

Passion Enflamed

Part 2

It had been a couple of days since Fleur's sexual awakening, and she was still intent on seeing and talking to her mother. Things hadn't gotten any better at home. She was still as sexually repressed as she had ever been, and it wasn't sitting well with her.

As she walked through her family's large chateau, she called out trying to see if anyone was home.

"Maman! Gabby! Is anyone home?" she yelled, her silky voice echoing through the empty house. Fleur huffed in annoyance. She checked the rooms downstairs and found them all empty. She then moved upstairs and called out again. No one answered. She checked Gabby's room and found it empty, though she did spot a pile of red, satin material lying on the floor beside her bed. Walking over, she bent down and plucked the material up with her fingers. Spreading it open, she saw that it was a very small and sexy piece of lingerie that had been torn open. No doubt she had been wearing this for someone who had ripped it off of her body in a fit of passion. "'Arry," she whispered. Dropping the ruined nightie, she left Gabby's room and went down the hall to her parents' room. She opened the door and poked her head in.

"Maman? Are you here?" she asked and was met with silence. Annoyed, she closed the door and went to her now unused bedroom. As she entered, she found it the same as she last left it. There wasn't much difference from when she left her room for the final time after marrying Bill. There were still posters of a few handsome Quidditch players and musicians plastered to her walls. Her curtains were still the same thin, pink silk ones that she and her mother had chosen one day when they went out to get their hair and nails done. There were still half-burnt candles scented to smell like ripe honeydew melons, and her closet was still overflowing with clothes that either didn't fit anymore or were out of fashion. Fleur sighed and walked over to her bed. Dropping down on it, she laid back and blinked a few times while looking up at her white ceiling. She lay there for a while until her eyelids became heavy. She was just about to fall asleep when she heard her mother's laugh coming from outside. Fleur got up and went to her window. Pulling the pink, silk curtains aside, she looked out of the window and into the back garden.

The view was one she had seen thousands of times. A sprawling yard of bright, green grass ended before reaching the house. It was replaced by a large, underground swimming pool that was surrounded by flat, polished stones mortared together. Lining the pool were a dozen lounge chairs that she often used to lay out in the afternoon sun. In one of those chairs was her mother who was lounging in her small, two-piece bikini. That wasn't anything unusual. All of the Delacour women loved tanning in the sun, despite the fact that their skin always remained porcelain and blemish-free. The part that surprised her was that Harry was lounging next to her. He was wearing a pair of swim trunks that ended halfway up his powerful, muscular thighs and nothing else. Their chairs were pushed so close together that they looked like one extra-wide chair, and the weird part was that Gabby wasn't even there.

Her mother asked him something, and Harry reached beside him and grabbed something from a small cooler. He pulled out what looked to be a cold bottle of sparkling water, which was a drink that her mother couldn't go without. Then while handing it to her, he "accidentally" dropped it on her thighs where it rolled between her legs. Her mother squealed happily as her body jerked from the sudden coldness. Harry then reached between her thighs and plucked it out, handing it to her with his patented boyish grin. Her mother laughed loudly, which Fleur could easily hear from her room. She smacked his arm playfully with a look of delight on her gorgeous face.

"What the hell is going on?" Fleur quietly said to herself as she continued to stare at the scene unfolding below her. As she watched on, she noticed that her mother was being very touchy-feely with Harry. She always took the opportunity to touch his arm or leg. Harry appeared to take it all in stride. He wasn't embarrassed or uncomfortable. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the attention and affection that was being thrust upon him. To be fair, what man wouldn't? Her mother was a stunningly gorgeous woman. As much as she didn't like to admit it, her mother put her and Gabrielle to shame in the looks department. That wasn't shocking considering the fact that she was a halfblood Veela, and they were only a quarter. Apolline was taller than her daughters, though not by much, only half a head. What really set them apart was their bodies. Her breasts were much bigger than Fleur's (whose breasts were larger than Gabby's), and her hips flared out and gave her an incredible hourglass figure. Fleur's body took more after her mother's than Gabby's did. Gabby was lithe and willowy, while Fleur's body was more curvy.

