

**Summary - When Gabrielle Delacour is attacked and placed under the Imperious Curse, her family decides they need to learn to defend against it. Who better to teach them than Harry Potter, the man who defeated Voldemort? Consensual Humiliation and Sexuality**

**Imperio**

**Chapter 1**

Fleur Delacour waited impatiently for her mother to return home. She couldn't count the number of times she had paced the living room of their sprawling French Chateau. How long could it possibly take her to go and get a few books? Mercifully, her long wait ended when the doorknob turned, and an elegantly beautiful woman opened the door and stepped inside. Before Apolline could even close the door behind her, Fleur was on her.

"Did you find any?" she quickly asked in her native language. Apolline clearly looked upset as she shook her head.

"It is just as I suspected. I couldn't find a single useful book anywhere," she told Fleur, her voice tinged with disappointment as she hung up her traveling robe. Her traveling robe was bulkier than her normal robes and could hide her gorgeous figure better. It wasn't something she liked to wear, but it cut down on harassment and unwanted propositions.

"How can this be?!" Fleur confusedly exclaimed. There were books on everything, and the National Library of Magical France was one of the best and largest in the world.

"You must remember that the Imperious Curse is an Unforgiveable. I doubt they want to give the public easy access to its workings," she explained, running her fingers through her long, windblown hair.

"But we don't want to cast the curse! We just want to learn how to fight it," Fleur replied, her frustration evident in her voice and posture.

"I know, my flower, but it's all the same to them. They can't be sure how someone will use that knowledge. After failing at the library, I went directly to the Ministry and spoke with one of your father's contacts," she told her daughter as she walked into the kitchen.

The mention of her father sent a pang of sadness through her. Her father had passed just over two years ago from a sudden brain aneurysm. There was no chance of saving him. This had obviously devastated the family. Fleur followed closely behind her, feeling the weight of her mother's protective concern. Apolline poured herself a cup of coffee while Fleur grew impatient.

"Well?" Fleur asked, waiting for her mother to continue. Apolline didn't speak until she sat at the table and took a swig from her cup.

“He could not get access to those types of books. They are heavily restricted, and very few Ministry officials have access to them,” Apolline told her, looking up at her beautiful daughter. Fleur was the spitting image of her when she was that age. Looking at her eldest sometimes made her feel old, though none would say she looked it.

“So that’s it?” Fleur asked with an annoyed expression. Apolline shook her head, making her silvery blonde hair bounce around.

“He was able to get us a waiver so that we may find someone to teach us to counter the curse’s effect. It will protect the teacher from prosecution, but it is only valid within the boundary of our property, so anyone we find will have to come here. That’s a problem, though,” she said, drinking from her cup again before continuing.

“We would have to find someone who not only knows how to cast the curse but can also actively fight it off. I cannot imagine many fit that bill, and I doubt anyone is eager to admit they know how to cast the Imperius curse,” she said, taking another sip.

“Besides, that would be particularly dangerous. Our teacher would hold great power over us ... and in our own home,” Apolline stated, shaking her head sadly. “That is far too risky, and there is no one I know who I trust that much.”

Fleur was about to get upset when a thought came to her mind. She knew someone who could possibly help. “What about ‘Arry?” Fleur asked her mother. Apolline gave her a confused look.

“ ‘Arry?”

“Yes, ‘Arry Potter,” Fleur said. It wasn’t surprising that her mother didn’t know who she was talking about. She had only met him once during the Triwizard Tournament. Fleur, however, had kept in touch over the years. The two friends sent letters to one another every couple of weeks, and when he was in France, they would meet up.

“ ‘Arry Potter? I didn’t know you were still in contact with him,” said Apolline. Fleur nodded her head.

“We write to each other often. ‘Arry has been traveling the world the last few years, but I received a letter from him less than a week ago. He said he is in Rome and will remain there for at least a month. That means he is close by,” Fleur explained, growing excited with every word.

“That is wonderful, but how does that help us?” Apolline asked, still confused.

“He has always been able to throw off the curse. He began learning the year I went to ‘Ogwarts. ‘Arry told me all about it,” Fleur excitedly explained. Apolline raised her perfect eyebrow.

