

## The Industry

### Chapter 4

Apolline closed the door behind her once she left the table. Dinner had been wonderful and the wine had been the best that she had ever drunk. The three of them had killed the entire bottle during their meal. Now that she was back in her room, she realized that her fantasy was soon to come true. Sure, her fantasy had never involved her daughter, but hopefully, this was just the beginning. You had to start somewhere after all.

As she realized that her dreams were within striking distance, she suddenly became nervous. Her breathing intensified and the palms of her hands became clammy. She rushed to the in-suite bathroom and turned on the water faucet. She leaned over and splashed cold water on her flushed face. All that wine had really hit her hard. Once done, she grabbed a towel and dried her face. Taking a deep breath, she calmed herself.

“Shit!” she cursed as she saw that she had inadvertently messed up her make-up. She grabbed her make-up bag and quickly set things right. After checking herself out, she fluffed her long, flowing hair and went back into the bedroom. She walked over to the large window that nearly covered an entire wall. The Paris skyline was stretched out before her. At night, like it was then, it looked especially beautiful. It was the City of Light and Love after all. Forcing herself to step away from the beautiful scene, she dropped down onto the bed and sighed at the softness. Falling back, she bounced a little before closing her eyes momentarily. She could see why Fleur had moved out of her place to live with Harry. Apolline would be more than happy to live in a place like this. She loved her place as well, but it was out in the country far away from any neighbors. Harry’s place was right smack in the heart of France. Yes, living here would certainly be nice, she thought to herself. The idea of living with a man like Harry was already getting her wet. She bit her lip sexily while sensually rubbing her thighs together. The scent of her arousal was quickly filling the room.

Of course, she loved her husband. If she didn’t, she would have barbecued him by then. After his betrayal, she didn’t know if she could ever look at him again. That wasn’t the core of her problem, however. No, the problem was that her husband had always been a bit of a prude in his actions. It dated back all the way to when they had first met. Apolline remembered giggling while asking him if he wanted to go skinny dipping. He turned her down! Apolline couldn’t believe that any man would ever turn down a woman like her, especially if her request involved her being nude. Nevertheless, he did, and he never grew bolder when it came to things like that. Making love had long since lost its luster. To her, it was simply something that married people did. There was no passion anymore. That was a big reason why she was so mad. The man had the audacity to have an affair while he left her at home unfulfilled. That was something that she couldn’t take anymore. Even if she decided to forgive him and take him back, which at that point was a very big if, things were going to change. She had a feeling that he would be unwilling to change, and that would be that.

Harry, on the other hand, was wild in bed and was willing to try damn near anything, according to her daughter. Hell, the man was fucking multiple women while his wife watched. Then they sold the memories and made a fortune off of it! She just couldn't believe that. She didn't realize how much she wanted and needed a man like him. Without realizing it, her hand slipped underneath her dress and began rubbing her panty-covered pussy. When she let out a loud moan, her eyes flew open in panic. At that moment, Fleur was convincing Harry to let her watch them have sex. She needed to get ready!

## **The Industry**

"My Maman said that she'll be here in a moment," Fleur smiled as she peeled off her clothes quickly. 'Tonight isn't the night for making love,' she thought to herself. 'It is a night for passionate fucking.'

Harry nodded and removed his clothes as well. Seeing his extremely long and thick cock sticking straight out in such a lewd way triggered something in Fleur. She just needed to have it right then. Dropping onto the floor, she crawled on hands and knees over to him. She looked up, silently asking him for permission. Harry smiled and nodded. Fleur took his cock in hand and started beating it off while peppering his balls with kisses. Just then, the door opened up. Fleur didn't bother turning around. She already knew who it was. Harry, however, more than happily looked at the woman who just walked through their door.

Apolline walked in wearing only a small pair of white panties. As she turned around to close the door, Harry discovered that they were a g-string. Wondering if she was submissive like her daughter, Harry decided to test it out.

"Come over here, Apolline. Down on your knees by your daughter so that you can see what's going on," he commanded. Apolline blushed madly but quickly scampered over to him without saying a word. As she did, her gorgeous tits bounced around. Harry watched as she dropped down to her knees and studied her daughter's actions.