Apolline's hair seemed to always dance in the wind whether there was a breeze or not. It gave off a radiant shimmer that pulsed with the same beat of her pounding allure. Whenever they went out together, Apolline always drew the eye of every male in the vicinity ... and even some of the women. It could be annoying having to constantly wait for her to reject one man after another, but she took it in stride with her natural charm and grace.

Fleur gasped when her mother turned over onto her front, and Harry began spreading oil onto her back. His strong hands rubbed and massaged the tanning oil into her soft, delicate skin, and her mother didn't protest when he pulled at the string holding her top together. The two sides of her bikini top opened up and fell off to the sides of her body, leaving her back completely bare. Her mouth fell open when his hands slid up her mother's sides, and his fingers blatantly caressed the sides of her breasts. Again, her mother didn't stop his roaming hands. She knew that something was up when his hands slid back down her sides and over her wide hips. Now annoyed at being kept out of the loop, she stormed downstairs, went to an open window near the pool area, and called out, "Maman! Are you out there?!" pretending like she hadn't seen the duo from upstairs.

She waited only a minute or so before her mother came back into the house, her top securely fashioned around her chest. As she came in, she smiled at her daughter and went over to greet her.

“Fleur! What a pleasant surprise. What are you doing here?” she asked, kissing both of Fleur’s cheeks.

“I came to speak with you. I’m not interrupting you, am I?” she asked with one eyebrow cocked. Her mother smiled warmly.

“Of course not. Can I get you a drink?” she asked, walking to the kitchen. Fleur followed closely behind, ignoring her question.

“I see that you were out back tanning,” Fleur stated as a matter of fact.

“Yes, the sun is bright and the air is warm. We only have a few more weeks of summer. I must enjoy it while I can,” she explained, pouring herself a glass of wine and taking a drink.

“Were you also enjoying ‘Arry Potter’s hands feeling you up?” Fleur blurted out. Apolline’s eye bugged out, and she spat out her wine in a huge mist. Fleur stood there with her arms crossed over her chest while impatiently tapping her foot. Apolline grabbed a towel and dabbed her lips, clearly stalling for time.

“Maman!” Fleur blarred out in an annoyed tone. She was done waiting for answers. Her mother looked at her and sighed.

“Come sit down, and I will explain,” she relented, grabbing her glass and walking over to the downstairs sitting room. Fleur followed and sat down near her mother.

“So?” Fleur asked.

“I take it that you saw us?” Apolline asked. Fleur nodded. “The truth is that ‘Arry and I have been lovers for the last few months.”

“Lovers?” Fleur sputtered. “What about Papa?!”

“Your father and I have an arrangement. He knows that I have taken a new lover. He is unaware that it is ‘Arry, and I would prefer to keep it that way,” she said, making it clear that Fleur was to keep it a secret.

“But why?” she asked confused. “Why would he agree to that?” All of this was a little too much for her.

“Because your father is getting older and is unable to keep up with me in bed. You know about Veela, Fleur. You understand the troubles we go through if we remain unsatisfied for too long,” she said as she circled the rim of her glass with the tip of her finger. Fleur swallowed hard and nodded. She knew very well about the problems that Veela face.

"I was becoming unpleasant to live with," she said, hating to admit it. "So we came to an agreement. I was able to take a new lover, and so was he."

"Papa is seeing another woman?" Fleur practically screeched. Apolline nodded.

"I believe so. Part of the agreement is that we do not talk about that stuff to each other, so I can only speculate, but I believe that he is."

"And you are okay with that?" Fleur asked incredulously. Apolline shrugged her shoulders.

"It is only fair," she simply stated.

Fleur was completely shocked. She just sat there quietly for a minute or two. "And 'Arry? How did he enter the picture?" Apolline smiled.