“And he knows how to cast the curse?” Apolline asked. Fleur shook her head.

"I don't think so, but I'm sure he could easily learn. He has had it used on him many times in the past, after all," Fleur confidently stated. The fact that the young man didn't know how to use the curse made Apolline feel better about the whole thing. Had he been proficient with the curse ... well, that would have raised many questions. Even so ...

"I'm really not sure about this, Fleur," Apolline sighed. The whole situation they found themselves in made her very nervous.

"'Arry is very trustworthy," Fleur said bluntly, placing her hands on her wide hips. "He saved Gabrielle from the lake at the risk of losing the tournament," she reminded her mother. Apolline was deep in thought and remained quiet for a minute.

"I suppose it wouldn't hurt to speak with him. Perhaps, at the very least, he could give us some tips," she finally said. Fleur squealed in happiness and hopped up and down, clapping her hands. "But will he come? If he is all the way in Italy ..." Fleur cut her off.

"He will come. Rome is not so far away, and 'Arry is the most selfless person I know," Fleur factually stated and nodded her head once. She wouldn't hear another word about his character. "I will write him immediately, and we can use the Express Eagle Post to send it. He should get the letter tonight," Fleur told her, quickly leaving the kitchen and scampering upstairs to her room. Apolline sighed and took another sip of her coffee.

## **Imperio**

Harry stood outside the gates of a large and fancy French home with nothing but a magically expanded backpack over his shoulder. He checked Fleur's letter again and made sure the address matched. While he had been to France before and even met with Fleur in person, he had never actually been to her home. Seeing that the numbers matched, Harry examined the gate. It was firmly shut, and he wasn't dumb enough to try and force it open. 'Houses this big always have fearsome wards protecting them,' Harry reminded himself.

"Hello?!" he called out, not wanting to touch the gate. There was a pop, and a House Elf appeared on the other side of the gate.

"Master 'Arry Potter?" the little female elf asked. Harry nodded, and the elf smiled happily. "I weel inform the Madam," she said in poor English before popping away. Thankfully, he didn't have to wait long. Less than a minute later, he saw Fleur quickly walking the path to the gate, her long hair bouncing behind her. As soon as she neared the gate, it automatically opened. Harry was forced to take several steps back to avoid getting hit by the swinging bars of metal. Fleur slipped through the opening and wrapped him in a hug. Harry's arms slipped around her thin waist, and he couldn't stop himself from subtly taking a quick sniff of her pleasant-smelling hair.

"I am so glad you are 'ere! I was afraid you did not get my letter," she said, breaking the hug and kissing his cheeks in the standard French greeting.

"Of course, I came. I can't turn down a friend in need," Harry smiled down at her. He had grown considerably since the time they had first met. He was now more than a head taller than the gorgeous young woman. Fleur tilted her head upward and beamed at him. "Though I'm not sure how to help. Your letter was pretty vague," he said.

Fleur grabbed his hand and pulled him through the open gate. As they walked down the stone path, the gate closed behind them. Fleur's hand was very warm and quite soft.

"I did not want to put it in a letter in case someone else was able to read it," she explained. "The subject is sensitive."

"I see ..." Harry replied, wondering what it could be. "Well, we're alone now, so ..." Fleur stopped and turned to look at him, letting go of his hand.

"We want you to teach us to fight off the Imperius Curse," Fleur told him. Harry certainly wasn't expecting that.

"The Imperius Curse?" he asked, frowning his brow. "I can understand the desire, but why is it so important? Your letter said it was urgent."

"A few days ago, Gabrielle was out with one of 'er friends. The streets were dark, and someone snuck up behind them and put them under the curse. 'E commanded them to follow 'im," she said darkly. "By some miracle, one of our law enforcement officers noticed the two young girls following the strange man into a dark alley and decided to check it out. When confronted, the man ran away," Fleur explained. Harry winced.

"That's terrible," he said in disgust. Fleur nodded in agreement.

"The girls were taken to the 'ospital and tested for curses. I am glad to say that the curse was lifted, and they are back 'ome safe and sound."

"I'm glad to hear that," Harry smiled. Fleur nodded, also happy that nothing had happened to her younger sister.

