

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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Mother May I?

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"I'm 'ome! Ze goblins were particularly unpleasant today, but nothing I could not 'andle. I believe it was because I managed to close a deal even Manager Cutfang could not!" Fleur called out as she stepped into the kitchen, throwing her purse haphazardly across the counter.

With a wave of her wand, two wine flutes floated out from one of the cupboards as she bent over and chose a decently expensive vintage from the wine rack. "I

say we celebrate non? It is not every day someone beats ze goblins at their own game!” Fleur laughed as she delicately poured the two glasses. “Per’aps we could even ‘ave a little bedroom fun?” She called out with a hopeful tone towards the bedroom.

Fleur frowned when no response came. Setting down the bottle of wine, she made her way down the hall. “Bill?” She called, knocking on the door lightly. With still no response, the blonde witch pushed open the door. Immediately she was hit with the sounds of loud snoring. The obscene noise was emanating from a heap atop the large queen sized bed. The stale smell of alcohol permeated the room making her want to gag.

Fleur grimaced at the sight of her husband, spread across the bed with a pile of beer bottles on one side and a Witches Gone Wild magazine crumpled up on the other. He was completely nude, with a pair of boxers wrapped around his ankles and

his hand cradling his limp dick. She rolled her eyes when she spotted a small patch of dried cum sticking to his abdomen.

With a scoff, Fleur spun from the room, slamming the door behind her without even trying to be silent. She made her way back to the kitchen, grabbing her glass and bottle of wine before stalking into the living room and slumping onto the crisp white loveseat. Tipping the glass back, she downed her small glass in one gulp, a scowl affixed to her face as she glared at the empty fireplace.

Fleur was furious. Ever since they were married over three years ago, Bill had virtually lost every ounce of charm and passion that he originally had. There was no fire left in him, no excitement. Where once he would take her on small adventures on a whim, now he preferred to rot away in his recliner while thumbing through a quidditch magazine. Hell, even the drive he once had as a curse breaker seemed to have disappeared as well all

those months ago considering he barely went into work anymore, and when he did it was only to hit his minimum amount of hours to pull a paycheck. And that's not even to mention the romantic affection, as there absolutely wasn't any.

Most days after their wedding, he had treated her as nothing more than a piece of furniture to rut upon when the mood set upon him, uncaring of her own pleasure. He simply grunted atop her like a panting dog until finally spilling a few moments later. Their wedding night had lasted all of 5 minutes.

Yet even that she would prefer over the absolute drought of sex she was currently going through. Bill barely looked at her anymore, and even when he did it was just to shout a request for another beer. Nowadays, he seemingly preferred to instead get piss drunk and wank himself into a coma.

She had never leaned much into her Veela heritage. Oh sure, she had abused

her allure to gain favoritism in school or even the odd discount from a perverted shopkeeper, but she had always done her best to steer clear of the more... primal instincts of her heritage.

Veela were not mindless sex-crazed fiends, but their magic was based on more romantic passions. She wasn't itching to whore herself out for some sort of drug-like fix. It was more so her magic, and by extension her body, craved affection, both romantic and sexual. Normally this wouldn't be a problem for Veela, their allure was crafted to produce these forms of passion from any partner. Yet it seemed that somehow that well had ran dry in Bill. He wasn't immune by any means. Fleur had tested this by cranking her allure up one evening whilst in his company. The fool promptly spilled inside his pants and spent the rest of the evening in a groaning heap on the couch with his eyes glazed over.

It was an extremely disappointing night.

Will all forms of passion seemingly sapped from their marriage, Fleur's magic was beginning to react harshly, making her behave erratically. It was common sight to see her go through random bouts of anger and annoyance. To make it worse, her allure was going haywire. It would blaze outwards at random, affecting everyone around her, even the ones who normally had enough mental fortitude to fight it off. Her control was practically non-existent as well with all attempts to rein it in proved unsuccessful. She theorized it was her magics way of trying to find a replacement partner, one who would feed her the affection it so craved. Needless to say it was starting to cause all sorts of trouble.