Apolline gasped out loud when she saw what Harry was packing. She thought that maybe Fleur was exaggerating a bit to make her boyfriend look better in her eyes. That turned out to be untrue. Harry was just as big as she said he was. In fact, she thought that maybe he was even bigger. His girth was glorious to behold. She loved the way that Fleur had it tilted upward while she leaned in and sucked on his bloated sack. Apolline shuddered when she saw Fleur's tongue wiggling around his balls, licking and bathing them in her saliva. Her dainty hand never stopped moving as she jacked her boyfriend off. Her pussy clenched tightly as she smelled the scent of his manly musk as her daughter placed the tip of his cock between her lips. Thinking that Fleur would simply start sucking him off, she was instead surprised when Harry began thrusting. Her mouth fell open slightly as inch after inch of his beastly cock slid down Fleur's throat. Harry groaned happily from the sensation of the deepthroat.

“Did you ever give head to your husband?” Harry suddenly asked her. Apolline looked up and blushed as she saw him staring down at her. After having been forced to be prudish for so long, she suddenly felt the urge to cover her healthy tits but refrained from doing so. Instead, she kept her arms at her side and let him ogle her bare breasts to his heart’s content.

“Well? Answer me,” he ordered, raising an eyebrow. Apolline flushed and cleared her throat before answering meekly.

“Yes, but he finished after only a few minutes and could never get it back up. He would fall asleep shortly after,” she told him the truth. She had a feeling that he would know if she tried to lie.

“That’s very sad,” he said, shaking his head. “He never got to enjoy the sensation of his wife doing this to him ...”

Suddenly, Harry grabbed Fleur by the back of her head and slowly thrust all the way into her throat. Apolline watched as Fleur’s eyes bugged out, and she coughed and choked around his monstrous cock. Soon after, Fleur was beating on his thighs to let her go. Apolline stayed in her place like a good, little girl just as Harry pulled out of Fleur’s mouth. As the tip of his saliva-covered cock left her lips, Fleur sucked in a deep breath as she coughed. A string of saliva dripped from her mouth and fell onto her bare tits as her chest rapidly rose and fell. Apolline had never seen anything like that display. Biting her lip, she had to force her hand to stay put and not crawl between her legs.

“On the bed, Fleur,” Harry commanded the younger Veela. Without question, she got up and crawled onto the bed. “Get into the position that I love so much,” Harry told her in a teasing manner. Apolline saw Fleur look at her before blushing deeply. Fleur’s legs lifted up and her body folded in half until her feet were above her head. Apolline gaped at the lewd sight. Her daughter’s pussy and asshole were sticking up in the air on full display while Harry stroked his cock and massaged the saliva into his skin. Knowing what was about to happen, Apolline turned to go sit in her chair. As she did, she felt a strong hand grip her arm. Feeling the power radiating from the man grabbing her, she instinctively turned around and stood straight, tits jiggling from the movement.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he asked.

“To my seat to watch?” she replied, unsure. Harry shook his head.

“If you’re here to live out your fantasy, then we’re going to do it right. No half-assing it,” he said, sure of himself. Apolline’s pussy tingled. “Onto the bed with your daughter.”

Apolline didn’t bother arguing. She listened to him and treated his words as if they were the ultimate authority. Just as she was about to crawl onto the bed, his hands grabbed her hips and stopped her. She gasped at the sensation of his hands on her silky, smooth skin. “No panties

are allowed on my bed,” he told her. Without asking, he grabbed her panties and began sliding them down her long and perfect legs. Her body trembled as the damp fabric peeled away from her overheated pussy. As they touched her ankles, she lifted her legs and let him take them off of her. A hard slap on the ass made her squeal and jump. “On the bed!” he commanded. In a split second, she was on the bed with her daughter.

“Start touching yourself,” he told her with authority. Apolline’s fingers reached down and touched her wet slit as she watched her daughter’s boyfriend lift her wet panties up to his nose and inhale her womanly scent.

“Oooh!” she squeaked as a little bit of pussy juice squirted from her fluttering cunt. All of it was too much! Her orgasms were already starting up, and they hadn’t even properly started yet. Apolline kept her eyes on Harry while he wrapped her panties around his cock and used them to jack off. Leaving her panties on his cock, he walked up to her and told her to remove them. She was just about to reach out when he stopped her.

