

Imperio

Chapter 3

Apolline read and re-read the same page of her book multiple times. Sighing in frustration, she snapped it shut and placed it on her nightstand. She just couldn't seem to concentrate. Looking at the clock, she found that it was nearly one A.M. Groaning, she grabbed her wand and flicked off the lights in her bedroom. Now in darkness, she pulled the covers up past her chest and rolled onto her side. After another fifteen minutes of failing to fall asleep, she rolled onto her back and smacked the bed with both palms.

All things considered, she shouldn't have been frustrated. She was making slow but steady progress when it came to learning to fight the Imperius Curse. It wasn't going as fast as she would have liked, but at least her progress was better than she feared. However, that wasn't what had her frustrated. Her lessons had become something she looked forward to, and it wasn't because of the progress she was making. No, it was because of the incredible pleasure she felt during those lessons. The things that Harry did to her ... Well, let's just say that her fingers couldn't compare. During the days when she didn't have a lesson, she found herself wishing it was her day again. Apolline tried to masturbate to help relieve that certain itch, but the pleasure was pathetic in comparison. Nothing could compare to having a real-life man in bed who was perfectly adept at drawing long, powerful orgasms from her body.

That day had been Gabrielle's lesson, and after it was over, Harry had gone out to do some sightseeing. He hadn't returned home until well after dark. This had left Apolline with no chance of asking him for a quick lesson to help keep her limited skills sharp. That was the excuse she had used over the last week. She wasn't sure if he believed it, but it didn't seem that he minded either way. So, she was left on her own with a body that was currently betraying her. Her pussy was damp, and her nipples were stiff and aching to be sucked. Huffing in irritation, Apolline peeled the blanket off of her body and got out of bed. Taking hold of her wand, she turned the lights on and walked into her massive closet. As she stood in front of her full-length mirror, her nude body came into view. She looked herself over and found that her body was just as perfect as it always was. Her face began to heat up when she thought about all the times Harry had played with her body. It was a pastime he greatly enjoyed, judging by how hard he always got. This made Apolline think about his cock and how long and thick it was. Thinking about his cock made her pussy tingle with need. Having had enough of this nonsense, she pulled one of her silk nighties from a hanger and slipped it over her body. Taking a few seconds to fix her slightly messy hair, she exited her closet and made a beeline for Harry's room.

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Harry was at the point where he was half awake and half asleep. The sound of his bedroom door creaking open brought him to full wakefulness. He was momentarily confused and jumped slightly when the side of his bed moved. He was about to sit up when Apolline's voice shushed him. "Shh, it is just me, 'Arry," she said in her sexy French accent.

Harry rubbed his eyes and looked at her. The lights were off, and he could barely make out her darkened form. "Apolline?" Harry asked, sounding a little croaky. "What's wrong?"

Apolline remained silent for a moment but then quietly exclaimed, "Merde! I am a grown woman, and I can do what I want." Harry wasn't sure if she was talking to him or herself. Either way, it didn't matter because she pulled his blanket down, exposing his body. She then yanked his boxers down his legs and tossed them away.

"Hey!" Harry cried out a little louder than he had intended. Apolline shushed him again.

"Quiet, or we will wake up the children!" she chastised him as she crawled onto the bed and straddled his lap. The heat radiating from between her legs was amazing, and he could already smell the wetness of her pussy. Now that she was on top of him, he could see more of her body in the small amount of moonlight coming in through the bedroom window. She crossed her arms in front of her and grabbed the hem of her nightgown. It traveled up her gorgeous body until her breast spilled out of the bottom. Harry was captivated by the sight of her luscious tits jiggling around. Once she had pulled it from her head, she tossed it next to his discarded boxers and leaned over.

At first, he thought she was leaning down to kiss him, but instead, she placed her soft palms on his pecs and used his body for support. By then, her intentions were clear, and Harry wasn't about to protest. Her wide hips began slowly moving back and forth, and she dragged her warm, wet pussy along the length of the underside of his shaft. Apolline had it expertly pinned between her pussy and his lower stomach. It didn't take long before he was rock-hard.

