

Those Cheating Veelas

PART 1 - Fleur Delacour

The good looking, messy-haired young man sighed in contentment as he laid in the hot sun on a beach in Southern France. He took a sip of his cold, fruity cocktail and placed it back down beside him. He watched as the people around him laughed and played in the sand and surf. Women walked around topless without a care in the world. Unfortunately, he would have preferred it if most of those women kept their tops on. They weren't exactly the best-looking bunch. Harry Potter was on what he called an extended holiday. After the end of Voldemort, he did what was expected of him. He helped get the country back together and did what he could to help mend things. It was long and hard work, but eventually, things became better. Now, magical Britain was in much better shape than before. It had taken quite a few years for that to happen though. After all that time, Harry had become burnt out. He needed a break and decided that he wanted a very long vacation. His friends were in agreement. They didn't come with him since they had things to do and whatnot. They did plan on visiting him soon, and he promised to visit them on occasion as well. He had been in France for a week now, and truthfully, he didn't know if he wanted to leave any time soon. He thought that France was great. The food was wonderful, the beaches were fantastic, and the girls ...

"Come join me in the water, 'Arry!" Fleur giggled, leaning over to grab his hand. As she did so, her naked breasts brushed against his face.

Fleur Weasley, formerly Delacour, had insisted on joining him for the foreseeable future. Her husband Bill was out on an expedition that could take at least several months to complete. From her annoyed grumblings, he barely even contacted her. Harry shook his head. For such a smart guy, Bill could be quite the idiot sometimes. He'd end up losing the girl if he wasn't careful. Maybe Bill didn't care if he did. Fleur could be quite the handful sometimes, but she was still a great friend. Harry also knew a secret. He knew that Bill had a little chippy on the side. He had seen them going at it one night when he stumbled out of a bar. They were in a back alley hardcore making out. Once he had seen it for himself, he found out everything that he could about them. The two spent quite a bit of time together, and it was amazing that Fleur hadn't become suspicious. Harry guessed that a decent chunk of his time away this time was being spent in Germany with his side piece. He was a moron for leaving Fleur alone. Especially since she liked to hang around Harry. Harry had held off on trying to seduce the girl, but if Bill was going to make it easy for him, then why the hell not?

Harry allowed her to pull him to his feet, and his eyes were glued to her thong-clad ass. The string bikini bottom that she was wearing was a crowd favorite. He had seen practically every male's eyes on her from the moment they got there. When her top came off, he thought that he would have to fight some of them to get them to leave her alone. Thankfully he was proven wrong and most of the men only stared and ogled her. The few that had the courage to approach her were sent away by her just as quickly as they had come. He guessed that she was used to that kind of behavior from the male sex.

They laughed and splashed around in the warm water of the Mediterranean Sea. She would hop onto his back, and he would grow hard from feeling her breasts pressed against him. All in all, they had a fantastic day. Later that night, they had gone out and got dinner from a nice little cafe by the flat that Harry was renting in Marseille. Of course, they had wine with their food. More than once he had been called a heathen by Fleur for his un-French ways. After dinner, they had taken a walk and eventually grew tired. Once back in the flat, Harry changed into his pajama pants and sat on the couch waiting for Fleur. She always liked to talk for a while before going to bed. However, that night his eyes nearly bugged out when she came out in only a long t-shirt. He assumed that she was wearing underwear as well, but couldn't be sure.

"I 'ope that you do not mind 'ow I am dressed, mon ami," she said, slurring only slightly. They had quite a bit of wine tonight. "But I am too comfortable to get dressed into my pajamas," she said, sitting right next to him and snuggling up against him. As he wrapped an arm around her, he got a whiff of her scent. Her hair always smelled incredible. Just her scent alone could make him as hard as a rock. He felt his pajama bottoms tent under her feminine touch. As he wrapped his arm around her, she snuggled deeper into him. Her face was brushing against his neck, and her soft, warm breath was giving him goosebumps. "Mmm, 'Arry?" she groaned contently.