“Use your teeth.”

She trembled as she leaned in and grabbed her panties between her teeth and tugged them. His cock sprang up and when it came down, it hit her in the face. She couldn’t help but stick her tongue out and sneak a quick taste. Harry chuckled as he turned his attention to her daughter. “Come over here and look how wet your daughter is,” Harry told her. Apolline scooted up to him as he was sliding his shaft up and down between Fleur’s plump and hairless lips.

The older Veela was transfixed by the sight of his fat cock spreading her lips apart as his hips moved back and forth. Fleur was quivering as the head of his cock pushed her lips open, and her wet inner lips painted his shaft with her juices. When the tip bumped into her clit, Fleur squealed loudly as her body bucked. “It looks like she’s ready,” he smiled. He patted his shaft against her wet slit and made perverse squelching noises from her body.

Apolline needed relief as she witnessed him line it up and plunge into her with a single, mighty thrust. Fleur’s lips parted wide from the girth of his massive cock. When he bottomed out, he closed his eyes and relished the sensation of being within a tight and wet pussy. Unable to control herself, she moved her hand back between her legs and started rubbing herself as Harry pulled back. The incredible tightness of Fleur’s pussy was on display as it firmly clung to his shaft. Apolline could see her skin stretch due to her tight hold. When Harry thrust back in, a perverse, wet sound erupted from between her legs while she moaned and squealed in pleasure. Her fingers danced over her swollen clit as her daughter was brutally fucked right in front of her.

Desperate to see as much as possible, Apolline leaned in closer to the area of penetration. Fleur’s scent washed over her face, and she could feel the heat radiating from her body as Harry thrust harder and harder into her. Apolline’s body was tingling wildly from the pleasure of her fingers rolling her clit. Suddenly, Harry pulled out and flipped Fleur over onto her belly. His

powerful hand gripped her hips and lifted her ass up in the air. He moved Fleur's knees apart so that she was fully exposed to them. "Now you're going to get a great view," Harry teased as he moved her underneath her daughter. She was now on her back looking up at Fleur's very wet pussy.

Harry straddled her chest as he began rubbing something all over his cock. She realized that it was some kind of lubrication. She quickly wondered why. Fleur was already wet enough. She felt foolish when he started lubing up Fleur's tightest hole. Once she was prepared for him, he slowly worked his cock into her extremely tight hole. Apolline could hear Fleur's cries of pleasure and pain as she was stretched beyond imagination. When Harry's hips finally touched her ass, a drop of Fleur's pussy juice dripped off of her swollen lips and landed on Apolline's cheek. Blushing madly, she gasped as Harry slowly started fucking her. Grunts and mewls filled the room as Fleur took his cock like a champ.

With every thrust, her pussy became wetter and wetter. On a particularly powerful thrust, Fleur cried out and Apolline sputtered as pussy juice splattered all over her mouth. Fleur's pussy was fluttering and contracting even though his cock was balls deep in her asshole. Apolline's eyes were fluttering as well as she curled her two fingers that were stuffed deeply into her cunt. Her hand was moving rapidly while she vigorously finger-fucked her throbbing pussy. She was forced to spit out some of her daughter's drippings when the flow became too much to ignore. Her scent was nearly overwhelming from her position, but she didn't want to be anywhere else at the moment. Harry thrust in extremely hard and Fleur's back bowed wildly. A loud squeal filled the room as pussy juice literally poured from her cumming pussy. It was all too much for the older woman. Like her daughter, her pussy clamped down tightly on her fingers as her pussy began squirting as well. Harry grunted and thrust deeply into her.

After a few moments of trying to calm down. Globbs of cum leaked from her daughter's violated asshole and began dripping on her face. She opened her mouth to say something but decided not to when Harry mounted her daughter from behind again. This time, he claimed her still-sensitive pussy. Apolline wasn't going to pass up this opportunity. Opening her legs, she stuffed three fingers into herself and viciously fucked her cunt as Harry went back for seconds, then thirds. By the end of the night, her pussy was raw and aching. She fell asleep with the biggest smile on her face.