"You have a beautiful cock, 'Arry," she moaned in French before switching back to English. "I'm tired of playing games. We are both adults, and there is no reason why we shouldn't act like it," she told him as her pussy lips enveloped the bottom of his head. Harry's hands crept up her smooth thighs until his fingertips touched her hips.

"I agree," Harry was barely able to get out over his moans. Apolline's scorching pussy felt amazing against his sensitive skin. As she slowly ground herself against him, he could see her breasts swaying from side to side and lightly knocking into each other. She then leaned down again, and this time, she did kiss him. Her mouth immediately opened, leaving no guesses as to what she wanted. Harry deepened the kiss and moved his hands up her ribs. Apolline shuddered under his soft touches, and when his hands found the sides of her breasts, she slid forward until his head was positioned at her entrance. Driving her hips backward, she slid down his shaft, which made them moan into each other's mouths.

She devoured his lips, and she began bouncing her ass up and down. Being inside Apolline felt heavenly, Harry thought as she fucked herself on his cock. Her pussy was incredibly tight but, somehow, still easy to fuck. Perhaps it was because of how wet she was, Harry thought as her walls clung tightly to his manhood. Harry gasped into her mouth when her hips began to move

faster. Her thick ass cheeks clapped together, and her fleshy hips rippled as she repeatedly drove herself down on him, taking him fully into her. Harry could feel that his entire groin was soaked in her warm juices. They were running down the inside of his thighs and over his bloated sack. The wet squelching of her pussy getting stuffed grew louder with every plunge of her glorious hips. His hands were freely groping her lovely tits, and he could feel her body tremble every time he flicked his thumbs over her hardened nipples.

Harry knew that he couldn't hang on much longer. Her pussy was simply too amazing. When Apolline dropped completely down on him and began gyrating her hips in a circle, it was too much.

"EEP!" Apolline cried out when Harry wrapped his arms around her nude back and spun her around so that she was the one on her back. Her legs were spread wide, and Harry was still buried deep within her.

He had to admit that Apolline looked radiant as she stared at him with her mouth slightly agape. Her eyes were wide and innocent-looking, and she let out shallow, shuddering breaths every time he jackhammered into her sweet pussy. Her big tits were bouncing up and down and nearly hitting the bottom of her chin as her pussy fluttered around him and tightly clung to his shaft. He changed angles, and this made her eyes roll into the back of her head.

"Right there!" she gasped. "Keep going," she begged him. Harry leaned down and kissed her neck. Apolline tilted her head back and mewled as he sucked on her delicate skin. Harry wanted her to cum first, so he tried to think about things other than how fantastic her pussy felt. He thought about brooms and treacle tart, but none of that did any good. Thankfully, he didn't have to hold out for long. She let out a loud squeal just as her pussy clamped down to an almost crushing level. Pussy juice squirted around his thrusting cock, and her back arched violently. For Harry, it was impossible to hold on any longer. He let loose and flooded her with his seed. For almost ten minutes, Apolline's perfect pussy milked his cock until there wasn't a single drop of cum left in his deflated sack.

They looked at each other as they both breathed heavily. Neither of them spoke. Apolline looked a little embarrassed but pleased nonetheless. All Harry could do was kiss her again, which Apolline gladly accepted. They kissed slowly and passionately for a while until Harry's cock became soft and slipped from her cum-filled depths. He then broke the kiss and rolled off of her. If he thought that she would leave his room directly after, he was mistaken. Instead, Apolline rolled over and snuggled into his side. Her nipples were still stiff and felt good against his skin. Harry wrapped an arm around her and kissed the top of her head. "Goodnight, 'Arry," she said sleepily. Before he could answer, she was lightly snoring. Harry snorted in amusement and moved the blanket up their bodies with his foot and then his knee, taking heed to not wake her up. Once it was in reach of his hand, he pulled it up until her nude back was covered. Apolline made a "Mmmm" sound and rubbed the side of his neck with her nose. It wasn't long before he joined her in slumber.

