

An Early Christmas Gift

Part 1

A very sexy, statuesque blonde walked down the corridor of an exquisitely decorated manor that was styled in a more modern take on the neoclassical design. During this time of the year, that style of interior design was partially hidden by wreaths and tinsel that gave the entire manor a very festive holiday look. Her long, straight, silvery-blonde hair bounced around with every step she took. The clicking of her high heels against the hard, marble floors echoed loudly in the empty corridor. Her dress was short, revealing a pair of sexy legs that seemed to go on for miles. Her hips swayed hypnotically as though she were a model strutting down the catwalk. Once she reached the section of the manor in which her family stayed, she walked up to a specific door and rapped on it loudly, three times. She had to wait nearly an entire minute before the door finally opened.

“What took you so long?” she asked, letting herself into the room. The room was spacious and decorated in a manner that one would expect for a sixteen-year-old girl. She wrinkled her nose slightly from the strong scent of perfume. It seemed that her sister had just given her body a fresh spray.

“Sorry, Fleur,” Gabrielle Delacour apologized in her native tongue. “I was in the middle of putting on my eyeliner.”

Fleur studied her face and saw that her eyeliner had been expertly applied. ‘Over the past year, she has been getting much better at dressing up and applying makeup,’ Fleur told herself. Fleur was practically an expert by the time she reached thirteen. Gabrielle, however, had been a bit of a late bloomer when it came to fashion and whatnot. The girl was now sixteen, and she was just starting to get into it. It was strange, Fleur thought. Gabrielle had never been boy-crazy, which was the exact opposite of how Fleur used to be. In fact, Gabrielle had only ever had a crush on one boy. She paid more attention to the girls in her school than the boys, much to the boys’ dismay, Fleur thought with some amusement. “Well, stand in front of me and let us have a look,” Fleur said.

Gabrielle did as she was told. She stood in front of Fleur and did a slow, three-sixty spin for her. Fleur huffed and pinched the area between her eyes. Gabrielle blinked in confusion. “What’s the matter, sis?”

“Gabby ... I told you to dress to kill. You look like you’re going to a job interview,” Fleur sighed, looking her over. Gabrielle looked down at herself. She was wearing a very nice white blouse with a black skirt that ended just below her knees. She thought that she looked quite nice. Gabby sputtered in annoyance.

“I look great! Besides, it’s not like we are going to do anything important. Where are we going? Shopping?” Gabby asked, looking into the mirror and flattening a thin bundle of hair that was

sticking up on the top of her head. Their parents had gone out of the country to spend time with their father's family for Christmas, leaving Fleur in charge in their absence. Normally, Gabrielle would have gone, but there were going to be some young men staying in the house that weren't used to dealing with a Veela's allure. Their mother was more than capable of handling any trouble, but they didn't want to take a chance with Gabby. Fleur agreed to stay with Gabby in France instead of having her come to England. Fleur's husband, Bill, was out on a job and wouldn't be back until Christmas Eve when he would join them in France where he would spend Christmas. There was still a week until Christmas, and not much was going on. Truth be told, Gabrielle was looking forward to a shopping trip or whatever her sister had planned. She was getting a little bored staying in her room for most of the day.

"We are not going shopping, Gabrielle," Fleur stated, shaking her head before sighing. "It was to be a surprise, but Mother agreed to let me guide you through the Otkritie. Gabrielle's eyes went wide and she gasped.

The Otkritie was a tradition that began in the earliest Veela colonies in Bulgaria. A rough translation was The Discovery. Sex was a very big part of a Veela's life once they came of age, especially when they got married. Under normal circumstances, the Otkritie would have happened when the young Veela began showing signs of sexual curiosity. Fleur's happened just after her thirteenth birthday. Gabrielle, however, rarely, if ever, showed any of those signs. As such, their mother made the decision to put it off until it needed to be done. That time still hadn't arrived, and the clock was ticking. Fleur had decided, and their mother agreed, that they should just get it over with.

"O-Otkritie? But Fleur ... What?" Gabrielle began to panic while her sister tried to ease her nerves. Gabby was wringing her hands together nervously.

"Relax, Gabby. It's not that big of a deal. You know what goes into it. I'll bring in a young man, and you'll get to explore his body with your eyes ..." Fleur told her. "... and hands if you desire," she added cheekily and covered her mouth as she giggled.