"Sadly, the mental damage remains. Gabby 'as not left her room since that night, and I cannot say that I blame 'er. She does not feel safe, and frankly speaking, neither do I," Fleur said. Her big, blue eyes were wide open and demanded sympathy.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked, confused. Fleur sighed sadly.

“Historically speaking, Veela ‘ave often been targeted by men like this. This is one of the reasons why Veela often live amongst their own kind and avoid outsiders. Both my mother and I ‘ave ‘ad problems in the past, but thankfully, not as severe as this incident.”

“I can see why you want help,” Harry stated, and Fleur gave him a small smile in return.

“Yes. That is why I was ‘oping you would teach us. If it came down to a duel, we could ‘old our own, but we can do nothing against such a curse.”

“I’ll do what I can, but I’m not sure how much help I can be,” Harry told her. “I’m not really sure how I do it, and the curse is illegal to use, so ...” Fleur shook her head.

“Maman got special permission from our government to use the curse in our ‘ouse for teaching purposes, so you will not need to worry about that. I’m sure you can learn to use the curse in no time,” she said, grabbing his hand again. Harry, however, wasn’t so sure.

“I don’t know, Fleur ... Learning and using the Imperius ... That doesn’t sound like a very good idea,” Harry said, sounding unsure. Fleur squeezed his hand.

“Please, ‘Arry,” she pleaded. “We need you.”

Harry was defenseless against her puppy dog look and quickly caved. His shoulders sagged, and he sighed. “Alright,” he relented. Fleur squealed and threw her arms around his neck, hugging him tightly. Harry patted her on the back, silently telling her everything would be okay.

“Let’s go tell, Maman!” Fleur said happily, taking his hand and pulling him up the path and into the house.

## **Imperio**

“Do you think you can do it, ‘Arry?” Apolline asked him as they sat in the living room. Harry was enjoying a cup of tea while Fleur sat beside him.

“I’m sure I can learn the curse. From what I remember, there’s not much to it. As far as teaching you to fight it ... I’m not sure. I was resistant to it from the beginning, so they kept putting me under it until I could easily throw it off. Do any of you have any kind of resistance to it?” he asked them.

Apolline shook her head. “We ‘ave never ‘ad it used against us, but even so, it is very unlikely. Veela can be very passionate and emotional. This leaves us vulnerable to the Mind Arts.”

“Hmm ...” Harry thought it over. “All we can do is try, I guess. It sounds like the best way would be to just repeatedly use it on each of you until you can start to resist, though I’m not sure if you all are comfortable with that ...” Harry added, looking at the two women.

Fleur and her mother looked at each other, communicating through facial expressions. Finally, Apolline nodded. "Do what you must. We need to learn," she firmly stated. Harry nodded his head and turned to Fleur.

"I'll come up with a plan, and we can begin tomorrow. I'll need to practice casting it on someone. Are you okay with that, Fleur?" Harry asked her. Fleur immediately nodded, giving her permission.

"You can practice on me. Let's go to my room and do it there. We can stop by Gabrielle's room on the way," she said, getting to her feet. Harry followed her up the stairs and down a long hallway until they reached Gabrielle's room. Fleur knocked on the door.

"Gabby! It's me," Fleur called out in French. They waited a moment until the door opened. Fleur entered without being invited, leaving Harry standing in the hallway. That was when he got his first look at Gabrielle since he rescued her from the lake.

She looked strikingly similar to Fleur and her mother. Gabrielle had grown quite a bit since the last time he had seen her. She had grown taller, almost equalling Fleur's height, and she had filled out in all the expected places. Gabrielle was thin, which seemed to be the norm for those with Veela blood, but other than that, he couldn't comment too much on her figure. It was hidden under a long, baggy t-shirt that nearly reached her knees. Poking below the bottom of the shirt was a pair of smooth, shapely legs that ended with her bare feet. She wasn't wearing any makeup, but that did nothing to dampen her stunning beauty. Her long hair was a tad mussed and tangled, but that only added to her sexiness. When Fleur moved out of the way, Gabrielle got her first look at him since she was a child. Her blue eyes widened as she stood there in shock. Then, after two seconds of inactivity, Gabrielle eeped loudly and slammed the door in his face.

