

Veela Tradition

Part 1

AN- for this story assume that Rose and Victoire are the same age.

Rose and Victoire Weasley looked at each other and blushed deeply. Both of the young ladies sat in their shared bedroom while getting ready for the big night ahead of them. Rose took a second to watch her cousin.

She often found herself jealous of her cousin Victoire's stunning good looks. At seventeen, she looked like a supermodel. She wasn't so different from her mother or aunt. Being slightly taller than average, she was slim with delicate curves that the boys in school drooled over. Her hair was blonde with just a dash of the silveriness that was so common amongst Veela. Her porcelain skin was smooth and blemish-free and incredibly smooth to the touch.

Victoire studied her cousin as well. She thought that Rose was a very pretty girl. She had lovely auburn hair that was somewhere in between the two colors of her parents. She was a few inches shorter than Victoire but also curvier as well. Victoire wasn't ashamed to say that she was jealous of the girl's curves and bust size. Her tits were nearly twice as big as hers! It was one of the few things that she was self-conscious about. Rose had gorgeous tits. She would know. She had seen them many times before. She could imagine that they would easily spill out of a man's hand when he groped and played with them. Even though Rose wouldn't admit it, Victoire knew that she liked to show them off. She wore shirts that exposed a little too much cleavage, and sometimes she even shook her chest slightly when boys talked to her, which made her tits jiggle. Victoire just rolled her eyes at her cousin's antics. Rose's skin color was pretty much the same pale shade as her mother's. She watched as Rose reached behind and unclipped her bra. As her bra dropped down, she pulled it off of her arms and freed her plump breasts. Rose had never been shy around her when it came to nudity. She wasn't either, to be honest.

"Do you think that I should keep the bra off? Will he prefer that?" Rose asked as she cupped her large tits and hefted them up. She removed her hand and let them drop back down, making them bounce and jiggle.

Victoire thought about it for a second before she too removed her shirt. Taking off her bra, she tossed it onto the floor of her room which she often used as a laundry hamper. She began gently caressing her small but perky breasts. Just thinking about what would be happening that night was making her nipples crinkle. "Let's both go without. I think he will like it," she replied to her cousin. Rose giggled and nodded.

"What about panties?" Rose then asked, standing up and sliding the normal, everyday cotton panties that she had been wearing off of her creamy, smooth legs. She stepped out of them and

kicked her foot out, sending them flying to the other side of the room. Victoire did the same as her cousin. Her panties joined her bra, and both girls stood there completely naked.

Victoire's eyes settled on Rose's bald mound. There wasn't a hair to be seen. Looking down, she too was completely smooth. Her mother had told both of the girls to make sure and remove all of the hair down there. He liked his pussies to be nice and smooth.

Their mothers, Hermione and Fleur had left their husbands years ago. The girls had never gotten a complete explanation, but they knew enough. A few years after they had been born, their fathers, Ron and Bill, and their Uncle George had gone out drinking. George already had a problem with drinking since his twin brother had been killed, and it was no surprise that Ron and Bill liked to have a rowdy time at the pubs.

One night, things got out of hand. Someone named Draco Malfoy had been out drinking at the same pub that they were in. As the night went on, and they all got drunker and drunker, the insults started flying, and soon after, so did the curses.

Even though they didn't know the specifics, they knew the end result. Malfoy was dead and all three Weasley males were arrested. Because it had been so soon after the war, sentences were very harsh, and they were quickly sentenced to life in prison. Obviously, the family was devastated. After that, everyone kind of just went their own ways. Eventually, their mothers divorced their fathers so that they could move on and have their own lives. They moved in with Harry Potter and didn't speak to the rest of the Weasley's very much.

They didn't know how long it took, but eventually, the two women had developed a relationship with him. All of this seemed normal to them because they had lived with it their entire lives. Harry treated them both wonderfully. He tried to help the Weasleys when they needed it and even used his influence to eventually have their fathers and George moved to a low-security prison. He even put gold in their accounts so that they could buy stuff from the prison commissary.

They had never looked at him as a father figure, but more as a really good friend. He made sure to let their mothers be the parents, and he just let them come to him when they needed anything. Needless to say, both of them developed crushes on the handsome, older man. That was why when Fleur explained about Veela tradition, and how she needed to be "guided" into womanhood by an experienced, older male, she instantly chose Harry.

Having already known about her crush, Fleur chuckled and gave her consent. Rose became insanely jealous and practically demanded the same treatment. After more than one argument with her mother, Hermione finally relented as well. The girls decided to go at it together for moral support, and because they were both nervous.

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Their hearts were pounding in their chests as they knocked on his bedroom door. Their mothers had made themselves scarce for the night. When the door opened, both girls gasped out loud. Standing before them was a completely nude Harry Potter. Their eyes drifted downward, and they stared at the monstrous cock that was sticking out straight and hard. Both of them gulped as they studied the beast.

“Come in ladies,” Harry said in his deep voice. Victoire shuddered as she entered the room. Her breath hitched as the door closed behind them. Strong hands suddenly encircled their bellies, and they were pulled close to him. With their backs resting against his chest, they felt his hands sliding up and down their silk-covered bellies and stopping just short of the covered breasts. “These are quite sexy. I’ll make sure to thank you properly for wearing them,” he teased them. They blushed heavily as they looked at each other. They had worn silk nighties to try and entice him further.

