

Sugar Daddy

Part 1

At eighteen years old, Victoire Weasley was a stunning beauty on par with her mother and Aunt Gabrielle. Having just graduated from Hogwarts, she was now considered a full adult, and as such, she was expected to act like it. There was only one problem with that ... She didn't want to.

The thought of getting a boring job didn't fill her with excitement. She definitely didn't want to spend eight or more hours a day sitting in some shop or filling drinks in a pub. Unfortunately, she didn't have the O.W.Ls or N.E.W.Ts to get a cushy, high-paying job. She couldn't help it. Classes just didn't stimulate her and often made her sleepy. Victoire couldn't count the times that her professors and family members lectured her about her constant slacking off. In the end, no one could keep her from doing so. It was just who she was.

Thankfully, she was a nice girl that treated others kindly and with respect. Because of this, she had a large group of friends that loved to hang out with her. Sadly, those friends were also expected to grow up and act like adults. Most of her lot had already begun the job hunt, but a smaller group had other plans in mind. Her best friend Sally and her other friend, Kimberly would soon be going on an extended trip all over Europe. It was a trip that would last all summer. Sally invited her to go, and even though she desperately wanted to join, Victoire just didn't have the necessary funds.

Her mother and father had gotten a divorce five years ago, and she didn't often see her father anymore. Not only that, but he failed to send any money back home to help support her. Obviously, he would be of no use to her. Her mother certainly would not give her the money to go, even if she did have it. Fleur was the biggest critic of her lackadaisical efforts in her schooling. Besides that, she didn't have any gold either.

For years they lived in a tiny house where money was tight. With her deadbeat father not helping, her mother was forced to cover all of the bills along with Victoire's love of spending money that she didn't earn. While times weren't exactly tough, they wouldn't be taking any five-star vacations any time soon. When you added in the fact that Victoire was now out of school and expected to get a job, she very much doubted that her mother would be willing to take out a loan so that she could travel the world in luxury. Victoire sighed and flopped down on her bed.

Truth be told, it wasn't her bed. The bed, her room, and the entire house she was currently living in all belonged to Harry Potter, the man that was dating her mother. Victoire had known Harry for her entire life, though the pair had never grown close. He had apparently defeated a Dark Lord when he was roughly her age, and after that, he spent years traveling around the world and doing the same things that she wanted to do ... which was basically relax and have fun. Of course, unlike her, he had the luxury of having a vast fortune to fuel his extravagant lifestyle. He

would pop back into the country a few times a year to see his friends, and he always made sure to laden his friends and their children with gifts. Victoire always loved his gifts. They were all very expensive.

Not long after her father abandoned them, Harry moved back to England on a more permanent basis. While away, he had a sprawling manor built that would leave any gold digger with wet knickers. It was during this time that he and her mother rekindled their friendship. Harry never attempted to get into a relationship with her for whatever reason. It wasn't until a few months ago that she found out that they had started one up. Victoire didn't mind, of course. She especially didn't mind when she found out that her mother was practically living in his luxurious house. With her mother there all the time, it was only natural that she lived there too ... at least according to her. Either way, neither Harry nor her mother seemed to mind. Victoire spent the first week of summer laying by his beautiful swimming pool and catching some rays. With her having Veela blood, it was nearly impossible for her to get a tan. Her skin would always remain perfect and porcelain. Suddenly hearing a splash and a squeal from outside, Victoire got up from the bed and went to her window. She opened the curtain and looked down.

Harry and her mother were in the pool again. She watched as Harry lifted her up by her ass, and her mother happily wrapped her legs around his waist. They were attached at the mouth while he practically devoured her tongue. Her mother was still an incredibly gorgeous woman, and she still liked to show it off. Her bikini was smaller than any that Victoire owned. The string in the back of her bikini bottom was wedged deep between her cheeks which were being kneaded by Harry's strong hands. From up high, Victoire could see that her tits were spilling out of the top.

Fleur had sat her down and talked with her only a few days ago. She explained that now that Victoire was going to be getting a job, Fleur was going to focus on herself and her happiness. Victoire scoffed at that. As much as she tried to hide it, her mother was just as addicted to luxury as she was. The only reason she hadn't found a rich man to take care of her earlier was that she had a daughter to worry about, and Victoire always came first. Now that she was an adult though ...

Victoire raised her eyebrow as Fleur furiously ground herself against his crotch as he began kissing her exposed cleavage. Fleur's head was tilted back with a look of rapture on her lovely face. Victoire gasped when she noticed the design on the cups of her mother's bikini top. She had actually pointed out the exact bikini in a catalog that catered to the ultra-wealthy. Harry received them all, though he rarely used them. Victoire had oohed and awed at it while they sat together and thumbed through the pages that were filled with stuff that they couldn't afford. She had vocally expressed her desire for that particular bikini, which happened to cost over a thousand galleons. Enchanted Acromantula silk from Egypt didn't come cheap after all. Had her mother gone to Harry and asked him to buy it for her? "What a bitch!" Victoire hissed as Harry's hands came up and gripped Fleur's perfectly round breasts in his palms.