Harry blinked a few times, surprised by her reaction. "Gabby! That was very rude!" Harry heard Fleur admonish her little sister behind the closed door. They were speaking in French, but unknown to them, Harry had been learning French and Italian over the last two years. He wasn't fluent by any means, but he knew enough to understand what they were saying.

"How could you bring him to my room when I look like this?!" Gabrielle scolded her back. "Look at me! I'm a complete mess!"

"Gabby, you're being silly," Fleur said, bursting into giggles.

"Get out of my way and hand me that hairbrush!" Gabby said in a panic. "Merde! My room is filthy!" Not long after, Fleur exited the room, still giggling.

"You will 'ave to excuse my sister's be'avior. She wasn't expecting company," she giggled. Harry chuckled in response.

"I suppose I should have announced myself first," he said, looking at the smiling Fleur.

"Let us go to my room. Gabby could be a while," she humorously shook her head. Fleur led him next door, and they entered the room.

There wasn't much to Fleur's room. It was a typical room belonging to a young woman. The walls were cream-colored, and the curtains and bedding were lavender. It was very clean. He couldn't spot a single article of dirty clothing strewn across the floor. As soon as the door closed behind them, Fleur wrapped him in another tight hug. Harry did the gentlemanly thing and hugged her back. It had nothing to do with wanting her sexy body pressed firmly against him. "Thank you for 'elping us. I appreciate it very much," she told him, her voice muffled by his chest. Harry rubbed her back, letting her know that he didn't mind.

After a minute of having her hugging him, Fleur broke apart and looked him up and down. She whistled in appreciation. "No wonder Gabby reacted in such a way. You 'ave grown more 'andsome since we last met," Fleur teased, though she actually meant her words.

Harry had grown taller and more muscular, and his skin was lightly tanned from traveling. Now that he was well into manhood, his cheeks and jawline had become more angular. However, The biggest change was that he finally ditched the glasses, which Fleur had noticed immediately.

"Where are your glasses?" she asked him as she reached up and tried to flatten his messy hair.

"I got rid of them," Harry smiled at the pretty girl. "I visited Canada a few months ago and bought a pair of magical contacts," he explained.

"They suit you," she complimented him, fluffing his hair until it stuck up in all directions.

"And you're as beautiful as ever," he returned her compliment, openly ogling her curvy form while trying to smooth out his sudden afro. Fleur smirked at him with twinkling eyes.

"I know," she cheekily teased and squealed in laughter when he lightly poked her in the ribs. "I'm ticklish!" she laughed and smacked his hand away. "Now quit being an English pig, and let's get started."

Harry chuckled and nodded. Fleur stood straight up as Harry pointed his wand at her.

### **Imperio**

"Imperio," Harry said while pointing his wand at Fleur. Her eyes immediately glazed over as she waited for his instructions. "Jog in place," he commanded. There wasn't a moment of hesitation. Fleur instantly began running in place, causing her hair to bounce around her shoulders.

It took a few tries to get it down, but now that he had it, Harry was confident that he could successfully cast it from now on. This was his tenth successful casting in a row. Happy with his progress, Harry released Fleur from the curse. She turned to him with an annoyed look on her face.

“Did you ‘ave to make me run? Now I’m all ‘ot and tired,” she huffed and began fixing her hair.

“If you didn’t want to run, you should have fought it off,” Harry countered with a smirk.

“I tried,” she sniffed, clearly annoyed by her lack of success. Harry patted her on the shoulder.

“You’ll get it sooner or later,” he assured her. They were interrupted by a knock at the door. When Fleur answered it, Gabrielle came in with pink cheeks. Harry saw she was still embarrassed by their previous meeting, so he decided not to tease her about it.

Gabrielle had gone all out to fix herself up. Gone was the long T-shirt, replaced by a lovely summer dress that ended mid-thigh and showed off a decent amount of cleavage. Her hair was brushed, and she had on a light dusting of makeup. Now that the shirt was gone, he could see she had a very sexy figure. Her breasts weren’t big, nor were they small. Harry would say they were a good handful in size if he were a betting man. Her waist was slim, and her hips flared out nicely. She looked very similar to how Fleur looked when Harry first met her, so Gabrielle likely had some more growing to do. Harry smiled kindly at the younger Veela.