He walked them to the bed and let them crawl on. He stopped them when they were on all fours and side-by-side. “Let’s see what you girls are hiding underneath,” he said calmly as he flipped up the hems of their lingerie. Rose squeaked in embarrassment as her naked ass was exposed to a boy for the first time. Victoire wasn’t much better as she blushed fiercely.

Harry smiled at the sight of their naked asses. Pale and plump, he couldn’t stop his hands from reaching out and squeezing their fat cheeks. He could feel their bodies quivering underneath his hands. The scent of their fresh pussies was starting to get to him, and he wouldn’t be able to hold back much longer. Kneeling down, he used his hands to pry open Victoire’s lovely cheeks and exposed her to him. Her little pussy was perfect in his opinion. Pale, plump lips were pressed together tightly while her light pink inner lips barely poked out from between them. His eyes drifted up to her asshole. It was only a shade or two darker than the rest of her beautiful skin and was puckering as his warm breath washed over it.

Victoire nearly passed out from embarrassment when he said, “You have such a pretty, little asshole.”

Squeaking loudly, her body jumped when she felt his tongue press against her naughty hole. Rose watched with wide eyes as her cousin’s eyes fluttered, and she let out a pleased moan. Her own pussy was tingling so badly, and she could feel beads of arousal dripping down the inside of her thighs. She couldn’t wait for her turn.

Harry wiggled his tongue around her hole while his fingers touched her hard clit for the first time. Hearing her moan, he smiled into her ass and started massaging her hard nub. She opened her legs a bit, giving him more room and letting him know that she enjoyed the treatment that he was giving her. Within moments his fingers were soaked as she dripped all over him. Back and forth his fingers flicked over her clit, making her back arch and toes curl.

“C’mere, love,” Harry suddenly said, slapping Rose on the ass. She squeaked and quickly scooted up to him. He grabbed her hand and placed it on Victoire’s mound. “Rub her clit while I

make our little Victoire a woman,” he teased. Rose blushed madly but started diddling her clit nonetheless.

“Rose!” Victoire squealed loudly as she hid her face against the bed. She was hushed up by the feeling of Harry rubbing the tip of his cock against her wet slit. When Rose started rolling her clit between her fingers, Victoire moaned loudly into the bed. She suddenly gasped when she felt her lips spread open. It wasn’t like the small dildos that she and Rose used. Rather, it was like trying to stuff a Beater’s bat in your ear. It just didn’t feel like it was going to fit. However, she kept stretching as her body did its best to accommodate his massive size. When his head finally popped in, she sighed in relief. That relief was short-lived, however, because just then he grabbed her hips and started to slowly push inside of her.

Rose shuddered as she watched Harry’s massive log stretch her tight, little hole open before he started thrusting his hips. She could see Victoire’s body quivering as the young woman squeaked in pleasure and pain. Doing her best to make her feel good, Rose pinched her hard clit and rapidly flicked her fingers back and forth over the damp nub. Victoire’s back arched as she began mewling in pleasure. Rose could feel the young Veela’s wetness dripping down onto her talented hand. As Harry pulled back, she could see that it wasn’t only her hand that was wet. His cock was glistening with her juices and a loud squelching sound erupted from her pussy as he pushed back in with a single thrust. When his hips collided with her ass, Victoire lifted her head up and let out a whorish moan. Her beautiful eyes were fluttering, and her gorgeous body was trembling. Looking to Harry, he smirked at her.

“It looks like she loves having her cervix hit,” he chuckled and explained. “Her aunt Gabrielle was the same way when I made her a woman.”

Both girls gasped and looked at him, blushing madly. It seemed that he had buried his cock in at least three different Delacour women. The naughtiness of the situation made Victoire start to cum. Hiding her face in the bed, she held her ass up high while whining pitifully and squeezing his cock with her tight pussy. Rose’s hand was becoming drenched as more and more of her fluid dribbled down. Harry was showing her no mercy. His hands tightly gripped her waist as his groin viciously collided with her ass. Rose could see her shapely cheeks rippling under his brutal assault. Screaming loudly, Victoire’s body began shaking before a spray of pussy juice squirted out from her and hit Harry on the belly. Droplets of her cum flew in every direction, some of which landed on Rose’s face.

A sudden tearing sound made Rose snap to attention. Harry tore Victoire’s silk nightie right down the middle of her back and threw away the destroyed material. Now completely nude, she continued to squirt as he leaned forward and grabbed her hanging tits. Rose was still massaging her hard clit as Harry pinched and tugged on her pink, crinkled nipples. Victoire started spasming violently before turning onto her side and curling up. Rose’s hand left her clit, but Harry kept his cock inside of her. Grabbing one leg, he threw it over his shoulder and thrust into her brutally. She watched as Harry grunted and started filling her cousin up. Not wanting to be left out, she scooted up to him and reached down, grabbing his bloated sack, she started

massaging it. She was rewarded when he pulled her in for a deep kiss. As he sucked on her tongue, his hand was busy sliding underneath her nightie and fondling her naked pussy.

When he finally pulled out, she thought that he would need some time to recharge, but the look he gave her said otherwise. Looking at her cousin's spasming body, she turned back to him and saw him stalking forward like a hungry lion. His cock was still rock hard and dripping with a combination of their cum. Wanting what her cousin got, she gulped and laid back on the bed. Opening her lovely legs, she offered a boy her virgin pussy for the first time.