

Veela Christmas

Chapter 1

After spinning wildly in a swirl of color, Harry kicked his feet as the ground neared. He smiled to himself when he landed on his feet with only a slight stumble. Grabbing the handle of his suitcase, he picked it up and took in his surroundings.

The Portkey had dropped him about a hundred yards from the towering, wrought iron front gate to Delacour manor. It was much warmer here than it had been in England, and the smell of the sea wafted in the air.

Walking down the private road, gravel crunching under his feet, Harry approached the gate. Raising his wand, he licked his lips nervously and sent a Patronus streaking up to the sprawling, off-white manor.

Of course, he'd met his girlfriend's parents before. Apolline and Jean had been at Hogwarts for the Triwizard Tournament when they first started dating, but this was different. Now, they were engaged, and he'd be staying with them for the next two weeks.

A moment later, the gate creaked open, and Harry continued down the drive.

Still, nervousness aside, it felt great to get out of Britain. For the last six months, since he'd finally defeated Voldemort, things had been crazy. The press hounded him at every turn, even when he was working as an Auror. People thronged to him in Diagon Alley just to shake his hand and thank him. He'd even received dozens of marriage proposals, some including rather racy photos that Fleur was happy to incinerate.

Reaching the front door, Harry shook his head in an attempt to clear his thoughts. Raising his hand, he was about to knock when the door was yanked open, and he found himself staring at a pale, angelic face framed by silky blonde hair pulled back into a messy ponytail.

"Arry!" Fleur exclaimed, a beautiful smile on her face.

She rushed forward as fast as her tight red dress would allow and threw her arms around his neck. Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and held her tightly, luxuriating in the feel of her curvaceous body against his. Even though they'd only been apart for a couple of days, he'd missed her greatly, especially not being able to share a bed with her at night. He really hoped her parents didn't make them stay in separate rooms.

Kissing him lovingly, Fleur pulled back, her hands sliding down his arms until she held both of his hands in hers. As Harry gazed at her, he finally got a good look at the dress she was wearing. It was bright red with no shoulders, only short sleeves that ended in white tufts at her elbows. The thin fabric clung to her body, bulging out at her large, perky breasts and wide hips, then ended about an inch above the knee.

Harry smiled, thinking she looked like the sexiest Mrs. Clause he'd ever seen.

"New dress?" he asked.

"Oui," Fleur smiled.

Letting go of his hands, she spun around on the spot, her tall, matching red heels clicking on the hardwood floor. Giggling happily, she grabbed his hand and pulled him into the house. Closing the door behind him, Harry looked up and found himself facing Apolline, Jean, and Gabrielle. Apolline and Jean looked just as he remembered them; Apolline was stunning in a green dress enchanted with moving snowflakes, and Jean still had his pointed goatee and round belly. Gabrielle, on the other hand, had changed a lot. Gone was the cute little girl, and in her place was a beautiful young woman.

"Welcome, 'Arry. Eet's so good to see you again," Apolline said.

"Thanks for inviting me," Harry said.

Fleur led him over to them, and Jean shook his hand before Apolline and Gabrielle hugged him. As he hugged Apolline, he glanced at Jean over her shoulder. For a moment – as had happened numerous times since the destruction of the Horcrux in his scar – he found himself unintentionally reading his mind. When Harry’s hand rested on the small of Apolline’s back, Jean felt a flare of excitement. He had to physically resist the desire to drop his hand down to her bum before he was able to pull his mind free.

Stepping away, Harry forced himself to smile as he took Fleur’s hand in his.

“Fleur, why don’t you show ‘Arry to your room?” Apolline asked. “Dinner will be done in a few minutes.”

“Oui, maman,” Fleur said.

As she led him out of the room, Harry let his smile drop and blew out a sigh. Fleur giggled at him.

“Don’t be so nervous,” she smiled. “My family loves you.”

“I know,” Harry said as she took him past a large, open living room and up a curved staircase.

Walking down the hall, she took him to the third door on the right and pushed it open. Harry smiled when he realized it was clearly a girl’s room with a large bed draped in sheer, light blue curtains. Outside the window, he could see a wooden walkway leading to a private beach. Across from the bed, the wall was covered in moving pictures of Fleur with her friends and family, many of them with Beauxbatons castle in the background.

