

Chapter 2

Over the next few days, Delacour manor became a den of debauchery. Harry fucked Apolline and Fleur all over the house any time any of them felt like it. Apolline, in particular, was especially wanton. It was like she was releasing years of sexual frustration all at once. Of course, that didn't mean Jean enjoyed the sight any less. Every time he and Apolline finished, Jean was quick to drag her off to their bedroom. Harry had no idea how he could like seeing his wife with another man, but he wasn't going to argue with it.

Gabrielle cuddled with Harry, growing comfortable enough to take off her clothes after a couple of days, but they'd yet to do much beyond snogging and some heavy petting. She was still a bit shy at times, and Harry didn't want to push her into anything, so he let her set the pace.

Fleur, on the other hand, delighted in what was happening. She cheered him on at every turn, even pushing her mother's head down on his cock as she sucked him during breakfast one morning. Most nights, Harry collapsed into bed, completely exhausted from seeing to the insatiable needs of two Veela. It made him wonder if he'd be able to keep up once Gabrielle joined the fray.

On Christmas morning, Harry woke with his arms full of his beautiful, naked girlfriend. Blinking his eyes and wondering what had woken him up so early, he felt a hand nudge his shoulder. Rolling over, he found Gabrielle wide awake and smiling brightly.

"Joyeux Noël," she said.

"Merry Christmas, Gabrielle," Harry said, smiling tiredly. "We'll be up in a minute."

Gabrielle understood enough that she nodded and skipped from the room. Rolling over, Harry tightened his arms around Fleur. Squeezing one of her breasts gently, he buried his face in the hair and kissed her neck. It only took a few seconds for Fleur to wake with a moan.

"Starting so soon, mon amour?" she asked playfully.

“I’d love to, but it’s Christmas, love,” Harry said as she ground her bum against his morning erection. “We need to get up before Gabrielle comes back.”

Fleur groaned disappointedly and rolled over towards him. Kissing him on the lips, she sat up and climbed out of bed, her tear drop shaped breasts bouncing alluringly. As she pulled on an emerald green silk robe, Harry rolled out of bed and pulled on a pair of flannel pants and a t-shirt.

Hand in hand, they walked downstairs to the living room, where Gabrielle sat next to a large Christmas tree. Jean and Apolline sat on the couch, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes. Just as Harry and Fleur sat next to them, the Floo flared to life. From the crackling green flames stepped a tall, blonde woman who looked so much like Apolline and Fleur that he knew she had to be a relative.

“Grandmere,” Gabrielle exclaimed.

With a beaming smile, she hopped up from the floor and hugged her grandmother tightly. Harry smiled wistfully as he watched. There was an innocence to Gabrielle that he hadn’t seen in a long time.

As if sensing his thoughts, Fleur squeezed his hand with a smile before pulling him to his feet. Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out her wand and gave him an apologetic look.

“She does not speak English,” Fleur explained.

“It’s fine,” Harry said. “I really should learn French or go to the Ministry and file for a Permanent Language Charm anyways.”

Smiling, she gave him a kiss before waving her wand over his head. A tingle ran over his scalp while the unintelligible French chatter turned into crystal clear English. Taking his hand, Fleur led him over to her grandmother, who she kissed on the cheek and hugged.

“Grandma, this is my boyfriend, Harry. Harry, this is my grandmother, Alana,” Fleur said.

Harry reflected that it was odd hearing Fleur speak without the accent he’d grown so used to as he held out his hand. Pushing it aside, Alana smiled brightly before kissing his cheeks and hugging him tightly.

“It’s so nice to finally meet you,” she said. “My girls have told me so much about you.”

“It’s nice to meet you, too,” Harry smiled.

“Can we open presents now?” Gabrielle asked.

“Oh, alright,” Apolline said while the rest of them laughed.

Harry followed the group as they walked back over and sat around the tree.

“Since Harry is our guest, we’ll let him open one of his presents first,” Apolline said, causing Gabrielle to pout.

“Actually, if you don’t mind, I’d like to give Fleur her present first,” Harry said.

