

## **I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus**

Victoire Weasley's eyes suddenly fluttered open as she heard a bang from downstairs. She lay there for a moment, trying to get her bearings until she realized that it could potentially be a burglar. Unfortunately, there were often robberies on Christmas Eve. Most houses were packed with gifts and made for tempting targets. With her two-year-old brother sleeping in the room next door, Victoire couldn't just go back to sleep. She needed to make sure that the house was safe.

Silently getting out of bed, she pulled her silk robe over her nude body and grabbed her wand from the side table. Slipping out of her room, she quietly made her way down the stairs, even avoiding the stair that squeaked. The closer she got, the more rustling she heard. Taking a quick peek around the corner, she saw a figure hunched over by the tree, stuffing packages underneath it. She couldn't tell who it was since she could only see him from behind, but whoever he was, he was dressed just like good ole Saint Nick.

"My, my ... What do we 'ave 'ere?" Victoire suddenly heard the voice of her mother as she exited the kitchen. Pressing herself closer to the wall, she made sure to not lean out too far while she spied on whatever was going on.

"Oh ho ho! I'm just out here spreading Christmas cheer, Mrs. Weasley," Santa said, standing up to face her mother. Victoire swallowed hard when she saw what her mother was wearing. It was the skimpiest nightie that she had ever seen. If the bottom was only an inch shorter, she would be able to see everything that her mother had to offer. Her big breasts were spilling out of the top creating a massive amount of cleavage. Even though her mother was nearing forty, she still looked like a blonde bombshell. It even annoyed her sometimes that all the boys paid attention to her mother whenever they went out shopping.

"Is that so?" her mother said seductively, dragging her finger down Santa's chest. "That is very kind of you, Santa," she smiled sexily as she purred. "Per'aps a reward is in order."

Victoire saw her mother pull off Santa's hat and beard in a single go. Her eyes nearly bugged out when she discovered that Santa was really Harry Potter! The same Harry Potter that Victoire had spent the last two years trying to seduce. Once she reached a proper age, her mother explained about her Veela heritage. As it turned out, Veela were not good at being monogamous. They were sexual creatures and couldn't control their urges at times, especially if they were around a man of quality. In Victoire's opinion, Harry was a man of the highest quality, so it shouldn't have been a shock that her mother would be fooling around with him. Even so, she found it hard to believe when her mother wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down for a kiss.

A kiss might have not been the right word for it. It was as though she were trying to swallow his tongue. She had never seen a kiss so passionate. She could hear her mother's moans as Harry sucked on her pink tongue while his hands moved down her back and cupped her fat ass. Victoire watched his hands clench shut, squeezing her ass in the process. Suddenly, her mother

broke the kiss. "I do not 'ave cookies, but I 'ave plenty of milk," she smirked and pulled his head down so that his face was mashed right into her covered chest. Harry's hands gripped the top of her nightie, and he pulled. Her big tits burst free of their prison, bouncing around as they escaped. Fleur wasted no time stuffing her nipple into his open mouth. His lips immediately clamped down on it, and he began sucking.

Victoire shuddered and rubbed her thighs together as she watched Harry drinking the milk straight from her mother's breast. What she wouldn't give to be in her mother's place right then, she thought as Harry tugged her nightie the rest of the way down, exposing Fleur's gorgeous body. Harry then let go of her nipple and switched to the other one. She noticed the recently freed nipple was glistening wet and as hard as a rock. Reaching into her robe, Victoire felt her own nipple. It too was rock-hard and felt incredible as she softly played with it.

Fleur was desperate for more skin-to-skin contact. As Harry drank greedily from her tit, she was pulling and tugging on his clothes until his top half was equally naked. Pulling her nipple from his mouth, she dropped down to her knees right in front of him and tugged his velvety, red pants down past his knees. Victoire held back a gasp as a monstrously large cock sprang out and hit her mother's cheek. Her hand quickly snapped up and grabbed the large tube of man meat. On instinct, Fleur's hand began to move back and forth, stroking him to full hardness.

Victoire couldn't take her eyes off his manhood. It was the biggest she had ever seen by a mile. Instantly, her pussy was completely soaked, so much so that beads of arousal were dripping down the insides of her thighs. She could feel the beads rolling down past her knees and over her shapely calves. Her pussy was throbbing wildly, and she could barely keep herself from going over there and joining in. She couldn't, however, keep her hand from opening her robe and exposing her nude body to the cool night air. Her hand moved down her belly and between her legs. She could feel the burning heat radiating from her overheated genitals. Her finger dragged back and forth through her slit, becoming wet and slick in the process. When she moved it up to the little, hardened bead and rubbed, she bit down on her hand to avoid squealing as she nearly came on the spot. Pressing harder on the little nub, she began moving her fingers in a circle which made her body tremble. Around the corner, her mother was rubbing her face against his naked crotch. Her mouth broke into a smile when his cock was draped over her. Her tongue escaped her mouth, and she began licking and slathering the underside of his cock with her saliva. Unable to help herself, she pressed her face into his sack and started sucking on his dangling balls. Harry's fingers threaded through her long, silk locks, and Victoire quietly moaned when his hand clenched and he suddenly had a fistful of her hair. Harry pressed the tip of his cock against her mother's lips, and he slowly thrust forward.