Gabby's eyes narrowed. She knew about the tradition and what it entailed. She would get to study the man's body and ask Fleur or the man any questions that she might have. It was meant to take any surprises out of seeing a man naked for the first time, thereby lessening the chance of her Allure flaring out of control. If that happened, it could end up very bad for her. That still wasn't a reason to keep it a secret.

"Why keep it a secret though? I could have prepared ..." Gabby began but was cut off by Fleur.

"Because I chose a very special young man to join us today. Consider yourself lucky. Maman had to hire a non-magical, nude art model for me. She didn't know anyone that she could trust. She had him under compulsions and even wiped his memory when we were done."

"That wasn't very nice," Gabby replied, thinking about the poor, young man. Fleur chuckled.

“Don’t worry. Maman paid him very handsomely ... Probably the equivalent of his yearly wages.”

Gabby was quiet before turning to her sister and quietly asking, “Did you ... you know ... touch it?” Fleur looked at her sister in disbelief before bursting into giggles.

“Fleur!” Gabby pouted, crossing her arms over her chest.

“I’m sorry, Gabby ... and to answer your question, no, I didn’t. I didn’t know him and had no interest in him. He was pleasant to look at though,” she said, remembering back to that day. Gabby suddenly remembered something herself.

“Did you say that you chose someone special?” she asked her older sister. Fleur nodded with a smirk.

“You’ll be pleased to know that I was able to convince ‘Arry Potter to join us today.”

Gabrielle’s eyes widened, and her mouth fell open. She stood there for a moment, open-mouthed and in shock before finally snapping out of it. “ ‘Arry Potter ... You got ‘Arry Potter ... ‘Arry Potter is here?” she asked Fleur. Fleur looked at her watch.

“He’ll be here in ten minutes. That’s why I told you to dress sexy. Didn’t you used to have a crush on him?” Fleur asked coyly. She knew very well that Gabby had a crush on Harry. He was the only boy that she had ever shown any interest in.

“ ‘Arry will be ‘ere! Oh, no!” Gabby cried out in English as she looked down at herself. “Look at the way I am dressed! Fleur!” she squealed and stomped her foot which made Fleur giggle again.

“Come on. If we are quick, you should be able to find something something better to wear,” Fleur said as she finished laughing. Gabby quickly followed her into her large, walk-in closet.

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Harry stepped out of the fireplace and brushed himself off. He looked around the ornately decorated room and found it empty. “Hello?!” he called out. He then heard the shuffling of feet before Fleur bounded into the room.

“ ‘Arry! You are ‘ere!” she said happily, grabbing his wrist and pulling him along.

“And right on time,” he smiled nervously. He didn’t know how he had let her talk him into this. While he wasn’t shy about being naked now that he was over twenty-one years old, he still found the whole thing strange. Then again, Veela were strange creatures he figured as he thought back to the memory of the Bulgarian cheerleaders attacking everyone at the World Cup

all those years ago. He had never heard of this Veela tradition that Fleur had explained, but that didn't mean that it didn't exist.

Harry was dragged upstairs and into an empty bedroom. Fleur pointed to a bathrobe that was lying on the bed. "Put that on while I go get, Gabby," Fleur said before skipping out of the room. Harry shook his head and did as he was told. Fleur had always been a handful, he amusedly thought.

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Fleur was having a great time as she dragged her little sister through the corridor until they reached the room. "Are you ready?" she asked. Gabby looked a bit pale and nervous as she straightened herself and smoothed the wrinkles from her dress.

"I don't know how I let you talk me into this," she said, echoing Harry's thoughts about her sister. She was wearing a Mrs. Claus outfit that she had worn in a Christmas play when she was twelve. Now that she was sixteen and taller with wider hips and breasts, Mrs. Claus was suddenly looking quite a bit sluttier. The dress that had once ended right below her knees was suddenly more than halfway up her thighs. The top-front buttons on the red dress wouldn't even properly close, and with no bra on, her tits were practically exploding out the top. Around her waist was a black, leather belt that was cinched tightly and drew attention to the womanly curves of her hips. She no longer had the knee-high leather boots that originally came with the outfit. They wouldn't have fit anyway. Instead, she was wearing a pair of black, three-inch high heels that made her legs look extra long. On her head was a red and white Santa hat that Fleur insisted that she wear. Gabby was embarrassed to be seen in such an outfit, but Fleur promised that Harry would enjoy seeing her in it.

Fleur rolled her eyes and pushed the door open. As they walked in, they saw Harry stand up while wearing the dark blue robe. She smiled at him, and he returned the smile. Beside her, Gabby stood quietly. "It 'as been a couple of years but you remember Gabby, I'm sure," Fleur said.

