

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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Daughter Dearest - FINALE

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Harry barely had any time to comprehend his current situation before he was suddenly thrown onto a pristine white couch nestled in the villa living room. A weight landed upon his lap as a set of soft lips captured his in a searing kiss. A melodic laugh sounded from somewhere to his left as another weight settled onto the cushion beside him.

"It seems ma petite fille is more pent up than I thought!" Apolline laughed, lightly rubbing his arm as Fleur devoured his lips.

Harry could only hum against Fleur's lips in response, his mind too clouded to properly form anything coherent. The feeling of her soft body pressed against his would be enough for any man to lose himself to lust, adding in the sensation of her tongue thrashing inside his mouth and her wet slit grinding onto his hard cock was just sending every nerve into overdrive.

Thankfully Harry had a great deal of experience in dealing with horny Veelas.

Pressing the kiss deeper, she reached around and gave the younger blonde's ass a generous squeeze. Fleur moaned in response, her hips rocking back and forth causing her slick cunt to ground itself harder into his cock.

He broke the kiss with a sharp gasp as her cunt rubbed against his sensitive cock head. Fleur too mewled happily as her clit was experiencing the most pleasure it had felt in a long time.

Not wanting to remain idle, Harry dove forward and began to lavish one of her round breasts, immediately using all the tricks he used on her mother. Fleur responded positively, clutching onto the back of his head with a tight grasp as he nipped teasingly on one of her hardened nipples. She definitely got her love for having her tits sucked from Apolline.

A pair of lips descended onto Harry's neck out of nowhere, sucking lightly on his pulsepoint in a way that drove him wild.

“Arry if I wanted to watch you suck on une paire de seins, I would ‘ave let you suckle on mien.” Apolline purred into his ear. “Fuck ma fille~”

Fleur seemed to agree with her, raising her hips up and giving him ready access to her sopping wet cunt. Harry hastily positioned the head of his cock at her dripping entrance. Fleur stared down at it with anxious eyes, biting her lip in anticipation. Yet she seemed hesitant, as if a part of her was seemingly afraid of taking that next step that would truly end her marriage.

Apolline let out a ‘tsk’ from beside him and stood quickly, walking around to rest her hands gently on Fleur's waist.

*“It's time my flower. Take what it is you want.”* She murmured into the younger Veela's ear.

With that, Apolline dug her fingers into her daughter's soft flesh and slammed her hips down upon Harry's cock. Fleur let out an ear piercing scream of pleasure as her

neglected pussy clenched around him in orgasm. Harry grunted from the trembling tightness of her inner walls. Apolline was impossibly tight as well, her magic keeping her body exceptionally perfect in every way, something that Fleur's magic also did as well. Yet Fleur's pussy was still very different when compared to her mother's, as if the years without sex forced her magic to make her body all the more appealing. He didn't know for sure, the deeper machinations of magic were not something he claimed to understand, regardless he had no problems reaping the benefits.

As Fleur quivered atop him still in the throws of climax, Harry gripped tightly onto her thick thighs and began to thrust up into her tight snatch. Fleur's gasping moans morphed into whorish wails as her pussy was liberally stretched. The pounding slaps of flesh meeting flesh mixed well with the lewds noises of her mouth and creating a symphony of lust. It was music to his ears, driving his hips to work faster, slamming his thick cock and destroying her slick insides.

Fleur screamed once, twice, three times in climax, cumming again and again around his hammering length. The couch below them was soaked through with her juices and the sloppy wet sounds of her cunt soon joined their orchestra of sex.

"Mmm, zis sight will never get old to me." Apolline smirked.

In the time since slamming Fleur onto his cock, the older Veela had moved back into her place at Harry's side, marveling at the way her lover used her daughter's body. Apolline had long described how much she loved watching him dominate other women, and it seemed that extended to fucking her daughter as well. The sheer lewdness of the situation made Harry's cock twitch in delight as he abused Fleur's poor cunt.

"Mon amour~" Apolline whined into his ear. "Won't you lie down so I may use

your mouth?”

Harry nodded quickly, not daring to deny such a hot request. Grasping Fleur’s hips a little tighter, he swung his legs over onto the couch and shuffled himself into a prone position. Apolline giggled excitedly as she maneuvered herself around as well, straddling his face with her thick thighs resting on either side of his head. She quickly lowered her dripping slit down and Harry met it with an eager tongue, feasting on her cunt with gusto.