If only Bill would listen to her plights. She had tried many times to explain this to him, but she only ever received uncaring grunts in response as he made some excuse about being overworked or the moon phase making him too tired. Fleur snorted at that. Fenrir Greyback hadn't

transmitted any form of the werewolf curse to him, they had a healer check just to be sure. That didn't stop Bill from using it as some sort of crutch of course.

She sighed. Maybe one day it would get better. Perhaps.

A deep rumbling snore echoed out into the living room, somehow bypassing the silencing charm she implemented weeks ago. The grating sound dashed any sort of hope she had as she was reminded just how pathetic her husband had become. With an angry scowl, Fleur flung her glass at the opposite wall. It smashed apart into a million pieces with a satisfying 'CRASH'. She watched as the red liquid seeped down the wall and soaked into the cream colored carpet. Shame, she liked that carpet.

She slumped back and brought the bottle up to her lips, drawing in deep mouthfuls as she lamented her current situation.

Why did this have to happen to her? Dreadful girls like Ginny Weasley were able to sink their claws into real men yet she was stuck with a human sized flobberworm. Was she that terrible to deserve such a fate? Maybe she was a bit stuck up in her younger years, but what good looking teenage girl wasn't? She had grown a lot since then and had matured enough to identify her faults. It wasn't fair.

Another snore echoed out and Fleur had to use all her control to stop from flinging the bottle at the wall as well. It was a good vintage after all. She took in a deep breath to calm the fire in her veins. It wouldn't do to murder her useless husband right when her career was taking off.

She needed to get away from here. Away from him. She needed to find somewhere to relax and think clearly for once. Fleur hummed in thought. She had always been at her most calm growing up when her family would stay at their summer villa. It



would be the perfect environment to reign in her thoughts, and seeing how it was only April, the villa would be empty so she wouldn't have to worry about running into her mother or Gabrielle.

Fleur finished the last sip from the previously full bottle and smiled. Yes, a vacation is just what she needed.

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It had taken her longer than she cared to admit to depart her home and make it to France. The nearly entire bottle of wine had a large part to do with it. It wasn't easy to pack while drunk after all. Thankfully, after finally finding her stash of sobriety potions (For when she needed her drunkard husband to be in a semi-conscious state) she was able to scrounge up a weeks worth of clothes and other necessities and be off.

One international portkey and few apparitions later, and Fleur was standing outside a beautiful lime washed manor

that sat upon a small hill overlooking a private beach. The manor was speckled with large windows and surrounded by tall gardens hedges. Memories of her and Gabrielle running through the rose walls playing some game or another sprung to the front of her mind. She smiled at the fond memories, recalling how much simpler things used to be.

With a sigh she shook those thoughts from her head and headed inside. She was here to ponder the here and now, not get lost dreaming about days already lived.

The large entrance gate opened silently for her, the villa's wards instantly recognizing her as a Delacour. The front door too swung open wide at her approach, the lights in the entrance hall immediately flickering bright as she stepped through. She looked around with a smile, taking in the familiar sights and smells. Just as she was about to close the door behind her, a small pop sounded from in front.

*“Mistress Fleur has returned!”* An excitable elf squeaked in rapid french.

