

Little Estelle Black giggled and gurgled happily on the ground as her Aunt Fleur and Grandmother Apolline doted on her. Just as Gabby predicted, her mother had been very accepting of things when she explained her situation to her parents... her father less so, but he still loved his daughter and so accepted things for her sake. The fact that Harry gave their daughter the Black name and all that entailed did a great deal to assuage the Frenchmen. Molly was definitely the most difficult to deal with, but she'd softened considerably when the baby was born.

The baby girl was a few months past her first birthday and getting bigger by the day. She had her mother's piercing blue-eyes and her father's dark black hair. Harry had been heard to say many times that he just hoped she didn't inherit its untamable nature as well. Both of her parents, not to mention Ginny, absolutely adored the child.

Speaking of the redheaded witch, she pushed through the door carrying a tray of tea and biscuits, "Sorry... sorry again," she apologized, "we weren't expecting you so early." Her hair was up in a messy ponytail, and she looked a little harried but was happy to see her sister-in-law as well as her mother.

Estelle noticed her and started calling out, "Gin." Her first word had been 'dada', as she was daddy's girl but, 'mama' followed shortly after and 'Gin' a short while after that.

Fleur chuckled melodically, "It's not your fault, Ginny. We're very early after all."

"I couldn't stay away," Apolline gushed in French, offering her fingers to the little girl, "and Fleur indulged me." Ginny wouldn't consider herself fluent in the language but, between Fleur and Gabby, she'd made sure to pick up enough to be conversational in it.

It was Gabrielle's birthday, and her mother and sister were there to take her out and celebrate with a shopping trip. Ginny would be going along as well, but they hadn't been expecting their guests for another two hours.

Fleur looked at her mother fondly, and whispered softly to Ginny, "She is ze same with Victoire and Dominique. If she lived 'ere, I'm sure that I would see 'er every day."

"She would have to fight with my mother for their time, I'm sure."

Snorting out a little laugh, Fleur nodded her agreement, "Oui, it's probably for the best zat they're separated by the Channel. It might come to spells if zey weren't." Looking around the room, she gave Ginny a small, knowing smile, "Where is my sister? I thought she would come down to greet us."

"Oh... uh... she's getting ready." Ginny stammered only briefly, "She'll be down any minute... I hope." She whispered the last to herself as she glanced up toward the ceiling where she knew exactly what was keeping the younger French girl from coming down. She'd been helping with it less than twenty minutes earlier.

"Oh, if she is getting ready. It could be half an hour or more." Apolline interjected, eyes still firmly on her youngest granddaughter, "You know how your sister can be."

"Oh, yes mother. I know **exactly** how my sister can be." Fleur agreed, getting an odd look from Ginny at her tone. Apolline seemed to think nothing of it though as she picked Estelle and started bouncing her on her hip with the practiced ease of a mother and grandmother.

The three women chatted and drank tea as the minutes ticked by without a sign of Gabrielle. After another twenty minutes, Fleur stood and said, "Maybe I should go get her. At this point I would say it is almost rude." From the teasing in her tone, she clearly didn't mean it.

"No!" Ginny said a bit too loudly, and blushed as the other women looked at her, "No, I'll go and get her. Anyway, I need to get ready, too." As she retreated up the stairs, she could hear Apolline chiding her eldest daughter in quiet French though she couldn't make out what exactly was being said.

Hurrying up the stairs, she came to the master bedroom in just a few moments. No noise came from the room, but she knew that was only by virtue of the silencing spells that had been placed on it. Opening the door quietly, she closed it quickly behind her so that none of the naughty noises taking place within could carry out into the hall.

Inside, Ginny was met by the lovely sight of her husband's bum steadily pulling back before he snapped his hips forward, the tight muscles looking deliciously pinchable. Approaching the bed, she was treated to the full, obscene, pussy-tingling sight.