"Of course, I do. It's wonderful to see you again, Gabrielle," Harry happily said, and Fleur pushed her sister forward. Gabby squeaked as she slightly stumbled forward. Fleur watched as Harry studied her sister for a moment. She could see that he was checking her out. "Cute outfit," he suddenly said with a cheeky smile on his face. Fleur tried hard not to laugh when her sister's face turned bright red, and she covered her face with her hands. Harry, however, did let out a good-natured chuckle.

"Come over 'ere and sit down Gabby," Fleur said, patting the edge of the bed. Still embarrassed, Gabby walked over and plopped down on her seat. After she was seated, Fleur walked around Harry and stood behind him. When she couldn't see around him, she realized that he had grown tall over the last few years. Peeking around the side of him, she caught Gabby's attention.

“As you know, Gabrielle ... sooner or later, you will be with a man, and you must know what to do. For most young women, they can rely on their partners to lead them down the path of sexuality. They can simply lay back and open their legs, trusting that their bedmates will know what to do. Veela do not ‘ave this luxury,” she told her sister. “During those early moments, your emotions will go wild, and your magic will follow. This will assuredly cause your Allure to flare uncontrollably. I can guarantee that your partner will be unable to perform properly, let alone take control of the situation. This is why you must know ‘ow to take control of it,” Fleur explained.

Gabrielle watched as Fleur lifted her hands and placed them on Harry’s shoulders. “Seeing a man nude and being in his presence right now will ‘elp mitigate much of the shock in the future. With any luck, your Allure won’t react so much that your partner will be completely unable to ... get it up,” she cleared her throat. Unfortunately for her, Bill hadn’t been able to do his duties for nearly a week as he got used to the power of her Allure at full blast. It wasn’t a pleasant time for Fleur, and she very much hoped that Gabby wouldn’t have to go through the same. “During this time, you may ask any questions you like. I’m sure you know very little about intimacy and the opposite sex.”

Gabrielle flushed and glared at her sister for embarrassing her further in front of Harry. “I know some things,” she stated with some annoyance in her voice. Fleur smiled sweetly.

“Then let us begin,” she said, reaching around the front of Harry and pulling the robe open. She slipped it off of his body and tossed it aside. They wouldn’t need it again. Fleur’s eyes found his muscular back, and she lowered her gaze down to his tight butt. She instantly felt her cheeks heat up at the sight of his bottom. She had to stop herself from reaching out and giving it a squeeze.

“Mon Dieu!” Fleur heard her sister gasp, and she suddenly felt her Allure spike massively. The air around them became thick, and even her mind was starting to get muddled. She stepped aside and found Gabby staring at his nude form with wide, shocked eyes. Her jaw was hanging low but no words were coming out. Fleur walked around Harry and joined her sister’s side. As she sat down on the bed next to Gabby, her attention turned to Harry’s front half for the first time. She was surprised that her jaw didn’t hit the floor just as Gabby’s had. Harry’s top half was a mixture of strong, muscled arms, chiseled pecs, and rock-hard abs that had her drooling. Her eyes lowered, and she couldn’t stop her breath from being stolen. His long legs were like two slabs of muscles, but the best part was what was hanging between them. Long and thick, his soft cock hung limp and was draped over massive, cum-filled balls. “Is it supposed to be that big?” Gabby sputtered in French. Fleur was rendered speechless by his beautiful display of manhood.

“Umm ... Well ...” she expertly articulated before snapping out of her voyeuristic daze. Fleur suddenly felt embarrassed by her behavior and cleared her throat. She remembered that she had a job to do. “Not normally,” she truthfully uttered. Fleur’s eyes were glued to his manhood. Everything about it was screaming at her to reach out and touch it. He was longer and thicker

than her husband, and he wasn't even hard. His big, bloated sack dangled lazily behind his cock, and she could just imagine herself with her lips wrapped around the tip, gulping down his cum until his balls had run dry.

"I know it is supposed to go inside of me, but will it even fit?" Gabby asked in amazement before she realized what she had said. "I-I mean not inside of *me* personally but ... I don't mean that Harry and I will ..." she stuttered while Fleur heard Harry amusedly snort at her sister's antics. It was then that something struck Fleur.

