

Summary: Fleur, tired of boring sex with her boring husband, decides to take an extended vacation back in France at her family's summer villa. Too bad no one told her that her mother and new lover would also be spending the summer there... Especially when that lover was none other than Harry Potter.

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BONUS CHAPTER #1: Hermione's Unexpected Visit (AKA The threesome mentioned in Chapter 3)

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Harry grumbled as he signed yet another report. If he had known taking a lighter load of fieldwork from the aurors meant a heavier one filled with mind-numbing paperwork, then he would have never requested it. The entire point of his doing so was to have MORE free time, but at this rate, Harry would be working more hours than ever. Mentally he blamed Apolline for this. If that vixen wasn't so fun to be around then more than likely he would have never given up his workaholic lifestyle.

A roar of the floo from his living room signaled the arrival of said woman. Harry quickly glanced at his watch in confusion and groaned. He had been at it for longer than he thought, nearly six hours now, and now had barely any time to get ready for their date. Before he could so much as hope to transfigure his ugly work robes into something more appropriate for a dinner at the Eiffel Tower, Apolline sauntered into the room with that damnably alluring smile on her face. He couldn't help but eye her curvaceous figure through her form-fitting red dress. The material barely covered her impressive bust, with generous amounts of cleavage already spilling out of the strapless top. Even in his exhausted state, Harry could feel himself begin to harden in excitement just from the sight of her.

“Are you ready mon amor- what are you wearing?!” She shrieked.

Harry winced. “I know, I know! I’m sorry, I completely lost track of time and forgot.

Fuckers at the ministry have really been piling it on ever since I dared to request a break.”

Apolline glanced down at the paper work strewn atop his desk and tsked. “I see zat.

You can not tell zem to, ‘ow you say, ‘fuck off?’”

Harry snorted and shook his head. “No. Well, I probably could with my status, but at the same time I’m trying to set an example. Have to show people just because I have power, doesn’t mean that I’m above the law. Too many of those Death Eater cunts were able to skirt conviction during the first war cause of their name or position. I won’t let that happen again.”

Apolline gave him a small smile. Walking around his desk, she made her way behind him and placed her petite hands on his shoulders. He let out a satisfied groan as she began to massage his tense muscles, letting his head limply fall back to rest on her pillowy breasts.

The older woman let out a serenading giggle. “Even overworked you still can’t resist mes seins.”

“If that means your tits then you’re correct. They’re gifts from heaven.” He sighed, closing his eyes to enjoy the comforting massage.

Apolline leaned down and kissed his cheek, moving her hands down to knead the tense muscles along his spine and lower back.

“Eet is admirable zat you are trying to set such a precedent, sucré, but you are still one man. No one will judge you for wanting to take a break.” She whispered. “Including moi!”

She quickly turned him around and settled onto his lap without a word. Immediately, something hard pressed against her pillowy bum causing her to smirk.

“We will skip ze dinner tonight and go straight to ze more... relaxing part of our evening.” She said with a teasing lilt to her voice, softly beginning to grind her bum onto his, obviously, straining erection.

Harry let out a groan, settling his hands under the swell of her breasts. Even then, however, the noble prat showed some reluctance.

“Are you sure? I mean I know you’ve been waiting for this night all week-”

Apolline silenced him with a kiss, pushing her tongue into his mouth in such a way that any argument immediately was dashed away.

“Mon amour you ‘ave eet wrong. I care not for dinner atop ze tower. I am french after all, you see ze stupid tower once, you have seen eet a million times. Non, I was looking forward to you shoving your fat cock into ma chatte.” She breathed huskily, biting his lower lip in a teasing way.

Harry wisely shut his mouth from any further arguments and instead chose to snog the blonde bombshell currently grinding herself on his cock. He wasted no time in devouring her lips, his hands refusing to stay idle either. Hooking his fingers under the hem of her dress, Harry pulled the red garment down and freed her pillowy globes. Apolline moaned approvingly of this, pushing her chest forward instinctively as his hands began to molest her round breasts.

