

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 #3: Where It All Began

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The door to the small dimly lit bar swung open with a barely audible creak. The dozen or so patrons nursing drinks paid the newcomer no mind at first. The regulars were too used to newcomers wandering in and out of their favorite watering hole, and the newcomers much too focused on enjoying the soothing ambiance set by the jazz band playing in the corner. Yet the new patron to enter would not go unnoticed for long.

One by one, eyes began to turn and widen in awe of her beauty. Like a trance their breaths were captured and minds enthralled by the goddess before them. Long blonde hair cascaded down her back like a golden river. Her skin like flawless alabaster and eyes that shone brighter than the Hope Diamond. Even the skillful musicians paused their song to admire her.

The ethereal beauty barely regarded them all with a lazy glance. Her pouty pink lips set in a disinterested frown. She let out a sigh that echoed in the masses ears like a melodic serenade, before turning from them all and sitting elegantly upon a bar stool.

“Excusez-moi?” She spoke lightly to the stunned barkeep, a young man of barely 20.

“May I ‘ave a drink, veuillez?”

The young man snapped out of his reverie at her words, hastily adjusting his glasses as an excuse to cast one last quick glance at her generous cleavage peeking out from her form fitting dusty blue dress.

The blonde bombshell paid his wandering eyes no mind, too used to lust filled glances to care. Instead she listed off a quick order for something strong and leaned tiredly against the relatively clean counter.

The exchange seemed to shake everyone else out of their trance. Slowly music began to play again and quiet conversations filled the air once more, albeit with most topics centering around the divine woman.

The bartender returned to her a few minutes later, handing her a round glass filled with a light brown liquor, his hands shaky.

“Merci.” She said quietly, taking the drink with a small smile that brought a blush to the young man’s face.

She ignored his stammered reply, taking a small sip of burning liquid and heaving a sigh of enjoyment. She’d make sure to leave the boy a nice tip, spiced rum was her favorite after all.

A low chuckle from her left made the woman jump in surprise. She turned with haste to chastise the imbecile who scared her so, yet the words died on her lips. Instantly she recognized the black haired man two seats down, even if the scar was now faded and hidden by his messy locks.

“Don’t be too hard on Liam. He just started last week so he’s not very good with serving beautiful women yet, much less a Veela.” He breathed with a small laugh.

Harry Potter turned to her with a lopsided smile, one arm leaning on the bar while the other held a glass of whiskey.

“Worry not, I do not ‘old ze stares against zem. Most cannot fight my natural allure, much less a muggle.” She explained after taking a moment to collect herself.

Harry gave a small nod as he took a sip of his drink. “And what brings you to a muggle bar in the first place Madame Delacour? Especially one here in Britain.”

“Apolline please.” She hummed as she too took a sip of her drink. “Anonymity I suppose. Ze Delacour name is too well known in France for me to have, as you say, a night on ze town. As for my choice in establishments? Well my palette ‘as always preferred muggle drinks over magique.” She took another sip. “What about you? Surely ze ‘Arry Potter ‘as better options zan zis place non?”

Harry snorted. “The same I suppose. Hard to have a drink and relax when everyone is looking at you like Merlin come again. Here though? Well most muggles don’t give a damn about Harry bloody Potter. It’s refreshing.”

Apolline let out a bright laugh and stood. Heels clacked as she moved to take the seat next to the emerald eyed man. She turned to him as she sat, raising her glass towards him.

“Well zen, to ‘iding away from prying eyes.” She proclaimed with a bright smile.

Harry smiled back, clinking his glass against hers before they both tilted their heads back and downed their respective liquors.

“Can I buy you another Apolline?” He asked after the burning sensation settled.

Apolline laughed. “So forward! Oui, if anyone were to tonight I suppose I’d prefer it to be you.”

Harry laughed as well, turning to hide the small blush creeping up his neck, he waved the bartender over. The young man, Liam as Harry had called him earlier, began to pour their drinks with a hurried pace, eyes glancing towards Apolline and her sizable chest every now and again.

“You know, ladies tend to tip more when you don’t ogle their breasts Liam.” Harry commented.

The bartender jumped at being caught, before stammering out an apology. Apolline waved him off and accepted her drink, allowing the young man to dash away in embarrassment.

“I zought you said to go easy on ‘im non?” Apolline said mirthfully.

Harry rubbed the back of his head with a laugh. “Yeah, well. He was getting a little too brave there. Kid’s gotta learn how to treat his customers appropriately, right?”

