

This story was commissioned by an anonymous supporter.

Cuckolding Weasley

Chapter 2

Fleur Weasley, formerly Delacour, was sitting at the dining table waiting for her husband to get back home. This normally wouldn't be a cause for concern. However, this day was different. Fleur was shaking in anger at what she had discovered. Hearing the fireplace roar to life, she quickly got up and stalked to the sitting room. Seeing Bill dust himself off, she walked right up to him and got in his face. Bill looked surprised, taking a step back.

“ ‘Ow was your day?’” she asked with a scowl on her pretty face while crossing her arms underneath her breasts. She stood there tapping her toes while waiting for a response.

“Good. Got a lot of work done,” Bill replied, trying to step around her to get in the kitchen. He was a hard-working man after all and deserved a good meal.

Fleur snorted angrily. “If by work, you mean that whore from the bank, then yes, you did get a lot done!” she growled.

“What do you mean?” Bill asked, clearly playing dumb. He wasn't a very good actor.

“Do not try to act dumb Beel! I saw you kissing that salope at Diagon Alley earlier. Right in the middle of the street. ‘Ave you no shame?!’” she ranted, getting so worked up that she was running the risk of slapping him across the face.

Bill sighed. He hoped to keep his indiscretions a secret for as long as possible. “Well ... I guess you caught me then.”

“That's all you ‘ave to say?’” she fumed, clenching her hands into fists.

“What else is there to say? I'm a man. It's my right to spread my seed as much as possible,” he told her nonchalantly.

Fleur couldn't believe her ears. “Your right?”

“Yeah. Besides, I'm a Weasley. Everyone knows that the Weasley men are difficult to please. I didn't want to hurt your feelings, but I need more than just you,” he told her the truth, at least from his perspective.

“You're saying that I cannot satisfy you properly?” she quivered in rage.

“I’m just too much of a man for one woman. If you think about it, then you’ll see reason,” he said, slipping around her and walking into the kitchen.

Fleur was beyond speechless. This prick wasn’t remorseful, and he didn’t even pretend to be. Not only that, but he wanted her to be okay with his extra-marital affairs. The saddest part was that it wasn’t even true. He always passed out first during sex, leaving her unfulfilled, and forcing her to use her fingers to finish getting her off. Shaking her head, she unclenched her fists and breathed in and out deeply. She needed to calm down before she ended up launching fireballs at him and burning down the house. She had to get out of there to think. She needed her sister. Stepping into the floo, she called out the name of the place that she was staying at. As she disappeared, she didn’t hear Bill say, “What’s for dinner, honey?”

As the many different fireplaces that were connected to the Floo Network whizzed by her, she stepped out of the right one when it popped up in front of her. As she waved her wand to remove the soot and ash from herself, she looked around. The place that Gabrielle was now living in was absolutely gorgeous! It put Shell Cottage to shame. Two walls were made completely out of glass. Looking through them, she could see cars and people walking along the streets far below. She could see the entirety of London stretch out before her. Gabby must be staying in a very fancy apartment, she thought. It seemed that Gabrielle Delacour was doing much better than she realized. The place was expertly furnished in the latest trends when it came to home decor. Beautiful paintings adorned the walls and sculptures of gorgeous nude women were sprinkled here and there. Fleur was ashamed to say that she was a little bit jealous of her sister. Unfortunately, she wasn’t here to tour the apartment.

“Gabrielle?” Fleur called out. “Are you ‘ome?”

Fleur heard movement in another part of the flat, and soon her younger sister appeared looking just as beautiful as always. Even at home, she was dressed to kill. That was just the way that Gabby was. She had always loved makeup and fashion. Tall and lithe, she was nearly a spitting image of herself and their mother. Fleur, however, was a bit more top-heavy, which she was proud of. She loved that for a Veela, she had breasts that were bigger than average. Gabrielle was on par with other Veela, sporting large B or small C-sized breasts. Gabrielle’s hair was closer to spun gold rather than Fleur and Apolline’s silvery blonde tresses.

“Fleur? What are you doing ‘ere? Is everything alright?” she asked, seeing the hurt look on Fleur’s face. Walking up to her, they embraced and kissed each other’s cheeks.

“It is Beel. I caught him with another woman,” Fleur confessed. Confessing such a thing was difficult for her. For a Veela, it was a sign of failure if their partner was unfaithful.

“Non!” she said, shocked. She couldn’t believe that. Well ... that wasn’t exactly true. She never really liked Bill all that much. Once Gabrielle went through puberty, she could always feel his eyes on her whenever she went to visit her sister. She thought that maybe she was crazy and was just looking for things that weren’t there. She never told Fleur about that, since Bill had

never actually done anything. Now, she was proved correct. Bill was a piece of trash. Seeing how hurt she was, Gabrielle quickly escorted her over to the living room where she sat her down on one of the luxurious suede couches.

