

It was still early morning as Harry made the short walk from his flat to his shop in Saint-Tropez. He had a certain spring in his step that seemed to be ever present since Apolline arrived in his life. His displacement in both time and world couldn't have worked out better for him, in his humble opinion.

There were moments where he caught himself thinking of his friends and their fight against Voldemort, but those fleeting thoughts passed as quickly as they came. 'No use dwelling on the impossible.' And he couldn't honestly say that he would trade his new life for the strife of his old one even if it was a possibility.

Shaking those thoughts from his mind, he was nearing his shop as he passed the bakery on the corner. It smelled of fresh-baked bread, sweets and other treats. The delicious aroma was more than enough to have him turn his head. It was a momentary distraction, one that he had nearly every morning. The difference on this particular morning was that someone was coming around that same corner, from the other direction at the exact same time.

The young woman in question was shorter than he was, and smaller, and bounced off with a resounding 'thud' that sent her tumbling to the ground. But what was more, there was a horribly familiar sound, a distinct 'snap' that he remembered hearing once before on an ill-advised car journey in his second year.

Her face was obscured by her deep auburn hair, but he could make out her cursing all the same, "Oh bloody shitting hell... no... no... no...no!" Her panic was perfectly understandable. Reaching behind her, she pulled out a broken wand. It was snapped almost clean in two and was barely hanging together thanks to the core. It was only then that she looked up at him, and Harry was struck utterly speechless.

Of all the people in the world, Harry found it hard to believe that he'd just run into one of very few familiar faces. He'd seen her in dozens of pictures that he'd poured over hundreds of times. He knew every line of that face better than any other, from the sharp cheekbones to the bowed lips, but what stood out most was the emerald-green of her eyes, so very much like his own. And quite understandably, there was obvious anger in them as she glared up at him.

Though, it wasn't for the reason he imagined. Shooting up to her feet, she poked the splintered handle of her wand into his chest as she snarled, "Really, Potter?! Following me all the way to France?! Have I not made myself clear over the last seven years!?" Apparently, he looked as much like James in this world as he had in his own. But Lily wasn't done, "And to top it off you manage to break my wand! You miserable, bloody berk!"

He was still finding it hard to believe that she was even there, but wood digging into his chest was enough to snap him out of his stupor, "Right, sorry about that... but my name isn't Potter." 'Well at least not anymore.'

In her frustration, Lily hadn't taken the time to properly look at him, but that quickly changed. Her eyebrow furrowed in confusion as she looked him over. She stared at his face for a long time, probably noticing the small differences between James and him. It was the eyes that did it in the end, there was no denying that the unique shade of green was a far cry from her classmate's.

Removing the broken wand from his sternum, she didn't take a step back and she seemed to blush a little in embarrassment, "Right, sorry about that..." She unintentionally copied him, and it made him

laugh lightly, "my mistake... I'll just be off... gonna need to get this sorted." She made a gesture with her wand, gave an awkward smile, and made to walk past him.

Before she had a chance to get away, he called after her, "I think I can help with that, actually." That stopped her in her tracks, and she turned back to look at him as though she wasn't remotely convinced, "I'm Harry, by the way, Harry Peverell."

While he was growing a rather impressive reputation, it hadn't yet spread to England so it meant nothing to her, "Well, I would say it was nice running into you Harry, but I ended up with a broken wand because you seem to be firmer than a brick wall so..."

"Thanks... I think?" She wasn't the least bit embarrassed by what she'd said, and didn't backtrack for a second. He found himself smiling at her again, "But when I said I could help, I meant it." At her raised eyebrow, he finally explained as he should of from the get-go, "I'm a wandmaker and my shop is just down the road."

"O...I can see how that would be helpful."

Harry chuckled at that and gestured toward his shop, "If you just want to follow me?"

Lily thought for a moment, and he could understand why. He was a stranger, and she had no way of knowing for sure that he was telling the truth. It could just be a ruse. In the end, she decided to trust him, though not without a warning, "Fine, lead the way, but try anything funny and I'll kick you in the bollocks so hard that you'll be coughing up blood."

