

## Passion Enflamed

### Part 3

Fleur bit her lower lip as her fingers slid back and forth between her taut pussy lips. She could feel only the smallest amount of pleasure from doing so. After visiting Harry that one time, she found that she could no longer make herself wet ... as if her body was rebelling against her. Her body knew what it wanted, and if she wasn't going to give in, then it outright wouldn't cooperate. Fleur growled at her lower half, grabbing the bottle of lube that was sitting on her nightstand and pouring a generous amount on her dry pussy.

She wasn't worried about her husband walking in. Bill was gone on another of his expeditions. This time he would be gone for at least three months. 'Somewhere in the jungles of Brazil,' was all he could tell her. Of course, his parting gift to her was another five-minute session of lame fucking that ended with her belly covered in his sad, watery cum on her belly. Fleur barely felt a thing, and it was the first time in her marriage that she just lay there, hoping that he would hurry up and finish. Fleur had lost complete confidence in him, and she knew that her marriage was in deep trouble.

Often, she would sit there, thinking about those few, short moments with Harry. Just thinking about him was enough to make her heart begin to race. Why she hadn't gone back was a mystery to her. The obvious answer was that her situation wasn't like that of her mother or sister. Gabrielle was single and could do whatever she wanted with whomever she liked. Her mother had an agreement with her father that let her off the hook. Bill would never agree to let her fuck another man, let alone Harry Potter. She had already committed adultery once, and she didn't feel good about it. On the other hand, she was literally wasting away, and Bill didn't seem to give a damn.

'If you have talked with him, and he still does nothing to rectify the situation, then he obviously cares less about you than you might think, Fleur. You must do what is best for you, not your failing marriage,' was the advice given to her by her mother. It was starting to sound better and better by the minute.

Fleur pinched and rolled her clit between her fingers ... nothing. She grabbed the lube again and was about to pour more on when she stopped. Looking at the bottle, she was filled with irritation. This is what she had been reduced to. She was a gorgeous Veela who should have been blossoming. Instead, she was a husk of what she could be, forced to use lubricant and sex toys for even the smallest amount of satisfaction. Lashing out in anger, she screamed like a banshee and threw the bottle of lube against the wall, smashing it to pieces. She lay in bed breathing heavily, seething over her situation. Fleur put her hands over her eyes and used the heels of her palms to rub her eyes. Letting her arms flop back down to the bed, she sighed. Her mother was right. Things would never change unless she changed them. She was done sitting at home like a good, little wife, only being used for a quick fuck. Bill was out having an adventure, and it was time that she had one of her own. A wicked smile formed on her pretty

face. “What ‘e does not know won’t ‘urt ‘im,” she said to the empty room before giggling slightly. She quickly got up, cleaned the mess that she had made, and jumped into the shower.

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“Fleur!” Harry delightedly greeted her as he opened the door. “It’s good to see you again. Would you like to ...”

He was cut off by her pushing past him and walking into his house uninvited. “Cut ze small talk, ‘Arry. Where eez ze bedroom?” she impatiently asked, her French accent becoming unmanageable. Harry pointed to the stairs, so she grabbed his hand and nearly yanked his arm out of the socket as she thundered up them.

“Last door on the right ... HEY!” he yelled as she tugged on his hand again, nearly causing him to trip. She pushed the door open and dragged him in.

“Remove your clothes!” she ordered as she began unbuttoning her blouse. Harry, not needing any further encouragement, took his off in record time. He was fully nude by the time she opened up her shirt, revealing a lace bra. Harry stepped up and helped her remove it. Her eyes looked up and caught his. Harry was momentarily lost in her deep blue eyes. Even though he was used to being with Veela by that point, they could still mesmerize him on occasion. As soon as her shirt was tossed to the floor, Harry placed his hands on her slim sides. He moved them up, luxuriating in the sensation of her soft, smooth skin. He could feel her body tremble as he moved them around to her back. His skilled hands easily unclipped her bra, causing it to go slack. With his other hand, he grabbed the front of her bra and pulled it off of her chest. Her large breasts spilled out, jiggling for a second, but that was all it took to capture his full attention. They were perfect, Harry thought. He cupped them both and bounced them a few times, testing their weight. Fleur’s hand found his half-erect cock, and she wasted no time in trying to make it fully hard. It didn’t take long before it inflated enough to force her fingertips apart.