Fleur smiled at the familiar face. *“Hello Chouchou, it’s good to see you.”*

The houseelf smiled up at her with wide eyes. *“Chouchou is happy to see Mistress Fleur again as well! Would you like me to take your bag?”*

Fleur nodded and gently set down her suitcase. *“Thank you! I’ll be staying here for a week so please place it in my old room.”*

*“Chouchou will do this!”* The elf said excitedly. *“Chouchou will also let Lady Apolline and her guest know you are here!”*

Fleur’s smile faded, replaced by a confused frown. *“Mama is here?”*

Chouchou nodded quickly, bouncing on the balls of her feet. *“Lady Apolline and her guest arrived just yesterday! They haven’t left the Master Bedroom since then. Chouchou was told not to disturb them except to bring refreshments. Though Chouchou doesn’t mind! From the sounds they make, we will be having a new baby of House Delacour to take care of soon!”*

Fleur’s eyes widened at the elf’s implications, her head snapping towards the stairs that led upwards to the family wing. Her mother had brought a lover to the family villa, and by the sounds of it, has spent the last two days fucking him in the same bed she used to share with her father! Anger filled her veins once more and a snarl threatened to escape her lips.

*“No Chouchou.”* She found out. *“I shall greet Mama and her... guest myself.”*

The elf nodded and popped away with her suitcase. With a growl, Fleur stalked up the stairs, intent to give knowledge some sense into her mother. Perhaps even maim her stupid new boy-toy.

As she approached the master bedroom, noises of elation echoed out from behind the wooden fixture. Prudish outside the door, Fleur listened closer, her curiosity getting the better of her.

“Oui! Baise-moi comme ça, belle bête! Oh putain oui!” Her mother’s muffled voice sounded.

Fleur gaped at her audacity. The foolish woman hadn’t even bother to engage the silencing ward built around the master bedroom specifically designed to combat the loud noises a Veela can make during sex. By the sounds of it, however, her mother wasn’t having sex. Her mother was getting *fucked*.

Heavy sounds of skin slapping against skin mixed in with her mother’s whorish wails of passion. Even from here, Fleur could feel her mother’s allure pouring out, magic writhing in time with the Veela’s body. Heat pooled down to her core and she idly rubbed her thighs together to alleviate the growing tingle.

With a gasp Fleur realized she was growing increasingly wet from the sounds of her mother’s cunt getting ravaged. Shame coursed through her veins. She mentally chastised her lack of control. What kind of daughter became horny at the sound of her own mother getting fucked?

‘Perhaps I wouldn’t if I were getting fucked as well.’ She grumbled in her mind.

Her earlier anger seemingly cooled somewhat, Fleur let her curiously take over. She reached forward and slowly turned the handle. It turned easily and she had to stop herself from scoffing. First no silencing ward and now her mother even refused to lock the door? Apolline Delacour was growing lax.

No matter, it would simply be another thing to chastise the woman about. She pushed the door open just a crack, wanting to see just what sort of imbecile her mother had brought home. The first thing that hit her was the smell. The deep musky scent of sex attacked her senses. Fleur quickly stamped down her magic as it tried to react hungrily to the lewd smell. Thankfully, it obeyed but it was a near thing. Already her body was prickled with goosebumps and her pussy was slick with arousal. Releasing a shaky breath, Fleur pressed her face close to the crack in the door and peered inside.

The first thing she saw was her mother on her back with her legs spread wide and her head hanging off the end of the bed. Her blonde hair was dangling down in a golden mess. Her eyes were clenched closed and mouth open wide as she moaned out in slutty streams of profanity. Giant breasts heaved with each gasp, the large globes of flesh rippling as her body was jostled back and forth. Fleur turned her gaze to the source of the jostling, gasping slightly at what she saw.

‘At least she has good taste in boy-toys.’ Fleur admitted. She eyed the toned muscle of the man’s body as he, quite brutally if she was being honest, fucked her mother. He didn’t have a bulky build, more akin to the lithe frame of a

healthy quidditch player. Yet he still obviously had enough power to brutally pound her mother's pussy.

Unconsciously, Fleur's hand began to snake down to the heat between her legs as she watched the stranger ravage her mother. A small moan escaped her lips when her fingers pushed themselves under her waistband and pressed into her throbbing clit.

She shouldn't be doing this. She was supposed to confront her mother about her whorish ways and nothing else, not peep in on the show and touch herself! Yet as the man dipped down and suckled on her mother's tit, Fleur's cunt pulse delightfully in quivering excitement and all rational thought left her mind.