His eyebrows climbed toward his hairline in shock, but the look on her face told him she was dead serious. He gave a little shake of his head, imagining it was a threat that Sirius had heard, and maybe even suffered, hundreds of times in his life. 'Or she just does far worse with a wand.' Still, she had nothing to worry about, "I'll keep that in mind, but it really won't be necessary."

With that, he turned and led her the short walk to his store. He opened it with a key, and the lights turned on as he stepped inside. She followed him in and looked around the neatly organized little shop, "I didn't know that wand shops could be this clean."

"I'm pretty sure that Ollivander only keeps it that way for the aesthetic."

"So, you've been then?" It was a fair question, given the fact he had a distinctly English accent.

"When I was eleven. Same as you, I'm guessing." It wasn't something that any magical really forgot.

Harry walked behind the counter, and Lily moved to lean on the other side. She was looking at him, her mind clearly trying to work something out, "How old are you?"

"Nineteen... and yes, I know I'm young for a wandmaker." He heard that at least once a week.

"But you didn't go to Hogwarts... I'd remember." He was flattered at the implication. 'But then, she was regarded as the brightest witch of her day, so she's probably just confident because she really would remember.'

"No, you're right." Harry told her, "I was privately tutored." It was only half a lie, but he couldn't exactly tell her the truth without needing to tell a much longer story, "Now, do you mind if I see your wand?"

Placing it down on the counter without question, he picked it up and looked it over, "Willow... 10 ¼ inches... springy... unicorn tail hair core..." He glanced over at her, and found her watching him intently, "I'd wager you're rather skilled at charms?"

She gave a nod, "I'm meant to begin my mastery when I get back to England."

"On a little holiday before the madness begins then?"

"Something like that."

Carefully, as she watched, he extracted the unicorn hair from the wand. There was no salvaging the wood, but he had a blank of willow that would work as a perfect replacement, "This will take some time."

"I'm not in any hurry." He expected her to leave and find something else to do while he fixed the problem, but that clearly wasn't on her mind.

"Well, if that's the case might as well come back with me." The workshop was just behind the main shop.

"What, don't trust me out here on my lonesome?" She smirked at him, but there was a light in her eye, like she was excited at the idea of getting to see him work.

The truth was that he absolutely trusted her, even if he shouldn't, simply because of who another version of her was to him. Instead of explaining that, he shook his head in amusement, "Let's just say that I'd prefer the company."

He led her back to the workshop. While the front was filled with boxes of his completed works, the back was filled with blanks of wood and a veritable treasure trove of wand cores. There was a lathe set up on the table with a piece of birch already set up. Harry removed it and went to retrieve a hunk of willow.

"I gather it's not as simple as waving your own wand to create the new one?" Lily asked him from the doorway as she looked around at everything.

"No, can't use too much magic in the process. A lot of it is done by hand otherwise it can cause a volatile reaction. There are potions involved to stabilize and cure the wood as it goes through the process." He set the new piece of willow into the lathe and set it in motion with a wave of his wand. But there was something that gave him pause.

As Lily walked around the room, she ran her hand along some of the pieces of wood. There was one in particular that stopped her dead in her tracks, and her brow furrowed in confusion. Harry went and took a gander for himself. It was a block of holly, nearly white since it was untreated, "I'm guessing you felt something when you touched that one?"

Lily looked at him and gave a small nod, "Is that even possible?"

"Definitely, your first wand was willow, and it still suits you well. But you've grown as a person since you were eleven, so holly speaks to some part of you, too." He grabbed the block, and headed back over to the bench. He pulled up a seat so Lily could watch, and then he got to work.

The workshop was filled with the smell of sawdust as he cut away at the wood with every turn. The willow he worked down into the shaft of the wand, just under seven inches, and just as springy as the

original. He made the new handle from the holly, a comfortable grip of around three and a half inches. Then came the potions, infused into the wood.

The entire time, they talked. About everything and nothing. She was curious about each step along the way to crafting the wand, but it eventually turned into asking him about... him. He told her a bit more than he maybe ought to have, but he just couldn't help it. He learned a great deal about her too, that she was doing her Mastery under Flitwick, that she wanted to go into spell-crafting and perhaps spend time working for the Unspeakables. And then years down the road, she considered being a teacher.