The worst part was that they weren't actually in a committed relationship. Harry was little more than a glorified sugar daddy to her mother. If she had been given the chance, she would have made for a much better sugar baby. She was young, limber, and willing to try most things. Her mother's squeals coming from the pool were beginning to make her eye twitch in annoyance. Suddenly, a wicked smirk crossed her beautiful face. "If you can't beat them, then join them," she chirped as she bounced to her dresser and dug for a sexy bikini. With a few waves of her wand, she was certain that she could make it even sexier.

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Fleur had Harry pinned to the side of the pool. Her hips were thrusting back and forth as she practically gave him a lap dance. She could feel how hard his cock was through his swim trunks. Pressing in tighter, she kissed him passionately while her hands snaked up his sides and over his muscled pecs.

While it was true that she was only with him for the money, the same could be said for him. Harry was very happy to lavish her with gifts in exchange for pure fun and sex with no commitments. Even so, they were friends, and they did find each other very attractive. It was an arrangement that they both liked very much. Harry was a man that loved to travel to exotic places on a whim. You couldn't exactly do that with a steady girlfriend waiting at home. In fact, he was planning on taking a trip around Asia for most of the summer, and Fleur desperately wanted to go. She just needed to convince him to ask her.

She rubbed herself harder and harder against the bulge in his shorts while moaning into his mouth. When they heard the sliding, glass door open, they broke the kiss and looked up. To her surprise, she saw her daughter strutting over to the pool with a big smile on her face. When she shrugged off her robe, Fleur nearly choked on her own spit. The bikini Victoire was wearing was even smaller than the one that she was currently wearing ... and that was saying a lot. The triangles covering her breasts were so small that she could see the inside edges of her areolas. The bottom triangle wasn't even large enough to cover her entire mound. As she walked down the steps and into the pool, her perky tits jiggled around. Once in, she pushed off with her feet and swam to Harry's side. Fleur could see that her cheeks were just as bare as her own.

"I hope you don't mind if I join," she said sweetly, batting her long eyelashes at Harry.

"Of course not," Harry answered. "There's plenty of room for all of us ... isn't that right, love?" he asked Fleur. Fleur blankly sat there on his lap trying to figure out what her daughter was doing. Harry squeezed her thigh, making her jump.

"Wha...? Oh! Non. It is fine," Fleur said as Victoire scooted closer to his side. She was now so close that her tits were pressed against his arm. Fleur rolled off his lap and joined his other side.

"So what were you guys talking about?" Victoire asked, subtly moving her chest so that her hard nipples brushed against his skin.

“Umm ... Oh, we were talking about my trip to Asia next week. Should be fun. There are a lot of high-class parties that I’m invited to. You wouldn’t believe what goes on at those parties,” he chuckled.

Harry felt Fleur close in and press tighter against him. Like her daughter, her soft breasts were being pushed into his arm. He wasn’t a dummy. He knew how much Fleur wanted to go on his trip. The truth was that he had already made arrangements for her to come with him. He just wanted to see how far she was willing to go to convince him. For the last week, she had been waking him up with blowjobs and happily swallowed everything he shot into her mouth. More than once she had reached behind herself and spread her cheeks, offering her puckering hole. Harry, of course, immediately took her up on her offer.

“It sounds fun, mon amour,” she said seductively as she placed her hand on his thigh. She kissed his broad shoulder while her fingers snuck inside the leg hole of his shorts. She let her fingers caress his long, hard shaft.

“It does sound fun,” Victoire added, grabbing his hand and placing it on her thigh underneath the water. Fleur sent a glare her way as she felt his cock jump against his hand. Harry, meanwhile, happily moved his hand up and down, exploring her incredibly soft and smooth skin. He let the tips of his fingers play with the delicate skin of her upper thigh that was right next to her bikini-covered pussy. The sensation made Victoire shudder.

Fleur was immediately rankled by her behavior. Veela were quite open sexually, but even so, they did not like competition ... especially if the competition was beautiful and younger. The fact that it was her own daughter was of no consequence. Fleur was the dominant alpha female of her group, and she was loath to drop the title to anyone ... her daughter included. Besides, she knew what her daughter was doing. She knew about the trip with her friends. If she wanted Harry to shell out that kind of gold, she had better step up her game.

Fleur’s slender fingers moved higher up his shaft until her hand wrapped around it. She loved the thickness of it. The fact that the tips of her fingers couldn’t touch always made her pussy tingle with need. Slowly, she began tugging on his cock, drawing a soft moan from his lips. She turned her body slightly and draped her bare leg over his lap while she started kissing and sucking on his neck.

An annoyed sneer was quickly dropped from Victoire’s face as her slutty mother really turned up the charm. Did she think that she would be scared away so easily? ‘She’s got another thing coming,’ Victoire thought.

“I really do not like tan lines. Do you, Harry?” Victoire asked, standing up and reaching behind her. She gave the tied string a little pull before tugging off her top completely. She stood there in front of Harry with her chest pushed forward proudly, her perfect tits exposed to him.

“Tan lines are very annoying,” he agreed with a moan. Fleur’s hand momentarily tightened around his cock.

Fleur shot her daughter an annoyed look. She nearly hissed when she saw the little hussy smirking at her. She believed that she had already won! ‘She’ll ‘ave to do better than that!’ Fleur told herself as decided to take things to the next level.