“Topsy!” Gabby called out. A House-Elf appeared with a pop.

“Yes, miss Gabby ma’am?” Topsy asked, eager for work.

“Can you bring me a coffee as well as one for my sister? She likes milk and two sugars in hers. And a plate of macarons,” Gabrielle told the little elf. Topsy nodded her head so fast that her big ears flopped around. When Topsy reappeared, she placed the coffees down on the coffee table in front of them along with the plate of very expensive macarons. “Thank you, Topsy,” Gabrielle told her before she popped away. Gabby handed Fleur her drink and slid the plate of macarons between them. She knew that those were Fleur’s favorites. Taking her own cup, she listened to her sister rant and rave. As she listened, she got angrier and angrier. She swore that she would make Bill pay. She added her own rants, berating the redhead and cursing his name.

“‘E is always working late into the night,” Fleur said, scowling. “Now we know why.”

Gabby snorted. “Yes. Fucking that whore late into the night. And what of Molly? ‘As she still been trying to teach you to be a “better wife”?”

“She ‘as been trying,” Fleur scoffed. “She wants me to worship ‘er perfect baby boy. She is the reason that all the men are so big-headed and conceited.”

Gabrielle shook her head. She often wanted to bad mouth the woman, but let it slide due to her being Fleur’s mother-in-law.

“She is such a cow,” Gabby popped off. Fleur let out a half laugh and half snort.

Now that the older Veela had calmed down a bit, she was able to look around and appreciate the apartment. “Gabby ... this is a lovely place. ‘Ow did you get it?” she asked.

Fleur got up and walked to the window. Outside was a balcony that was filled with plants and flowers. It was beautiful. It seemed that Gabby was really living the life. Her younger sister was one of the magical world’s fastest-rising talents in modeling. She often traveled the world doing photo shoots or walking the runway. Gabby was living her dream.

“It is one of ‘Arry’s spare pent’ouse suites,” Gabby answered, showing up at her side. Fleur turned to look at her.

“‘Arry?” she asked, confused. “Why are you staying in one of ‘is apartments?”

Gabby smiled and blushed prettily. "Because I am 'is mistress," she confessed. This shocked Fleur. Before she could respond, Gabby added, "Don't worry. 'Ermione knows all about us and she is okay with it."

Fleur couldn't believe it. She liked Harry a lot. He was a great friend. What she didn't like was his playboy lifestyle. He was constantly being seen with different women. She had personally seen him with Nymphadora Tonks, Narcissa Malfoy, Daphne Greengrass, Susan Bones, among others. Now it seemed that he had gotten his hands on her baby sister.

"Gabby!" she gasped and rebuked her.

"Oh, don't act so shocked. You've known for a long time that I 'ad a thing for 'im," Gabby rolled her eyes.

"But to let 'im use you as 'is own personal whore?"

"Our relationship is much more than that," Gabby glared. "'E treats me wonderfully and always leaves me satisfied." Fleur calmed down and apologized before going to sit back down on the very comfortable couches. Fleur ran her fingers over the buttery smooth leather. It felt really good on the back of her bare legs.

Gabrielle saw her sister sitting on the couch looking sad and alone. That really tugged at her heartstrings. She wanted Fleur to be happy and satisfied with her life. Bill Weasley would never provide that. Just then, she had what she thought was a wonderful idea. Smiling, she bounded over to her sister and flopped down next to her. "I 'ave a great idea, Fleur!" she exclaimed. Seeing Fleur raise her head and look at her, she continued.

"You should take 'Arry as a lover!" she said happily. Fleur looked at her like she was crazy.

"Come again?"

"'Arry! Take 'im as your lover. Then you can send pictures and videos of you two fucking to that cochon! 'E will be beside 'imself with anger knowing that a real man is taking what is 'is," Gabrielle giggled, thinking about the tantrum that Bill would undoubtedly throw.

"I cannot do that, Gabby! 'Arry already 'as two full-time lovers. I cannot destroy what you two 'ave together," she told her sister. Gabby looked confused.

"Destroy?"

Fleur rolled her eyes. "Beel cannot even come close to keeping up with me. 'Is sad little cock cannot even stay up for more than ten minutes when I get going. 'Ow can 'Arry possibly keep up with one Veela, let alone two?" she shook her head sadly. Sometimes it was a curse being a Veela. Gabby just rolled her eyes.