He didn't know if Lily Potter had the same ambitions and dreams as Lily Evans, but he could imagine that she had the same passionate look in her eye when she talked about what she wanted in life.

It was as he was resetting the unicorn hair that he heard the bell of the door. That was odd because he'd never opened the shop. He'd been intending to work on crafting that afternoon anyway. 'Which means, it can only be one person.' Apolline was the only person who could walk into the workshop without permission, and she was always happy to take full advantage of it.

"Arry, I didn't think you would be in the workshop all morning." She was wearing a transparent sort of shawl over a bikini underneath. He knew that she intended to spend the morning getting some sun and had meant to join her for at least some of it. 'But things took a turn that I wasn't expecting.'

She sashayed over to him, completely unaware of their company, she leaned in and kissed against the side of his neck, "I wish you had come down, my love. I was thinking of you and... who is this?"

They always spoke to one another in French, and this was no different. Harry felt nervous for some odd reason. But then this was the closest he would ever get to introducing someone to his family, "Oh, this is Li..." he was smart enough to catch himself before he made a horrible mistake, "Just someone I ran into on the sidewalk, quite literally. It ended up with her wand broken and I only thought it right to fix it."

"Of course, you did." Apolline chuckled as she looked at the redhead with obvious interest, "She is beautiful, no? And those eyes... I thought you would be the only person I ever met with eyes like that."

While Lily had decided to visit France on vacation, she was far from fluent in the language if her curious expression was anything to go by, "What'd she say?"

"She's Apolline, and she was wondering who you are... and also might have mentioned she thinks you have lovely eyes."

Lily blushed scarlet at the compliment, her gaze flitted between the two of them, but she didn't back down from the attentions of the other woman, "Well, that's very nice of her... and I'm Lily, by the way, Lily Evans."

"Oh, she is English, too." Apolline took a step closer to her, and actually reached up to play with the ends of her auburn tresses, "I did not realize." Her English was heavily accented, but still good enough for anyone to understand.

"That's... uh... that's alright." Lily's had to look up from where she was seated to meet the blonde's eyes, otherwise her vision would've been filled with the impressive swell of her bosom.

Smiling, Apolline kept idly playing with her hair as she looked over to Harry's work, "Well, it looks like 'e is nearly done. I know from watching 'im in ze past that it will need to settle before it's finished. You should come to ze beach with me."

Lily bit her lower lip, unsure about the proposition, "I wouldn't want to leave my wand."

"She's right," Harry interjected, "As soon as I do this," He bound the shaft to the handle with a simple potion, one that would never loosen its hold, "All that's left to do is wait. And I can promise it'll be safe here without you."

Her lips parted with a reply, but she couldn't seem to think of what to say before she looked down at her dress. Harry tried not to give it much thought, but she looked fantastic. It was a simple sundress with a floral pattern on it that went just below her mid-thigh. It left most of her creamy, smooth legs on display, and hugged tight around the bodice to make it obvious that she had quite the impressive chest, "I... don't have a swim costume."

"You could always 'pop' back to wherever it is you're staying..." Harry told her.

But Apolline had other ideas, "Or you can come over to ze flat. I 'ave plenty you could wear, and it looks like we are about ze same size." When that didn't fully convince her, Apolline resorted to some rather dirty tactics. She stuck her lower lip out in a slight pout and her eyes became bigger than could possibly be natural, "Please, I would enjoy ze company." Vivienne was visiting her parents in Lyon and left them behind for the week.

As it turned out, Harry wasn't the only one who had a hard time denying Apolline when she turned those pleading, puppy-dog eyes on, "Y... yes, sure, sounds like fun."

His lover clapped her hands as she bounced on the balls of her feet, sending her gorgeous assets jiggling enticingly. As she turned her attention to him, she gripped his bicep and insisted, "You will join us, too."

"Demanding..." he teased her as he looked over Lily's wand, just to ensure there were no imperfections, "But yes, I'll join you. You two head over, and I'll catch up."