“Gabrielle, it’s good to see you again,” he said, approaching her. He took her hand and kissed the top of it just to tease her a bit. Gabrielle’s face grew even pinker.

“Merci, ‘Arry. It is good to see you as well. I’m sorry for shutting the door on you,” she said shyly, blushing deeply.

“Believe it or not, it’s not the first time a pretty girl slammed a door in my face,” Harry joked. Fleur giggled, but Gabby looked even more embarrassed. “You’ve grown quite a bit since the last time I saw you,” he commented.

“Gabby turned seventeen recently,” Fleur smiled at her younger sister, who was still blushing. “She’ll be starting her final year of Beauxbatons at the end of summer,” she told him. Harry whistled in appreciation.

“If that’s true, then we should get to work as soon as possible,” Harry told her. Gabrielle looked confused before Fleur filled her in.

“ ‘Arry has agreed to try and teach us ‘ow to fight the Imperius Curse,” Fleur told her. Gabby’s eyes widened considerably.



"You are going to teach me?" Gabby asked hopefully, turning her pleading eyes to him.

"I'm going to try," Harry responded. Gabby suddenly turned shy again but smiled nonetheless.

## **Imperio**

Apolline spun around her room like a ballerina, and though she obviously wasn't trained as one, she was still somehow graceful and elegant with her movements. Harry canceled the curse, and Apolline sat down on her bed, defeated.

It had been two weeks since they began, and none of the Delacour women were even close to throwing off the curse's effect. Harry spent one, sometimes two hours a day working with each of them separately. They all agreed to keep their training separate because of their tendency to do embarrassing things while under the curse. At first, Harry tried simple things like making them hop up and down on one foot or barking like a dog, but when it was clear that wasn't working, he upped his game and made them do more embarrassing things.

Apolline groaned and buried her face in her hands, not from embarrassment but out of frustration. As the oldest and most experienced, she felt she should be ahead of the others in terms of learning speed. Unfortunately, life experience didn't always translate when magic was involved.

"It 'as been two weeks, and we are no closer than we were at the beginning," Harry heard her muffled voice. She then removed her hands from her face and sighed. Harry sat down next to her and patted her knee encouragingly.

"It takes time," he told her. "I know one man who didn't build up a tolerance until after a year of being constantly under the curse," he said, thinking back to Barty Crouch Snr.

"Yes, I know! You 'ave told me," she said in frustration, jumping to her feet and pacing the room. She then quickly turned to face him, and her shoulders sagged. "Sorry for snapping at you, 'Arry. I am just so disappointed in myself. 'Ow can I be a good role model to my daughters when I am an utter failure at this?"

Over the last two weeks, he had developed a fondness for the older woman, though using the word older when it came to Apolline Delacour was a misnomer. She was nearing fifty but still looked to be in her mid-thirties. On top of that, she was stunningly gorgeous with a killer body. Harry wasn't ashamed to say he had checked her out often. Harry stood up and gave her a hug, which she quickly returned. The side of her head pressed against his chest, and he could smell the fruity scent of her hair. Her body was very warm, and it was the same with both her daughters. He wondered if all Veela were hot-blooded.

"The girls don't expect you to be perfect. They know firsthand how difficult this is," he reminded her. Apolline didn't respond or move. She simply kept her arms wrapped around his waist and

breathed in and out deeply. One thing he discovered since joining them in their home was that the Delacour girls loved to hug, and Harry didn't mind one bit. After a few minutes of calming down, Apolline pulled back, though she kept his arms around him.

"I think you are going to 'ave to go even further with your commands," she told him before letting go of his waist.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked, confused.

"Simple embarrassment is not working. We need to go further ..." she bluntly stated.

"How much further?" he asked, sounding unsure while Apolline looked determined.

"Whatever it takes. Foul language ... 'umiliation ... nudity," she said with fire in her eyes. However, Harry's eyes widened to the size of dinner plates.

"Nudity?!" he cried out, his voice rising a few octaves. Apolline smiled gently at him, reached out, and rubbed his arm.

