

When they lean in, kissing his cum off one another, he genuinely couldn't believe his luck, "You two are... incredible." *I must be the luckiest wizard alive, or this is fate's way of apologizing for Voldemort.* His cock agreed as it still hung hard and heavy between his thighs, very much ready for another round.

His musings were interrupted by a knock on the door. Before he could react Orina, was on her feet and headed to open it. *She must be joking.*

With her face still stained with the evidence of their lovemaking, she opened it and stepped aside to let the person on the other side in. On instinct he went to cover his manhood, but forgot to as he watched another incredibly beautiful woman step into the room. Though she was obviously older than either of his two lovers, she looked fantastic.

Wearing an elegant, form-fitting set of robes that could easily be mistaken for a dress, the woman was busty with a hint of her cleavage on display and slim-waisted with a gentle curve to her hips. Her face was heart-shaped, and blemish free, but he'd come to expect nothing less of a veela. Her silver-blond hair hung loose around her shoulders. She had bow shaped lips and a small nose. Her nostrils flared as she sniffed the air and the musk of their sex that still hung there. He thought he could see her nipples harden at the smell.

Speaking in Bulgarian, she looked at Harry with piercing blue eyes. Her voice was like honey, and whatever she said caused Orina and Anya to giggle. Looking at Anya, she told him, "She says that we chose well."

"Well... you didn't really choose."

"If I could've chosen. I would've chosen you." His heart swelled at that, even as he offered her a hand up from her knees. He got a wide grin for the gesture. Both young women were completely at ease naked around their elder, and it made him feel a bit more at ease. *Though I would prefer not to be standing here with my fuckin' knob out.*

The elder veela's eyes were fixated on his cum-covered cock, and she spoke again in Bulgarian. This time Anya's jaw dropped open in shock, and she responded in kind. He was entirely lost as they bickered back and forth for a few seconds.

Orina interjected something with a smirk and gestured in his direction. Then it took a turn he wasn't expecting. The beautiful woman walked over to him and fisted his slippery cock in her soft hand. She was quite tall for a woman, but still short enough that she had to look up at him through her eyelashes, "Iliyana."

Harry hissed as she applied exquisite pleasure to his shaft, "Nice... to meet you."

Playing with the hem of his shirt, she commanded, "Off." Harry looked to Anya to find that she had a finger in her pussy as she watched the steady travel of Iliyana's hand along his shaft. *Well, in for a knut.* Any thought of quidditch practice was far from his mind as he reached for the bottom of his shirt and pulled it over his head.

Iliyana scratched at the lines of his abs before she flattened that hand and pushed against him. She did not stop until the back of his knees hit the bed behind him. He felt betrayed when her hand left his cock and moved to the tops of his trousers near the middle of his thighs. She had them down and off his feet

in just a moment. There was something wonderfully sensual about a woman so adamant about getting him naked.

In Bulgarian, she said something to Orina and Anya. They both nodded their agreement, "What?"

They both joined him on the bed, sitting on either side of him. While Iliyana worked, they dutifully stroked his cock, "It is crime to keep such exquisite work of art covered by clothing. You should be required to walk around naked... at all times."

Holding himself up on his elbows, he leaned over to kiss Orina, she returned it without hesitation, He pulled away, breathy and needy as he reveled in what all three women were doing to him, "You're ones to talk. I'm pretty sure you're what people imagined when they thought of Aphrodite." They both preened at the compliment. From anyone else they wouldn't have cared, they knew they were beautiful after all, but they loved hearing it from Harry, "Not... not that I'm complaining, but what's going on?"

"Iliyana criticized us for leaving such perfect cock throbbing and needy. She said we weren't being good veela leaving our lover in such state." Anya explained as she nestled against the side of his neck, "I told her it's not that simple with you. You are exception."

"And I told her, if she thinks she can do better, she's more than welcome to try." That teasing, mischievous smile was on her face, "I didn't expect her to be quite so eager though."

Kissing her way up from his ankles, the gorgeous older woman's lips were soft, and she licked at his skin like she loved the very taste of him. *Bloody hell*. She nipped at the inside of his thighs and worked her way up until her nose was pressed against the base of his shaft as she sucked one of his full, smooth balls into her mouth.

