

They arrived on the picturesque coast of southern France standing at a gate that led up to an extravagant villa. The sun shone bright in the clear blue sky as the gentle crashing of the sea against the shore just carried to them where they stood. A footpath led down along the coast where he could see a thriving city a few miles away, but he expected it considering they were in the French Riviera.

Slender fingers interlaced with his larger ones, "It's beautiful, isn't it?"

"Gorgeous." He agreed, looking down into her bright blue eyes. There was a part of him that still wondered just how he'd found himself here. He was twice Victoire's age and had known her for her entire life. It was difficult not to feel like a bit of creep. But then he reminded himself that he hadn't planned this, gone looking for it, or even considered it a possibility until she made it abundantly clear that it was what she wanted. *Three times in a row that first night, and plenty of times since then too.*

Still, there were moments where he couldn't help but question if he was doing the right thing. *But then she gives me one of those smiles and all those worries just wash away.* It didn't stop him from worrying, especially since they'd yet to officially tell anyone, but he couldn't deny the fact that she made him happier than he could ever remember in his life.

As if she knew exactly what he was thinking, Victoire smiled back at him and he felt that same relief, "The villa belongs to my grand-père. But he and my grand-mère prefer traveling to new places these days... Aunt Gabby is happy to make use of it in their stead." The gate opened without a word as she started pulling him toward the villa, "Now we shouldn't keep her waiting any longer than we already have. She was ever-so eager for our visit, after all."

Just following along, Harry couldn't help but look at his younger lover. Her hair hung loose around her shoulders, long and flowing. She was wearing a summer dress that just fell to her mid-thigh. It left the titillating expanse of her smooth, lightly tanned legs on full display. Not to mention the way that it hugged the curve of her perky bubble-butt. It had a modest neckline that showed off just a hint of her cleavage. The dress was a part of the reason that they were running a little later than they intended.

The cheeky young witch had been flaunting herself around his cottage all morning, and there was only so much temptation that one man could take. If it weren't for the efforts of a sexy pair of knickers that was valiantly keeping it at bay, the evidence of their distraction would've been dripping down the inside of her thigh.

As he felt a twitch of desire shoot down to his groin, he gave her a hand a squeeze and resolved himself not to think about it... at least for the time being. When they made it to the front door, they didn't even have to knock before it opened for them.

Standing on the other side, Gabrielle beamed at them, and was always nice enough to speak in English when he was around, "Ello, I am so 'appy you made it!" The young veela wore a white bikini that did nothing to hide her rather impressive assets. Unabashed, she leaned in to give her niece a hug, and swore he saw her sniff before her eyes widened briefly. It could have just been his imagination because she pulled away to give him a hug, too, one that lingered a bit longer than was perfectly necessary.

Even though she really was quite a beautiful woman, and had been for years, it stirred nothing in him. Still holding his hand, Victoire looked amused by her aunt's antics if anything. That was one thing that he

appreciated about her immensely, she was, rightfully, secure in herself... and seemed to be equally secure in his feelings for her. Or at the very least, that's what it seemed like to him.

They stood there for a few seconds, just looking between each other before Gabby chided herself, "What am I doing? Come in... come in... I'll show you to your rooms. And zen we'll have lunch!"

"I can show us to the bedrooms, Auntie." Victoire cut in, "I still remember the way."

"Oh..." she didn't seem to mind the dismissal, "of course... I'll leave you to it then. I set up the last two on the right for you bozz." With that she turned and headed back into the villa. As Harry stepped into the foyer properly, he couldn't help but admire it. It spoke of refinement and taste. Nothing was overdone, and not a single thing was out of place.

Pressing up on her toes to reach, Victoire whispered into his ear, and it made him shiver, "Come with me..." She let go of his hand then and made for the staircase. Following right behind, he was treated to the sight of her swaying hips right at eye level as they climbed. At the top, she led him down the hall toward their rooms, she opened one first, "This is mine." She walked down to the next one and opened it too, "And this is yours."

Leaning against the frame, he tried to hide his amusement, "It's my room, huh?"

"For the next week, yep." She stood in the middle of the room looking back at him with a little smile on her lips.