“Don’t worry about that. Just meet ‘im at ‘is manor tonight,” Gabby told her. Fleur still looked skeptical but agreed nonetheless.

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“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed, rushing up to the blonde and giving her a quick hug. “Welcome. Harry is waiting for you. I hope you drank plenty of water. It’s going to be a long night,” Hermione giggled. Fleur let out a breath that she had been holding. No matter what Gabby said, she was still worried about what Hermione would say. How many women would be okay to let their man fuck a blonde goddess such as her? It seemed that her worrying was for not.

“ ‘Ermione, ‘ow can ‘Arry keep up with you all? Gabby alone should wear ‘im out,” she asked, following the sexy bookworm to meet up with Harry. Hermione just smiled.

“Keep this a secret, but Harry knows how to clone himself. Believe me, he can keep up and more. He has no problem taking all of our holes at the same time,” Hermione told her in confidence. Fleur’s eyes widened dramatically. Clones? She could already imagine the possibilities. When they entered the dining room, she saw Harry standing there, already butt naked. She was about to greet him, even with her face blushing completely red. His cock was hard and massive. It looked to be the size of her forearm! She was stalled when suddenly another Harry seemed to step out of the first. It was truly bizarre. The weight of the situation suddenly crashed down on Fleur, and she gulped noisily. There were now two massive cocks that were hard and ready to violate every crack and crevice on her gorgeous body.

“Come in, Fleur. Your sister said that you were looking to have some revenge and a little bit of fun in the process. Is that true?” he asked, walking up to her while his clone was at his side. Before she knew it, one Harry was in her face while the other was pressed against her back. She could feel his massive hard-on poking her in her ass.

“Yes,” Fleur blushed as he got closer. She could feel his warm breath rolling over the delicate skin of her clavicle. Harry nodded.

“Then just enjoy and let yourself go,” he told her as the other Harry wrapped his strong arms around her midsection and lifted her up. Fleur squealed before being laid face down across the dinner table. “Gabby, hand me that whipped cream.”

Fleur looked at her sister who was holding a camera in her hand. She picked up a can and handed it to Harry. Squirting sounds made her look down, and she saw that he had placed a line of whipped cream down the length of his long cock. Harry then pulled her a bit until her head was hanging over the edge of the table. “Open up,” he told her. Fleur did as she was told. Opening her mouth, she let out a muffled whine as he stuffed the head of his cock into her mouth. It was so big that it was already making her jaw ache. Pulling his cock out, he held it up to her face. Fleur held it in her palm and began dragging her tongue up and down his member.

The older Veela heard the clicking of cameras but paid it no mind. She was too busy sucking Harry clean. Once his cock was glistening, he added even more of the tasty treat. As she was about to go back for more, she felt her dress lift up and settle over her ass. She looked over her shoulder as the second Harry peeled her panties off of her. Down they went until he pulled them off of her perfect, dainty feet. Holding them up to his nose, he took a deep whiff of her scent. Fleur blushed at the perverseness of the action. However, that was nothing compared to what happened next.

He held up what appeared to be a bottle of chocolate sauce. She watched as he began pouring the brown liquid down the crack of her ass. Letting out a shuddering gasp, she continued to watch wide-eyed as it rolled between her cheeks. The darkness of the liquid clashed beautifully with the paleness of her lily-white skin. Biting her lower lip as he spread her cheeks open, her pussy clenched when he lowered his head and began licking her chocolate-covered asshole. Fleur gripped the edge of the table tightly as his warm tongue wiggled against her puckered hole. She was shuddering and gasping, and when she felt his tongue go rigid, she instinctively clenched her asshole shut. Her asshole, however, was no match for Harry's tongue. It easily slipped inside, and he began eating out her ass. Fleur opened her mouth to cry out but instead, she got a cream-covered cock shoved down her throat. She couldn't do much as he placed his hand on the back of her head and began fucking her mouth. Her hands slid up his thighs and rested on his hard ass as he pistoned in and out of her mouth. She moaned around his length as whipped cream smeared all over her face.

The other Harry pulled his tongue out of her ass and spread her cheeks apart. He quickly licked her clean of the rest of the chocolate. Calling Hermione over, she got a good picture of his finger toying with her glistening asshole. Harry then told Gabby to get his recorder. The magical recorder was a relatively new invention. It looked similar to a regular video camera, but instead of film, it housed something that looked like a remembrall. It captured the scene and could be played back with a special adapter. You just dropped the ball in and a hologram would be displayed above it. It was actually very good quality.

Soon Gabby was behind her sister pointing the recorder at her. She giggled madly when Harry would poke her asshole with his finger. Fleur would squeal and pucker the little hole.