"He is soft. It is not even 'ard yet," she whispered to herself. Her eyes grew to the size of dinner plates. Gabrielle's Allure was going wild, and her own was barely under control. Yet somehow, Harry was standing there acting perfectly normal without even a hint of an erection. This should be impossible, Fleur thought. By all rights, Harry should have immediately blown his load the moment Gabrielle's Allure began to flare. Fleur thought back to when she experienced her own Otkritie. The young man who was brought in for her nearly went catatonic the moment her Allure started acting up. Fleur remembered seeing his eyes glaze over and his mouth hang open. She also remembered seeing his average-sized cock instantly go hard and begin spurting cum right there on the floor. It wasn't an impressive sight. Her mother explained that it was normal, and her own Otkritie partner had done the same. Harry, however, was standing strong ... better than strong actually. He cleared his throat.

"Fleur? Fleur?" he called out, drawing her attention. Her head snapped up, and her attention went from his cock to his face. "You alright?" he asked. This time it was she who blushed deeply.

"Yes ... Sorry, 'Arry. Do you perhaps feel light'headed or faint?" she asked him. Harry shook his head.

"No. It's a bit warm in here, but I feel fine. Great, in fact," he told her.

Fleur's heart was rapidly beating in her chest. She wanted to try something, but she didn't want to push him too far or potentially hurt him. She got up and took his hand. "Come lay on the bed, 'Arry ... so we can get a better look at you."

Harry did as he was told and laid down next to them. Gabby was breathing heavily from being so close to the naked body of her longtime crush, but Fleur was focused on something else. She closed her eyes and hit him full-on with the most powerful blast of her Allure. She had him lie down just in case he fainted from an overdose. Fleur's long, blonde hair began dancing as if caught in a heavy breeze, and her beauty became devastating to behold. Even though her body hadn't changed, her breasts suddenly looked fuller and perkier, her lips looked plump and pink, and her eyes seemed to sparkle like cut gemstones. Still, Harry's cock remained soft. Fleur almost felt offended. She knew that he wasn't gay. She had seen him with dozens of different women, and Ginny had boasted about their sexual exploits on more than one occasion.

Deciding to pull out the big guns, she crawled between his legs, leaned forward, and placed her hands on his thighs.

“ ‘Arry?” she pouted in a soft, sultry voice, reaching out and gently stroking the tip of his cock with her fingertip. “You are still soft,” she said, still toying with his cock. “Do you not find me attractive?” she asked, moving around a bit to cause her dangling breasts to jiggle. Harry’s eyes were exactly where she hoped they would be ... staring down the top of her dress.

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Unbeknownst to Fleur, Harry was using the Mind Arts to block the effects of their Allure. He didn’t want to spaz out and act like a blundering fool. Granted, it was getting harder to block by the minute. He was surprised that a few beads of sweat hadn’t formed at his hairline.

When Fleur had asked him to help with this weird Veela thing, he thought that she was crazy. Still, it didn’t take her long to convince him. The reason was simple. Harry had wanted to fool around with Fleur for years. True, she was married to Bill, but it wasn’t like they were best mates or even regular mates. Harry barely saw the man these days. The clincher was when he overheard Bill in a bar several years back bragging about how much he cheated on his wife. Thinking maybe it was all talk, he hired someone to look into it. As it turned out, it was completely true. He had been messing around with other women for years. He had the perfect opportunities as well, seeing as he was always traveling out of the country for his work. Fleur was none the wiser. Harry wasn’t even sure if she suspected anything. Even with all of the evidence that he had collected, he never mentioned anything to Fleur or anyone else. Frankly, it was none of his business. However, that didn’t mean that he would go out of his way to protect the man, and it certainly didn’t mean that he would let an opportunity of his own slip from his fingers.

Even though Harry was hot for her bod, he never actually tried anything. There were plenty of other women that were far less troublesome. Harry figured that an opportunity might make itself known in the future if he was patient and he waited. Well, the opportunity had arrived, now he just needed to see if he could take advantage of it. It didn’t hurt any that Gabrielle had turned into a blonde bombshell at some point over the last couple of years.

“You are still soft. Do you not find me attractive?” Harry heard her ask in a pouty voice. Her finger was tickling the head of his cock, and he was having trouble keeping it soft.

“I won’t be soft for long if you keep touching me like that,” he smiled at the gorgeous girl. Fleur’s pouty look turned into a soft smirk. Her hand then began to play with his cock even harder, making him moan softly. She leaned in even further so that their faces were only a foot apart.

“For Gabrielle’s sake, I will ‘elp you,” she said breathlessly as she wrapped her hand around him and felt him begin to grow.