Fleur threaded her fingers through his hair and gently scratched at his scalp as his lips attached to her hard, pink nipple. She hummed in pleasure as she felt his warm tongue massage her crinkled tip.

"She's a very attractive woman," Harry agreed while moving to her other breast. Harry loved how her breast felt in his hand. Somehow it was firm and yet, still soft and squishy. They felt perfect in his hands. Suddenly, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him in for a deep and passionate kiss. They moaned in each other's mouths as their tongues explored one another. Harry moved between her parted legs and pressed his shaft against her wet slit. Fleur excitedly began to grind herself against his length, smearing her fluids all over him and marking him with her scent. Wanting more, she reached down and grabbed his cock. Fleur moved it around, rubbing the bulbous tip against her delicate lips, and using it to massage her hard and aching clit. Harry watched as the gorgeous blonde bit her lower lips as sexily as any model could before holding the head against her opening. With her free hand, she cupped his balls and began gently fondling them, tempting him to push in. It didn't take long for her plan to succeed. With a single thrust, he was inside of her for the first time.

Fleur squeaked in surprise as his cock kept going and going until it bumped her g-spot before slamming into her cervix. Immediately, her toes curled and her back arched as she screamed his name. With her tits up in the air, they were too tempting for him, and he leaned down and sucked one into his mouth. Fleur could feel an incredible amount of suction pulling her nipple away from her body before he decided to let it go. As her nipple snapped back into place, her body fell back to the couch, breathing heavily. She wiped the sweat from her face as he grabbed hold of her ankles and pushed them up into the air. They kept going until her body was folded in half. With her face peeking from between her knees, he held her securely and started thrusting harder than anyone had ever dared with her.

As his cock sank deep into her silky depths, a perverse sound like she had never heard erupted from her pussy. The sheer wetness of her squelching had her face burning with embarrassment. Being pinned down, she had nowhere to hide. She was forced to look him in the eyes as her pussy molded to his thickness and length. Her body was being jerked around and fucked into

the cushions so hard that it was beginning to hurt. Crying out, she watched as pussy juice started squirting out from her pussy, splashing all over their chests and even getting on her face. She was forced to shake her head and blow some away from her lips as her juices caked her face. Her pussy was aching from contracting so hard, and when he reached down and tickled her clit, Fleur almost blacked out. Her scream was enough to wake up the rest of the house, but they didn't care. Harry flipped her around and bent her over the arm of the couch.

Fleur's face was red and sweaty, her hair was stuck to her forehead, and she was breathing harder than she ever had before, but she never looked sexier, her mother thought as she walked into the room to see what was going on.

"Maman!" she cried out, trying to tell her to go away. She didn't want her mother seeing her in such a state, but Harry didn't seem to care. Instead, with his cock literally dripping in her arousal, he buried the tip inside of her pink, little hole.

Apolline watched as a strange face was pulled by Fleur. She knew it well. It was pain mixed with a lot of pleasure. Harry had just taken her ass, she thought with a giggle. She watched as Fleur grabbed the couch with her hands and gripped it tightly while Harry's hips started moving back and forth. Not more than a moment later, a steady clapping sound filled the room along with her moans as Harry sculpted her asshole to fit his massive erection. Fleur was squirming and moaning like a cheap whore as his cock stimulated the deepest parts of her. Fleur blushed madly when she saw that both her mother and sister were still watching what was going on. She opened her mouth to say something but was only able to squeal as her asshole clamped down on him and her pussy began squirting once again. Harry grabbed her by the backs of her knees and lifted her up.

"'Arry!" she squealed in embarrassment as her legs were parted, and he gave her family a show. They watched as Fleur's pussy contracted and sprayed girl cum all over the room while he was balls deep in her asshole. Grunting, he pushed as deep as he could and let loose inside of her. Dropping her facedown on the couch, he pulled out of her ass and stroked his cock, painting her lily-white cheeks and back with his rosey seed.

"I knew that I made the right choice!" Gabby squealed and attempted to run to him to have a little fun herself. Her mother, however, grabbed her arm and held her back.

"When you are older, my dear. Now, go get a blanket and cover your sister. I'll 'andle 'Arry," she said. Gabby disappeared and Apolline walked up to him. Reaching out, she grabbed him by the cock which was still rock-hard.

"Come, 'Arry. I will 'elp you clean up," she told him, escorting him to her private bathroom by the cock.