“So, this is your room?” Harry asked. “Do your parents know I’m staying in here?”

“Of course,” Fleur said, taking his suitcase.

Walking over to the closet, she opened the folding doors. Harry had expected a normal sized closet, but instead, it was at least the size of her bedroom and packed with clothes and shoes. Blinking in surprise, he watched as she opened his suitcase and magicked his clothes onto an empty shelf.

Seeing the look on his face, Fleur smiled and walked over to wrap her arms around his neck.

“Don’t worry,” she said. “Maman bought me most of these. I promise not to bankrupt you buying shoes.”

Smiling, Harry kissed her and then glanced over her shoulder.

“I kinda wish my cupboard had been that big,” he muttered.

“Don’t say things like that,” Fleur said, smacking his shoulder. “I ‘ate zhe thought of you living wiz zhose ‘orrible people.”

“Sorry,” Harry said. “At least I never have to see them again.”

“Good,” Fleur said.

Lifting her head, she kissed him again and started pulling him towards the door.

“Wait,” Harry said, pulling her to a stop. “I need to tell you something.”

“What?” Fleur asked. “Is everything okay?”

“You know how I’ve been having trouble controlling my magic lately?” Harry asked, to which Fleur nodded. “Well, I accidentally read your dad’s mind.”

Fleur raised a manicured eyebrow, and Harry hesitated for a moment, wondering if he should actually tell her. After a moment, he decided it would be better to get her thoughts. Veela were more open about sex anyways, so he didn't think it would bother her.

"He... kind of got excited when I hugged your mum," Harry said.

Fleur smiled widely, then dissolved into giggles.

"Zhe look on your face," she said when he looked at her oddly. "Papa 'as been trying to talk maman into sleeping wiz ozzar men."

"Oh," Harry said, blinking in surprise.

Chuckling, Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I wanted to give you more time to get to know maman and papa and tell you at Christmas, but I might as well tell you now," Fleur said. "Maman was 'oping to sleep with you while you are 'ere."

"What!?" Harry exclaimed.

"Papa 'as wanted Maman to sleep wiz ozzar men for years, but zhey didn't know anyone zhey could trust," Fleur said. "I told you 'ow Veela sometimes share men wiz zheir family."

"Yeah, but I didn't think...," Harry trailed off, completely at a loss of what to say.

"You don't 'ave to, of course," Fleur told him. "But I know maman and papa would appreciate it. Maman 'as said 'e has trouble keeping up wiz 'er in bed. And I 'aven't talked wiz Gabrielle about it yet, but I know she would like you to be 'er first."

“Gabrielle!” Harry said. “But she’s...”

Harry paused, having forgotten he didn’t know how old Gabrielle actually was.

“She’s seventeen,” Fleur told him with a smile.

“And you’re okay with all of this?” Harry asked, watching her closely.

“Oui,” Fleur said.

For the second time, Harry found himself unintentionally found himself falling into someone else’s mind. He recognized what was happening quickly, but before he could pull himself out, he felt her excitement at the thought of him sleeping with her mother and sister.

“Damn it,” Harry said, closing his eyes tightly. “I’m sorry. I don’t know why this keeps happening.”

He felt Fleur’s hand caress his cheek and then comb through his hair. It was a soothing feeling that helped calm his roiling emotions.

“Look at me, mon amour,” she said softly.

Taking a deep breath, Harry opened his eyes to meet her bright blue gaze.

“It’s alright,” Fleur told him gently. “You saw ‘ow I feel. I *want* you to sleep wiz maman and Gabrielle. I want zhem to know ‘ow lucky I am to ‘ave you. I want maman and papa to be ‘appy.”

Cupping his cheeks, she pulled him down for a searing kiss.

“And before you start worrying, I don’t want, or need, any man other than you,” Fleur said.

Smiling, she took his hand and led him out into the hall. Harry’s thoughts were a bit of a mess as they walked back downstairs and entered a large dining room with a crystal chandelier hanging above the table. Quietly taking a seat, he watched as Fleur and Apolline shared a quick conversation in French before taking seats on either side of him. Jean and Gabrielle sat across from him, smiling.

As the food was passed around, Harry began to relax and open up when they asked him questions. Gabrielle still spoke very little English, so Jean acted as a translator. Although he tried to focus on the conversation, Harry couldn’t help but think back to what Fleur had told him in her room.