"Perfect." With that, she took the other woman's hand and led her out of the shop. Apart from him and Vivienne, he'd never seen Apolline so carefree with anyone. Given her heritage, and the way certain people viewed her, it was perfectly reasonable that she could be guarded. 'But not with me, and not with Lily.' Harry couldn't help but snort out a laugh at that. 'Must be genetic.'

Taking the new wand, he placed it on a marble stand where it would sit for the rest of the afternoon before it was ready for Lily that night. Making sure that everything was arranged in the shop, he set up a blank piece of oak for his next wand, sharpened his knives and noticed that he would need to do some brewing as he was running low on a few of his potions.

Since he had no intention of going into the sea, the pair of shorts he had on were perfectly fine for the beach. After locking both the workshop and the shop and throwing in an extra warding spell for good measure, if only because he wasn't risking Lily's wand, he started heading toward the beach. He knew the spot where he could expect to find her. It was the same place where they'd first made love for anyone to see, though only Vivienne had thanks to some nifty spell work.

A few short minutes later, he was walking along warm sand and could already see them laying out in the sun. They were talking quite animatedly, and as he drew nearer he could figure out why, "I always 'eard wonderful zings about your Professor Flitwick. Madame LeMarche spoke very highly of 'im. She said zey 'ad some rather 'eated tilts when zey dueled professionally."

He wasn't surprised to find the two of them commiserating over charms, they were both naturals at it, "He's brilliant, honestly." Lily gushed, "And I'll be getting some tutelage from Professor Gaunt as well." That was a name he'd never heard before.

As he got close enough to get a proper look at the pair, his mouth went dry. It was easy to recognize that Lily was a gorgeous witch, but the bikini she wore was making it completely obvious. It was white with some black polka dots, but it was hard to actually look at it considering how beautifully it displayed the rest of her body.

And what was more alluring about that fact was that she seemed to be entirely comfortable with herself. Vivienne was one of very few women he'd ever met who seemed unaffected by Apolline's obvious beauty, but Lily seemed to be just as exceptional. 'Not that I'm surprised.'

"Room for one more?" Harry asked as he drew nearer. His girlfriend scooted to the side, making space for him right in the middle. Pulling off his shirt first, because what was the point of coming down if he wasn't going to get some sun, he took the offered space.

He caught an appreciative glance downward from the redhead, and it sent a pleasant tingle down his spine that was probably best not to dwell on. Once he was settled, Apolline leaned against him, her hand going to his abs as she rested her chin on his chest so that she could look at Lily, too. It would've been perfectly reasonable to simply have him sit at her side, but he wasn't going to question her intentions.

So instead, he just picked up the conversation, "So... who is Professor Gaunt?"

"Oh," Lily's eyes lit up, "She's the Defense Professor at Hogwarts, has been for over a decade now."

Considering there was no Tom Riddle, it seemed there was also no curse on the Defense position either, "I take it she's good."

"Brilliant, nearly as brilliant as Professor Dumbledore. Probably as powerful, too." Now that really was quite the compliment because whatever else could be said of the headmaster, no one could deny his accomplishments. 'Can only think of one person from my own world who truly matches that description... even if he was a mad, murderous bastard.'

Apolline idly traced circles just below his navel as they chatted and soaked up the sun. The half-veela answered questions about her time at Beauxbatons, while Harry deftly, at least in his opinion, got around some rather pointed questions about his own past. Without meaning to, they drew closer together as they whispered amongst themselves.

"So, Lily is zere anyone special waiting for you back 'ome in England?" Apolline asked innocently. But there was something in her eye that gave Harry pause.

The redhead snorted out a laugh at that, "Merlin, no! I've been getting accosted by the same bloke since I was eleven years old, and I'm glad to finally be free of him. Especially since he still acts like he's eleven to boot." It made sense from everything Harry knew. James Potter, at least the one that was his

father, matured in the summer between his sixth and seventh year. Sirius had never said why exactly that happened, but he could imagine it had something to do with the growing threat of war. 'No war, no reason to grow up, no being appointed Head Boy, and no change of heart from Lily.'