“On your knees,” Harry ordered. Without even thinking of disobeying, Fleur dropped down and looked up at him expectantly. Harry stepped up and placed his long, fat shaft between her big, perky tits. Her Veela instincts were taking over, and she pressed her breasts together, creating a tight seal around his cock. As soon as his cock was firmly secured between them, she started slowly bouncing them up and down. She heard a shuddering breath above, and it filled her with excitement. Pressing her tits together tighter, she bounced them even faster. Harry moaned, and he ran his fingers through her gorgeous, silvery-blond hair. His fingernails gently grazed her scalp, and Fleur’s eyes fluttered while letting out a moan. It was telling, she thought, how Harry could bring her so much pleasure with such a simple action when her husband couldn’t while doing so much more.

Harry’s fingers caressed the back of her neck and tickled behind her ears, and Fleur was amazed at how wet she was. Her entire body was tingling with pleasure. She looked down at her breasts and was shocked that so much of his cock was sticking out the top of her cleavage.

She found it easy to bend her head down and take a couple of inches of his cock into her mouth. "Mmm," she hummed, loving the taste of him. Harry began thrusting, fucking her tits and mouth at the same time. She quickly wondered why Bill hadn't tried this with her, but then she remembered that his cock wasn't anywhere near the size of Harry's monster. It would have been comical for him to even try.

At some point, Harry pulled out from between her tits and fully began fucking her mouth. Her mouth was wide open, and her eyes were watery as Harry continuously shoved his cock down her throat. Then, Harry thrust forward until his belly was against her face. He didn't pull back, and Fleur was gagging around him. Feeling like she was about to pass out, she slapped his naked ass with a loud SMACK! He pulled out, and she gasped and inhaled a deep breath. Labored breaths left her mouth, and her head swam with dizziness. However, she noticed something else. Her pussy was absolutely throbbing with need. The Veela in her loved being dominated by such a powerful man. His strong hands grabbed her under the armpits, and she was tossed like a ragdoll onto his large, soft bed. Fleur squealed as her body bounced before settling down. Harry was then at her feet, pulling her sneakers off. Both of them hit the opposite side of the room with two loud THUNKS. He lifted her feet up, causing her already short skirt to ride up her thighs. She watched him stare at the crotch of her tiny, pink panties. Fleur could feel that they were soaked. She knew the thin, wet material was clinging to her pussy like a second skin. No doubt he could see every curve and crevice of her womanly shape. Her legs spread even wider, showing him more.

"Take them off ... please!" she begged as her pussy throbbed with need. Harry smirked at her and raised her foot. He gently pulled the sock from her and gently kissed the incredibly sensitive sole of her foot. " 'Arry!" she begged again, her back arching while her body squirmed. His fingers grazed against the arch, and Fleur nearly came.

"You have such perfect, little feet," he teased her, tickling her tiny toes. Fleur bit her lower lip and moaned. She was suddenly very glad that she had gone and got a manicure and pedicure at her normal place in France. They were painted a dark red, which the lady said contrasted beautifully with her pale skin. Harry dropped her foot and removed the sock from the other. As he was teasing her other foot, Fleur placed her free foot against his cock. Up and down she dragged her toes, feeling every bump and vein on his magnificent cock. "You're such a naughty girl ... aren't you?" he asked in a teasing voice, letting her foot drop back down. Fleur blushed deeply and nodded. She wanted to be naughty for him. At that moment, she wanted to completely give herself up to him. Harry must have known what she was thinking because he grabbed her thighs and pulled her body to him. With her legs up in the air, he reached down and began sliding her panties off. Instantly, the room was filled with the musky scent of her wet pussy. Her panties climbed higher, first over her thighs, and then up her calves. Harry plucked them from her bare feet and held them up to his nose. Fleur watched with amazement as he inhaled her womanly scent. "You smell just like your mother," he teased her again.