"You 'ave proven yourself trustworthy, 'Arry. We 'ave been vulnerable around you for weeks, and you 'ave be'aved like a gentleman," she praised him. Harry, however, squirmed from the discomfort he was feeling.

"Yeah, but even so," he said before sighing deeply. "I'm not sure if you know this, but you're a very attractive woman, Apolline. Taking things further sounds like a slippery slope," he warned. Apolline just smiled sweetly, her eyes filled with mirth.

"I am aware of my attractiveness, 'Arry ... and merci for the compliment. You should remember that I am no longer a blushing virgin. I am an adult who is confident with my body."

"I don't know ..." Harry said, his cheeks pink with embarrassment. "I'm not sure if this is a good idea. What if I lose my head and ... you know ... touch you or something," he added the last part in a whisper, forgetting that the room was laced with Silencing Charms. Apolline couldn't help but burst into a giggle fit. Most of the time, Harry was very confident around the three beautiful women, but sometimes HE was the one acting like a blushing virgin.

"Apolline, I'm serious. My self-control is top-notch, but even I have my limits," he said with a straight face. "I don't want to do anything that might hurt you." This immediately stopped her giggling. Her eyes softened, and she pulled him into another hug and kissed his cheek.

"I'm sorry that I'm making you doubt yourself, 'Arry, but this is very important to us. If 'earing me say it 'elps you, I give you full permission to take things as far as necessary," she told him. "And that includes touching me."

“Even ... uh ... you know ...?” he asked, stumbling over his words. This time, it was Apolline’s cheeks that turned pink. Still, her resolve was rock solid.

“If you think it is necessary, then yes,” she nodded with determination. Harry sighed and pulled away from her.

“Are you absolutely certain?” Harry asked one more time. Apolline stood straight-backed and proud and gave him a firm nod.

“But you must not be meek, ‘Arry,” she warned. “That would be a waste of both of our time. You must ‘umiliate me and call me dirty names. You must order me to do things I normally would not. I need a reason to fight against it,” she persevered.

“If you’re sure ...” Harry relented.

“I am,” she confidently stated one last time.

“Then I suppose we should begin,” Harry said, pulling out his wand. Apolline stood there waiting to be placed under the curse. Harry could tell she was nervous despite her confident demeanor. Pointing his wand at her, he said, “Imperio,” and watched as her eyes glazed over. Apolline stiffly stood there, waiting for his command.

Harry wasn’t sure how to proceed. Sure, she had permitted him to do as he pleased, but he didn’t want to jump headfirst into the deep end. He decided to start slowly and give her a fighting chance.

“Go into your closet and change into something sexy ... something revealing,” he told her. The trick to the curse was wanting whatever you were commanding. The more unsure you were about your commands, the easier it was to break, and though he was uncomfortable giving such commands to her, there was no doubt he wanted to see more of Apolline Delacour. She gave in immediately. The older Veela entered her large, lavish walk-in closet and shut the door behind her. As he waited, his heart thundered in his chest. His brain was telling him that he shouldn’t be doing this, but Apolline had been adamant. His warring thoughts ended when the closet door opened, and Apolline walked out looking like a fantasy come to life. She was wearing a light pink, satin nightgown that ended just past her hips. The top was low cut and showed off a generous amount of cleavage. Harry took her hand and pulled her in front of a full-length mirror.

Apolline stared at her reflection while Harry moved behind her, pressing his chest against her back. “Act as you normally would,” Harry told her. Apolline’s posture became less rigid, and she leaned back against him. Harry felt her shapely bottom rub against his throbbing cock. “Is this how you would normally act?” Harry raised an eyebrow while doing his best to get into character. “Rubbing your fat ass against a man’s erection?”

"O..." Apolline began but stopped for a split second before continuing. "Only to those I desire," she confessed. This made both of his eyebrows raise. Apolline desired him? Harry put that in the back of his mind for now. Placing his hands on her belly, he slowly slid them up her body until they were nearly touching her large breasts. Apolline shuddered and rubbed her ass against his crotch a little harder.

"Do you like having your breasts played with?" Harry asked her, grazing the bottom of her tit with his thumb. Apolline nodded. "Do you love having them sucked?" Harry was getting personal in the hopes that she would break the curse.

"I do," she told him. "My nipples are very sensitive."