"Yeah, Fleur," he responded, kissing the top of her head and sneakily inhaling her intoxicating scent.

"I am a bit cold. Warm me, please," she said sexily, rubbing up against him. Harry gulped quietly. He had thought about making a move on Fleur before but had never really given it any serious consideration. He decided to take things a bit further to see how she reacted. Harry slid an arm under her thighs and lifted her up, earning a squeak from the sexy Veela. He sat her down on his lap and let her curl up. She smacked his chest.

"Cochon!" she said, bringing her legs up so that she was resting completely on his lap. Harry chuckled. She loved calling him an English Pig. She placed her head on his shoulder and rubbed her nose against the side of his neck. Harry responded by placing his hand on her leg and letting it travel up her smooth, creamy skin. He knew that she could feel his arousal. The giant bulge in his trousers that was poking her cute ass was kind of a giveaway. Harry heard the soft moan against his neck, and the vibrations had him tingling. Fleur had the softest skin that he had ever felt. It was near perfect, just like the rest of her lovely body. The softest spot was her inner thighs. It felt incredible, and she seemed to enjoy his exploration. His hand traveled even higher, and she began gently kissing the side of his neck. Harry could feel the heat radiating off of her groin as his hand dipped underneath the hem of her shirt. A gasp escaped her lips when his fingers finally brushed against her womanhood. She was indeed wearing panties underneath her shirt. The flimsy fabric was drenched in her arousal. He could smell her scent beginning to waft up from underneath. His finger crept underneath the thin, damp fabric and was met with the hot, wet skin of her naked slit.

“ ‘Arry,” she moaned, and finally at her breaking point, she turned his head and kissed him deeply. Her soft tongue glided over his as they made out. Her legs slightly parted giving him better access to her as his fingers stroked her soaking wet folds. Harry groaned into her mouth when she started grinding her shapely bottom against his raging erection. “Take me to bed,” she whispered into his mouth.

Without giving it a second thought, Harry lifted her up by her ass and carried her to his room. Her smooth legs wrapped around him as she lifted the shirt over her head and tossed it aside. Her lips met his as he walked the short distance and kicked open the door. Harry tossed her softly on the bed, and Fleur watched as one of her closest friends stripped naked in front of her. Her eyes were glued to his body as his pajama pants and boxers fell to the floor. She licked her lips as she got her first look at his cock.

Fleur wasn’t an idiot. She knew that her husband Bill was two-timing her. She had contemplated arranging an “accident” for them. Nothing too serious of course, but very painful nonetheless. The only problem was that she still loved him. So she decided on the next best thing. She would have an affair of her own. Her immediate choice was her friend, Harry Potter. He had everything that she wanted in a man. Now that she finally saw all of him, she could honestly say that he had everything that she wanted ... and more. In other words, his cock was huge! It was at least twice as big as her husband’s and much thicker. She swallowed the saliva pooling in her mouth. She was a bit nervous. She had never taken anything that big. Harry was about to stretch her out and ruin her for Bill. Oh well ... too bad for him. She ran her small foot up the inside of his muscled thigh and grazed the underside of his cock with her little toes. He smiled sexily at her and reached out. Harry grabbed the waistband of her panties and began lifting. She helped him out by lifting up her legs. Fleur giggled when he kissed her foot while pulling the damp panties off of them. She watched blushing as he held her panties under his nose and inhaled deeply. His eyes fluttered in satisfaction as he said, “You smell incredible.”

The lust in his eyes was so strong that she was nervous that he would just grab her and start brutally fucking her. Truth be told, that didn’t sound all that bad, but she wanted their coupling to be something more special. This was to be their first time after all, and she hoped that there would be many, many more times after this. She didn’t need to worry, however, because he just tossed her panties aside and placed his hands on the inside of her thighs. Fleur closed her eyes and savored the sensation of his fingers delicately gliding over her sensitive skin. She desperately wanted him to touch her. She knew that he could see how turned on that she was. After what felt like forever, he leaned down and kissed her clit.