It was exquisite, the sensitive orb was lavished with attention by an obviously skilled tongue. Anya smirked as he couldn't stop the sounds of satisfaction that slipped from his lips, "She is good?"

"Brilliant." Iliyana swatted at the two younger women's hands. They pulled away, but not before giving him one more appreciative stroke. The older woman gripped him just below his crown, thumb tickling that sensitive spot where the shaft met the dome. She gave small strokes of his cock as she continued the tender affections to his sack. The woman was an expert, paying perfect attention to both of his sensitive orbs in turn and even sucking them both into her eager mouth at once.

His first two lovers leaned their heads against his shoulder as they watched every movement of their elder with rapt attention. Every so often they would nip or kiss him, but their eyes never left Iliyana. As wonderful as they both were, even innately built for the sensual and carnal, there was something to be said for that natural skill when honed by experience.

His cock throbbed, and a bead of precum leaked from his slit. The sticky fluid dripped down his shaft all the way to his balls, the moan Iliyana gave at the taste made him shake, "Fuck... so good..."

*Pop*. Releasing the orb from her mouth, her captivating cerulean eyes were dark with unbridled desire, "So full... and after you already finished once..." Her English wasn't perfect, but the accent only made the already stunning woman that much more attractive, "Ve should just take you back to our conclave... only veela deserve this perfect... cock. You could have as many as you vant."

Her allure was heavy in the air, willing him to agree. It wasn't as raw or forceful as he'd experienced in the past. It was tempered by years of knowledge and practice, but he could throw it off all the same.

"No." The two younger veela said together.

Iliyana smiled at them, "Vhat? You could come back too, have him any time you vant. It is least you deserve for finding such incredible man."

Even shuddering from the pleasure emanating from his member, Harry managed to think clearly, "No." Wide-eyed, she looked at him like he was the most interesting thing she'd ever seen in her life. Orina and Anya both beamed at him. Iliyana responded by opening her mouth wide and engulfing his cock in her hot mouth.

On instinct, his hand came up and threaded through her shiny blonde locks. In one single motion, she descended his girthy length. Her mouth was stretched around the base of his cock, and her throat bulged with the intrusion. There was no gagging, just the steady, *glumph, glumph, glumph*, as she swallowed on the head of his cock. Her throat was tight and rippling around him, milking him with the expert skill of a woman who'd perfected her technique. Her pink tongue slipped out from her lower lips and wiggled against his balls.

Harry's fist was so tight, his nails nearly broke the skin on the palm of his hand. All the while, she stared up at him with her entrancing eyes. They narrowed ever so slightly when he didn't give her what she wanted. *Just because she's fucking amazing doesn't mean I'm going to make it easy on her. I managed to hold out with Anya on a Lust Potion, I'll manage this too.*

But his perseverance wasn't offending her, it was only making her more determined. She pulled back until just the crown was in her cum-hungry mouth. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head thanks to the taste of his crystal-clear precum as it leaked in a steady stream from the head of his cock right onto her tongue.

That was when she got her hands involved again. She gripped him below his balls, forcing the smooth orbs up along his shaft, the other went right against the seal of her lips. That was when she started fucking her face against his crotch. On every descent, she twisted her hand and her chin tickled his balls as his shaft became covered in a sheen of her spit.

Anya reached up and circled his nipple lightly, with the hand that wasn't busy plunging in and out of her own sex. Orina was not better playing with herself as they watched the hedonistic show that their elder was putting on. His first lover's voice was thick with desire, "She is ravenous for you. I've never seen someone so desperate for cum."

"I'll have... have to show you a memory of our... first night together then."

"That could be fun." She whispered against his ear, "But right now, I vant you to cum for her. I want you to fill her tummy with your seed. With one of your ridiculously large loads. Because I vant her to see that your big, beautiful cock vill still be hard as a rock when you are done. She has never had to satisfy man like you... show her it is not so easy." Orina heard her and giggled, nodding her agreement against his shoulder.

Harry's grip in Iliyana's hair tightened as his balls did the same against his shaft, fighting against her grip on them. Holding her in place, his cock pulsed as cum exploded out of his shaft and into her greedy mouth, "Oh... fuck..." Not a drop was spilled as he throbbed again and again. The first drop of his cum that hit her tongue triggered a reaction he'd come to expect.