Apolline whimpered approvingly as he devoured her pussy. Simple oral wasn’t always her favorite, the woman much preferring he add a finger or two, or even a toy, to the mix as he ate her out. Yet she enjoyed his skillful tongue regardless, rocking her hips in tandem with each lick and smearing his cheeks with her juices.

Fleur hadn’t remained idle. As he no longer had the leverage to pound her senselessly, the blonde witch picked up the slack and was now bouncing vigorously onto his member. His moans were muffled by the soft set of thighs on top of his head, sending delightful little tingles up Apolline’s clit and causing the older woman to moan along with her daughter.

Harry was struck with another surge of arousal at the taboo of the situation. He could only imagine how the two women felt about the situation, but judging by how neither had fled and were instead happily taking pleasure from his body, Harry could assume they felt a small amount of thrill from it as well.

Deciding to test this theory, Harry reached up and held onto the small of Apolline’s back, giving it a jarring push. At the same time, he jerked his hips up and knocked Fleur forward in one movement.

The two women fell forward with twin gasps of surprise. Their surprise turned into shock as their lips met suddenly in the middle with their equally mighty breasts squishing together.

Apolline's mind short-circuited for a moment, barely able to comprehend that she was effectively kissing her own daughter. She numbly considered jerking back and chastising Harry for such a perverted move, but her body couldn't move. Her thoughts from earlier faintly rose to the surface, drowning out any outcries of protest. She had no qualms about watching or even touching herself to her daughter having sex, so what harm would light petting do?

She knew it was wrong but her Veela blood cared not. So why should she? Her lust clouded mind agreed with her readily.

Fleur gasped in surprise when she started to actively kiss her daughter, her lips still with shock as hers were just moments ago. Apolline took this chance to forcefully shove her tongue forward and bury it into the younger Veela's mouth. She feared for a moment that perhaps she had overstepped and Fleur would soon jerk away in disgust. Yet a timely thrust of Harry's cock seemed to be enough to tip Fleur's mind over the edge. She felt a happy trill shoot down her spine as her daughter began to kiss her back, wrestling against the older woman's tongue with her own.

Harry smirked against Apolline's pussy as he heard the lewd sounds of a mother and daughter passionately snogging on top of him. Fleur's hips began to move once more, this time with an almost animalistic urgency. Apolline too was rocking her hips all the more quicker, desperately trying to gain as much pleasure as she could from his writhing tongue.

He could tell from experience that Apolline was close, Fleur too if her shaking hips were any indication. Another devilish idea came to Harry at that moment. Reaching up once again, he quickly found Apolline's hand resting upon her thigh. He snatched the still appendage and shoved it forward between Fleur's legs. The younger blonde cried out against her mother's lips as the Veela milf's finger latched onto her swollen clit.

Apolline too, moaned in delight. She didn't disappoint as she immediately began to rub her daughter's clit, eagerly drawing Fleur's climax closer and closer.

Harry continued to devour the older woman's cunt, ignoring the slight ache in his jaw as he used all his skill and experience to trigger her orgasm. His efforts were soon paid off as, at the same time, both Apolline and Fleur stilled above him and screamed out in twin moans of ecstasy.

He continued to lavish Apolline's shaking clit even as Fleur's cunt tightened impossibly around him. With a shuddering groan into the older woman's cunt, Harry released himself deep into the blonde bombshell's pussy. Fleur continued to gasp out in passion as she rode the waves of orgasm, enhanced by the feeling of Harry's hot cum drowning her womb and filling it to the brim. Her own mother was in much the same position, her face screwed up in ecstasy as her hips jerked, smearing her womanly juices over Harry's face.

Shakily, Fleur pulled off of him first, falling back onto the couch with a relieved sigh. She rubbed her thighs together contently as Harry's white seed began to flow from her ruined hole.

Apolline was next to fall, slumping forward and surprising him by lazily taking his spent cock into her mouth. Harry let out a moan as her expert tongue began to clean

him free of her own daughter's juices. His cock rapidly reinflated from the taboo act causing the older Veela to moan in excitement.

"So insatiable toi l'homme délectable!" Apolline murmured against his cock, taking him back down her throat with one long slurp.