Fleur begin to tease her clit in small circles, biting her lip tightly to smother her moans. She watch on as the stranger devoured her mother's tits, suckling on her nipple as his hips hammered forward with fast deep thrusts. Apolline curled her hands into her lover's black hair, pressing him closer into her chest as she whimpered in passion.

Fleur too whimpered as she kneaded her clit faster, her thighs clamping down around her hand as a pleasure she hadn't felt in sometime coursed through her cunt. The pounding of the mystery man's hips grew more intense and so too did her mother's moans. Fleur's mind was conflicted as her own pleasure was mounting. Part of her was still angry that she would dare betray her father and lay with a man in a bed she used to share with him. Yet another part was jealous that her mother had found someone who could give her such pleasure. The woman had a happy marriage and had her turn when it came to an active sex life. Her father had only passed three years ago after all! So then why should Apolline Delacour get to have another partner

who could please her so? Who could fuck her into a moaning mess for two days straight? Yet Fleur got to be left by the wayside, her needs forgotten by her selfish husband, slowly going mad from neglect?

It wasn't fair.

Her pussy clenched around her fingers as she pushed them into her sopping wet hole. The jealousy was somehow feeding into her arousal, her body responding in kind and trembling with barely held back lust. Her end was close as ashamed as she was to admit it.

Apolline's was too if her increased moans were any indication. Wet sloppy sounds grew louder as the older Veelas cunt eagerly milked the stranger's thrusting cock.

"N'arrête pas mon amour! Je suis sur le point de jouir!" She cried. The younger man grunted in response, his hands grasping her mother's wide hips tightly as his hips hammered forward even faster. Fleur's fingers started to move faster as well, pushing deep into her pussy as wet juices poured down her thighs. Without warning, the younger Veela's cunt clamped down and she felt the first orgasm in month's course through her body. Suddenly, Apolline threw her head back and let out an ear-piercing scream.

"ARRRRYYYY!" She cried.

Fleur gasped at the man's name. The stranger too threw his head back and she was finally given a good look of Harry Potter's face as he groaned deeply and released inside her mother's cunt. Fleur couldn't stop the spasms that wracked her body as she continued to cum. Her eyes were wide in disbelief, and her mind fuzzy with arousal and confusion, as

she watched one of her close friends seed her mother's womb.

"Mmm~" Her mother purred as she came down from her orgasm. "You fill ma chatte zo good 'Arry... My womb 'as never been zo full."

Fleur watched as Harry smirked down with his trademark grin as he pulled free from the older Veela's cunt. Her eyes widened as she got her first full look at his impressively large cock. Bill's didn't even have half the meat between his legs that Harry did and Fleur found herself licking her lips hungrily.

Her mother moaned as he pulled free, reaching down once he was free to scoop up the cum that began to leak from her depths. She watched with shock as the elder witch brought there glob of white spunk to her lips and greedy sucked it off her fingers. Apolline whimpered in satisfaction as she swirled the cum around her tongue.

"I shall never grow tired of your taste!" Her mother laughed.

Harry chuckled before reaching down to flick at the woman's clit. "And I'll never get tired of your perfect cunt."

Apolline squealed in delight as she batted his hand away playfully. Harry responded by diving forward and tickle her mother's sides. The older Veela laughed girlishly, trying to pull away from his dastardly hands. The two wrestled around in a pile of limbs and laughter for a moment. Fleur almost left at the sight, both in jealousy and at the confusion she felt watching her mother and Harry act like a lovey dovey school couple after having just fucked like wild animals.



“C'est ça!” Her mother laughed, spinning two of them around till she was straddling Harry's waist. “Homme bestial! To zink I was going to let you fuck moi derrière!”

Her mother suddenly gasped as Harry's cock hardened underneath her.

