

One Of Us

Part 1

Rose Weasley was in her room lounging on her bed while reading the French equivalent of the Daily Prophet. Having just graduated from Hogwarts, she was now looking for a job that paid a decent amount. Being Hermione Granger's daughter, she grew up with a reverence for books only matched by her mother. As such, her greatest desire was to become a writer.

Fiction, non-fiction, she didn't care. All she wanted to do was write. She would even write for a newspaper or magazine, to begin with. However, until she either got a job writing or published a book that was popular enough to pay her bills, she needed to have a steady source of income. She didn't technically need to work. She was still living at home and could continue to do so for as long as she wanted. Still, she preferred to have money that she earned on her own. Sadly, the jobs available in Paris at the moment weren't anything to write home about.

During her time growing up, most of the year was spent in England and later at Hogwarts once she was old enough to attend. During the summers though, her small clan all packed up and moved to their summer house in Paris.

All of this started when she was very young. So young in fact, that she barely even remembered what her father looked like. Once she had gotten older, her mother told her how things had come to be. Apparently, at some point, there was a very big fight among the Weasley family. She still didn't know the cause of it, and her mother certainly wasn't going to tell her. But because of it, the family had fractured and many went their own ways. Hermione left Ron, and he ended up moving out of the country. From what Rose knew, he was somewhere in Australia. The only Weasleys that she had contact with were George and Charlie. No one spoke with Percy, and Bill was persona non grata amongst her small group. She had heard that her Aunt Ginny was now living in America and was married to some businessman. None of the Weasley children spoke with their parents anymore. It was all very sad. Fortunately, she was too young to become attached to any of them. So for her, it was completely normal to be away from them.

After Hermione left Ron, Harry immediately stepped in to watch over her. He did the same with Fleur when she left Bill. That was how her family came to be. Now it was just Harry, Hermione, Fleur, Victoire, and her. And that was just the way that she liked it.

Needing to get away from the drama, Harry whisked them away to Paris on Fleur's recommendation. It was far enough away from the Weasleys and close enough to her parents that she could easily see them whenever she wanted. That was how they came to share time between the two countries.

At some point early on, Harry and Fleur had become a couple. Rose suspected that maybe living with a Veela in France was enough to bring her mother out of her shell because soon after, she too joined their relationship. To Rose and Victoire, it was completely normal. Not only

that but it was even applauded by the Veela community that they spent so much time with. The Veela community that Fleur's mother and grandmother came from sort of adopted them as one of their own. It wasn't a surprise that they would adopt the lifestyle that those gorgeous women lived. Veela were basically bred to be the perfect sexual partners. It shouldn't shock anyone that they could be quite amorous when it came to people they cared about. There was even a tradition amongst them that when they hit their age of majority, they were taught about sexuality by the most trusted man in their life. Often it was left to the man of the house to take care of their needs. Since it was seen as taboo by some, replacements were sometimes needed. Needless to say, Harry had taken the virginities of many Veela over the years, including her Aunt Gabrielle and her cousin Victoire. Rose was very jealous of that fact, but no longer. She had talked her mother into letting her be a part of the tradition. Now she only had to wait another twenty-four hours before her dreams came true, and she could consider herself a true part of the group.

Just then, Victoire came into her room with her hair all tousled. She was breathing heavily, and her cheeks were still pink. She flopped onto the bed next to her.

"Again?!" Rose asked, incredulously. The young Veela smirked and nodded her head. "That's the third time today!"

"What can I say, Uncle Harry really gets turned on when I walk around in my panties," she explained before giggling. Rose huffed. Victoire was constantly receiving mind-numbing orgasms while she was forced to settle for her fingers or a conjured toy. It was pathetic and annoying, and she wasn't having it any longer. Seeing the scowl on her cousin's face, Victoire rolled her eyes and rolled over onto her belly.

"Relax. You're joining the group tomorrow," she reminded her. Rose nodded while returning to her newspaper. However, she couldn't concentrate.

"Are you sure that it's not weird that you and your mum share him at the same time?" she asked for what must have been the twentieth time. It was obvious that she was nervous. Victoire pushed herself onto her knees and hugged her cousin's shoulder.

"It was strange at first, but you kind of lose yourself in the passion. It's normal after the first day, though," she told her. Rose nodded. Part of the tradition was having the mother of the girl present and participating. It was to be the same with her. Both Harry and Hermione would be there to claim her body and usher her into womanhood.

One Of Us

Rose had barely gotten any sleep that night. She was simply too worked up to fall asleep. A mixture of excitement and nervousness had kept her up until finally, exhaustion took its toll. All through the day, the only thing that she could think about was that night. It didn't help that

Victoire was constantly teasing her about what was to come. However, she didn't need to worry about that anymore. It was time.