Standing up, he walked over to the tree and pulled off one of the ornaments. Tapping it with his wand, it melted into a small, palm sized box wrapped in red paper and tied with a white bow. Walking back over to Fleur, he smiled nervously and held out his hand. When she took it, he gently pulled her to her feet and handed her the box.

Smiling excitedly, Fleur unwrapped it to find a black velvet box.

“Harry?” Fleur asked softly.

Swallowing down his nerves, Harry smiled, took the box from her, and dropped down to one knee. He opened the box, and on a pillow of velvet sat an extravagant, glittering ring of gold and diamonds.

“Fleur, will you marry me?” Harry asked.

Eyes filling with tears, Fleur nodded as a watery smile came over her face.

“Yes,” she said thickly.

Letting out a breath he didn't realize he was holding, Harry beamed as he stood. Taking the ring out of the box, Fleur held out her trembling left hand so he could slip it onto her ring finger. As her family cheered and clapped, Fleur threw her arms around him and kissed him hard. When they pulled back, Apolline hugged the both of them with tears rolling down her cheeks.

“I'm so happy for you,” she said.

Kissing Fleur on the cheek, she turned to Harry and kissed him on the lips. He blushed lightly while Jean shook his hand, and Gabrielle and Alana hugged him. After the ladies had enough time to gush over Fleur's ring, they retook their seats to finish opening presents.

Despite needing to use a Translation Charm to understand the language, Harry felt like he was actually part of a family for the first time. He smiled and laughed as Gabrielle ripped open her presents with childish glee while cuddling with his fiance. It was the happiest he'd felt in a long time.

Once they'd finished with presents, they all moved into the kitchen, where Harry helped Apolline make breakfast. They both toned down their usual teasing, but it was still there. When she passed behind him to grab the butter, she groped his bum, and when he reached around to

grab the eggs, he squeezed her breast. Little moments like that happened occasionally, and they always smiled at each other when it did.

When they sat down to eat, Apolline had to take a seat on the other side of the table while Harry sat between Fleur and Alana. Smiling playfully, Fleur tapped her wand on his head and removed the Translation Charm. When he looked at her curiously, she winked before turning to talk to her sister in French.

“I guess that conversation’s not for my delicate ear,” Harry joked.

Apolline and Jean laughed before she translated for her mother. Chuckling, Alana patted his leg under the table. Harry expected her to take it away, but she didn’t. She left her hand on his leg and then began caressing the inside of his thigh. Swallowing a mouthful of eggs thickly, he looked over at her, and she smiled. Looking over at Fleur, she was still engrossed in a quiet conversation with Gabrielle and was completely oblivious to what was going on.

Just as Harry was about to relax, he felt a foot on his shin. Looking up in surprise, Apolline smirked at him as her foot moved up to his knee. He opened his mouth but couldn’t get words to come out. What was he supposed to say? Before he could think of anything, Apolline’s foot hit Alana’s hand.

“Maman!” Apolline exclaimed.

Harry watched nervously as the two spoke back and forth rapidly in French. They even drew Fleur’s attention, who joined in. After a few moments, she said something that caused all of them to turn to Harry before they broke into laughter. Harry relaxed a bit and looked at Fleur with a questioning look.

“They are just teasing each other,” she explained.

Taking out her wand, Fleur cast the Translation Charm on him again, but everyone seemed to unanimously decide to change the subject. Alana still teased him under the table, her fingers

tracing the outline of his length, but she said nothing about it. Instead, she asked him many of the same questions Apolline and Jean had to get to know him better.

Distracted by the conversation, he never noticed Gabrielle slipping under the table. It wasn't until he felt a second, smaller hand rubbing his rigid length that he realized she was there. Kneeling between his legs, she smiled up at him with her wide, bright blue, innocent eyes while pulling down his waistband.

"Er," Harry said as he looked over at Fleur.

Smiling, she took his hand in hers and laid her head on his shoulder as her sister pulled him free of his pajama bottoms.

"I can see why you agreed to marry him," Alana said, stroking his shaft.

Gabrielle giggled as he throbbed excitedly. Taking him in hand, she leaned forward and licked his tip like an ice cream cone. Smiling, she looked up at him as she opened her mouth wide and swallowed the first few inches of his length.

"Be sure to use your tongue," Alana instructed.