Her eyes widened as she orgasmed from the taste. But her surprise was quickly replaced by insatiable desire. Sucking on him like a straw, she tried to pull every last drop of cum from his balls. As the seconds ticked by, he wouldn't be surprised if she succeeded. Her cheeks were hollowed, highlighting her high-cheekbones as she stroked his cock from top to bottom pulling the last drops from his cock. All the while, she moaned on his cock as she shuddered through her own peak and her beautiful eyes looked up at him adoringly.

A line of spit connected her to his cock as she pulled away, tongue lolled out slightly from her efforts. Panting she said a single word in Bulgarian, "Velikolepen."

"He is one of a kind, Matriarch." Orina said adoringly, "Truly magnificent." Her eyes glanced down to his shaft which still hadn't flagged, and wouldn't either. Iliyana only seemed to take it as a challenge.

Mesmerized, he watched her strip. It was quite the show as the woman was an incredible dancer. The way she moved was fluid and sensual. She gave the most tantalizing hints of her pale, soft skin that left him wanting to see more. Fortunately for him, she had no intention of only teasing him. Anya and Orina looked like they were taking notes even as they both stroked his slippery, spit-soaked shaft.

She pushed her robes down to reveal, full breasts capped with dark pink nipples hard enough to cut glass. They were perky, not even needing a bra to keep them up. This woman could be the envy of centerfolds and models all around the world. but then the two women at his side were no different.

He didn't have to wait long to see the rest of her. Her robes pooled at her feet, and he was treated to the sight of her womanhood. Dark pink and swollen with need, her bare pussy was dripping in anticipation of what came next. Pushing his legs apart wider, she turned her back to him and he was treated to the sight of her jutting, heart-shaped bum. Her hips shimmied and shook with a practiced ease as she backed toward him until the soft skin of her ass rubbed against the crown of his cock.

Harry groaned as Orina pushed his cock between Iliyana's cheeks. The underside of cock was covered lightly by her wetness as she slid up and down his shaft. Pulling on her arsecheeks, she spread herself open for his pleasure as she looked back at him needily, "Put it in."

Orina and Anya angled his cock up for him as she pushed her hips up so her tunnel was positioned right above his bulbous head. Her tiny pussy lips stretched as she dropped down painfully slow. She hummed in contentment as she hugged the first few inches of his shaft. Her pussy was exquisite, vice tight and yet silky soft and yielding to his intrusion.

The naughty veela didn't go any further though, instead sliding up and down on just the tip of his cock. Her pussy did impossible things, things that most men would never last long enough to feel even if they were lucky enough to be with a veela.

"Afraid you... von't be able to handle him?" Anya teased, reaching down to scrape a finger to along Iliyana's sculpted back and down to her bum. Her pussy was squishing wetly as she continued to play with herself. Her digits were stained with slick cum from her own orgasm.

“You are quite old.” Orina added cheekily, fingers tickling against Harry’s abs.

Little ripples along his shaft made him groan and arch his back. He tried futilely to push his hips upward, to get further into her depths. But she retreated away from, keeping just those first few inches inside of her. She giggled looking back at the two younger girls, “Oh, I can handle him. There is so much for you to learn still girls.”

Just the tip, that’s all it was taking to drive him mad with desire, “Fuck...” He went to grab her hips, to slam himself all the way into the wonderful heat that he knew was just a single motion away, but she slapped away his hands.

“You see, I want him to be desperate...” She was doing her best to appear unaffected, but she couldn’t keep the wanton need out of her voice, “soooo utterly desperate... to fill me with every inch... and I want to show him... exactly what a cock like this deserves. I have years of experience and skill... with time you will have it as well.”

*Well, I would say she’s succeeding.* His cock throbbed and his balls ached as his manhood begged to be wrapped in more of her warmth. Iliyana went back to working just the tip, while her hand gripped the rest of his exposed cock. Harry’s eyes rolled to the back of his head, as her buttery smooth grip glided along his shaft.

Orina whispered in his ear, “Make her cum first, love. Show her that we picked better than any veela that ever came before us.” She shared a look with Anya, and by some silent agreement they both reached down for the Matriarch’s hips and pushed her down his length. Iliyana wasn’t expecting their sudden involvement and she squealed as he burrowed through her silken walls.