"Then there's my old childhood friend, Severus." Harry's eyes bugged out at that. He had no idea that Lily had ever been friends with Snape, "He confessed his undying love for me at the end of last term, and then... well, let's just say that things didn't go well when I told him the feelings weren't mutual." 'Well, I guess that explains at least part of why he hated me so bloody much.'

"And zen you came to France to take your mind off all zat nonsense?" Apolline hit the nail on the head with that question if Lily's emphatic nod was any indication, "Well, don't worry zey sound like silly schoolboys. You will find somebody worthwhile soon, I'm sure."

Lily glanced between them, and there was a slight flush to her cheeks, "I certainly hope so..."

Apolline smiled against his chest, and he felt the caress of her allure as it bloomed around them. He looked down at her, and she was staring at Lily like she was delectable, in the same sort of way she looked at him that first day that they met, "Perhaps you already 'ave."

For the first time that day, Lily seemed genuinely caught off guard, "No... no, nothing like that... I... I'm not that sort of girl. I know you two our together."

"And?" Apolline cut her off as her hand slipped beneath the edge of his shorts, "Does it sound like I'm upset, Lily?" Her voice was low and husky, "Who said I only meant 'Arry anyway?"

The gorgeous redhead bit her lower lip, and her emerald gaze darted down to where Apolline's dainty hand took hold of his rapidly hardening member. The bodacious blonde had a way of breaking down your resolve and it seemed she was working that same magic on Lily, but still, she had her reservations, "It's a bit fast, isn't it?"

A rumbling laugh left Harry that was caught in his throat as Apolline gave him a firm squeeze. Appoline gave a melodious giggle as she explained, "It's funny, 'e said much ze same thing our first time together."

"Did that happen within hours of meeting each other, too?" It wasn't an accusation, just genuine curiosity.

"Less." It was said without a hint of shame, and really there was no need for it. Neither of them regretted one moment since, "I knew I wanted 'im. I'm veela and my magic sings around 'im." She leaned over him, draping half of her body across his and let her free hand graze against Lily's cheek, "And with you it's much the same. I look into your eyes and I feel it. And what's more... I know 'e feels it too."

Harry's heart hammered hard in his chest at the claim because there was more than a grain of truth to it. From the moment he ran into Lily, he recognized that she was a beautiful young woman. She was charming and intelligent and curious, and he felt a connection with her that should've been wrong on some level. But it was there, despite whatever misgivings he might have. In the end, this wasn't really his mother. 'She died decades ago in a life that this Lily Evans will never live.'

She moved closer to him, turning onto her side so she could look down into his eyes. Appoline's hand drifted down from her cheek to her slender neck, and she shivered at her touch. She looked between the two lovers and she bit her lip once more, "Is that true?"

Harry looked into her eye, and he couldn't find any good reason to lie, "Yes." She beamed at him and leaned down to press a kiss to his lips. It was soft and cautious at first, but there was an undeniable spark there, one that left it deepening as they let themselves embrace it.

Apolline giggled as she pulled on his cock, "It's definitely true," She pulled him out into the air as she worked a freshly leaked bead of precum into his crown, "You should feel the way he just throbbed, you would 'ave no doubts."

That was enough for Lily to pull away and look down to where Apolline steadily jerked his glistening length. She wiggled her thighs together at the sight, but she hesitated, "I... can I help with that?"

In answer, Apolline took hold of her slender hand and guided it down to his urgent erection. Harry groaned out in pure pleasure at the feeling of both of their hands on him. He reached around Lily and gave her perky bum a squeeze. His fingers slipped between her cheeks and brushed against her covered sex. He could feel the warmth of her arousal through the thin material. She turned pleading eyes up to him, and she whimpered.

Pulling the soaked material to the side, he sunk one finger into her greedy sex. It was velvet soft, tight, and scorching hot. There was a lewd squelch as he pushed his lone finger all the way to his last knuckle.

Not wanting to leave out his wonderful girlfriend for even a moment, his left hand dipped beneath her bikini bottoms, and he pushed two digits into her dripping heat. The moan that escaped her body was sinful as she wiggled her bum trying to increase that wonderful friction.