He came over to visit me a few months ago to find out what Gabby would like for her seventeenth birthday. We spent a few hours talking. I had a bit too much wine and began laying all of my problems on his shoulders. He is a very good listener. I told him about my problems and the deal that I made with your father. The next thing I know, I was pushing him down on the couch and kissing him as though my life depended on it," she confessed. "And that was that. 'Arry was more than happy to fulfill my needs."

Fleur snorted. "I'll bet." She sat there not speaking for a moment before asking, "How often?"

"'Arry and I?" Apolline asked for clarification. Fleur nodded. "Several hours a day ... five days a week ... sometimes more," she said, sipping her wine while trying to force the smile from her lips. Just thinking about Harry's cock was getting her wet.

"Mon Dieu!" Fleur gasped. "I cannot believe this," she said in a hushed voice.

"I know that this seems strange to you, but your father and I are alright. We've been happier the last few months more than we have in the last five years of our marriage. You don't need to worry about us," her mother reassured her.

"And Gabby? I saw Harry and her ..."

"Making love?" her mother finished. Fleur nodded silently. "Now that I know what it feels like to suffer from our curse, I did not want Gabby to feel the same misery that I did. Besides, Gabby has had amorous feelings towards 'Arry for many years. She was only too happy to take him up on his offer."

"But ... 'Arry is *your* lover. You would just let Gabby borrow him like a designer blouse?" Fleur asked, still confused. Apolline just laughed.

“ ‘Arry does not belong to me. He is free to do whatever he wishes with whomever he likes ... as long as he makes time for me,” she quickly added.

“And he can take care of both of your needs?” Fleur asked, amazed.

“More than capable,” she smiled.

“Why didn’t you tell me that you and Gabrielle were doing this with him?” Fleur asked, hating that she was left out of such important family affairs.

“Gabrielle and I were finally able to enjoy the finer aspects of being a Veela. To us, it’s like a breath of fresh air after going so long without. It has become very personal for us. You would not understand what that is like ... You have someone to take care of your every need.”

Fleur sat there, twiddling her thumbs while Apolline patiently waited for her to talk. “Maman ... I need your advice.”

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“Fleur!” Harry happily greeted her after knocking on the door to his home. His house was situated beautifully, Fleur thought. His stone house was large, but not overly so. It was more than big enough for a large family, though he obviously didn’t have one yet. It stood atop one of the vertical white cliffs that overlooked the ocean near Eastbourne. There was a natural path that led down to the beach where you could swim in the deep blue waters of the English Channel. The wind was cool and the air salty. It was a lovely home, Fleur thought. “It’s good to see you,” he quickly added, ushering her inside of his home.

Fleur smiled beautifully at him, though there was a touch of nervousness to her demeanor.

“Merci, ‘Arry,” she replied, stepping over his threshold.

“Can I get you a drink or something?” Harry asked, leading her to the sitting room where she sat down on one of his massive, comfortable couches. “Wine perhaps?”

“That would be nice,” she said, tossing him another smile. It was less than a minute before he returned with a glass half-filled with red wine. He had a glass of his own and sat down next to her, their thighs nearly touching. Fleur’s heart began beating rapidly as she took the glass from him. She drank deeply, almost finishing half the glass in one go. It helped calm her nerves a bit.

“So ... What can I help you with?” Harry asked her, turning his body to face her. Fleur blushed, and she could feel her cheeks warming. She didn’t know how to begin.

“Well ... I ...” she started but then stopped. Harry gave her a warm smile.

“Don’t worry, Fleur. Your mother spoke with me about your ... problem,” he confessed. Fleur’s face must have been cherry red, she thought. She had no idea that her mother was going to get involved. ‘It would have been nice if she would have told me!’

Clearing her throat, she asked as steadily as she could, “She did?”

“Yeah, she did. Have you tried talking to Bill about it?” Harry asked her compassionately.

“I’ve complained about my lack of ... fulfillment in the past, but all ‘e does is make meaningless promises. The situation never changes,” she truthfully told him.

“Does he know about the physical and mental problems that it’s causing you?”