By the time she was pressed to his groin, there were stars in his vision. But still, he held off his orgasm. *Can’t disappoint my ladies after all.*

“Oh... yes!” Iliyana couldn’t hold back the cry that escaped her lips as she through her head back in bliss, “That is... long and thick... and just... perfect.” Awestruck, she reached down and tickled his hanging ball sack.

Grinding her hips against his crotch, she pressed him against the most sensitive, deepest part of her sex. Hitting it over and over again, she rippled around his cock, trying to coax his load out. The way her body moved was absolutely sinful, assaulting his body with pleasure. Harry kissed Anya’s shoulder to distract himself from the immense pleasure and knew that he needed to take control if he wanted any chance of getting her off first.

So, he reached for her hips and ceased her relentless, artful efforts. A mewl of pleasure rumbled low in her throat as he held her in place and started fucking up into her beautiful bum, “Oh... goddess...”

“It’s hard to believe he is real, no?” Anya asked, her voice adoring as she watched him ravage one of their Conclave’s Matriarchs.

What few words fell from her lips after that were in Bulgarian, and while he didn’t know what she was saying, he could make a good guess. *Filthy words have a certain ring to them in every language.* Even those became unimportant to her as she fell into nothing more the soft squeals and low moans of pure, animalistic sex. Her bouncy bum rippled with every savage clap of his hips. The expert muscles that she

developed through years of experience became erratic as he fucked into her needy hole. Iliyana no longer seemed concerned with making him desperate, with his need, but was solely focused on her own.

It was a close thing, but he felt immense pride when he managed to fulfill Orina's request. With a guttural, primal scream Iliyana lost all control of her body, shaking as she struggled to maintain her balance. Every gorgeous expanse of naked flesh spasmed and quaked as her tunnel became impossibly tighter, desperately trying to get its reward. But he persevered.

When she finally recovered, she looked back at him with wide, stunned eyes, "You did not cum?" Harry shook his head, chuckling. He was struck by the fact that Anya had looked quite similar, and asked the same thing, their first time together when he managed to hold off, "Vell, that will not do."

Standing on shaky legs, she turned around and he could see that her beautiful bosom glistened with a light sheen of sweat. Her hair was sex-tousled and there was a line of her own juices leaking down the inside of her thigh. The older woman would not be denied though, and was more than willing to do whatever was necessary to get what she wanted.

Straddling his waist, she grabbed his angry, purple glands and aimed it at a place he'd never been before. She smirked at the look on his face, "Have they not done this for you yet?" She tutted as she poised him right at precipice of her tightest, "I'm sure they vill, your cock deserves nothing less." For a moment, he didn't think he would fit as she pressed back against his eager cockhead, but with a faint pop he found himself surrounded by the warmth of her tight bum.

"Are you... are you in her ass?" Anya asked breathily, titillated at the very thought.

"He is." Iliyana answered as he was past being able to speak as that constricting, inviting heat enveloped every inch of his cock, "And he is going to cum in my ass, too." She leaned down and nipped at his chin, "It is least he deserves for being such amazing lover."

Orina leaned up to look at where they were connected. She pulled on Iliyana's arsecheek, spreading her for an even better view, "It looks so tight."

"It is." Harry grunted as he gave a tiny thrust up into his first bum. He was already on a knife's edge and he knew there was no way he could last much longer, "Bloody... hell."

"I vill show you." Iliyana cupped one of Orina's tits, "Vhat good is experience if it isn't passed on. And besides, this man deserves all the pleasure you can give him." She looked back down at Harry, and started lifting her asshole up and down his shaft, "Now... I... vant... your... cum!"

"Bloody hell... fuck..." His mouth opened in stunned shock as her bum milked his cock of its seed. He exploded balls deep inside of her tightest hole as he painted her insides. His world went black for a few seconds at the pure rapture of that moment. The air was heavy with three allures, completely unleashed and it only served to heighten their pleasure.

When he came to, all three women were kissing against his chest as he remained hard inside of Iliyana, she giggled girlishly toward the younger women and spoke in Bulgarian.

They both snorted a laugh, at his raised eyebrow Anya explained, "She says we would never get anything done if we brought you back to the Conclave."

Orina kissed at the shell of his ear, "I think she has hogged you long enough, love."

By the time they were done, he'd missed quidditch practice and dinner too. Not that he was complaining one bit.