"Funny, something tells me I'm not going to be spending too much time in it." In the two months since her graduation, he could count on one hand the number of times they hadn't spent the night together.

"What in the world would make you think that?" She quirked an eyebrow, but she couldn't hide that glint in her eye of obvious mischief, "We're here to visit my auntie, Harry. We wouldn't want to get ourselves in trouble, would we?"

Harry crossed the distance between them in two quick strides looming over her petite form. Her breathing quickened, there was flush to her cheeks, and he loved to see that he had such a tangible effect on her. When he spoke, it was low and raspy, his fingers came up to brush against her cheek, "I think... I'm in a beautiful place with an even more beautiful woman. And I expect to spend every night with you in my bed."

He knew that's exactly what she intended, too. *We've been utterly insatiable for one another since this whole thing began.* But she wasn't giving up the game just yet, she gave a little shake of her head even as she leaned into his touch, "Aunt Gabby will hear... she'll know... and I don't think she'll be able to keep it to herself."

A laugh rumbled up from low in his chest, "Well darling, for one... magic," he reminded her as though it were obvious, "And two, wasn't it you who told me everyone is going to find out anyway?"

She snorted out a laugh, "Well, if you're going to insist, who am I to argue? Besides, who said I wouldn't be spending plenty of time in here, too." *OF course, that's what she meant, naughty girl!* With that she leaned up and placed a kiss on his lips, "I think maybe we should spend a bit of time in here right now..." Her hand was on the waist of his shorts, finding the button and unsnapping them in a blink. Her dainty hands slipped beneath the elastic of his pants and found his rapidly swelling member.

“You’re insatiable...” He moaned even as she dropped to his knees before him. Less than an hour before he’d pumped her full of cum and here she was more than ready for another round. He certainly wasn’t complaining, quite the opposite in fact. *I’m counting my feckin’ blessings.* The press of her plush lips around his dome were certainly one of them.

She stared up at him as she did all the work with nothing more than her warm little mouth with her hands clenched at her side. He held her blonde locks in a ponytail behind her head and humped his hips lightly into her face. She just stared up at him even as he bumped into the back of her throat. She was a naughty little angel with a mouthful of dick, and he’d never get tired of the sight.

“Zere are only two rooms up zere, Victoire... You don’t want to keep me lonely down ‘ere all afternoon, do you? Or do I ‘ave to come up zere and get you?” It was shouted from downstairs, and it just about made him jump. His wonderful young lover looked up at him, gave a particularly hard suck as her cheeks hollowed, and then pulled away from his turgid member with a loud ‘pop’.

“She’s right... we’re being rude.” She gave a few more light tugs, as though it was taking her physical effort to actually stop. There was a part of him that didn’t want her to, instead it wanted to guide her mouth right back to where it’d been and keep going until he filled her tummy with his cum. And for a mad moment, he didn’t care if Gabby came up and found them.

But then she finally let him go, and with some difficulty, tucked him back into his pants. With the beast back in its cage, as it were, he was able to think with the brain between his ears again. He took a few deep breaths through his nose, trying to calm himself as he looked down at the beauty still on her knees.

Winking up at him, she assured him, “Don’t worry, you know I’ll take care of you later.” She gave his thigh a comforting pat, right below where his still-hard cock was tenting his shorts, “Don’t need to go giving my aunt a show, so just... take a minute and follow me down when you’re ready.”

With that she stood and brushed passed him, far more closely than was perfectly necessary. It made him groan, and from the little giggle he heard from behind him as she left the room, he knew she enjoyed that reaction. It took him a good few minutes before he was able to fully settle himself before finally going down to join the girls. It was a pleasant afternoon that left him forgetting his earlier frustrations.

Unfortunately, over the course of the next week that feeling became entirely too familiar. This wasn’t to say that he didn’t enjoy his time in the south of France. The weather was beautiful, the company was enjoyable, and the three of them together made a few journeys into St. Tropez. *I even enjoyed our shopping excursion but that had more to do with Victoire than anything.* However, his frustration and his lover’s too, came in the fact that it always seemed to be the three of them.

Despite her earlier promises, they had actually spent far more time in their own designated rooms than either of them had intended. Gabby seemed to have a unique, almost singular ability, to interrupt them just before or right as they were starting to get intimate. Between that and the fact that she kept them up properly late into the night, as they all willingly imbibed, only to walk with them to their rooms, and they’d been getting blocked at literally every turn.