With his fork halfway to his mouth, Harry froze when Apolline rested her hand on his thigh under the table. Not daring to look at her, he set his fork down and took a long drink of wine. Fleur looked amused as she reached over and squeezed his hand. Harry’s curiosity had gotten him in trouble throughout his life, and this time was no different. With his magic reacting strongly these days, it wasn’t long before he was picking up on everyone else’s thoughts without meaning to.

Immediately, he was hit with a strong sense of arousal and excitement from Apolline and Fleur and curiosity from Jean. Gabrielle was still ignorant to the fact that anything untoward was happening, but he easily picked up on the attraction and fondness she held for him. Still, the excitement and complete lack of jealousy from Fleur interested him the most, causing him to unconsciously relax.

When Apolline felt his muscles uncoil, she started caressing the inside of his leg, just above the knee, with her long, manicured nails.

“So, ‘Arry, ‘ow do like being an Auror?” she asked.

"It's alright," Harry said, then cleared his throat when her fingers moved higher. "With most of the Death Eaters captured, I've actually been thinking about leaving. Fleur and I want to travel a bit before we really settle down and start a family."

"Really?" Apolline asked with a flirty smile as she sipped her wine. "Where do you plan to go?"

"Italy, Greece, America, India, and China to start," Harry said, swallowing thickly when her nails traced the edge of his hardened shaft through his thin slacks.

"Arry's magic is much more powerful zhan it was before," Fleur added, patting the back of his hand with a knowing smirk. "We're 'oping they can 'elp 'im learn to control it."

"Oh, 'ave you been 'aving trouble controlling yourself, 'Arry?" Apolline purred.

Even the slightly sultry tone of her voice caused his erection to throb against her fingers.

"A bit," Harry admitted.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea," Jean said with barely an accent and a wide smile. "It'll be good for you to explore the world. Apolline, could you pass the potatoes?"

Standing, Apolline grabbed the platter and bent over to pass it across the table. Her green dress pulled tight over her full, round backside right next to his face. Realizing he was staring, Harry jerked his head forward. Jean caught his eye and smiled as he took the platter from his wife. Before he had realized what was happening, he was picking up on Jean's thoughts, and his hand lifted unconsciously to rest on the back of Apolline's thigh.

Bent over as she was, her muscles were taught. At his touch, a small gasp left her lips, and her muscles quivered under the smooth skin. Everyone froze seeing his hand on her legs, a sense of anticipation filling the air. On the other side of him, Fleur leaned close and pressed her body against his.

Feeling her excitement, his hands started to move. Resting her hands on the table, Apolline stood still as he slid his hand higher under her dress, her eyes locked with her husband's. Harry didn't dare look around as he caressed her smooth thigh, his wrist slowly raising the back of her dress. When the bottom of her matching green panties came into view, he stopped and licked his lips.

Sliding his hand towards the inside of her thigh, Apolline shifted in place, her legs parting just slightly. His fingers slipped between her legs and trailed up, the heat of her excitement pouring over his hand. Apolline moaned when his index finger pressed against her mound, lightly pressing against the hot, damp gusset of her panties. Pulling his fingers back to slide along the silky material, he followed the curve of her cheek and then laid his hand flat on her bum.

Jean shifted in his chair as he stared at Apolline's face, her eyes closed and mouth slightly open as she panted. Feeling a bit self-conscious, though excited, Harry let his hand drop. Fixing her dress, Apolline retook her seat and smiled at him. Her hand returned to his thigh, this time her fingers resting directly on his length as it rested against his leg.

"So, what country do you want to go to first?" Jean asked, a happy smile on his face.

Harry let Fleur answer as he tried to focus on his food, which was difficult when Apolline kept teasing him under the table. Eventually, dinner ended, and they moved into the living room. When he stood, he had to put his hand in his pocket and hold his erection against his leg so it didn't create a bulge in the front of his pants.

Taking his free hand, Fleur led him over to the large white couch and pushed him down in the middle. Once again, he found himself flanked by his girlfriend and her mother while Jean and Gabrielle took in chairs on either side of the couch. Gazing around the room, Harry was surprised to see a large, flat screen tv hanging on the wall above the fireplace.

"What movie should we watch?" Jean asked.