Harry let go and stood back. "Jump up and down, and let me see those tits bounce," he commanded. Apolline turned to face him and began hopping up and down with little jumps. Those little jumps were making her breasts flop around spectacularly. At one point, one of her tits popped out of the top, and he could see just how hard her nipple was. "Stop jumping."

She immediately stopped and let her hands fall to her side, doing nothing to hide her exposed breast. "Go lie on the bed," he told her. Apolline walked over to the bed and crawled on top. From his angle, Harry spotted that she wasn't wearing any panties. Her taut, hairless lips were pressed tightly together between her smooth, milky thighs. "Why aren't you wearing panties?" he asked her as she rolled over onto her back.

"Because I often daydream about sex and get very wet. Wearing wet panties is uncomfortable," she truthfully told him. Harry got on the bed and sat next to her prone form. He placed his hand on her knee and began caressing the length of her smooth thigh. The bottom of her nightgown was hiked up higher than intended, and Harry could see just a tad of her smooth lips poking out from beneath.

"How often do you daydream about sex?" he asked her, letting his fingers creep to her inner thigh. The heat radiating from her bare sex was amazing.

"Several times a day," she said with a shuddering breath. Harry couldn't take his eyes off her bare breast. It took all his willpower not to lean over and take it into his mouth.

"Are you wet right now?" he asked her as his fingers neared her scorching hot pussy.

"Very," she gasped.

"Spread your legs and show me," Harry ordered.

Apolline pulled her knees up so they pointed at the ceiling. She was about to open them when she hesitated. Harry smiled, seeing that she was fighting it.

“Come on now,” he continued. “Be a good little Veela slut and show me how wet your pussy is,” he commanded. That was all it took to end her resistance. Apolline’s knees parted, giving Harry a glorious view of her naked slit.

Her pussy was absolutely perfect, Harry thought. It was nothing more than a small slit between two plump, hairless lips. Only the smallest amount of her inner lips were peaking through. Her flesh was the lightest pink imaginable, and it glistened with wetness. Her clit was swollen with arousal, and the scent coming from her was almost enough to make him blow a load in his pants. “Good girl,” Harry teased. “Now, masturbate for me.”

Apolline’s hand shook as she brought it down between her legs. She placed it on her smooth, lower belly before sliding it down over her bald mound. Her hand stopped and twitched. “Go on,” Harry ordered. Her hand began moving again, and her fingers hovered over her fat clit. Just as she touched it, Harry ended the curse.

Her eyes blinked a few times, realizing she was free. She looked at Harry and blushed deeply. Her hand quickly moved from between her legs, and she snapped her thighs shut. Remembering she was still exposed, she shoved her breast back into her top and pulled the front of her nightgown down, hiding her pussy from him. Though she was embarrassed, Apolline was also very pleased.

“I finally ‘eard my voice questioning your commands! It sounded way off in the distance, but it was there!” she stated happily, with a bright smile on her lovely face. “It was just like you said!”

“Yeah,” Harry responded, scratching the back of his head. He was a little embarrassed by the state of her undress. “I saw that you were starting to hesitate.”

“I admit that I am eager to try again, but ...” Apolline blushed red. The area between her legs was throbbing with need. “I think I need a break, and it is getting late. We can start again tomorrow.” She hoped he didn’t realize that she was going to touch herself once he left.

“Sure,” Harry smiled, getting off the bed. He was about to leave when he stopped and turned back to her. “Everything that happened ... Are you still okay with it?” he asked. He wanted to make sure he didn’t go too far. Apolline smiled prettily at him and jumped off the bed. She wrapped him up in a hug and kissed both his cheeks. Harry hoped she didn’t feel his raging erection poking her in the thigh.

“You did what I asked. Now that I know I can fight it, you must take it further, ‘Arry. Will you do that for me?” she asked him, her face very close to his. Being so close to her devastatingly beautiful face rendered him speechless. All he could do was nod and agree.

“Good,” she smiled and nodded. Kissing his cheek one last time, she sent him on his way. As soon as the door closed behind him, Apolline pulled the nightgown over her head and flopped

back on the bed, her legs spread wide. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head the moment her fingers began to work her throbbing pussy.