There was a part of him that suspected that it was intentional because he knew how infatuated the young veela had been with him since he saved her from the lake. He knew that it was driving Victoire up the wall too, but if she was thinking the same thing about her aunt as he was, she hadn’t made any

mention of it. It didn't stop either of them from enjoying themselves, and Gabby was still fantastic company, so it was easy to smile through the sexual frustration they were feeling, but it was there, nonetheless.

So, on the last day before they were set to depart, Harry found himself lying out in a sunchair basking in the sunlight on the patio with a margarita at his side. For the first time in his life, he'd developed a pretty solid tan. He heard the quiet padding of footsteps coming from behind him. Soft hands ran along his bare chest, he looked up to see Victoire standing there, "Hello, handsome." Since it was their last day, Victoire took the time to spend a bit of private time with her aunt before they left.

"Hello, darling."

With a sultry smile, she slid her way around him, hands never leaving his body, until she sat down on his hips. The heat of her sex through her tiny bikini bottoms caught his attention and sent blood flowing straight south.

The little tease started kissing her way up along his chest to his neck and then his jawline. He rumbled out a laugh, "Missed me that much, huh?"

"Always..." She told him, completely serious, "I've been missing you terribly every night... and every day... my dreams are filled with your touch and your cock." That sent him twitching and he could tell by the naughty grin on her lips that she felt it, "But that's what happens when we get interrupted... over and over again." For the first time, she showed just how much the week had been affecting her. He could see a lust driven fury gleaming in her eye... And it was the sexiest damn thing he think he'd ever seen. *Which given the last month or so of my life, really is saying something.*

Her hand slipped beneath the waist of his trunks and she gave him a few gentle pumps before the inevitable happened, "Victoire, zey left one of your purchases in my bag."

"Fuck..." The girl in question whispered between gritted teeth. One little oddity that he'd noticed in the last week, Gabby always seemed to announce her presence before she ever saw them. *As though she's giving us time to make ourselves decent...*

As Victoire shifted over and took a seat on her own chair, Gabby came sauntering out onto the patio in the single skimpiest piece of swimwear he'd ever seen and her allure pouring off her. Her eyes found his crotch as she came out before jumping up to his eyes. Harry looked, because what red-blooded, blue-balled male wouldn't, but it didn't do all that much for him. He'd pick Victoire every time, and when he turned to look at her, she smiled at him before there was a damn near murderous look.

Over the course of their vacation, she'd been nothing but polite and understanding of her aunt, even when she shamelessly flirted with him, but something in her snapped then. He could see it in her eyes, the way they narrowed at the corners, and it turned almost predatory. Her aunt didn't seem to notice the change though, because she had a bottle of sunscreen in her hand and gestured toward him with it, "Do you mind 'Arry?"

"Actually, Aunt Gabby I was wondering if you could help me with something inside for a moment?" Victoire asked with a sickly sweetness.

“Oh...” Either the older woman couldn’t feel the tension in the air, she was misjudging it, or she was just ignoring it altogether, “Of course, always ‘appy to ‘elp.” Victoire glided inside with her aunt just behind. Naively, he assumed that his lover was just going to go and have a conversation with her aunt. And for a few peaceful minutes he lived under that delusion.

What he wasn’t expecting was to hear Victoire’s sweet voice call out to him from inside, “Harry, love, do you think you could come in here and help me with something!” It was faint enough that he assumed it came from her bedroom. Drinking the last of his margarita, he stood and headed into the villa.

The door was open just a crack, and what he found inside genuinely surprised him. Victoire was sitting on the bed, legs crossed with a Cheshire grin on her lips. That was perfectly normal what wasn’t... was Gabby tied up and silenced in a chair near the window, “What’s going on?”