Gabby's delicate wrists and ankles were tied to each post of the bed with silk ribbon, her beautiful body looked absolutely delectable... and vulnerable. Her pussy was stretched around Harry's thick cock and every time his hips snapped forward there was a tiny spray of girl-cum from her over-stuffed little hole. Through it all, she couldn't speak, nor could she see. Her eyes were covered by another silk ribbon while Ginny's lacy knickers were in her mouth. She was whimpering around the fabric with every thrust of her lover's shaft. Both were covered in a light sheen of sweat. *They've been going at it for hours, so I can't say that I'm surprised.*

Suddenly, Harry pulled his member from the puffy, red pussy that hugged him and unleashed a spray of cum that covered Gabby from her chin to her mound. The girl whimpered, and tried to form words but it was to no avail with her mouth filled. Harry just continued covering her gorgeous body with his seed.

Resting her upper-body on the bed, she placed her head on Gabby's hip just above Harry's hand. She trailed her fingers up the young Veela's stomach, they became sticky with a thick load that Harry had left on their lover's belly, "I thought you were supposed to be filling her little pussy, love?" She asked, bringing the creamy white treat to her lips and taking a taste. It was salty and sweet, and entirely Harry in a way that she loved. *We really are a couple of lucky girls.*

"She was a bad girl, Gin." Harry told her with a roguish smile as he slotted his prick back into her inviting heat.

Ginny giggled, "Oh?"

"Our little breeding slut came without my permission, so I had to punish her somehow."

Reaching for one of Gabby's erect nipples, she gave the sensitive nub a light twist as she moved up to whisper in her ear, "Is that true, Gabs? Were you a naughty little slut? Did you get off without **his** permission?" While her tits were always eye-catching, they'd only grown even more awe-inspiring since the birth of her daughter. They shook with each renewed thrust that Harry gave her sultry body.

Whimpering pitifully, the young woman could only nod her head as she spasmed like she'd been shocked. Her whole body from her chest up to her beautiful face had a ruby flush to it, both from her

earlier peak and in her effort to hold off her next. Kissing the shell of the younger woman's ear, Ginny reveled in the way that she shivered, "You were a bad girl."

The entire ordeal, maddeningly pleasurable as it was for her, was Gabrielle's idea. It'd been her sole birthday request of them, though that didn't mean it was all that they'd gotten her. *Well the ribbons... and getting her pussy filled to the brim with Harry's cum because she's ready to start trying for another baby.* Just like with Estelle, every one of his loads from now on were going to be filling Gabby's greedy hole.

Both of the Potters were more than happy to fulfill her desire. Were it not for their guests downstairs, Ginny would've been in there the entire time. Before her departure, it hadn't been wet panties keeping her mouth occupied, but a wet pussy that the young veela dutifully devoured while she was ravaged.

"Do you want to cum again?" Ginny asked, low and throaty, "Do you want to cum all over that fat fucking cock buried in your pretty little pussy?" Growling low in her throat, Gabby nodded her head frantically again, "Be a good girl, and maybe you will."

Pushing herself up, Ginny climbed onto the bed on her knees. She moved to Harry's side and kissed her way along his sweat-slick shoulder up to his ear, she licked at his earlobe savoring his salty musk, before she murmured in his ear, "We have guests, love. Guests who are starting to wonder where our little slut is," reaching down, she pinched his bum and made him thrust harshly into Gabby's ridiculously tight sheath, "Don't you want to fill that little pussy up one more time? Don't you want to feel her milk all of that warm cum from your balls? Why don't you just let go?"

Turning his head, Harry captured her lips in a searing kiss that took her breath away as he reached down to cup her bum through the stretchy material of her trousers. Pulling her tight against him, she ground her mound against his thigh, trying to chase that growing neediness in her sex. *This isn't why I came in here! But Merlin knows I fucking love it!*

The grip he had on Gabby's hips tightened, hard enough that she would probably need some bruise salve. And his tempo changed then, gone were the methodical thrusts meant only to drive her closer to her peak. Instead, he was hammering away at her grippy tunnel. Pummeling that pristine pussy with all the strength he could muster. *No matter how many times I see him ruin her, I never get tired of it.*

Losing track of time, Ginny watched transfixed as her husband's massive, girthy cock stretched that tiny hole beyond what seemed reasonable. His cock and her pussy were slippery with their combined juices and soaking the bedsheets beneath them. Gabby threw her head from side to side, mustering everything she could manage in her vulnerable state to keep herself from coming before her lover.