It was no secret that Harry loved Apolline’s full assets. They had made an unspoken agreement, back when their engagement started two months ago, to never compare each other to their past lovers, but even then Harry couldn’t help mentally sizing her up

to Ginny. The redheaded girl was sexy, and an absolute minx in bed herself, but there was no competition in his mind of whose body he preferred. This was evidenced by the way his cock lurched against Apolline's grinding ass.

Apolline giggled against his lips. "Patience mon amour! You will get to ravish me in due time, but first, I believe my big bad auror deserves a reward for working so 'ard, non?"

Slowly, the buxom milf began to slide down from his lap and onto her knees between his legs. The entire way down she was staring up at him with a sultry expression, making sure to rub her breasts against every inch of his torso as she slid downward. Harry eagerly raised his hips the moment she reached for the hem of his trousers, giving her ready access to pull them down.

His cock sprung free a moment later, with Apolline immediately clasping it in her soft hands. She stared down at the meaty poll with a hungry expression, unconsciously licking her lips as she held it within her hands.

Sticking her tongue out, the blonde witch leaned forward and teasingly licked the underside of his cock head, stimulating the sensitive glans. Harry groaned out as she whirled her wet tongue around his tip, all the while she stared up at him with a wide grin.

Without warning, Apolline halted her teasing lips and wrapped her pouty lips around his shaft. At first, she was happy with simply suckling on his tip, yet soon she began to slowly rock her head back and forth, taking him deeper into her mouth inch by inch.

When she reached the halfway point down his shaft, the French Veela paused before pulling back. Harry gasped as she began to bob her head up and down his length with quick movements. Her hand came up to stroke the remaining half of his cock in time with her sucks.

Her mouth was a whirlwind on his cock. The woman was using her expertise to give him such intense pleasure while also prolonging his climax. Every time she could feel him get close to the edge, she would draw back off his cock and either lather it with sloppy kisses or dip her head down and massage his balls with her tongue. It was an excruciating pleasurable sort of torture and Harry loved every second of it.

Suddenly, a ping from his house's wards alerted him to a familiar presence. Harry had just enough time to widen his eyes before the sound of the front door slamming open echoed throughout his home.

"Harry? Are you home? I need to discuss the upcoming Wizengamot docket with you! Rutledge is trying to push his repressive creature rights legislation again!" Hermione shouted from the foyer.

Apolline pulled off his cock with an annoyed expression, yet with her hand still wrapped around his shaft.

"Does zis girl always burst into your 'ome unannounced?" She hissed.

Harry winced at her tone. If he didn't know her so well he'd assume she was jealous, but Harry knew that wasn't it. They had both agreed their arrangement was simply one of pleasure, not love. While they enjoyed each other's company, it was by no means a relationship. Harry knew full well the woman was simply annoyed at their fun time being interrupted more than anything.

"She normally only shows up out of the blue when it's something important. Regardless, tonight is our night and her reasons can wait. Stay here while I go send her away." He said, moving to pull up his pants.

Apolline, however, had other ideas.

He looked down in confusion when she refused to remove her hand from his cock and instead started to pump it again.

“What are you doing?!” Harry said, beginning to panic as Hermione’s voice grew closer.

Apolline simply smirked. “You said she only does zis when eet is important yes?”

Discuss zis problem with ‘er, I shall simply continue wiz my own business.” She giggled.

He made to argue but suddenly Hermione’s voice sounded right outside his office door.

“Harry? Are you in there?” His best friend called.

Apolline quickly dashed under his desk and pulled his chair close just as the door

clicked open. Hermione entered not a second later, looking slightly miffed at him.

“There you are! Why weren’t you answering me?” Hermione asked with annoyance.

He was forced to suppress a gasp as Apolline engulfed his cock under the desk.

“Ah! Ahem- Sorry ‘Mione. Been neck-deep in these reports since this morning. I guess I just didn’t hear you come in.” He said with faux embarrassment.

Truthfully it wasn’t that hard of a look to pull off considering there was a woman currently sucking his cock under the desk.