Everyone turned to Harry and he flushed under the attention.

“Er, I never really watched the telly much,” Harry said.

“What about ‘Ome Alone?” Fleur asked.

“Or Die Hard?” Jean asked.

“Die ‘Ard is not a Christmas movie,” Apolline said, rolling her eyes.

“‘Ome Alone, papa,” Gabrielle said.

Jean sighed and grumbled good naturedly as he put a disc into the DVD player. Hitting play, he spoke to Gabrielle in French for a moment before casting a spell on her.

“E put a Translation Charm on ‘er so we can watch it in English,” Fleur explained.

“Oh. Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

“Of course,” Apolline smiled. “You’ll be family soon enough.”

Harry smiled, a feeling of warmth filling his chest as the movie started. Folding her legs up under her, Fleur leaned into his side and lifted his arm to rest it over her shoulder. Rubbing her arm gently, he leaned over and kissed the top of her head.

Only a few minutes into the movie, Apolline’s hand was back on his thigh, and she leaned into his side. After a moment of thought, Harry decided to just go with it and draped his arm over her shoulders. Looking at her out of the corner of his eyes and seeing the large, pale valley of cleavage her position put on display, he throbbed against her teasing fingers.

Glancing over at Jean and Gabrielle, and seeing them both engrossed in the film, Harry let his hand drop to her chest. Starting near her shoulders, he traced his fingers down over the exposed part of her breast. Apolline shifted, cuddling into his side. As his fingers reached the center of her chest, he traced them down between her warm, smooth breasts.

Feeling bold, Harry slipped his hand under the neck of her dress and fully cupped her breast. It was momentarily surprising that she wasn't wearing a bra, considering how perky her breasts were, given their size. Sucking in a deep breath through her nose, Apolline thrust her chest forward into his hand and let out a quiet moan.

That sound drew the attention of Jean and Gabrielle, whose eyes widened excitedly. Now that his nervousness had faded, Harry could admit to himself how exciting the situation was. It was a powerful, heady feeling to be groping a stunningly beautiful woman while he husband watched and did nothing.

Pulling his hand out of her dress, he smiled when Apolline made a small noise of disappointment. Grabbing the strap on her right shoulder, Harry pushed it down her arm, revealing more of her flawless, milky white skin. Moving his hand back down to her breast, he scooped it out of her dress and exposed it to the room. Like Fleur, she had wide, pale pink areolas surrounding small, puffy nipples.

Casually turning back to the movie, he continued to caress and fondle her breast, his fingers occasionally teasing her swollen nipple. Apolline moved from teasing his rigid length with her nails to stroking him lightly through his pants. Looking over at Fleur, he found her eyes moving from his hand to her mother's with an excited sparkle. As if feeling his gaze, she looked up at him and smiled. Lifting her head, she kissed him heatedly before resting her head on his chest and watching Apolline's hand caress the shape of his length.

Leaning over, Harry placed his lips next to her ear.

"Take it out," he whispered.

Shivering with arousal, Fleur reached for his belt. The sound of his belt buckle clinking drew the eyes of everyone in the room. Apolline licked her lips, her eyes locked on his lap. Gabrielle sat up straight to get a better look before grabbing a pillow from the chair and standing up. Moving in front of the couch, she turned her back to the telly and sat crosslegged on the pillow just as Fleur pulled his throbbing erection free.

After being teased for well over an hour, his cock was rock hard, the head swollen and a dark, angry red.

“C’est magnifique,” Gabrielle gasped quietly, eyes wide.

“Oui,” Apolline agreed, rolling over and shifting onto her hands and knees. “Your sister is very lucky.”

“Weel you share?” Gabrielle asked.

“Of course, mon petite,” Fleur smiled.

Harry throbbed excitedly and reached out to brush Apolline’s long blonde hair out of the way. As if taking that as a request, she bent down and took him into her mouth.

“Fuck,” Harry hissed.

Harry bucked his hips as she bobbed her head, running her tongue all over his head and shaft. Despite the intense pleasure he was feeling, he couldn’t help but smile at the look on Gabrielle’s face. She leaned forward with her mouth hanging open, unconsciously imitating her mother.

