

The Masseur

Chapter 12

Gabrielle Delacour had just spent the day with Hermione doing “girl things” as Harry had put it. They started it off by going to brunch at a little cafe in Paris. Next, they did some shopping at several of the high-class stores situated in the city. To end it all off, they spent some time with Gabrielle’s mother, Apolline. All in all, it was a good day. Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. Hermione had to leave and finish some errands, so Gabrielle stayed at her mother’s for a little while. Finally decided that it was time to leave, she said her goodbyes and floo’ed home. As she placed her shopping bags down, she heard noises coming from her bedroom. Thinking maybe Hermione had come back early and decided to roll around the sheets with Harry, Gabrielle snuck up beside the door and peeked around the corner. What she saw wasn’t Hermione. It did involve Harry though.

Gabrielle’s sister, Fleur was spread out on her bed with her boyfriend giving her the go-around. One of Fleur’s perfect legs was spread wide, while the other was resting over Harry’s shoulder. The completely nude Veela in her bed was breathing heavily if the quickened rise and fall of her chest was any indication. Gabrielle had seen her sister naked plenty of times of course. Girls with Veela blood tended to be stunningly beautiful with perfect bodies, so self-consciousness wasn’t something that they suffered from. For some odd reason, Fleur looked even sexier now than she had ever remembered. Perhaps it was because she was in the throes of passion. Gabby watched as Fleur’s body trembled, and her lovely breasts jiggled as a result. Her eyes studied the way the light coming through the bedroom window refracted off of her glistening body. Fleur’s mouth was open in a never-ending cry of passion. Gabby couldn’t exactly see what Harry was doing to her, but she guessed that he was fingering her sister in such a way that Gabby particularly loved. Harry knew how to use his hands expertly. Hell, he made an entire career from it.

Fleur’s shuddering breath brought her out of her thoughts, and she looked over at the couple. Fleur’s cries were becoming more high-pitched, and her back began to arch as her toes curled. Her body shook harder making her wonderful breasts tremble. Gabby studied the perfect mounds. They were larger than her own, but Gabby didn’t mind. Harry absolutely loved her breasts and took every opportunity to touch them. Fleur’s breasts were the same milky-pale color as hers and capped with identical nipples of an identical light-pink. Other than size, they were a perfect match. In fact, she remembered Harry mentioning that her mother had the same breasts as well. That wasn’t so surprising. If all three of them were the same age, most would probably assume that they were triplets. Perhaps not identical, but close enough. Fleur’s babbling drew her attention.

“Oh, ‘Arry!” she moaned out in a near whisper. She could see Harry doing something, but couldn’t see what. She could hear the wetness of the action though.

“Should I stick it in, love?” he teased. Gabrielle then knew that he was rubbing his thick cock up and down the length of her dripping slit. He was probably using his fat cockhead to massage her wet, needy clit. Gabby could understand Fleur’s reaction. Harry had done that to her many times, extracting reactions much the same as her sister’s. Gabby continued to watch.

“Not yet, mon amour,” she groaned out sexily. “It is inappropriate for a married woman such as I,” she giggled, sliding her bare foot down his muscled chest and stomach to an area that Gabby couldn’t see. Hearing Harry gasp, she guessed that Fleur was using her foot to tease him. Gabby huffed. ‘That little hussy!’ she thought. Gabby was the one that told Fleur that Harry loved when she teased him with her feet.

“What are you looking at?” came a sudden voice right by her ear. Gabby held in a squeak but nearly jumped out of her shoes. Quickly turning around, she saw Hermione standing there looking at her. Her heart hammering in her chest, Gabby grabbed Hermione by the hand and pulled her aside so as to not interrupt her boyfriend.

“You scared the shit out of me!” she told her quietly, smacking her shoulder. Hermione giggled as Gabby held her rapidly rising and falling chest. The Veela was always a bit overdramatic.

“Sorry,” she apologized while smiling. “Now, will you please tell me what is going on?” she asked quietly.

“I was watching Harry and Fleur,” she admitted, blushing fiercely. Gabby and Hermione told each other nearly everything. Her bushy-haired girlfriend already knew that she had a bit of a voyeuristic kink.

“They’re having sex?” Hermione raised an eyebrow. She knew that Fleur was playing hard-to-get. Eventually, she would give it up though. Every girl gave it up to Harry in the end.

“Non, but they are fooling around. Come, let’s watch,” Gabby happily said while leading Hermione by the hand over to her former spot. Looking around the corner, both girls saw what was going on.

Fleur was on her back gasping with her arms raised above her head. The stretching motion did fantastic things to her breasts, Hermione decided. Hermione lightly gasped when she saw that Harry’s cock was sawing between Fleur’s dainty, little feet. Looking at Gabrielle, she could see the small Veela blushing. Smirking to herself, Hermione let her hand wander. First, it began with Gabby’s knee. Then slowly it rose up to her creamy inner thigh, just brushing the delicate skin with the tips of her fingers. Gabby was shivering in delight. Slowly her fingers rose until she brushed Gabby’s drenched panties. Pressing her chest against Gabby’s back, she whispered in her ear, “Pull your panties down.”

With shaking hands, Gabby somehow pulled her panties halfway down her smooth thighs. The gorgeous, young blonde let out a shaky breath when she felt her girlfriend’s hand slip up her

skirt and tickle her folds. As Hermione's thin fingers danced over her folds and clit, Gabby clamped her hand over her mouth. She didn't want to draw attention to herself. She continued to watch her boyfriend and sister. Fleur giggled as she pinned his cock against his stomach with the bottom of her foot. Slowly she used the bottom of her small toes to stroke the underside of his thick, veiny dick.