Above him, Harry had a great view of her still dripping pussy and a particular winking hole just above it. His cock twitched inside the french witch's mouth as he remembered her promise from last night.

With a strength and speed which only belied that of an experienced duelist, Harry hefted the older blonde up and repositioned himself until he was kneeling behind her bent over form with his cock nestled between her extremely full ass cheeks. Apolline squealed in delight at the new position change, pushing her ass back firmly against his cock in an enticing manner. Harry responded by teasingly rubbing her folds with the tip of his length, eliciting a whimper of need from her lips.

"S'il te plaît 'Arry, fais de ma chatte la tienne!" She cried.

Harry smirked and leaned down close to her ear.

"As you wish." He growled.

It all happened in an instant. One moment, his tip was poking at her entrance, ready to sink into her silky wet folds, and the next, Harry was whispering a wandless spell to lube and clean her asshole as he slammed his hard cock into her tight backdoor.

Apolline let out a scream of pain and pleasure as he roughly spilt her asshole open. Her pussy constricted in sudden climax, her inner walls desperately tightening around something that wasn't there. Nerves were set aflame as the surprise intrusion

gave way to shockwaves of mind-numbing pleasure and Apolline could do nothing as the strength left her body, falling forward face-first between her own daughter's legs.

Fleur was staring back wide-eyed as Harry began to brutally fuck her mother's ass. Her brain didn't know what to think as Apolline gripped her thighs with a herculean grip, whimpering with each of his thrusts into her forbidden hole. Never had she witnessed something so perverse and yet so arousing at the same time.

Oh she knew of anal of course, had even experimented on her own asshole with some toys in her teenage years. Yet it always seemed to her as some sacred act, one that required trust, preparation, and patience. The way Harry was taking her mother's ass? There was nothing patient about it. He had simply slammed into her without any warning, ruthlessly pounding her poor mother's backdoor without so much of a how-do-you-do! Yet, where she expected anger or outrage from her mother, she was greeted with delighted squeals of elation as her lover hammered into her with animalistic instinct.

Fleur was slightly ashamed at how much that simple fact turned her on.

Bill had certainly never taken her that way. Even when their sex-life was somewhat satisfying in the way that it actually existed, Bill had never shown such dominance in the bedroom.

'Just another thing to add to my growing disappointment of him' Fleur thought bitterly.

Her angry musings were cut off when a particularly hard thrust from Harry caused her mother to nuzzle deeper into her for support. Fleur gasped in shock and pleasure as her mother's face accidentally brushed against her clit, causing the younger witch's hips to jerk with surprise.



“Seems someone feel’s left out.” Harry chuckled from above them. Fleur blushed as she looked up into his burning gaze as he nonchalantly buggered her mother. “Why don’t you help her out love?”

She looked at him confused at first until suddenly her mother began to move between her legs. Fleur had but a moment to realize what exactly her meant before Apolline threw her head forward and began to attack her daughter’s cunt.

Fleur seized with pleasure as the older witch licked and suckled on her sensitive nub. Flashes of confusion and protest were drowned out by inferno’s of ecstasy. Her mind couldn’t handle the fact that her own mother was eating her out, so it refused to even acknowledge it. Instead Fleur spasmed in climax as her brain instead focused on the intense stimulation it was receiving from the older witch’s expert tongue.

Harry watched in fascination as Fleur threaded her fingers through her mother’s long blonde hair, panting out loud moans as his cum was licked clean from her folds. Apolline had surprised him by the speed of which she obeyed his request. Either her mind was too clouded by pleasure to fully realize what she was doing, or, even dirtier he thought, the older Veela was turned on by the forbidden acts just as much as he was.

Either way, it proved to be an extremely stimulating sight, as the pressure in his cock was building faster and faster the longer he watched the mother on daughter scene. Grasping Apolline’s jiggling ass in a tight grip, Harry thrust his hips forward as hard as he could, trying to both reach his own climax, but to also see Apolline scream into her own daughter’s cunt as she came from the anal assault.

Apolline seemed to agree to his plan, moaning whorishly as she slurped on Fleur’s wet folds. The younger which nearly sobbed in delight when two thin fingers

pressed into her cunt, raking against her inner walls while Apolline's tongue sloppily lavished her clit.