Skimming her hand from the curve of Gabby's breast, she ghosted her fingers along her ribs and down her taught tummy before she reached her slit. Her finger's quickly became wet with arousal as she found the hypersensitive bundle of nerves at the top of her lover's hole. Gabby's whimpered as her neck tightened and she let out a sinful, animalistic groan. Ginny was relentless, pressing down on her clit without remorse. Gabby screamed through her makeshift gag but still managed to hold back her orgasm.

Leaning in to whisper in her husband's ear again, she smiled against him, "She's been such a good girl this time. I think you should fill her up, love. Don't you want to give Estelle a little brother or sister."

Harry threw his head back, and groaned low in a way that sent pleasure right to her pussy, "Fucking cum, Gabby!" She watched as his abs tightened and he buried himself as deep as he could inside of their lover with one last fierce snap of his hips, "Hmmm, there you go, let that perfect pussy milk your big cock."

The body shaking thrust sent her incredible tits rolling on her chest, and the feel of her cum-hungry little hole getting what it so desperately wanted pushed her over the edge. With all her strength, she pulled against her bindings, but they did not give. Her body flushed an even darker red as they both shuddered through their climaxes.

When they were finished, Ginny gave her husband's bum a firm spank, "I'll never get tired of that show, but the next one is going to need to wait. Fleur and Apolline are downstairs expecting the birthday girl. Eventually they're going to come looking for her."

Harry nodded his understanding and turned to release her legs. Ginny crawled up Gabby's body until her knees were on either side of her chest. Kissing at her shoulders, she free each of her wrists. With her limbs free of their restrictions, she went completely limp, her body like jelly.

Removing the blindfold from her eyes, Ginny found that Gabby's eyes were glazed over in bliss. Seeing that she was going to have to do all the work, she removed her knickers from the younger girl's mouth. They were soaked with spit and had plenty of teeth marks in them as well. *Nothing a quick spell won't fix.*

Grabbing the back of Gabby's head, she pulled her into a deep kiss. Her tongue exploring the inside of the veela's mouth, scraping against her pearly white's. That did the trick, as the younger woman leaned into the kiss and chased her when she pulled away. Smiling down at her, she cupped her cheek, "As much as I hate to cut this short. Your family is waiting downstairs and we both need to get ready to go out with them."

Gabrielle gave an adorable huff but didn't protest any further and headed toward the bathroom after Ginny hopped off of her. Unable to help herself, she gave her lover's incredible bum a quick swat as she sashayed away, "Hey!" Gabby protested but the laughter in her voice gave away any anger, "Don't start somezzing you're not going to finish!"

Laughing, she turned her attention to the foot of the bed where Harry stood with his cream-covered, delectable member still hard and waiting to be cleaned. *Oh well that just won't do.* Bouncing back down the bed, Ginny laid herself down so that her head was just as at the edge. Grabbing his shaft at the base, she brought his tip to her lips and gave it a kiss, "Let me help you, love."

Breathing out shortly, Harry's big hand came up to tangle in her flaming red tresses, "Fuck...You won't hear any complaints.... from me, Gin."

Swirling her tongue around the bulbous, enflamed crown, she started jerking the rest of his shaft, gathering the cream on his cock and dragging it ever closer to her mouth. Pulling off with a pop, she gave him a cheeky smile, "Delicious as always."

"Naughty little minx," Harry groaned, closing his eyes as she went straight back to work. He started gently thrusting his hips into her mouth, unable to stop himself as his wife did a fantastic job of cleaning his cock.

Dropping further down his shaft, her hand went to his bollocks, and she gently massaged the tender orbs as she slurped up the cream from his cock. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head at the taste and she hummed around his crown as the treat touched her tongue and slid down her throat. She'd always enjoyed giving her Harry a blowjob, but there was nothing better than doing it with Gabby's cum covering his cock.