“Voire, zough I doubt ‘e will be ze last silly boy to stare at mes seins tonight.” Apolline replied.

“Well to be fair, I can’t exactly blame them.” Harry murmured into his glass.

Apolline arched her brow. “Oh? I ‘ad no idea ‘Arry Potter was such a leacher.”

Harry choked on his drink, whiskey spilling out onto his shirt as he coughed into his arm.

“Wha- No no! I mean I can see why they would- not that I would-” He croaked.

Apolline cut him off with a soft laugh. “I am just teasing you ‘Arry! Do not be so tense! If eet ‘elps, I would be flattered if you took a peek every now and zen. In fact-” She leaned forward, squeezing her arms into the sides of her breasts to push them out further. “-you may peek now if you wish. I would love to know if zey look magnifique in zis dress.”

Harry's eyes betrayed him quickly, glancing down to look at the large swell of cleavage on display. Apolline didn't know what stirred her to do such a thing. It was true she had spent the last few months toying with the idea of taking a lover, whether for a single night of fun or something more... recurring, she had never really acted on it.

Even on the rare nights she was desperate and lonely enough to go out and search for a new beau, much like tonight, she had not done anything so... brazen.

Maybe it was the familiarity with Harry. Though she had only met him once a few years ago at Fleur's wedding, she had heard much about the mysterious Chosen One through her two daughters.

Maybe it was just the ease of which she was able to talk to him. Or even the soothing presence she felt around him. Coming out tonight, she had felt as she always did.

Nervous, ashamed, and embarrassed.

Nervous because she was not a young woman anymore, Veela or not. She forgot what it was like to flirt with strangers years ago.

Ashamed because, despite him being gone for years now, Apolline still deeply loved her husband, and though she had yet to sleep with anyone just yet, even considering it still felt like betraying Jean.

Her embarrassment was a mix of the two former emotions. Embarrassed because she dared to stoop so low, prowling bars and clubs for a quick fuck like some common floozy. She was Apolline Delacour! Kings and Queens alike would be lucky to even spend a few moments with her!

And yet, with Harry, she felt none of that at all. In just a few short minutes, she felt more enjoyment conversing with him than she had with even some of her longtime friends. It was as if that smoldering ember of life was re-sparked within her.

So when Harry's eyes dipped down to gaze at her chest, Apolline felt the first burn of arousal she's had in a very long time pulse through her womanhood.

"That dress doesn't do them justice. I'd much rather see how they look with nothing on at all." He spoke slowly at first, as if he were unsure of if he should speak the words at all. Yet though he said them with a blush, his eyes rose up to meet her's with a fiery look of challenge.

A smirk slowly spread across her features. Perhaps her search was now over.

Just as she was about to respond and express her want to go somewhere a little more comfortable, the band suddenly began to change their tune. What before had been a soft lilt of a blues instrumental, now shifted into a slightly faster and sensual beat of smooth jazz.

Across from her, Harry seemed to notice the change with a small smile. With that, a different approach formed in Apolline's mind. Harry would not be one to simply jump into bed with her, no matter how attractive he found her. No, he would have to be coaxed. It was a good thing then that she was a fantastic dancer.

"I love this song!" Not true, she had no clue what the song was, but it was perfect for what she had in mind. "Come, we must dance!"

Thankfully, Harry either seemed comfortable or buzzed enough to acquiesce her demand, allowing himself to be dragged away without a fight.

The bar had no true dance floor. Any music played was simply for ambiance rather than recreation. However, Apolline could still make it work. Choosing a decent sized blank stretch of floor, the older woman turned and pressed herself against her partner's body. Harry caught her effortlessly, allowing her to press her weight forward and lead them into flowy dance.

As far as dance partners went, Harry was perhaps a little too still, yet she more than made up for it. Her body flowed with silky movements in tune with the saxophone's low burrs. The high peaks from the trumpet allowed her to jaggedly press herself against his body without warning, giving him a generous feel of all her assets. Apolline couldn't fight the smirk that appeared when one such quick bump revealed the quite hard appendage within her impromptu date's trousers.

Within a few minutes, Harry was pressing back just as hard, pulling her close after each twirl and allowing his warm breath to cascade down her neck. She shivered from the feeling, goosebumps prickling her skin in excitement and it was perhaps that moment where she admitted perhaps she was a tiny bit tipsy as well.

Regardless, her desire was practically blazing, Allure reaching out to grasp possessively around the man before her.

Harry's lust was rising as well. She knew enough to know he could easily be fight off the effects of her Allure, even while slightly inebriated. The glassy eyes and short breaths that wracked his body were not an effect from her magic, but by the pure unbridled want he held for her. And fuck did that make her womanhood quiver in delight.