“My aunt has known from the second we arrived that we’re together. I’m sure my mother does too, based on her reasoning why.” *Something to do with her veela heritage then.*

She continued scowling in her aunt’s direction, “Unlike my mother, she is under the impression that I’m not woman enough for you.” Harry quirked an eyebrow, because he couldn’t think of anything further from the truth, “That you need a proper woman... a proper veela in fact... otherwise there’s no way you could be truly satisfied. She was magnanimous enough to offer her services and even said she’d let me keep seeing you... and even sleep with you on occasion. And of course, because she’s **so generous**, she assured me that she wouldn’t tell my parents about our, how did she put it, ‘leettle relationships’ either.”

“Is that right?” He glanced in the bound woman’s direction. She was flushed and she couldn’t quite meet his eye.

Victoire idly play with the straps of her black bikini, “Yep, which is why I called you in here. You see I love my Aunt Gabby dearly, and even sympathize with her a little. I can’t exactly comment on her infatuation with you, after all. But that doesn’t change the fact that she’s in desperate need of an object lesson.” With that she beckoned him with one perfectly manicured finger.

If there was one thing he struggled with, it was denying her anything. So, he found himself standing at the edge of the bed between her legs with him looking up at him. Just being there was enough to send the blood in his body headed south.

His trunks were down around his ankles and his hardening length fell out to hang heavy between his thighs. Her soft hand stroked him to full hardness in seconds. Holding him at base, Victoire wet her lower lip, “Do you know how pent up I’ve been? All because of her?” They both glanced over in Gabrielle’s direction but her own eyes were firmly fixed on his cock.

“Can’t be any worse than me, darling.” He hadn’t even taken care of himself in the last week, it just didn’t seem right when his girl was so close. *I’m probably gonna go off like a bloody champagne bottle.*

Kissing her way up inch by inch from his bollocks all the way to his tip, she sounded so needy as she whispered, “No more waiting...” A moment later he was in her mouth. He tilted his head back at the sheer pleasure of it. Her lips glided down until they kissed his root. She stared up at him with her bright blue eyes, and his bollocks twitched as he spurted out a bit of precum right into her throat.

Glumph... Gluck... Glumph... Victoire had spent their time together perfecting her craft. She wanted nothing more than to please him with the same sort of expertise that he managed their first night together, and she was an absolute natural.

His length disappeared into soft mouth over and over again, and he could feel that euphoric tightness building in his groin when she suddenly pulled away and started stroking him with both hands, while pressing his weeping dome against her chest. Her eyes were dark with lust, and she was barely even panting from her fantastic fellating effort, "I need you to use me, Harry. I need you to show her that I can handle anything... everything you have for me."

The question was halfway out of his mouth but she answered it for him when she laid down on her back across the bed with her head hanging over the edge. She popped her plush lips open in invitation, and there was no way he was going to turn that down.

It wasn't a position that they'd ever done before, but he had faith that she knew her own limitations. Angling his hard-on down to her waiting mouth, he thrust forward. Every inch disappeared in one steady thrust. When his fat dome reached her throat, he was treated to the lewd sight of her neck bulging around him. He watched it travel halfway down her elegant neck before he was finally buried. Still, he really did care about this girl, and he didn't want to hurt her, so he couldn't be blamed for a bit of hesitation.

Sensing his trepidation, she reached around to pinch his bum. He thrust forward and she gagged around him, covering his cock with some of her thick spittle. Taking the hint, he started pumping his hips, using her throat like a pussy. His hands went down to her throat, and he lightly took it in his grip. He could feel every time his dome traveled down her gullet.

And his lover reveled in every second of it. The obscene sounds coming from her throat were a sinful melody. Her hands drifted down to her little bikini bottoms, and she pushed them to the side so she could sink her digits into her bare slit. Harry leaned over her, never ceasing his humping, and pushed her fingers to the side, replacing them with his own.

"Fuck... you're so wet for me... so perfect..." He couldn't help himself and pumped himself harder into her face. *Glugh... Glugh...* He twisted his finger inside of her, finding that wonderful love button on the top of her tunnel even as his thumb thrummed against her clit.

Victoire's abs went tight and her whole body vibrated as she came like a fountain. Her juices soaked into the expensive sheets beneath her bum and halfway up to the headboard. She squealed around the shaft lodged in her throat and that sent him over the edge with her. Taking hold of her neck again, he held her in place as he saw every pulse of his own cock as he deposited a creamy load of cum straight into her stomach.