“Oh! Someone likes zat idea~” She purred. Sitting up, Apolline trapped his large cock between her folds and began to lightly grind on it. “So insatiable! Luckily you 'ave such a slutty Veela to take care of you, oui?”

“Fuck yes.” Harry hissed as he grasped her shapely ass.

Apolline leaned down to kiss him heatedly. Reaching down, the older Veela raised her ass up and positioned his thick cock as her soaking entrance. Cum still dripped from her folds as Harry's purple head poked at her well-fucked hole. Without warning, her mother slammed herself down on his cock, bouncing harshly upon it right out the gate.

“Oui!” Apolline gasped. Her shapely rear was slamming down with mighty claps and her rippling ass cheeks slapped together with every bounce. Harry groaned out and buried his head in her mother's chest. Apolline whimpered in approval, thrusting her breasts deeper into his face. Harry's hand didn't stay idle, roughing molesting her mother's ass cheeks. He spread the soft flesh apart, revealing the older Veela's puckered back door. He didn't stop there, his fingers snaking up to tease her mother's crinkled asshole. Fleur wasn't very surprised when Harry pushed two digits into the woman's asshole, even less so when her mother cried out in loud approval at the anal intrusion.

What she was surprised at was how much the action turned her on. Her spent pussy clenched in need and Fleur

wasn't ashamed to admit by now that she desperately wanted to be in her mother's current position.

"Fuck! Apolline I'm gonna cum soon!" Harry gasped out.

"M-my face! Cum on mon face!" Apolline begged.

She suddenly halted above him, her mouth agape in a silent scream as her body began to shake in climax. Harry planted his feet under her and began to thrust upwards into her snatch. Her mother finally cried out as a gush of juices splashed out against his abdomen. Harry groaned from under her. Grasping her hips tightly, the younger man rolled them over and pulled out from her snatch. He quickly repositioned himself till he was nestled over her mother's chest and began to stroke himself furiously. Her mother opened her mouth wide in anticipation.

She didn't; have to wait long as Harry suddenly gasped and his cock pulse, releasing long spurts of cum all over her mother's face. Apolline moaned appreciatively as her face was painted by his hot spunk. She managed to catch some writhing her mouth, but most of his seed landed in long streaks across her porcelain features. Her mother suddenly leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the tip of his pulsing cock, sucking lewdly at the last droplets of cum that leaked out.

"Fuck!" Harry gasped as his orgasm ebbed away. Apolline hummed, bobbing her head lightly on his his cock head before pulling back and releasing it with a wet slurp.

"Oui." Apolline agreed. Licking at the corner of her mouth she lightly tapped Harry's thigh. "Come mon amour. As much as I love ze taste of your cum, I am not a fan of eet in my 'air. A shower is in order!"

Harry laughed as he rolled off of her and onto the floor. Apolline sneakily reached out and swatted at his bum. He shot her a playful glare before helping her mother to her feet.

Suddenly the pair were interrupted a small 'pop!'. Fleur panicked at the sight of Chouchou now standing in the room.

*"Dinner is ready my lady!"* She squeaked.

Apolline smiled politely at the small elf, uncaring of the cum still dripping down her face. *"Thank you Chouchou, please bring the food up to the room while we shower."*

*"Will you not be eating dinner with Mistress Fleur then my lady?"* The small elf asked.

Her mother's gaze widened. *"Fleur is here!?!"*

Chouchou nodded. *"Yes my lady! She has been outside the door for the last half hour waiting for you and Monsieur Potter to finish making babies!"*

Apolline's gaze snapped to the door. Fleur quickly backed away in hopes of escaping before being caught. Yet without warning, the door was suddenly yanked open by an unseen force. Fleur jumped back and snapped her gaze upwards. Standing in front of her, she was met with a very irate Apolline Delacour.

She couldn't help but think that the woman's glare would be a bit more formidable she weren't completely nude with cum covering her face.

## Author's Note

First chapter down, second chapter coming soon!

Thanks for reading!