The song petered off. Apolline pulled her date close, her hands rubbing his chest while his own gripped her waist hard.

“I believe now is when I must ask if you’d ‘like to get out of ‘ere’ non?”

He didn’t say a word, instead he grasped her hand tight and hastily pulled her toward the door, stopping only long enough to haphazardly throw a few muggle bank notes on the bar counter.

She didn’t know where he was leading her, nor did she care. Her mind was buzzing with excitement. It had been far too long since she last did something so daring and yet her body cooed in approval. She blamed that feeling for why she giggled like a schoolgirl when Harry pushed her roughly against a brick wall and ascended upon her neck.

A moan escaped between the giggles as he nipped at her sensitive flesh. One leg rose up to wrap around his waist, allowing him to press into her even harder and grind his straining erection into her mound.

“Arry!” She gasped. “Mmm~ Not ‘ere sucré!”

He growled into her neck pulling back enough to dive down and capture her lips.

Apolline moaned into his mouth, pushing her tongue against his in a sloppy kiss.

He finally pulled away with one last bit to her bottom lip. She had but a moment to collect herself before he grasped her hand once more and the world swirled around her.

The familiar squeezing sensation of apparition wracked her nerves before ending a moment later. She paid little attention to the sparsely decorated bedroom she found herself in now, choosing to pounce on her date instead.

Harry caught her with ease, hands gripping her thighs hard as their lips once more crashed together. Her world spun slightly as HARRY stepped back and fell upon the bed.

She felt their bodies bounce onto the soft mattress and she quickly repositioned herself, straddling his body between her thick thighs. This kiss was even hungrier than the last,

desperate lips now paired with exploring hands. She clawed at his buttoned shirt, tearing at the buttons with a vengeance. His own hands ripped at her dress, groping her heavy breasts like he owned them.

'You do tonight~' She purred within her mind.

The offending cloth of his shirt finally tore open just as her dress was ripped down, freeing her large round breasts for him to feast upon.

Feast he did, eliciting a squeal of delight for her lips as he flipped them over and took one of her creamy pale nipples into his mouth. She moaned aloud, her pussy practically gushing in approval as he suckled and nipped the crinkled flesh. Her hips moved with a mind of their own, jerking against his in an effort to stimulate her needy cunt in any way possible.

Harry pulled back from her chest, one stiff nipple still trapped between his teeth before popping free. His hand reached down and roughly cupped her mound. Apolline let out a whine of need as he rubbed her panty clad pussy teasingly.

“Toi, homme diabolique! We will tease later, now is the time to ravish me!” She demanded.

Harry laughed and gave her cunt one last flick. “As you wish.”

She didn't know who made the first move or if either did at all. One moment they were staring at each other with an intense hunger and the next Apolline was on her hand and knees, dress torn off and knickers pulled aside as her new lover entered her from behind.

“Ouuuuuu!” She cried. “Maintenant, baise-moi comme l'animal que tu es!”

Harry did just that, grasping her hips tight and slamming into her with as much force as he could. Stars exploded across her vision as her body was being pounded for the first time in years. She tried to muster words to describe it, to scream for all to hear just how much she loved how he fucked her.

“HNGGG!” She grunted, her pussy clenching in sudden climax from just a few moments of fucking. Truly she wasn’t THAT pent up was she?!

Climax or not, Harry paid no mind to her trembling womanhood. With a swat to her ass, he palmed her jiggling cheeks and hammered into her even faster. Apolline grunted with each thrust, her body alight with pleasure.

Part of her mind couldn’t help but compare him to her late husband in bed. Sex with Jean was of course extremely satisfying. After 20 years of marriage she certainly had no complaints. And while she would never say sex with Harry was better or worse, even Apolline could admit she liked this approach.

Where Jean had been sensual and loving, Harry was rough and hard. They were not making love as a husband and wife did, as her and Jean did, no. Harry was well and truly fucking her. Her body was simply a tool for his pleasure as his was hers. There was no love or tenderness between them and that amounted to a simple desire to take what they wanted from the other.

As her body crashed into another wall of orgasm, Apolline couldn’t help but think how effective this method was.

“Fuck! How are you so fucking tight?!” Harry cursed above her through clenched teeth.

Apolline could only moan in response, pushing her hips back to meet his with wet meaty slaps.