After the seventh rope spurted from his cock, he started pulling back. But the greedy little slut, didn't let him leave, at least not all the way. When just his tip was still in her mouth, she took hold of the rest of his shaft with two hands and gave him long strokes to coax the last of his peak from his body. He could only shudder in euphoria.

When she finally had her fill, she kissed the tip of his cock one last time before letting him go. But the naughty girl was far from done, as she hit him against her cheek as she looked up at him, "Thanks for the treat!"

"My pleasure, trust me." His cock hadn't softened, but who could blame when she reached down and tweaked her nipple even as she licked along the side of his shaft.

He saw that look in her eyes again then, the kind that promised the absolute best sort of trouble. Even after having her slender throat properly abused, she was eager for more. In a blink she was on her knees, kissing against his chest. But then she took hold of his shoulders and spun him around so that he was the one lying against soaked sheets. She ran a finger along his shaft that sent a shiver down his spine, before she turned away. His hands went to her waist as she started grinding her peachy bubble-butt against his raging erection.

Victoire looked back at him as she reached back and took hold of his cock. Her arse looked truly incredible as she brought her feet up to the bed on either side of him. His younger lover kissed his dome with her dripping petals and gave him a little smirk before she dropped down onto him. They gasped out their bliss as she steadily descended onto his length.

When her taut lips were pressed against his cum-heavy bollocks, she finally spoke up, "Never again... I never want to go that long without you... ever again."

He couldn't agree more, "Never... we'll never let it happen." Whether or not it was actually possible, he certainly meant it.

Victoire turned her face away from him then, and he couldn't help but run his hand along the soft, enticing lines of her back until he came to her peachy bottom. He rested them on that perfect curve as she picked up into an unrelenting rhythm. They went at it for seconds that turned into minutes. She came once and then twice, and he was amazed by her stamina. She never wavered from that squat and only shook with her orgasm. He held out because he knew he could pull more from her body before he reached his end.

It was after her second peak that she finally remembered there was someone else in the room too. And as much as this was about them, she also intended to teach a valuable lesson, "Do you see that?" she taunted Gabrielle, "Do you see the way he fills me... oh... oh so fucking perfectly... so deep."

He couldn't see past her back and he really didn't care to. The only thing he was interested in was watching her bounce away on his shaft. With every word that left her mouth, she seemed to drive herself into frenzy, "Do you understand... now? That all your... silly little games... keeping us from spending time together... they were meaningless." Her tight tunnel fluttered around him as she came for him, her voice hitched, her body tightened and she somehow kept taunting the other woman in the room.

"Because Harry... is... mine." She gave three particularly fierce humps of her hips then, her hands braced on his knees and he wouldn't be surprised if they were both a bit sore when they were done. *Fucking worth it though.*

"He doesn't want you... he doesn't need you... he doesn't yearn for you... Just me, Auntie... only me." She threw her head back and came for a fourth time, this one fiercer than the last. For the second time that

afternoon, she squirted around his cock. So wet around him, and yet so tight, she glided up and down his shaft like a tailor-made glove. Because she was right. *Just as much as I'm hers, she's mine.*

His grip on her perfect cheeks tightened, and he felt her ripple along his shaft. His voice came out almost desperate, "Darling... cumming... I'm cumming..."

Victoire didn't need to be told because she could feel it. The way he stiffened and swelled. On instinct, she dropped her hips down as low as they could go and started twisting them. When she felt that first white, hot rope of seed splash right against the entrance to her womb, she moaned low in her throat, "That's right, love... fill me up... only me..." He knew she was looking at Gabrielle when she continued, "I'm going to be the mother of his children... all of them... just me..." That declaration was enough to spur a couple extra ropes of cum from his cock.

When he was done, he gave her hips a little squeeze. Victoire looked back at him and gave him a cheeky wink before hopping off. Harry got his first look at Gabby since they started then, she was still red in the cheek, still horny if he were to guess, but also... resigned.

Her niece walked right up to her, sweaty and leaking cum and brushed her hair from her face, "I still love you... dearly, in fact. But you needed to understand. Hopefully the message has gotten through," he could hear the smile in her voice even if he couldn't see it, "And if it hasn't yet, I'm sure it will by the time we're done." With that she turned back and returned to bed.