"Mmm, that feels really good," Harry groaned softly, his hand stroking her smooth calf muscle.

"I'm sure it does," Fleur giggled. She removed her foot and sat up. Fleur leaned forward and kissed the tip of his cock. His fingers threaded her long, blonde hair as her pink tongue slithered out and snaked around the head of his penis.

Gabrielle was watching while her pussy was being stimulated by Hermione's talented fingers. "You're such a naughty girl, aren't you?" Hermione teased her quietly. Her warm, pleasant breath washed over Gabby's face as her cheeks reddened. Gabby nodded.

"Yes, 'ermione. I am a naughty girl," she quietly moaned when Hermione pinched and pulled on her small, damp clit.

"I know you are. Spying on your boyfriend and sister like that," Hermione nipped at her slender neck. Hermione let her other hand slide up Gabrielle's belly and underneath her shirt. Gabby bit down on her hand gently as Hermione moved her bra out of the way and let her breasts spill out.

"What would they say if they had caught you?" Hermione continued to tease her. Her hand cupped one of Gabby's firm breasts, and she squeezed and massaged her soft tit.

"Maybe they would have invited you to join. Would you have joined in?" Hermione rolled her clit between her fingers. Gabrielle was shaking violently. She tried keeping her knees together to prevent such pleasure, but Hermione was an expert at coaxing it out of her. Gabby could feel the beads of arousal rolling down the insides of her creamy thighs.

"Yes," Gabby choked out a whisper as Hermione's fingers left her clit and slid further back. Gabby shuddered as two fingers slipped between her damp lips and began rubbing her g-spot.

"What if Harry had made you lick your sister? Would you have done it?" Hermione smirked as she licked Gabby's neck. Hermione could feel Gabrielle's pussy clamp onto her invading fingers. It seemed that Gabby didn't only have a voyeuristic kink. Maybe she had a bit of an incest kink as well. "Answer me, my love," Hermione breathed into her neck as her thumb found Gabby's clit.

The young Veela's eyes rolled into the back of her head. Her mouth was open in silent rapture as her pussy flooded Hermione's fingers. "Yes," she choked out.

“Keep watching your sister,” Hermione pinched Gabby’s clit, snapping her out of her orgasmic bliss. She turned back to her boyfriend and sister and continued to watch.

Fleur was looking up at her boyfriend with unbridled lust in her eyes as she deepthroated his magnificent cock. Bobbing her head back and forth, she was making gagging sounds as she took that long slab of meat down her throat. Her small hand was twisting and stroking the base of his sloppy pole as her other hand fondled his large testicles. “Here it comes, baby!” Harry grunted. Fleur pulled off of his big cock and held it up to her face. Closing her lovely eyes, she let Harry take over as he began stroking his large cock and aiming right for her. He grunted and hit her right in the face with spurt after spurt of warm cum. Fleur lewdly opened her mouth and received a large load. Greedily she swallowed it and opened her mouth for more as Harry stroked himself. As the seconds went on, he covered her beautiful face in his seed. Once they were done, Harry flipped her over and grabbed her wide hips. Fleur squealed in surprise but didn’t fight the manhandling. Harry placed a strong hand on her back and pushed down, making Fleur arch her back. Gabby could clearly see everything that Fleur had to offer. She could see the plump, hairless lips pressed tightly together between her smooth, flawless thighs. She could see her inner lips poking out from between her beautiful outer lips. She could even see her pale asshole puckering between slightly spread cheeks. Her sister looked like a sex goddess.

As her boyfriend leaned down and lewdly licked her sister’s asshole, Hermione began finger-fucking her as hard as she could. One of her hands was rubbing her g-spot and clit at the same time while the other was rolling her hard, crinkled nipple between her fingers. Gabby’s body was spasming and thrashing in Hermione’s grasp. Her pussy was pumping out lewd amounts of juices that were coating Hermione’s thrusting hand. Removing her hand from her breast, she lowered it down to her ass. Gabby’s eyes went wide when Hermione slid a finger inside of her asshole. Gabby was quietly choking out obscenities while being double-stuffed by her girlfriend’s fingers. She was shuddering and breathing deeply when Hermione leaned forward and captured her lips in a steamy kiss. Gabby happily returned the kiss, sliding her tongue over Hermione’s as their lips danced together. Both girls broke the kiss when Fleur began making lewd noises. Looking over, they saw her pussy dripping all over their bed.

Fleur bit down on the edge of the pillow as Harry’s fingers rubbed her g-spot while his tongue slithered against her tight asshole. Her hard nipples were rubbing against the cool sheets as she rolled her hips and desperately tried to fuck herself on his fingers. Her juices were running down the insides of her thighs as her walls fluttered around his invading digits. “ ‘Arry!” she squealed loudly, her toes curling as she sprayed her pussy juice all over his face. Like a champ, Harry kept licking Fleur all the way through her orgasm until finally, she collapsed forward, breathing heavily.

Around the corner, Gabrielle squealed into her hand as her pussy squirted juice all over the floor below her. Her small body trembled in unrestrained pleasure as Hermione continued to draw out her orgasm. Breathing heavily, Gabrielle squealed again a moment later when Hermione pulled her fingers from her pussy and asshole, making her cum again. Gabrielle and Hermione looked at one another and burst into quiet giggles as their boyfriend and Fleur made out on their bed.