Her heart was hammering in her chest when her mother came to get her. Hermione smiled at her and promised, "Don't worry. You'll enjoy yourself." Rose blushed and nodded.

She was escorted into the room that her mother shared with Harry and Fleur. Victoire and her mother were staying with Apolline that night so that they could have some privacy for her first time. Harry greeted her as she walked in, and her mother closed the door behind them.

"Are you sure that you want to go through with it?" Harry asked her. She had had a crush on him for the longest time, so it was no surprise when she nodded enthusiastically. He smiled and pulled her in. Her breath hitched and her body shuddered as his strong hands gripped her womanly hips. Not really knowing what she should wear since she wouldn't be wearing anything for long, she decided to just wear what she usually had on at night. Harry thought she looked cute in her tank top and short shorts. He slid his hands from her hips up to her slim waist. He could see her lip quivering as she waited for him to start. He pulled her close and leaned in.

Rose trembled in his arms as she closed her eyes and let him kiss her deeply. She couldn't help but moan as he began massaging her tongue with his while his hands lowered and cupped her tight bottom. He squeezed her ass so hard that she squealed and jumped before breaking the kiss. She was breathing heavily as her mother stepped up to their side. They watched as she untied the belt of her silk robe and let it drop off her shoulders. As the robe pooled at her feet, her buxom body was displayed to them. Rose hadn't seen her mother naked in a very long time. She had forgotten how big her breasts and how wide her hips were. Her mother had the body of a woman and made her feel like hers was still that of a teen, which technically it was. She was brought out of her daze when Harry leaned in and captured the tender skin of her neck between his lips. She gasped at the sensation of him sucking on her soft skin. Hermione made her way around her and grabbed the hem of her shirt. As she started lifting it up, Rose broke free of him and lifted her arms.

Harry watched as Rose's tight top lifted her perky B-cup breasts up as her shirt was pulled from her body. When the shirt rose past her chest, her tits dropped from the tight material and jiggled wonderfully. Harry wasted no time in tasting her hard nipples. As he sucked on the hard nubs, he pressed his tongue against her crinkled skin and activated his Parselmouth abilities. He felt her body stiffen in his arms as his tongue traced the circumference of her areola before wiggling over the hardened tip. He had rarely heard a girl moan as loud as her. Within seconds, she desperately tried to stuff as much of her breast into his mouth as possible.

Hermione smiled at her daughter. She knew exactly how good it felt when Harry sucked on her nipples. In fact, it was one of her favorite pastimes. She remembered the first time that Harry attacked her breasts with his talented tongue. She came in her panties right on the spot. Suddenly, Rose cried out and nearly collapsed in his arms as her body spasmed out of control. Hermione giggled at the scene. It seemed that they were more similar than they had originally

thought. As she squirmed in his arms, Hermione pulled the shorts off of Rose's body, leaving her in only a pair of small panties.

Lights were flashing behind her eyes as her body bucked uncontrollably. She couldn't stop squealing in pleasure as she was laid on her back in the middle of the bed. The next thing that she knew, her mother was massaging one of her breasts while leaning down and capturing the other between her lips. Harry was busy kissing down the middle of her belly until he was past her belly button. Rose was squirming and rubbing her thighs together while Harry's hands slid up and down the silky smooth skin of her legs. His lips finally touched the front of her panties, and he pushed her legs apart, exposing the wet spot on her crotch. He placed his hand on the front of her panties and let his thumb dangle to the spot where her clit was hidden by her silky fabric. Wanting even more pleasure than she was already feeling, she began grinding herself on his hand while her mother suckled on her tits. She heard him chuckle before he pressed the pad of his thumb against the hardened nub underneath her panties. As he began rubbing circles all over it, Rose moaned like a whore and arched her back.

She suddenly felt his mouth touch her wet spot, and she blushed madly as he began tasting her arousal. She was rubbing her bare feet all over his strong, muscled back as he mashed his face hard into her panty-covered pussy. "You're quite the naughty girl, aren't you?" she heard him ask. As if answering him, she spread her legs wider so that he could kiss and lick even more exposed skin. "How about we get these panties off?"

She nodded wildly as Hermione gently bit on her nipple and gave it a tug. She suddenly remembered that he couldn't see her nod. "Y-Yes!" she gasped out as he was kissing and sucking on the delicate skin of her inner thighs. When he grabbed the waistband of her panties, she lifted her bottom up and helped him as he slid the damp material up her smooth, gorgeous legs and pulled them off of her dainty feet. Harry suddenly stood up. She laid there breathing wildly with her legs parted and showing off her perfect, wet pussy while her mother scooted over to him. She looked at Rose with a smirk as her hand rubbed the massive tent in his boxers. She wasn't ready for the beast that was let loose as her mother pulled his boxers down.