Hermione seemed to buy it thankfully, and sat in the chair opposite his desk with a huff.

“Well, I suppose I can understand that. I’m sorry if this isn’t a good time but this cannot wait. Just look at this!” She exclaimed, pushing a heavy stack of parchment towards him.

Harry picked up the packet and shifted as Apolline pressed deeper onto his cock. The feeling of her tight throat now massaging his shaft was a bit overwhelming. It took all his willpower not to reach down and push his cock in deeper, and spill himself inside of her gullet.

“See what I mean?!” Hermione exclaimed. “With this act, rights for non-human individuals could be propelled back a hundred years! It’s obscene!”

Harry hummed in agreement. Truthfully, he couldn’t see as his mind was far too clouded with lust to properly read the document.

As Hermione began to rant off all the various points of protest within the proposed legislation, Harry reached down and pushed Apolline’s head further onto her cock. He softly gasped under his breath as he finally released the pent-up orgasm that had been building in his loins.

Apolline softly moaned in approval as she eagerly drank down every drop of his seed. Harry was slightly afraid Hermione would hear the lewd slurping coming from under the desk, but the bushy-haired girl seemed too focused on her rant to notice.

Even after every drop of cum was shot down her throat, Apolline continued to blow him. His cock had barely begun to soften before the greedy blonde sucked him back to full height. Harry was acutely aware of the woman’s Veela allure slowly starting to slip through her control. While mentally, it did nothing to affect him, physically it dialed his arousal up to an 11.

Something told him too that this slip wasn’t intentional on the Delacour matron’s part. Earlier her movements had been precise and expert. The way she blew him was calculated with every move. Now, she was simply throwing her mouth forward with wild abandon, uncaring of the growing volume of her desperate sucks. She was growing very horny, something that made her control wane.

Suddenly Hermione stopped her rant. Leaning forward, the bushy-haired girl gripped his desk with a white knuckle grip, her face flushed red and breath coming out in small pants.

“H-Harry. I-is anyone else h-here?” She gasped.

“Wha- Hermione are you okay?” He asked.

She shook her head and leveled him with an intense gaze. Her eyes were glassed over with lust as she stared at him almost hungrily. His eyes widened as his best friend suddenly pushed every piece of parchment off his desk and crawled over the top of it to him. Without warning, the bookworm smashed her lips against his with a hungry passion.

Harry gasped in surprise, his mind instantly shortcircuiting from the shock of his best friend suddenly snogging the life out of him paired with the pleasure of his lover swallowing his cock.

Before he could stir himself out of his stupor. Apolline pulled off his cock and let out a teasing giggle.

“Eet seems Miss Granger wants your cock just as much as moi mon amor!”

Hermione jumped back instantly at the sound of the other woman’s voice. She looked around the room with wide eyes, looking for the voice’s source. Apolline did not keep her waiting, pushing Harry’s chair back and rising out from under the desk.

Hermione gasped as she took in the sight of the older woman, dress pulled down to reveal her glorious tits and face smeared with lipstick and saliva. Her eyes flicked down to Harry’s lap, eyeing his straining cock that was just as smeared with the latter fluids as the blonde’s face.

“H-Harry- I- Who is she?!” Hermione stammered.

Apolline let out a laugh and leaned forward to cup the bookworm’s cheek. “I am Apolline Delacour, a friend of ‘Arry’s. And you are ‘Ermione Granger, ze girl who wishes to fuck ‘Arry non?”

Hermione pulled back, almost falling off her perch atop his desk.

“Wha- I don’t want to sleep with- and friend?!” She exclaimed looking pointedly at Apolline’s bare breasts.

The older woman shrugged. “Friend, lover, cum dumpster, call eet whatever you like. Ze point is, you would like to fuck ‘Arry. My allure proved zat and I am inclined to let you, provided some... concessions.”

Harry and Hermione both looked at the woman with disbelief.

“Apolline I don’t think Hermione really wants to- uh- fuck me. Like you said your allure was affecting her..” Harry defended.