"You think Bill will get a kick out of this?" Harry asked, pinching Fleur's clit.

"Oh yes. He will be thrilled," Gabby snorted. Harry chuckled.

Reaching down, he placed a finger on each side of her pussy lips. Pressing them together, he used his middle finger to slowly rub between them, massaging her pink slit. Of course, Gabrielle was getting a close-up of it all. As she pointed the recorder and looked through the eyepiece, she could see Fleur's slit beginning to drip. Beads of arousal appeared and rolled down her pussy until it literally dripped off of her clit.

“She has such a pretty pussy,” the second Harry said, using two fingers to spread her lips apart, exposing her light pink insides. As Gabby continued to record, Harry gave Fleur’s shapely ass a hard slap. She squealed loudly on Harry’s cock. Without being gentle, Harry slipped his fingers inside of her wet pussy as he pressed his palm against her groin. Moving his entire arm, he brutally fingered her clenching cunt. Fleur pathetically moaned and whined on the first Harry’s cock as her pussy squeezed his thrusting fingers. Reaching down with his other hand, he rubbed four of his fingers against her clit from side to side. The ribbed sensation was making Fleur’s back arch as she stuck her sexy ass up in the air. Gabrielle could see her sister beginning to shake and knew an orgasm was close. Positioning herself to get a good shot, she was just in time for Fleur to pull off of Harry’s cock and scream out as she squirted out of her fingered pussy. Jets of her cum sprayed in every direction, falling to the table in a mist.

Fleur was wide-eyed as the first Harry was slapping his cock against her cheek. Her pussy was going crazy as it continued to spray. Once her body stopped flopping around and her pussy slowed to a dribble, Fleur was breathing heavily before the second Harry grabbed her lower half and elevated it until the front of her thighs rested on his shoulders. She couldn’t believe his actions when he pressed his face against her slick ass and pussy. Hermione was snapping photos as her hand reached under her skirt. Fleur could see that she was playing with herself. Gabrielle was still behind her pointing the recorder at her naked genitals. Fleur would have blushed if she didn’t have to worry about so many different things at once. Just then, Harry, number two began inhaling deeply. Turning her head away in embarrassment, she was greeted by the other Harry who was lifting up his cock so that his balls were exposed. Pressing them to her mouth, Fleur was forced to lick and suck on his sack as the other Harry began shaking his head from side to side. As she was juggling one of his balls in her mouth, she could hear the wet sounds of his face smearing against her pussy. She could hear his moans and her sister’s giggles as she undoubtedly was getting a great shot of it. She could imagine how wet his face was right now.

Gabby was getting pretty horny as she watched Harry suck Fleur’s clit into his mouth and tug on it with his lips. She could see the delicate skin of her sister pull away as he moved his head back. Finally, with a pop he let go, leaving the reddened skin to slide back into place. Towering over Fleur, Gabby gasped when he grabbed the back of her dress and tore it down the middle. Completely shredded, he tossed it aside exposing her fully nude form.

Fleur yelped against the bloated ball sack that she was sucking on when he not so gently tore her dress off. She was about to tell him to be careful ... that her body was tender and delicate and deserved to be treated as such. Harry was a gentleman after all. All of that went out of the window when his strong hand slapped her porcelain ass. Fleur cried out as the burning sting erupted on her sensitive skin. Another slap made her cheeks jiggle and earned him another scream. Unable to protest due to the balls in her mouth, the slaps continued until her ass was cherry red. It turned out that her gentle friend Harry wasn’t so gentle in bed. Gabby focused on the beads of arousal rolling down the insides of her silky, smooth thighs. Panning the recorder over, she got a shot of Harry rubbing lubricant all over his beast of a cock. Smirking, she got a full-length shot of the size of his cock. ‘Let the Weasleys feast on this,’ she thought naughtily.

Fleur saw Gabrielle settle in front of her, recording her reaction. Harry pulled his balls away from her lips and replaced them with the tip of his cock. As he pushed forward, Fleur gagged as more of his cock slid into her mouth and down her throat. Harry let out a loud moan as his belly touched her face. Pulling back, he slid out until only the tip was still in her mouth. Gabby could see his shaft glistening with saliva. She could also record the whorish look on her face when the other Harry pushed into her asshole. Fleur's loud squeal was muffled as Harry pushed into her throat again. Taking a few steps back, Gabrielle got a full shot of the scene. Both Harrys were fucking her brutally at each end. One Harry was holding the back of her head as Fleur whined and gagged while he fucked her mouth. The other Harry threw his head back and moaned as he claimed her asshole. His hips moved faster and faster until he was clapping against her fat ass.