“Ohhhhhh yes!” she moaned, bucking her hips and trying to stuff her clit in his mouth. He kissed it again before lowering his mouth slightly. Fleur spread her legs wide to give him as much room as possible. She gasped when she felt his tongue lick her from her asshole all the way to her clit. He moaned and licked her dripping, pink slit some more. Fleur placed her thighs over his shoulders and grabbed his messy hair. Her hips were rolling as she fucked his face. Her eyes were on his face, which she could see was covered in her juices, and the sight made her pussy tingle even more. She was rubbing her pussy on his face before dragging her clit up to his lips.

“Please, mon amour,” she begged, squeezing the back of his head to her pussy. Complying with her wishes, Harry captured the sensitive nub between his lips and sucked hard. Fleur was gasping wildly as his fingers massaged her damp folds.

“Enough,” she squeaked out, pulling her clit from his mouth. “Fuck me, ‘Arry,” she breathed out, her chest rapidly rising and falling. He watched her perfect breasts as she breathed heavily. He leaned down and kissed her nipple before settling himself between her legs. Her legs spread wide and he placed his cock along the length of her slit. Not wanting to wait, Fleur reached down and slid the head of his cock inside her damp pussy. She kept her fingers on his cock as he slowly entered her. She liked the way it felt as his cock slid through them on its way inside of her.

“Fuck, Fleur. You’re so god damn tight,” Harry moaned as he bottomed out inside the naughty Veela. Fleur blushed and tightened her pussy even more. He leaned forward and kissed her deeply as he began thrusting.

Fleur broke the kiss and pushed his head down and thrust her chest out. Harry smiled as he was presented with the most perfect breasts that he had ever seen. They were pale like the rest of her skin, and large. They felt heavy in his hands as he groped and squeezed them. They were topped with perfect, little pink nipples. Fleur moved her breast until her nipple was against his lips. His tongue lashed out and licked the hardened nub. Hearing Fleur’s moan spurred him on. He sucked her crinkled nipple into his mouth, and his tongue danced on it as his cock pistoned in and out of her drenched pussy.

Fleur was wiggling around in pleasure as Harry worshipped her breasts and fucked her silly. He was so long and thick that he was rubbing her G-spot and battering her cervix with a single thrust. The stretching felt so good as his cock reached spots never before touched. She could feel her pussy beginning to flutter in preparation of a very large orgasm. A smile formed on her face as she thought about her husband. She was finally getting her revenge, and now that she had gotten a piece of Harry’s cock, she wasn’t going to give it up. She couldn’t wait until Harry made her cum in the bed that she shared with her husband. Her moans were getting louder as the sweet coil built up deep in her belly. Her body was beginning to tingle, and her toes were curling under the relentless battering of her cervix. She was thrusting her chest out as Harry took as much of her tit into his mouth as possible. She chittered when she felt his tongue slip and slide over her sensitive nipple. Her body shuddered wildly when his hand lowered and massaged her engorged clit. The squelching of her wet pussy was further adding to the perverseness of their actions. Out of nowhere, her pussy spasmed violently and clamped down on the invading pole of meat.

“ ‘ARRY!” she cried out loudly, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him close. “FUCK!” her body spasmed out of control as her orgasm hit her hard. She had never had one so strong. A sense of satisfaction arose in her as she remembered that it wasn’t her husband making her feel like this, but her new lover. Harry Potter had given her the best orgasm of her

life! Her body flopped around forcing Harry to hold her down as he continued to fuck her. Fleur wrapped her legs around his waist when she felt him shudder.

“Here it comes, Fleur,” he groaned.

“Inside me!” she mewled and shuddered again when his thick, hot seed spurted inside of her. The wet squelching got even louder when his cum was added to their fucking. He kept on fucking her until her tight, little pussy milked the last of his cum. Tiredly, he collapsed on top of her. She was still mewling in satisfaction, her lips peppering his cheek and neck with kisses. He looked into her eyes and kissed her passionately. Happiness exploded in her chest. Regardless of what happened with Bill in the future, at least she would have Harry to take care of any need that she had.