Apolline rolled her eyes and turned to face him.

“Non. A Veela’s allure does not work zat way. Eet merely amplifies attraction zat is already zere. Veela are naturally attractive, oui, so ze allure affects everyone around zem who is attracted to women. But for ozers to have our allure make zem lust for someone ozer than us, well zen there must already be an intense attraction. Zat is why married men are less inclined to be affected.” She explained, reaching forward to pull him to his feet. “Meaning, ‘Ermione wants your cock amant.”

Harry looked from her to Hermione with an unreadable expression.

“‘Mione?” He questioned the girl, stepping closer to her.

Hermione said nothing, instead the girl lunged forward and once more captured his lips. Harry was more than ready this time, eagerly kissing her back with just as much passion. The girl moaned against his lips as he slipped his tongue inside her mouth. She hungrily matched him, dancing her tongue along with his. She grasped his robes tightly, pulling him closer in a desperate bid to deepen the kiss. However, his still hardened cock interrupted her movement as it poked her thigh hard.

“Oh!” She squeaked, looking down to stare at the hardened pole. Hesitantly, she reached down and brushed her hand against the hot flesh. At first, she jerked her hand back before pausing and reaching forward once more, wrapping her fingers slowly around his shaft.

Tentatively she gave his cock a slow singular stroke, prompting a small groan of pleasure to leave his lips. Hermione bit her lip and rubbed her thighs together in arousal. She raised her focus up and leveled Apolline with a questioning gaze.

“You said you’d let me sleep with Harry with some concessions. What are they?” She inquired.

Apolline smirked. “Just one actually. You let me join ze two of you.”

Harry looked at her with surprise, a look that was soon directed at Hermione as the girl nodded.

“I don’t believe that will be a problem.” She said simply. “But I do ask that we move this to the bedroom. My knees are starting to hurt kneeling on this desk.”

Apolline laughed and nodded, offering the bushy-haired girl a hand as she shuffled down. The two women immediately began to make their way out of the office leaving a bewildered Harry behind. After a moment, he shook his head in exasperation.

“I’ll never understand women.” He grumbled, quickly following the two while shucking off his robes.

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He made it to the bedroom just as the two settled onto the bed. Apolline immediately lunged forward and smashed her lips against Hermione’s, prompting the girl to fall back with a muffled squeal. The older woman began to tear at the younger girl’s clothes, uncaring if she ripped the material as she did so. Hermione seemed to have no arguments as she kissed Apolline back just as fiercely, pawing at the buxom Veela’s breasts as she did so.

Harry’s cock lurched at the sight, and he scrambled to join the two on the bed. Settling behind Apolline, he immediately reached forward and pulled down the remainder of her red dress, revealing her round pale cheeks to the world. While they were a truly breathtaking sight, Harry’s attention was instead on the puffy pink lips between the woman’s thighs, already glistening with arousal.

Reaching forward, Harry teased the slick cunt lips with his fingers, making sure to brush them against her throbbing clit.

Apolline gasped at the contact, breaking the kiss with the bookworm under her.

“Later mon amor, we ‘ave a guest to entertain.”

With that the older woman rolled off of Hermione, revealing her now nude form. Harry immediately drunk in the sight of his nude best friend. From her perky breasts capped with light brown nipples to her wide hips and spread legs, to finally her tight pussy, shining in the light from the thick beads of arousal coating her nether lips. He committed

every inch of her to memory and mentally berated his younger self for never realizing how downright sexy Hermione was.

Hermione stared back up at him with pleading eyes.

“Harry, please! I need you~” She gasped, reaching down to spread her pussy lips apart and reveal her pink insides.

His resolve broke instantly. Moving forward, Harry quickly settled between his best friend's thighs and positioned himself at her entrance. He looked into her eyes one last time, seeking permission. She gave it with a quick nod, wrapping her legs around him in an effort to draw him forward.

Harry sank into her a moment later, groaning loudly at the sheer heat and tightness of the bushy-haired girl's cunt. Hermione too moaned wantonly, pulling him down harshly to devour his lips. Harry made no complaints, kissing her back with just as much passion as he finally hilted himself inside her.