Gabrielle followed the advice, and Harry groaned from the sensation. Bobbing her head, she gradually gained confidence, taking him deeper and sucking harder. Soon, she was taking nearly half of his length, her lips stretched wide and sealed tightly around his girth.

"Having fun?" Fleur asked.

With her lips wrapped around him, Gabrielle nodded her head and hummed in agreement. Harry groaned from the vibrations, his hips unconsciously bucking from his seat. On the other side of the table, Apolline stood up and walked around behind Harry.

“Is she doing good?” she asked.

“Very,” Harry panted.

“Gabby, he’s getting close. You should start thinking about where you want him to cum,” Apolline told her.

Gabrielle’s face took on a thoughtful look as she continued to bob her head. Suddenly, she stopped and pulled off of him. Grabbing the bottom of her t-shirt, she pulled it up and over her head. Unlike the rest of the women in her family, who had very busty, curvy figures, Gabrielle had smaller breasts and a more athletic shape. Harry still thought she was incredibly attractive, just in a different way. Leaning forward, she took him back into her mouth and began bobbing her head quickly.

“Why did you take off your shirt?” Fleur asked curiously.

Gabrielle pulled off of him, a *pop* coming from her lips from the suction she was applying.

“I don’t want to get cum on my favorite shirt,” Gabrielle replied.

Fleur giggled as Gabrielle returned to bobbing on his length, sucking hard and swirling her tongue around his throbbing shaft. As he neared his peak, Harry reached out and ran his fingers through her hair. When he tipped over the edge, the first shot fired straight into her mouth and caused her to flinch back in surprise.

Closing her lips tightly, Gabrielle stared at his swollen, purpled head with wide eyes as he pulsed for a second time. She just managed to close her eyes in time for him to paint her face. Despite her surprise, she kept stroking him rapidly through his climax, sending his cum flying everywhere. It got in her hair, on her face, chest, and hands, and some even hit the underside of the table.

Harry panted as he sat back in his seat, blinking down at the mess he had made, while Fleur, Apolline, and Alana chuckled as Gabrielle cautiously opened her eyes and finally swallowed.

“I guess it’s a good thing you took off your shirt,” Fleur teased.

“Is there always so much?” Gabrielle asked.

“It varies,” Apolline smiled. “Why don’t we go into the living room and get you cleaned up?”

Pushing his chair away from the table, Harry helped Gabrielle to her feet. While he did, Alana dropped to her knees in front of him. Grabbing his mostly hard length, she sucked him clean with a wink. Still sensitive, Harry trembled as she dragged her lips over his tip.

“Bloody hell,” he groaned.

Giggling, Fleur took him by the hand and led him to the living room. They sat down on the couch while Apolline used her wand to clean the mess off of Gabrielle.

“I need to get started on dinner. Jean, will you help me?” Apolline asked.

Looking a bit uncomfortable with his youngest standing around half naked, he nodded eagerly and led the way back into the kitchen. Just before she walked through the doorway, Apolline turned back and winked at Harry.

“Harry,” Fleur said, drawing his attention. “Gabby and I were talking earlier, and she was hoping to have her first time with you as a Christmas present.”

Harry lifted an eyebrow and looked over at the nervous looking girl.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

Fleur translated for him, and Gabrielle nodded. Smiling, Harry stood up and waved her over. As she approached him, he pulled off his shirt and stepped out of his pants. Biting her lip, she stepped out of her shorts, the last piece of clothing covering her body.

“You’re beautiful,” Harry smiled, resting his hands on her hips and pulling her close.

Gabrielle smiled up at him while wrapping her arms around his neck. Caressing the bare, smooth skin of her back, he bent down and kissed her gently. Her fingers curled in his hair and pulled his lips firmly against hers, their tongues dancing wildly. Harry’s hands slid down her back to cup her bum, smaller yet much firmer than that of her relatives. Giving her perk little bottom a tight squeeze, she moaned into his mouth and pressed her body against his, her stiff nipples rubbing his chest.

Pulling back, Harry smiled at her flushed face and stepped back towards the couch. Falling into his seat, Gabrielle climbed onto the couch on her knees and straddled his lap. Looking down at his towering erection as it rested against her stomach, she bit her lip cutely and shuffled forward under it was pressed against her hot, damp folds.