Fleur couldn't help but cum again. Her juices dribbled out onto the table as her asshole was repeatedly stretched. Suddenly, both pulled out allowing her a moment to compose herself. It only lasted a minute though as both Harrys switched places.

"I think I'll try her pussy," one said, making her squeal as he shoved his long pole all the way down her wet tunnel. Immediately, her pussy squeezed his intruding cock. Fleur had completely forgotten where his cock was until it was too late. The huge cock that was only moments ago deep in her ass was pushed into her mouth, and she was made to suck it clean. Gabby had to rub her thighs together to try and get any sort of sexual relief. She was using her hands to record both cocks pistoning into her sister as Fleur's lovely tits flopped and dangled.

Fleur cried out pathetically as she came on his cock. Her toes curled so much that they hurt. Both pulled out and Fleur's face fell forward. As her face mashed into his spit-covered junk, he held the back of her head and rubbed her face all over his cock and balls, rubbing his scent on her. Fleur was breathing heavily as she was lifted up. While being held, she could see one Harry lying on the table on his back. His massive cock was sticking straight up. The other Harry lowered her down until the fat cock was sliding into her. Her protest that she was too sensitive fell on deaf ears as he bottomed out. The other Harry pushed her body forward until her ass was sticking up.

"What are you EEP!" she cried out as the other cock buried itself deep into her anus. Shaking her head wildly, she nearly hyperventilated when both cocks began to thrust into her. The sensation was strange to her, being stuffed in both holes simultaneously. Looking back, she could see Gabby stuffing the recorder close to the penetration. The Harry behind her grabbed her arms and forced her to arch her back. Her beautiful, perfect tits were sticking straight out as Hermione took picture after picture of the blonde getting rutted and bugged at the same time. Reaching in front of her, Harry pinched her nipples hard, making her scream out in pain. Again and again, he did this, making her scream, but also making her pussy and ass squeeze over his duel thrusting cocks. Suddenly, her body thrashed and spasmed as she began to cum. Both Harry's pulled out and let her flop on the table. Gabby went in and recorded her pussy fluttering as it sprayed her juices all over the table and floor. Both Harrys walked up and suddenly split into four. All four beat themselves until they spurted their cum all over the cumming blonde. Cum

hit her naked pussy, belly, tits, and face as they emptied their balls. Fleur was still flopping around like a fish out of water as her body was being caked in spunk. She had barely started to calm down when the Harrys were replaced with Gabby and Hermione. Leaning down, Hermione began to lick and suck the cum from her nipples, making Fleur gasp. She then saw her little sister dip her head down and suck her cum-coated clit into her mouth. Both girls had their hands between their legs as they furiously rubbed their dripping twats. As they licked and sucked her body clean, she got a little too worked up and passed out.

Fleur didn't know how much time had passed. When she came to, she immediately moaned. She woke up to very intense pleasure. It was then that she noticed that she was in a sex swing and that Harry was hammering her stretched pussy with his enormous cock. Another Harry appeared at her side and began to grope her tits and clit while smirking. Fleur could only let out soft, pathetic whines as they coaxed pleasure from her used body. Looking around the room, she saw that two Harrys were double-stuffing her little sister. Gabrielle had a wild look on her face as her toes curled. Her eyes then moved to Hermione who had her legs hooked by his arms in a deep mating press. Fleur could see her wet asshole puckering in pleasure. When another Harry stepped in to fill that hole, Fleur had to look away. The naughtiness was too much, and she came violently. As she clenched on his cock, Fleur thought that she could definitely get used to living like this.

Cuckolding Weasley

Bill was sitting at the Burrow reading the Daily Prophet. He hadn't seen his wife in a few days but wasn't worried. She just needed time to come to terms with the fact that he was a hot-blooded Weasley male. He was just too much for her and needed room to spread his seed. Looking around, he saw his dad and brothers doing various activities in the living room. Just then, his mother came in.

"Bill, honey. A package arrived for you. Looks like one of those recorded things," she said, not even apologizing for opening his mail. There was also a large envelope that hadn't been opened yet. He took that from her before she could help herself.

"Oh, it's from Fleur!" he said happily. 'This must be an apology for the way she has been treating me,' he thought. As the recording went on, it became clear that this wasn't an apology. His mother and brothers gasped and protested as the scene unfolded. Bill shook in rage as Harry violated his wife better than he could ever hope to. Opening the folder, it was more evidence of her unfaithfulness. Bill couldn't believe what he was seeing. Harry had turned his innocent wife into a raging whore. She came harder for Harry than she ever did for him. He was nearly catatonic when the recording finally ended. Feeling like less of a man, he sadly walked upstairs to his room.