Hermione gasped as she felt his cock poke against her cervix.

“So full...” She murmured to herself.

Apolline giggled and leaned down to take one of the girl's hardened nipples in her mouth. Harry's cock lurched inside her tight snatch at the sight, and Hermione moaned loudly at the dual sensation.

“E does fill you quite well non? Now tell 'im what you want~” Apolline purred, popping the girl's other nipple into her mouth and biting down lightly.

“Ah fuck! Fuck me!” She cried. “For god's sake Harry please fuck me!”

Harry complied, pulling back quickly and ramming his cock forward into her sweltering depths. Hermione screamed, clawing at the sheets in ecstasy as he began to hurriedly thrust inside her.

“Oui~” Apolline moaned, leaning back to finger her own dripping cunt as she watched her lover pound the younger girl. “Pound ‘er ma bête, ruin ‘er poor leetle pussy!”

Harry did just that, roughly grabbing Hermione’s thin waist and hammering into her tight cunt. Hermione cried in pleasure as her best friend’s cock tore an orgasm from her core. Her body shook with vicious tremors as her eyes rolled into the back of her head and her cunt sprayed a gush of juices onto the sheets below.

The sheer tightness of her climaxing pussy caused Harry to grunt in pleasure. Her inner walls were constricting so much that he could barely pull free. It was like nothing he ever experienced before. Apolline’s pussy was tight of course, incredibly so. A Veela’s body was always changing to make themselves the perfect partner after all. Yet Hermione’s cunt was different, tighter than anything he’d felt before.

“Fuck ‘Mione! You’re so damn tight.” He gasped.

Apolline moaned from beside them. “I would ‘ope so. Eet is ‘er first time after all.”

Harry’s cock lurched within the bookworm as he realized he had effectively just taken his best friend’s virginity. Yet where he expected to feel guilt, he felt only pride at being the one to do so.

Apolline once more turned to whisper in Hermione’s ear.

“Tell ‘im ‘ow much you ‘ave dreamed of this ma chérie.”

Hermione moaned. “Fuck! E-Everyday! I’ve w-wanted him t-to fuck me nearly e-everyday since t-third year!”

“Good.” Apolline purred. “And now zat dream ‘as come true, what do you want ‘im to do now?”

“Cum inside meEEEEHHH!” She screamed, another orgasm ripping through her body. Apolline smirked and silenced the screaming girl by pushing her breasts into her face. Hermione surprised the woman by immediately latching onto the fleshy globes, licking and biting her stiff nipples as she came.

“Mmm~ Putain ouais! You ‘eard ‘er, cum inside ‘er sweet cunt ‘Arry.” Apolline gasped. Harry grunted in response, pushing his hips faster into Hermione’s pussy. His climax was already close, the girl’s second orgasm doing much to draw his forth. Pushing deeper into her, Harry groaned as her fluttered walls molded themselves to him, trying to milk his cock for all it was worth.

He didn’t disappoint them, as no more than few seconds later did Harry let out a low groan and spilled himself inside Hermione’s trembling cunt. Heavy spurts of cum coated her inner walls, filling her pussy with his hot white spunk.

Hermione mewled happily as he filled her womb, her eyes closed with a serene smile upon her lips. Harry let out a shuddering breath as he admired the beauty of his best friend, his heart swelling with affection. He could stay there and look at her forever.

Apolline had other ideas though.

“Zat was ze perfect start!” She exclaimed, leaning down to pull his cock free from Hermione’s cunt. Harry groaned as the French milf swallowed his deflating cock. He couldn’t see when her eyes flashed purple but he did feel the speed of which his cock hardened again, straining inside her throat within moments.

It wasn't the first time she used her Veela magic to do something like this, yet he still couldn't help but marvel at it.

"Zere, now pump one more load in 'er cunt zen it is my turn. " She said brightly, placing a quick kiss on the tip of his cock.