Fleur had never been so embarrassed, but secretly, she was thrilled. She was being treated like his personal fuck-toy, and the Veela inside of her purred with delight. Harry spun her panties

around the tip of his finger before flinging them across the room. The meaning was clear. She would have no use for them anymore. Her pussy was bare, wet, and ready to be taken. When he removed and threw away her skirt, Fleur was fully exposed to him. He stood tall, looking down at her wet, quivering pussy while stroking his angry cock. "How do you want to be fucked?" he suddenly asked. "Like a good girl ... or like a whore?"

Her cheeks felt enflamed, and she knew that they were very red. No man had ever asked her such things, especially not her boring husband. Trembling uncontrollably, she got on her hands and knees and spun around. She pressed her chest flat against the bed while spreading her knees apart. Then, she lifted up her ass, thrusting her soaked pussy into the air. This was what being a Veela is all about, she realized. Both of her holes were being offered to him, and there was little doubt in her mind that she would wake up tomorrow after being fucked in both. She felt his fingers begin to caress her slick pussy. His fingers glided up the middle of her lips before spreading them apart. "So wet and pink," she heard him say, a bit of awe in his voice. Fleur's whimpering voice was muffled by the blanket in which her face was buried. His thumb flicked her clit, and her body bucked as she squealed. Her cheeks were suddenly spread apart, and she felt the cool air of his room soothing her burning genitals. Harry gently blew on her asshole, making it pucker uncontrollably. He chuckled happily, no doubt loving the effect that he had on her relatively inexperienced body. Over the last week or so, she had been seething inside. The fact that her little sister was more experienced only a few short months after her seventeenth birthday was a slap in the face to Fleur's own personal Veelahood, but as Harry traced the rim of her tightest hole with his fingertip, she knew that she would be catching up quickly. "You're dripping wet," Harry commented, collecting a fat drop of arousal on the pad of his pointer finger. He then brought his finger up to the side of her head.

"Lick," he simply ordered. Fleur subordinately turned her head and lunged forward, capturing his finger with her lips. Harry then pushed his finger in further, and Fleur began sucking it as though it were a little cock. She could taste herself on him, and it excited her. Harry then pulled his finger from her lips and went back to work.

To think that she could have gone her whole life without knowing what it felt like to have a man lay soft kisses all over her ass and pussy. Fleur quickly found that she loved having his warm breath bathing her pussy and asshole. After only a few seconds of this, she was wiggling her ass at him like a bitch in heat. In response, Harry buried his face in her ass, licking anything that he could get his tongue on. Fleur let out a whimpering moan as his tongue brushed against her asshole. Seeing that she liked it, Harry pressed his tongue harder against the little hole and made it vibrate. Fleur's eyes went wide in shock. It was as if a bolt of pure pleasure hit her straight in the pussy. Her body locked up, she screamed into the bed, and her ass began quivering against his face. Suddenly, she felt pussy juice begin to spray from her cumming slit. Her body bucked wildly, but Harry held her tightly around her thighs, keeping her in place. "Just like your sister," he laughed. "She's a bit of an anal slut as well."

This went completely over her head since she wasn't paying attention to anything but the immaculate joy of an explosive orgasm. Fleur could already feel the stress and tension leaving

her body. To top it off, as soon as her orgasm hit, the persistent headache that she had been suffering through the past week had instantly gone away. She felt like a whole new person. Harry's tongue suddenly engulfed the entirety of her pussy, and he licked her clean. A hard slap on her ass made her squeak in pain. "Which hole do I want first?" she heard him ask himself. Fleur gasped when she felt the head of his fat cock touch her asshole. He put a bit of pressure on it, threatening to slip inside. Fleur braced herself for the pain of being stretched for the first time, but then, he pulled away and began massaging the length of her slit with his tip. She jumped as he slapped her smooth, hairless pussy a few times with his girth, and she could hear how wet she still was. When her swollen clit was struck by his cock, it sent a shock of pleasure down her spine. Her Veela instincts kicked in, and she reached back and spread her cheeks open, giving him a clear sign of what she wanted. Her Veela pheromones flooded the room, along with the smell of her wet pussy. Harry couldn't withhold it any longer.