She felt as his hand reached forward and threaded through her hair. Confused at first, the Veela witch was content with simply letting him do as he pleased while pounding her sopping wet cunt. Suddenly, that hand in her hair tightened its grip and yanked backward. She cried out in pain and surprise as her body was pulled up, her back slamming into his chest and his cock driven even deeper into her pussy.

The hand in her hair wrapped around her front, hugging her body to his while his other came around to roughly paw at her tits.

“Don’t think I’ve forgotten about these.” He whispered into her ear, squeezing one roughly with his hips pitched forward.

Apolline whimpered as his cock was grinded into her, squelching within her pussy with loud wet sounds. In that moment she couldn’t find it in herself to care about the earlier pain, she simply wanted the pleasure to keep going.

“F-faster...” She gasped.

Harry’s hand released her breast and began to slither downward.

“What was that?”

She moaned as his fingers found her swollen clit and began to massage it.

“Faster! Please!”

His hips slammed forward without warning. Though the position they were in did not allow for much movement, what it did allow was done with incredibly quick and hard thrusts. Apolline wailed with shaky breaths as both her pussy and clit was ravaged by her new lover. His fingers moved in time with his thrusts, sending sharp jolts of pleasure up her spine.

If it wasn't for his arm that supported her, Apolline would have collapsed forward in a boneless heap within the first few seconds. Every sensation was bordering on overstimulation, her body twitching and shaking as it couldn't decide whether it was in heaven or hell.

It seemed to decide on both as she suddenly stiffened once more. With a ragged cry, Apolline came hard around her partner's cock.

Harry didn't last much longer. Grunting into her ear, she felt his cock twitch inside her as a large hot load of cum was pumped into her womb. Oh how she missed that feeling. She allowed him to hold her there for a few moments, letting their orgasms settled. Yet she couldn't stay idle for long. Strength returning in waves thanks to her natural magic, Apolline pulled away from her lover, pushing him back onto the bed as she leaned down and engulfed his spent cock between her lips.

Harry groaned aloud as she began to suck him back to stiffness. His hips moved of their own accord, plunging his cock deeper into her mouth. Apolline let out a moan of approval, her jaw working even faster to swallow his thick member.

"Merlin you're incredible!" He gasped.

Apolline pulled off him with a wet slurp, moving to straddle his waist.

"I could say ze same!" She smirked.

Raising her hips up, she slammed herself down and impaled her pussy with his cock once more. They both let out loud moans of pleasure as Apolline began to slowly rock herself up and down.

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Apolline woke the next morning with pleasure coursing through her cunt. Her sleep-addled mind barely had time to recall the previous night before her world exploded with ecstasy as she came.

Above her, Harry thrust into her savagely, gripping her thighs tightly. She whimpered in pleasure, clawing at his chest in an effort to ground herself from the sudden orgasm. “Mon dieu! Z-zis is ze p-perfect way to wake up.” She cried.

Harry’s only response was to slam into her with a grunt, filling her pussy with his seed for the umpteenth time.

He sagged atop her with a sigh, his cock still twitching inside her. “Well I had to make it up to you for last night.”

Apolline laughed. ‘Make it up to her’ as if he hadn’t fucked her from one glorious orgasm to another straight through the early hours of the morning. It only ended when both were far too tired to go on, Veela magic or no. Though that didn’t stop Apolline from sucking one last load from his spent cock with her mouth before finally succumbing to sleep.

Perhaps that is what he was mentioning?

“Oh non ‘Arry! Zat I did because I wanted to... like I do now~” She purred.

Pushing him off, she quickly dove down and began to clean their juices from his cock once more. It entertained her how quickly he would harden again each time she did this. Harry moaned as she worked his cock with her mouth, threading his fingers through her hair as he did so.

“Fuck I wish we could do this every night!”

Apolline hummed, releasing his cock from her lips and replacing it with her hand.

“And why can we not?” She asked, leaning down to lap at his balls.

Harry looked down at her in confusion, though with a twitch of pleasure every now and then.

“I assumed this was just um- you know- a one night stand kind of thing?”

Apolline laughed. “Eet does not ‘ave to be. Do not misunderstand ‘Arry, I do not wish for anozzer husband, but that does not mean I wish to lose out on your magnifique cock.

We will simply keep zings, ‘ow you say, casual non?”

“I think I can get behind that, yeah.” He groaned.

Apolline smirked as she moved to ride him once more. She definitely made the night choice.

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Author’s Note

The (official) end! Sad to see this one end but it was super fun to write. I hope to do a few more short stories like this. Perhaps between posting updates for my longer fics.

Hope you all enjoyed!

Thanks for reading!