Inch after inch slid down her throat until finally, her mother gagged. Her mother looked up pathetically at him just as he started fucking her mouth. Victoire watched open-mouthed as gacking and gagging sounds came from her mother as Harry thrust his hips back and forth. Slobber coated his cock as her mother's face turned pink then red. Harry then shoved it all the way in and held it there for a minute. Only when her mother started panicking did he pull out. She gasped and sucked in a deep breath as Harry stepped out of his pants completely. Harry

then pulled her up and moved her closer to the tree. Putting her down on her hands and knees, he pushed her until she fell forward into the pile of presents. Fleur squeaked as Harry lifted her ass and slapped her wet pussy with his beater bat-sized cock. Victoire loved the perverse sound of his cock slapping against soft, wet skin. Fleur looked over her shoulder just as Harry pushed in. Her eyes fluttered and her mouth hung open as her pussy stretched around him.

“ ‘Arry!” she moaned. “I ‘ave missed your cock,” she told him. Victoire concluded that she and Harry had their little flings during the times when her father was not around. This Christmas he was in Egypt, managing a new dig site for the Goblins. He wouldn’t be home until several weeks after New Year. Surprisingly, Victoire wasn’t mad at all about her father being betrayed. Perhaps it was her Veela heritage, but the whole ordeal seemed reasonable. The only thing that wasn’t reasonable was that her pussy wasn’t the one being stuffed right then.

Harry moaned deeply as he drove all the way in. Seeing that he wasn’t paying attention, Victoire peeked her head out just a bit more to get a better view. What she saw was her mother’s cheeks being spread wide as Harry pistoned in and out of her tight pussy. Her lips clung tightly to his slick shaft, not wanting to let go every time he pulled back. Every time he pushed forward, Fleur squealed as her pussy squelched loudly. Faster and faster his hips moved until he was sculpting the shape of her pussy. She could see Fleur’s asshole puckering every time her pussy was fully stuffed. Victoire shoved two fingers up her sloppy wet cunt and curled them. Knowing exactly how she liked it, it wasn’t long before she was breathing raggedly and nearing an orgasm. The sounds of boxes falling made her look back to the rutting pair. Her mother’s head was violently shoved forward with every powerful thrust. Wrapped presents were being pushed around and knocked over as she was being bred right there underneath the Christmas tree. Victoire’s mouth went dry when Harry pulled out and girl cum literally dripped from his long, thick shaft. The entire thing was streaked in white cream. Fleur had creamed his cock. Her mother’s gaping pussy was also smeared with white as she flipped over and crawled like the useless whore that she was over to his cock. Before Victoire could blink, her mother was licking the cream from his cock until it was shiny and clean.

Not done with her by a long shot, Harry laid her on her back and grabbed her by the backs of her knees. Pushing her knees forward until they were parallel with her body, Harry dipped his head and pressed his face against her glistening pussy. Victoire shuddered when she saw him deeply inhale the scent of Fleur’s wet pussy. When he leaned down and licked her from asshole to clit, Fleur arched her back and presented her perfectly round tits. It wasn’t long until Harry was slurping the wetness straight from her sensitive pussy. Unable to control herself any longer, Victoire shrugged off the robe that she had been wearing and strolled over to him without a thought or a care in the world. As he was bent over eating her mother’s pussy, Victoire reached between his legs from behind and grabbed his fat shaft. Harry quickly turned his head and looked at her with wide eyes. Her hand stroked him while she smiled sexily at him and pressed her bare tits against his back.

“Vicky?” he asked, confused.

“Victoire?! Go to your room!” Fleur squealed as her back arched and her toes curled. Harry’s thumb was still rubbing circles over her hard and throbbing clit.

“No!” she childishly said. She was in her final year at Hogwarts and wanted to be treated like a woman. “You said that I am a Veela, so I’ll act like a Veela,” she said confidently and stuck her head between Harry’s legs. She rolled onto her back and lifted her head. His balls were immediately taken into her mouth. Harry groaned as she sucked on them while massaging them with her talented tongue.

Fleur couldn’t say much about it. It was true that Veela had fire in their blood. They were creatures of passion and wouldn’t be stopped if they had a mate in mind. She instantly put it from her mind when a pair of warm lips encircled her hard clit. Her lovely eyes fluttered as she squirted on Harry’s face. All she could do was wonder where exactly the night would take them.