“I explained it to him, but I don’t think ‘e cares. ‘E leaves on ‘is expeditions for weeks and sometimes months at a time, and when ‘e is ‘ere, ‘e would rather go out and drink with ‘is buddies than stay at ‘ome and be with me. I am so frustrated, ‘Arry!” Fleur sighed sadly. She found talking easy now that the floodgates had opened up.

“If he won’t take care of your needs, you’ll have to find someone who will,” he said scooting even closer. Fleur’s face was feeling very hot. All she could do was nod. “Is that why you’re here? Do you want me to take care of you?”

Fleur shuddered deeply as he reached up and threaded his fingers through the side of her hair. His thumb brushed against her earlobe, and she nearly came on the spot. “ ‘Arry ... I ...” she whispered in a breathy voice. He leaned in, and in response, she closed her eyes. Her head was tilted back, and she felt a warm pair of lips touch her neck. When he began to suck on her pulse point, she reached out and gripped his arms tightly. He answered her by laying soft kisses up her jaw until he reached her lips. She opened her eyes and found his brilliant green ones staring at her. She flushed red.

“Don’t worry, Fleur. If Bill is dumb enough to leave your beautiful body alone for even a second, I’ll be there to rip your little panties off and make you scream.”

A gasp left her mouth before Harry captured her lips in a deep kiss. Fleur’s body reacted on its own. She fell back onto the couch and pulled him with her. Her legs opened, letting him settle between them. Her high heels fell off, leaving her feet bare. Her knee-length summer dress rode up her thighs leaving them exposed and ready to be caressed. As if sensing this, Harry’s hand found her smooth skin and moved up her thigh until his fingertips were touching the material of her panties that was firmly digging into her wide hips. Her mind was blank, and her body had taken over. Moaning into his mouth, her legs wrapped around his waist, keeping him trapped against her. Fleur had never kissed someone so passionately, possibly because Harry was the best kisser that she had ever experienced. ‘I could kiss him all day,’ was the only thought flowing through her mind. When his hand moved from her hip, she unwrapped her legs, and he lifted his body up enough so that he could reach between her legs. His strong hand then cupped her

panty-covered pussy, and Fleur's eyes went wide. She could feel one of his fingers tracing the length of her slit. It went from her clit, down to her asshole, making Fleur tremble with need. His fingers then moved around, playing with the hem of her panties, and threatening to slide underneath.

'I am cheating on my husband!' was the first thing that came to her. 'I cannot believe this!' She knew that it was wrong, but what other choice did she have? Her body needed this. She was aching for any amount of pleasure.

"'Arry?" she called out in a shy, shaky voice. "Can we go slow?" she worriedly asked, not wanting to offend him. After all, she came to his house in a sexy dress. It was obvious that she came there for just this reason. Thankfully, he gave her a warm smile.

"Of course," he said sitting up. His hand, however, remained on top of her panties. "I'll stay above your closes unless you ask for more. Okay?"

Fleur blushed prettily and nodded. "Good. Now just lay back and relax," Harry told her. Fleur did as he had said and sank into his comfortable couch. Harry was now sitting up between her legs, pushing them wider apart. Flipping the skirt of her dress up, her baby blue panties were now on full display. Fleur was embarrassed being seen like this for the first time by a friend who had never been a lover in the past. She quickly put it out of her mind when he began massaging the crotch of her panties. Fleur closed her eyes and moaned. The pleasure was exquisite. "You're so wet," she heard him say. She knew it to be true. She could feel her wet panties sticking to her skin. He pressed his thumb against the bump that he knew her clit to be and started rubbing it in a circle.

Her back arched, and she cried out, "So good!"

Her hands were clawing at the couch cushions while her his wiggled uncontrollably. Her clit was swollen and incredibly sensitive. Her nipples were rock-hard, and she was just thinking about pulling her top down to play with her breasts when one of his hands reached up and palmed her tit. He gave it a squeeze before moving to the other. She very much enjoyed how he fondled her breast. It was neither too soft nor too hard. Small bolts of pleasure raced down her spine every time one of his fingers brushed against her covered nipple. Fleur was very grateful that she decided to forgo wearing a bra that day.