A light whimper left her lips, and she rocked her hips, grinding on his length. Meanwhile, Harry cupped her breasts before leaning forward to suck her nipples between his lips. Arching her back, Gabrielle moaned and bucked her hips. When she did it again, he ended up pressed against her entrance. Pausing, she pulled back to look down at his face before glancing at the doorway over his shoulder.

“Maman!” she called.

“Yes?” Apolline asked, appearing in the doorway while wiping her hands on a towel.

“Will you stay?” Gabrielle asked, biting her lip.

Apolline smiled, "Of course, sweetheart."

Tossing her hand towel back into the kitchen, she walked over and took a seat in one of the chairs. Smiling at her mother, Gabrielle looked over at Alana, who sat on Harry's right, then Fleur, who was on his left. All of them smiled at her encouragingly.

Taking a deep breath, Gabrielle lowered herself onto his length. As soon as his swollen tip slipped into her tight embrace, she gasped loudly and stopped, her eyes riveted to the spot where they were connected.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked worriedly.

Gabrielle lifted her head, and he was stunned by the look of darkened lust clouding her eyes. Before he could say anything else, she practically slammed herself on his cock. Harry gasped at the sudden tightness and heat that surrounded him while Gabrielle arched her back and moaned wantonly.

With only a brief pause, she lifted herself up and dropped down again.

"It's so big," she gasped. "I feel so full. I love you, Harry!"

"Control yourself, Gabrielle," Apolline warned. "Don't go too fast."

Ignoring her mother, Gabrielle started jumping up and down on his lap. With a hooded gaze and her mouth hanging open, she rode him hard and fast, her tight folds swallowing him with surprising ease. Long, wanton moans and pleased cries left her mouth in a nearly constant stream. Harry grunted as her ass clapped against his thighs, his hands holding her hips to help her move. His eyes moved from her face to her chest, where her perky breasts bounced wildly from her aggressive movements.

"I think she likes it," Fleur giggled.

That was made eminently clear when Gabrielle screamed out her climax a moment later. Her already tight depths clamped down around Harry's cock, twitching and fluttering as she shuddered in his lap. The feeling nearly sent him over the edge but wasn't quite enough as Gabrielle collapsed in a panting mess against his chest. Around them, Fleur, Apolline, and Alana clapped and cheered.

Flushed and breathless, Gabrielle turned her head and smiled.

"Was it as good as you hoped?" Alana asked.

"Better," she replied tiredly, snuggling against Harry's chest.

Smiling down at her, he caressed her back and kissed the top of her head. He wasn't concerned about his still throbbing length buried inside of her. He knew that even if Gabrielle was too tired to continue, one of the others would take care of him soon.

"I wish my first time had been that nice," Alana sighed.

"Me too," Apolline agreed.

"Mine was," Fleur boasted, reaching over to run her fingers through Harry's hair. "Harry has always taken care of me."

Reaching around Harry, Alana swatted her leg lightly.

"It's not nice to brag," she said with a smile twitching at the corners of her lips. "Hearing you talk about Harry so much, I might have to give him a try myself."

"Help yourself," Fleur told her. "I'm sure Harry won't mind."

“As long as you’re alright with it,” Harry said.

He must have said something right, because all of the women smiled brightly at him. Sitting up, Gabrielle bit her lips and looked at him.

“Can we do this again?” she asked.

“As long as it’s alright with your sister,” Harry said.

“Of course,” Fleur agreed.

Smiling happily, she climbed off of him, gasping while his swollen length came free of her tight grasp. Standing, Alana moved in front of him and dropped her dress to the floor. Like Apolline and Fleur, she had large, perky breasts, a thin waist, and wide hips. Turning her back to him, he got a good look at her thick, jutting rear before she bent at the waist and sat on his lap.

Somehow, without even looking, she was able to line herself up with his cock and slip it right into her sweltering depths. Harry gasped, not expecting to be inside of her so soon, and grasped her hips. Sliding his hands up, he grasped her gravity defying breasts and pulled her back against his chest.