The sight proved too much to Harry, as he slammed forward and released his hot seed into the older witch's bowels with a shuddering moan. Apolline gasped from the feeling of hot cum splashing against her anal walls, her own pussy clenching in sudden climax. She cut off her own squeal of pleasure by clamping her lips down onto Fleur's cunt, trying desperately to ground herself from her sudden anal-gasm.

Fleur too fell moments later, as her mother's fingers curled inside her and the woman's mouth suckled harshly on her clit. Her face burned in embarrassment when her hips jerked and the younger Veela squirted a spray of cum onto her own mother's face. Yet Apolline seemed pleased by this outcome, sighing contently as her tongue lazily lapped up her daughter's juices.

The three lay there in matching states of recovery. Pants filled the room as each worked to satisfy their burning lungs and calm their racing hearts.

"Well!" Apolline finally said, slowly sitting up on shaky thighs. She grimaced from the sticky feeling of Harry's cum leaking from her ass. "I believe eet is time for a shower non?" She asked, turning to Harry.

Harry nodded, still too winded to respond verbally.

"Parfaite! Fleur you may join us when you are ready!" She smiled down at her daughter, before suddenly switching to french. "*I believe you have a letter to send to the family solicitor first though!*"

Fleur could only sigh as she stretched her shaky legs. There would be much to speak about after this week was done, but first, her mother was right. She had a letter to

send.

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Bill Weasley grunted tiredly as he stumbled his way to the kitchen. 2:00 pm was far too early to wake up after a hardworking night of drinking at the leaky cauldron. Still, money didn't grow on trees and he had to see if his drunken bet on the Harpies last night bore any fruit.

With a louder than necessary groan, he bent down by the door and picked up the mail, eagerly tearing open the morning edition of the Daily Prophet and throwing away all the other junk, like bills and letters from family on the top.

Yet in his stupor to see his failed gamble, Bill didn't notice the thick envelop on top of the pile, nor the contents within.

### **Ministry of Magic Civil Court of Matrimonial Affairs and Relations**

#### **PETITION FOR DIVORCE**

**Fleur Delacour (née Weasley) v. William Weasley**

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*2 Months Later*

Apolline happily sipped on a well mixed martini courtesy of Chouchou as she read the read over the judges final decision. As of today, her daughter was officially free from the boorish Weasley man. Though the process was quick compared to other separations in their world, William had tried to put up a fight, claiming he was owed alimony and all sorts of other financial compensation. Thankfully the judge had seen right through his ruse once the subject of his gambling addiction was brought up.

Neither he nor Fleur would have to pay any sort of alimony, though he daughter

was obviously the more happy of the two over that. Regardless, it was done and her sweet girl was a free woman.

A loud moan from the other side of the table brought her attention back to said daughter, as she was currently bent over the dining room table while being savagely fucked from behind by their shared lover. She smirked as Harry groaned from his own orgasm, filling her daughter's womb up with a healthy dose of cum.

Apolline smirked. Fleur may be a free woman now, but she had certainly been fucking like it for the past couple months. With the amount of loads Harry has dumped into her daughters pussy, Chouchou's prediction about new babies in the family may soon come true.

Well if that was the case, the Apolline better show some appreciation for the future father of her grandchildren she thought. Without a word she stood and made her way around the table. Harry barely batted an eye when she sunk to her knees and pulled his cock free from Fleur's used cunt. He simply hummed in pleasure as Apolline expertly began to suck his glistening cock.

Suddenly, a loud bang from the entrance hall echoed throughout the house, followed by a loud, "GUESS WHOZE 'ERE!"

Apolline's eyes widened in recognition at the loud voice, but before she could pull her mouth free from Harry's cock, Gabrielle suddenly skipped into the kitchen.

*"Mama! Why didn't you tell me Fleur was getting a- OH!"* Her youngest daughter exclaimed.

Gabrielle stared in shock as she took in the sight of her sister comatose on the table with rivets of cum leaking from her cunt, and her mother on her knee's with the

hero of the wizarding world's cock down her throat.

“Zo... what did I miss?” Gabrielle asked slowly.

Apolline could only sigh as Harry's cock twitxhed excitedly in her mouth.

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Author's Note

The end... (Maybe mwahaha) Hope you all enjoyed this little short story and be sure to let me know what you all think of the final chapter!

Thanks for reading!