Harry nodded with a chuckle, reaching down to grasp Hermione's hips once more. The previously almost comatose girl squealed in surprise when she was suddenly picked up and rolled onto her hands and knees. Just as she was about to voice her confusion, the feeling of Harry's cock once more spearing her cunt and splitting her inner walls open cut her off, forcing a slutty moan from her lips.

"Good choice mon amor!" Apolline complimented. "She does 'ave a fantastic derrière! Would you mind if I used 'er mouth?"

Hermione eyes widened in realization, but Harry's cock pounding her cunt stopped any of her arguments. He must have agreed to Apolline's request though, as not a second later, Hermione was greeted by the sight of the older woman's dripping pussy just inches from her face. Apolline reached down and cupped her cheek lightly, peering down at her with a burning gaze.

"You 'ave such a pretty mouth, I wish to see it devouring my cunt~" The older woman purred.

Hermione gasped as Harry's cock chose that moment to hit a particularly deep spot inside her pussy. The sudden flash of pleasure forced Hermione to lurch forward, pressing her face closer to Apolline's cunt. This close to it, the bushy-haired girl couldn't deny her deep want to taste the Veela. With a mental 'fuck it' Hermione lurched forward and began attacking Apolline's folds.

The older woman immediately let out a loud moan. Reaching down, she threaded her fingers through Hermione's bushy hair and pressed the girl's face deeper into her cunt. "Oui, juste comme ça. Mange-moi la chatte comme ça ma petite salope!" Apolline blabered.

Harry had never seen such an erotic sight before. Unconsciously, he began to fuck Hermione even harder, hammering into her ass cheeks with great force. The loud slurps of Hermione eating Apolline's cunt out joined in with the wet slaps of his cock pounding into the bookworm's pussy.

Hermione screamed into the French Veela's snatch as the vicious pounding forced another powerful orgasm from her. Apolline moaned at the sensation and ground her cunt harder into the girl's face. At first Hermione was able to keep up with the older witch's demands but soon the pleasure of Harry's thundering cock grew too much, forcing Hermione to go tensly still as her orgasm reached new heights.

Apolline was not dissuaded however, instead the milf's pants grew louded as she hastily ground her hips, using Hermione's face as her own personal toy to reach her own orgasm. Her efforts weren't in vain as soon Apolline went still with a loud shriek, spraying Hermione's face with a large gush of her juices.

Harry groaned at the erotic sight. Pulling himself free from Hermione's cunt, he began stroking himself rapidly until, with a deep moan, released rope after rope of cum in powerful jets. The hot white liquid flew through the air, where it landed across Hermione's entire back, hair, and even a little on Apolline's stomach.

He groaned as the intensely powerful orgasm faded, but even as his body grew weary, his cock once more hardened in mere seconds.

Looking up, Harry was met with the hungry expression of a horny Veela as her eyes flashed purple. She was upon him in moments, straddling his waist as she speared herself upon his cock.

“Oui~” She hissed. “I believe we will need to invite ‘Ermione more often non?” Apolline questioned before setting a vicious pace bouncing on his cock.

“I agree.” Hermione said, appearing out of nowhere behind the bouncing blonde. The bushy-haired girl reached around and cupped Apolline’s jiggling breasts while giving the woman a searing kiss.

Harry could only groan as he prepared himself for many hours of intense lovemaking with the two vixens.

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Author’s Note

What’s this?!? Another chapter of a fic I said was complete?! Oh, the humanity!

Haha, I know this probably wasn’t much of a surprise. I didn’t make it a secret that I had some interest in continuing this work. So here it is!

This will be the first of three (3) bonus chapters for ‘Like Mother, Like Daughter’ and all three chapters will only be available to you all, my patrons! So please enjoy this extra content as a thank you for being so awesome!

Thanks for reading!

UPDATE: So looks like Patreon took down Chapter 2 of Like Mother, Like Daughter. I’ve put in an appeal so we’ll see what happens. I’ve posted that chapter publicly, but in the event that my appeal is denied, I’ll probably go ahead and post Chapter 3 publically as well.