"Your panties are so tiny," Harry said in a delighted voice as he rubbed her slit so hard that the thin material was creeping between her plump, hairless lips. "Did you wear these just for me?" he teased. Fleur's face burned with embarrassment. She *had* worn them just for him. She had tried wearing them to entice her husband, but all she got was the same boring reaction. Fleur was happy that at least one man was taking joy from the money and effort that she had spent to look sexy. She could feel Harry's fingers gliding over the slick skin of her outer lips, drawing moans and gasps from the horny Veela. Fleur could already feel something approaching. Her lower stomach was tightening, and her hands were becoming clammy. "Are you getting close?"

she heard him ask. Fleur bit her lower lip cutely and nodded. The next thing she knew, she felt Harry's body move, and suddenly, his head was between her legs.

Fleur had never felt such a thing before. When Harry's lips found her covered clit, her body started bucking wildly. She was grateful that her body's reaction didn't force him away. His lips stayed attached to the front of her soaked panties. She could feel him sucking on her hard, little bud. The best part was that his tongue was also massaging it. Fleur's back arched high into the air, and her head turned to the side.

"Oh ... God, 'Arry! C'est fantastique!" she squealed as lights flashed behind her deep blue eyes. She spread her legs wide and grabbed the back of his head. He was nearly smothered as she pulled him hard against her wet cunt. Harry slipped a finger underneath the string covering her asshole and tugged hard on it. She felt the rest of her underwear's material slide between her lips. His mouth moved a little further down, and he began sucking on her slick, outer lips. Fleur grabbed her covered breasts and massaged them while Harry was licking her lips clean. "More, 'Arry! More!" she begged.

The crotch of her panties was then tugged aside, exposing her naked pussy to him for the first time. He sat there, gently running his fingertip down the middle of her slit. "Such a sexy pussy," he told her. Fleur covered her face with her hands as he dove back in, first licking the length of her slit, and then sucking hard on her clit. With nothing left between them, the sensation of his talented tongue lapping at her body made her orgasm begin to hit new heights. Her embarrassment quickly faded and was replaced by sheer passion. Her cries and moans of pleasure filled the room, and her legs wrapped around the back of his neck as she fucked his mouth with her clit. At some point during her orgasm, his fingers slid into her, and she felt them curl and hit a spot never before touched. Her eyes bulged out, and she screamed loudly. At first, she thought that maybe she had peed all on him, but she quickly realized that she was squirting all over his face. Harry didn't seem to mind at all. His tongue was wiggling and massaging her clit while her pussy was attempting to milk his fingers. Fleur was unused to such pleasure. Just as she was about to pass out, she rolled away from him and fell on the floor. Breathing heavily, she lay there, looking up at his white ceiling. A thousand thoughts were spinning in her head. Then she noticed Harry staring down at her with a cheeky smile on his face.

"You okay?" he asked. Fleur blushed and nodded. He stood up and reached down, helping her to her feet. He placed his hands on her hips and moved them around until he was cupping her thick cheeks. Fleur was still squirming from the orgasm that was making her soaked pussy throb. "I have an appointment with your mother soon, so come back when you really want to have some fun," he said, pulling her in by her ass and kissing her deeply. Fleur squirmed in his grasp but deepened the kiss nonetheless. As he was kissing her, he reached down and put his hand between her legs. Fleur squealed into his mouth when his fingers touched her sensitive clit. She thought that he was about to finger her again, but instead, he pulled the crotch of her panties back into place. He then spun her body around and slapped her hard on the ass as she walked to the door.

“Fleur?” he called out. Fleur turned around, blushing deeply. “Forget these?” He was holding her heels that she had forgotten. Fleur blushed harder and retrieved them from him, placing her hand on his strong shoulder to keep herself steady while she put them on. He then escorted her to the door. “Come see me soon, love. Okay?”

She silently nodded, and he pulled her in for another kiss. Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck and practically sucked the tongue from his mouth. Harry was forced to break the kiss. Fleur left his home, breathing heavily while her inner thighs were covered in her wetness.