Lavishing her husband with attention, her tongue swirled and wriggled on the underside of his shaft making his leg shake slightly as she paid particular attention to that overly sensitive spot just below the crown. His resolve wasn't being helped by the fact that he was still in that oversensitive aftermath of his previous orgasm.

She heard footsteps coming toward her from the bathroom but didn't care to look far too preoccupied with the task at hand. However, that changed when she was joined by a fully clothed Gabrielle on the bed. The younger girl had no desire to take her husband's cock from her, but did have every intention of giving their lover an even more fantastic feast for the eyes.

Gabby's silver-blond hair was up in an elaborate braid which Harry quickly fisted as she leaned in and started kissing at his bollocks. Harry's legs shook yet again, and Ginny could tell he was getting close. Hollowing out her cheeks, she sucked even harder on her favorite toy.

Slurp. Slurp. Slurp. Slurp. The redhead had come up to hurry them along, but she would wager she'd only made things take longer at this point. *And I've loved every fucking second of it.* Gabby pulled away from his bollocks and looked up at him with her big, blue eyes, "Cum 'Arry, fill 'er pretty mouth. It is ze last load she is going to get for a while. You should let her savor it."

Lips stretching just a little bit further, Ginny felt Harry's cock throb and expand as he reached his peak. She could feel as the big vein that ran right down the center of his cock beat even faster, and she relished the felling of the cum racing up his cock to fill her waiting mouth. Despite the fact that it was the third load she'd seen, and knowing there'd been more before that, Harry still filled her mouth with the first blast. It wasn't quite as thick as she was used to, but she savored it all the same. Swallowing with each successive salvo, she showed him her empty mouth when he was finished, proudly displaying a job well-done.

Finally drained, at least for the time being, Harry stumbled away from the pair of sexy seductresses and shook his head, seemingly to himself, "I'll never understand how I got so lucky."

"We zink much the same." Gabrielle told him, before leaning over to kiss Ginny on the cheek, "Come, my sister and mozzar have waited long enough, non."

Blushing, Ginny could only agree. No longer caught up in the moment, she realized she was being quite the horrible host. Heading to the bathroom, she redid her hair and put on a bit of light makeup, before heading down with Gabby. Harry laid on the bed, his soft cock resting against his thigh as he slept above the covers. With a snort she looked at Gabrielle, "Well, I guess he's staying up here."

Gabrielle giggled, "Even 'Arry needs to recover after zat much lovemaking. If it weren't for the fact zat they showed up early, I would be right there with him."

The two made their way down the stairs side by side, though Gabby had a noticeable hitch in her step, and reached the living room to find that Fleur and Apolline were still waiting patiently for them, "Sorry about that. Took longer than we thought to get ready."

"No need to apologize, dear," Apolline said in French, "Truly fantastic sex takes time, and from the way that Gabrielle is glowing, I would say that she had some mind-blowing sex." Ginny struggled with a few of the words but understood well enough, and couldn't stop the blush that came over her.

Stammering she tried to explain, "Oh... uh... no..."

"Yes," Fleur interrupted with a roll of her eyes, "we are Veela, Ginny. We are born for passion and desire. We can even smell it. Mozzer and I knew what Harry and Gabrielle were up to ze moment we got 'ere. We wanted you to go and help zem... finish up."

"You mean to tell me that all these years..."

"I 'ave known that you and 'Arry are randier zan two teenagers with a whole bottle of Lust Potion running through their veins," Fleur finished for her with a shit-eating grin, "yes."

"Oh Merlin."

"I imagine your husband makes you say that more than even my Jacques does for me."

"Mother!" Both of Apolline's daughters roared as the older woman laughed unapologetically. Her quip did a great deal to put Ginny at ease.

"Oh, neither of you are prudes. Do not pretend to otherwise." Apolline chided as she bounced Estelle on her hip, "Now, I assume 'Arry is too tired to watch his little girl after his morning and afternoon... exertions," she looked at her youngest daughter who blushed, but nodded "so she will just have to come along."

No one thought to argue with her as they all headed toward the floo. While not quite as much fun as they would have had in the bedroom, Ginny and Gabrielle loved their afternoon out with family all the same. *And there's plenty of time for more of that tonight!*