With a moan, Alana lifted her legs and planted her feet on the edge of the couch. Bracing her hands on the back of the couch, she started bouncing on his length. While not as tight as Gabrielle, like all the Veela he’d been with, Alana had a grasping, welcoming tightness that felt incredible.

Throwing her head back, she moaned long and low, her hips rolling when she bottomed out in a way that sent a shock of pleasure up his spine each time she descended.

“So good,” Alana moaned. “Thank you, Fleur.”

“You’re welcome,” Fleur smiled. “Is he better than grandpa?”

Alana chuckled, “It’s a bit too soon to say that.”

Smirking, Harry wrapped his arm around her waist and suddenly stood up. Alana gasped, feet falling to the ground as he turned her towards the couch and bent her over at the waist. Her hands gripped the back of the couch as she looked over her shoulder at him. Grinning, Harry squeezed her hips and gave a fast, powerful thrust. Alana gasped, her eyes darkening with lust as she moaned.

As he hammered into her from behind with thrusts that echoed through the room, Fleur laughed as her grandmother hung her head and moaned lewdly. Raising his hand, Harry brought it down on her lush cheek, watching as the thick globe jiggled wildly.

“You brute!” Alana exclaimed, her depths spasming around his thrusting length.

Smirking, Harry gave the other cheek the same treatment. Alana used her grip on the couch to rock her hips back against him in time with his thrusts. Her cheeks clapped loudly against his thighs, the flesh ripping with each powerful impact.

“You English barbarian!” Alana gasped.

“I’ll show you a barbarian,” Harry growled.

Grabbing a fistful of Alana’s golden mane, he pulled, causing her back to arch and her neck to bend back. Reaching under her, he grasped her dangling, bouncing breast and gripped it harshly. Alana whimpered, her folds fluttering as her legs trembled.

“That’s it,” Harry grunted, speeding up his thrusts. “Nothing but a French whore!”

“Bastard!” Alana barked between gasping breaths.

Despite her words, she threw herself back onto his cock nearly as hard as he thrust into her. Suddenly, Harry pulled out of her, and Alana stumbled as she bucked back at nothing. Spinning her around, he hooked her leg and brought it up to his shoulder. Alana displayed the impressive flexibility innate in all Veela, showing no discomfort in being forced to do a standing split.

Harry drove his throbbing length back into her and hugged her body to his. Alana stared at him, her eyes glittering excitedly as he manhandled her. On his first, brutal thrust, she broke their lustful gaze as she threw her head back to cry out in pleasure.

One arm holding her in place, he grabbed her breast roughly and brought it to his lips. Sucking hard at first, he raked his teeth over her stiff, swollen nipple. Alana shuddered, moaning wantonly while her nails dug into the skin of his shoulder blades.

With the awkward position, Harry couldn't thrust as hard as he wanted to. Pausing, he lifted her up and laid her down on the couch. Hooking both legs over his shoulder, he nearly folded her in half as he gripped her shoulder and slammed into her.

“You beast!” Alana yelled. “English bastard!”

Gritting his teeth, Harry huffed as he fucked her as hard and as fast as he could. Alana shook her head back and forth as her climax built. He could feel her depths fluttering around his length wildly, her muscles trembling. With a scream, she tumbled over the edge. Her fold clamped down on his cock, and an odd pressure built up in her core.

Eyes rolling into the back of her head, Alana erupted around him, gushing streams of arousal soaking both of their bodies and the couch. Her mouth hung wide open, but not a sound was made. Her breath even seemed trapped in her lungs as her body convulsed under him.

Harry managed to thrust twice more before he reached his peak. Burying his length as deeply as possible with an animalistic thrust, he emptied himself inside of her. Alana sucked in a breath at the feeling before a low, trembling groan left her lips. Collapsing on top of her, she managed to free her legs and hugged him to her body. With his eyes closed, he felt her lips touch his and kissed her back.

A few moments later, Harry tiredly rolled off of her and sank into the couch. Curling up against his side, Fleur kissed him lovingly.

“Appy Christmas, mon amour,” she said softly.

“Harry Christmas,” Harry said.

Taking his hand in hers, he ran his thumb along the band of her engagement ring with a smile on his face. If this was what being married to Fleur was going to be like, Harry couldn't wait to get married.