The two sexy young women were doing a wonderful job of working his shaft in perfect tandem. Lily seemed inexperienced, but she was watching Apolline's every move. 'And she's clearly a quick learner.'

His dome was leaking a practically continual line of precum as they pulled exquisite pleasure from his body. But that wasn't all that Apolline wanted, it was merely a small taste of the things to come. And she had no interest in waiting any longer.

Her teeth unexpectedly found the pebbled skin of his nipple and she gave it a light nip as she let go of his cock. Lily followed her lead, and watched as the young veela straddled him and slid her perfect pussy along the underside of his shaft. Pulling the cups of her bikini top to the side, she looked divine as she guided his weeping dome to her taut slit and sat herself down with a sexy little mewl.

But this wasn't just about her, and she had no intention of leaving their newest playmate out, "Zis is your first time, oui?" She asked the question as she came to sit with his cockhead nestled as deeply into her clutching sheath as it could go.

Lily hid her face against his side at that, adorably shy, and refused to answer. So, the only reasonable thing he could think of to spur her on was to stretch her cunt by adding another finger. It didn't stop her from hiding, but she panted as he prodded at her sex and gave a stilted nod of her head. Harry couldn't help it as he pulsed inside of his veela lover. She giggled adorably as she swiveled her hips, "Oh... 'e likes zat."

Apolline leaned down so that she could kiss her way along Lily's shoulder and to the crook of her neck, "Don't be embarrassed, 'Arry was my first, too. 'E'll make it wonderful. 'E will make you cum again and



again on his lips and zen 'is cock... you'll never forget it, mon amie." With that naughty thought firmly in her mind, Apolline pulled away and started lightly bouncing on his cock.

Lily was no longer hiding, instead she was looking at Apolline wide-eyed with her bowed lips parted. Her eyes darted to Harry and down to his lips, and he knew exactly what she was thinking. Lucky for her, he had every intention of making that thought reality. Grabbing her at the waist, he pulled the redhead up his body so that she was straddling his face as she squealed in surprise.

Hooking his fingers in the gusset of her bottoms, he pulled the soaked material to the side to reveal her tiny slit. Her pussy was a pink so deep that it was nearly red with a neatly trimmed triangle of deep auburn hair just above it. Her lips were puffy and swollen with need. There was a bead of her juices hanging enticingly from her lips and just begging to be swiped up. It was far too wonderful a treat to pass up.

Pulling her down to his mouth, he kissed her sex. Her taste was wonderful, clean and sweet, and he wanted every drop of it. His tongue parted her lips and delved into the clutching heat of her tiny tunnel. Her moan reverberated through her whole body, and he felt her arsecheeks twitch as her hand went down to brace herself on his abs.

Her muffled words reached her despite her thighs hugging his ear, "Oh...oh... wow!"

"I told you, no?" Apolline couldn't help but tease her.

Harry did his damndest to make it impossible for her to think, much less speak. He swiped and tickled and scraped his tongue along her sensitive walls. Her sounds of euphoria were music to his ears as he pushed her through one orgasm and then another.

And it only spurred Apolline. Her perfect sex gripped his cock as she bounced on him with a preternatural skill that belied her heritage. Her movements were perfect, fluid, not too fast, but not too slow.

He felt it then, hot breath at the base of his cock as Apolline sat herself down again and grinded her swollen clit down into his groin, "Zat's it, taste us," she cooed at their new lover.

A tongue darted out, licking at the airtight seal where her taut lips were hugging his impressive girth. Lily moaned at the taste of them together and her pussy squeezed down hard on his tongue as she came yet again. Then she found Apolline's oversensitive nub, and it made her come undone. The two young women twitched through their peaks as Harry somehow managed to hold on.

There was a lewd 'pop' as Apolline pulled herself from his cock. Lily was ravenous for them, licking at the base of his cock where he could feel a warm ring of his lover's creamy cum. She dragged her tongue all along his length, trying to get as much of that divine taste as she could.