Running his hand down Apolline’s back, Harry grabbed her dress and pulled it up over her ass. Jean had the best seat in the house as he caressed her protruding bum, his fingers slipping under her silky green panties. Apolline moaned around his length as he teased her folds in plain

view of her husband. Arousal quickly drenched his fingers, and in return, she pushed herself deeper onto his length.

“Papa, ew,” Gabrielle said, wrinkling her nose cutely.

Harry looked over to see Jean had taken his cock out of his pants and was stroking himself. Shaking his head, he looked away but noted that he was quite a bit bigger than Jean. Smiling down at the back of Apolline’s head, he pulled her panties to the side and sank two fingers into her sweltering depths.

Pulling off of his length, she moaned loudly, her eyes half closed in pleasure. Sitting up on her knees, Apolline grabbed her dress and pulled it up over her head. Tossing it to the floor, she stood up and pushed her wet panties down her legs. As she stepped out of them, she climbed back onto the couch, straddling Harry’s lap.

“I need this,” Apolline panted.

Leaning forward, she kissed him hard while lining him up with her hot, dripping entrance. Harry cupped her breasts, groping them firmly as their tongues danced. Slowly, Apolline lowered herself onto his lap, driving him into her incredibly tight, silky depths. When she bottomed out, she yanked her lips from his.

“So big,” Apolline gasped.

“Bigger than your husband?” Harry asked with a smirk.

“Oui,” Apolline panted, looking over at Jean as she rolled her hips. “E’s so deep in me.”

“You like fucking maman?” Fleur asked, looking up at Harry as she leaned against his side.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Fleur smiled before kissing him lovingly. “Now give maman what she needs.”

Smiling, Harry gave her one more kiss before grabbing Apolline’s hips and thrusting up. The mother of two gasped loudly as he plunged into her depths. With a wanton moan, she gripped his shoulders and started bouncing in his lap. Behind her, he could see Gabrielle with a hand in her skirt as she watched his length moving in and out of her mother’s slit.

“Arry,” Apolline moaned, the movement of her hips getting harder and faster. “Fleur, marry zhis man. I need someone to fuck me like zhis. Your father just can’t satisfy me alone anymore.”

“Gladly,” Fleur giggled, kissing Harry’s neck.

Grinning, Harry thrust up into Apolline with hard, powerful strokes. He let go of her breasts and grabbed her bum, using it as leverage to hammer into her. She cried out, her large breasts bouncing wildly on her chest as his thighs clapped against her ass. Harry growled, feeling a perverse pleasure in drawing that sound from her while her husband was in the room.

With her face scrunched up, Apolline cried out again as she came, her arousal soaking his lap. As her depths tightened and fluttered wildly around his cock, Harry continued slamming into her furiously. Apolline gasped for breath as her climax continued through his animalistic pounding. When her eyes opened, they rolled into the back of her head while her body quivered and shook.

With a groan, Harry gripped her ass tightly and slammed her down on his cock as he erupted. Apolline muttered in French, collapsing against his chest while his length pulsed in her depths. Bucking his hips, he emptied himself in her and held her close. All of them heard Jean grunt as he reached his own peak, but none of them bothered to so much as glance in his direction. Considering what he’d seen from the man so far, Harry thought he’d probably found that a turn on.

After relaxing for a couple of minutes and catching their breath, Apolline climbed off of him and curled up against his side. Smirking at her panting, spent husband, she spread her legs to reveal her dripping folds.

"I've never felt so full of cum," she said, running her finger through her lips to gather some that had leaked out. "I 'ope zhe potion is strong enough to keep me from getting pregnant."

Jean groaned, his spent length pulsing and dribbling a bit more cum onto his pants.

"Ew," Gabrielle said, turning away.

"Come here, Gabby," Harry said, patting his lap.

Perking up excitedly, she looked to Fleur for permission. When her sister nodded, she stood up and practically ran to sit on his lap.

"I don't know if--"

"Behave, Jean or I will not let you touch me tonight," Apolline interrupted firmly. "Gabrielle is old enough to decide for 'erself."

Curling up on Harry's lap, Gabrielle cuddled up to him like an oversized cat and pulled his arms to wrap around her. He smiled when she deliberately placed one of his hands on her pert breast with a glare at her father.

Fleur giggled at her sister's antics, and Harry looked over at her with a smile.

"Best Christmas ever," Harry told her.

“We’re only getting started, mon amour,” Fleur whispered.