His hands gripped her waist tightly as he thrust forward and easily slipped into her. Fleur lifted her upper half, threw her head back, and moaned, instantly cumming on his cock. It was as if she could feel every bump and ridge on his cock. Fleur could feel her insides hugging him, squeezing him, and massaging his perfect penis as if thanking him for such glorious pleasure. She delighted in hearing the husky moan escaping his lips. She had never realized how incredibly sensitive her inner walls were. 'Probably because Bill is not big enough to stretch me,' she savagely thought. Insulting her husband in her mind while another man pounded on her g-spot was oddly cathartic for her. It was her version of revenge for so many wasted years. Not wanting to waste another single second, she threw her ass back, driving him so deep that her cervix was touched. This only made her cum harder.

"'Arder, 'Arry, 'arder!" she begged as her pussy smothered his length. Harry was well up to the task. He slapped her ass cheek, causing a loud crack to overpower her whorish moans of bliss. The stinging pain only added to the sexual gratification that she was feeling. The sounds of their bodies colliding were a treat to her ears, and the smell of their primal rutting was even better, she decided. His hand enclosed the back of her neck, forcing her face down into the bed. He then leaned over her, completely dominating her body as he fucked her so hard that she was sure to have bruises all over her ass the following day. When his hand reached under and between her legs, she was momentarily confused until his fingers found her little clit.

"EEEEEE!" was the high-pitched squeal that left her open mouth. Her ass was bouncing out of control while her new lover pinched and rolled her clit. Such pleasure shouldn't exist, Fleur thought as her pussy milked his cock so hard that she wondered if it was causing him pain. It certainly didn't sound like it was. He was grunting and moaning like a caveman who had just dragged her back to his cave. Her nipples were sensitive ... almost too sensitive as her body was pushed and dragged up and down his bed. She was thankful that his blankets were very soft and luxurious. When Harry suddenly began to pull out of her pussy, Fleur nearly cried out for him to stay in. That changed when she felt pressure on her asshole. In one swift move, he popped his head into her little hole. Fleur whimpered, expecting pain, but when he slowly began going deeper, she was pleasantly satisfied to find that there was only pleasure. She grunted into the bed as more than half of him sank into her. Harry lovingly rubbed her lower back to keep her

calm. A few seconds later, he was balls deep in her ass. Fleur realized that she had just lost her last virginity.

The thought of this made her strangely happy. She was now on equal footing with her sister and mother. Her thoughts were interrupted when Harry pulled back and thrust back into her. Both of them moaned at the same time. With him in her ass, she could now feel how truly large he was. It felt as if she were being torn in half, but the sensation wasn't bad at all. In fact, it was making her pussy tingle even more than it already was. It didn't take long for him to start fucking her ass as hard and fast as he did her pussy.

"Ohhh ... YES!" she screeched as he pounded her ass so hard that her cheeks were loudly clapping. Pussy juice was pouring down the insides of her thighs, making them glisten in the light of the room. His hand then reached between her legs, and she felt three of his fingers enter her soaked pussy. Fleur couldn't take anymore. Her body spasmed and bucked so hard that she fell to the side and pulled off of his cock. Lights were flashing behind her eyes while letting out a sound that she had never made before. She vaguely saw Harry hovering over her head.

"Keep your mouth open," she heard him say. Fleur opened wide and stuck out her tongue. Huge globs of hot cum suddenly flooded her mouth. Some that didn't make it in spurted across her gorgeous face. Harry stood there for nearly two minutes, cumming the entire time. He didn't stop until her face was covered in his seed, and she was gurgling for him to stop. After finally swallowing all of it, she lay there, eyes open in a sexual daze. The only thing she could do was let out a cute, little squeak of pleasure when Harry settled between her legs and began fucking her virgin-tight pussy again. She knew that this was only the beginning, and she wondered what else he had in store for her.