But Harry needed more than that. He needed, more than anything, to stretch her... to fill her with his cock. Moving her was effortless, though she whined at her loss. He moved to his knees and pushed Lily down to her back. There was nothing on earth that could stop him from watching this. His base rested against her slit, his crown just below her belly button.

At some point, her tits had been freed of her bikini as it laid discarded on the beach a few feet away from them. They were just bigger than a handful and perky, sitting proudly on her chest even as she laid

on her back. Her nipples were nearly the same vibrant pink as her pussy lips, and small, no bigger than his pinky thumb. They begged to be sucked and from the look of them, Apolline had done just that.

He wasn't the only one who wanted to see it either. Apolline pressed into his side, her hard nipple, slick with spit just as Lily's, scraped against him. Taking hold of his cock, she slapped it down on Lily's stomach with a dull 'thwack'. She giggled as the redhead wiggled her hips needily. Leaning up to his ear, she whispered, "Look at how badly she wants it."

"I see," Harry couldn't believe it, but he could see it, "But I want her to tell me." They spoke in quiet French, but as he loomed over the curvy young woman, he switched back to English, "Tell me... what you want."

Lily bit her lower lip and then she pleaded, "Please... I want this... I want you. Please... put it in."

One dainty hand pushed back on his hips while the other angled his swollen glands down to her eager sex. Once he felt that wonderful heat, he couldn't help himself and steadily sunk his member into her core. Harry moaned as Lily's eyes rolled to the back of her head. There was no pain as he broke her barrier, and all the while Apolline was next to him beaming.

When his bollocks came to rest against her perky bum, she looked down in utter disbelief. When he flexed within her she whimpered needily before turning those beautiful emerald eyes up to look at him. She didn't need to say a word, he already knew exactly what she wanted.

Apolline dug her nails into his bum, and whispered hot and demanding into his ear, "Make love to her." That's exactly what he did. He didn't think that he'd have two miraculous experiences like this in his life, but here he was on the very same spot and doing it all over again.

The way they moved against each other was nothing short of graceful. There were no stilted movements, no awkward stutters, just the two of them, or three of them really, working in perfect unity.

Every time their hips met, another erotic moan or whimper or squeal escaped from Lily's parted lips. Her body flushed and her already flaming sex grew even hotter as she dug her nails into his abs and came for the first time on his cock. He wanted to see that as many times as he could before he was spent, and Apolline was happy to help him.

She knew just the right places to place herself. Her tongue on a nipple, her fingertips grazing Lily's clit, her lips at the hollow of a neck. They complimented each other perfectly, coaxing out sweet ecstasies from her body one after the other. The towel beneath them was wet with the evidence of each and every one of them.

His hands were on the curve of Lily's hips pulling her against him. Her slender digits were interlaced with his holding him there as the tightness of her depths slowly overwhelmed him. Every nerve in his body felt like it was alight with bliss. Bliss so poignant it nearly bordered on pain. And then he just couldn't hold on any longer.

She must've felt it, the way his cock pulsed inside of her. Her legs came up to hook around his lower back. Her emerald eyes were wild with lust, and it was clear that she wanted the very same thing that he did.

Thick white cum spurted from his cockhead into the deepest parts of her. He found himself draped atop her, hugging her close, so very close. He gave little thrusts as he spilled himself into her. Her walls twitched with every new batch of cum that escaped him, like she was trying to milk every drop from him. He felt nails scraping along his back as Apolline egged him on.

Finally, it ended. The two of them pressed together and sweaty on the warm beach. Pulling back, he kissed her on the lips and got a dopey grin in response.

His rod popped free of her sex as he sat back on his heels. A flow of white followed, pearlescent and thick, but was caught by a dainty finger before it could reach the ground. Apolline brought it to her lips and sucked it off. She turned to him with a naughty grin, "I zink we should keep 'er."

Before he had a chance to agree, Lily interjected, "Yes you should!"

Harry chuckled, and couldn't help but grin, "That settles that." There would be some difficulties, with her Mastery and living in England, but nothing that magic couldn't make easier.

They celebrated that agreement on a bed... repeatedly.