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Apolline quietly opened Harry's door and backed out. She was staring at Harry's sleeping form and found it very appealing. His boyishly messy hair was even worse than normal. It stuck up in every direction. His eyes were closed, and his chest was steadily rising and falling with every slow breath. It was still early, and the sun hadn't even fully risen yet, but she wanted to get back to her room early. It wasn't because she was embarrassed or ashamed of her actions the previous night. It was just the opposite, in fact. She was very happy with how things had turned out, and she very much hoped that they would have a repeat performance later that night. No, she was leaving because she didn't want to get caught.

"Maman!" Fleur's loud voice startled her from behind. Apolline squeaked in fright and jumped. Spinning around, she saw Fleur standing there looking sleepy and none too pleased.

"Fleur!" she gasped. "You scared me!" she exclaimed in quiet French.

"Why are you coming out of 'Arry's room?" Fleur asked seriously. When she put her hands on her hips, Apolline knew she meant business. "Well?" she asked even louder.

"Shh!" Apolline shushed her with a glare. "You're going to wake him."

She grabbed the door handle and slowly closed it. When it clicked shut, she looked back at her daughter, who was still clearly waiting for an answer. Apolline sighed. This was exactly what she was hoping to avoid. "Join me in my room, and we'll talk," she told her eldest daughter. Fleur nodded and silently followed her down the hall.

They entered the room, and Apolline began talking before closing the bedroom door. "I spent the night with Arry," she shrugged. While she didn't want her daughters to find out, she wasn't ashamed.

"Maman!" Fleur gasped, scandalized. "He is old enough to be your son!"

"He is an adult, and so am I," she told Fleur. "I see no reason to stop." The expression on her face made that abundantly clear.

All Fleur could do was sputter. This wasn't like her mother at all. "When did this start?" Fleur asked. She had noticed that Harry and her mother had been growing closer, but neither of them gave any hints that something like this was going on in secret.

"Last night was the first night ... Sort of," she added that last part reluctantly.

"Sort of?" Fleur asked, raising an eyebrow. Apolline blushed slightly and decided to come clean. She explained how she and Harry had begun a different ... more personal style of training. She also explained how well it was working for her. This had taken Fleur off guard. Now that she had

that juicy piece of information, it was easy to see why her mother had taken the next step with him. It was only a matter of time before their lusts boiled over.

“You and Arry?!” another screech filled the room. Both women jumped in shock and faced the door. Gabrielle stood in the doorway, looking very tired and angry. Apolline sighed.

“How much did you hear?” she asked her youngest.

“All of it,” Gabrielle answered, crossing her arms in front of her, indicating that she was less than pleased with the situation. Before Apolline could say anything else, Fleur chimed in.

“I want ‘Arry to teach me the same way,” she stated with finality. Apolline began rubbing her temples. After such a fun night, the last thing she wanted was to spend the rest of the day with a headache.

“Fleur ..” she began, but Fleur cut her off.

“Non. If you say it’s helping you, then I want to try it as well. I haven’t been making any progress. Maybe this is what I need to get over the hump,” Fleur told her.

“Me too!” Gabrielle joined in, still glaring at her mother.

“Gabby,” Apolline sighed. How had such a good morning turned sour so quickly? “I don’t think that ...”

“I am an adult, just like you, and I can make my own decisions. ‘Arry is going to teach me,” she stated with absolute conviction. “Umm ... Can you ask him for me?” she added, suddenly sounding very shy.

“Ugg!” Apolline groaned. “I’m taking a shower. Do not be in my room when I come out, or I may just change my mind,” she said, going into her spacious bathroom. When the door shut, Gabrielle hopped up and down and squealed like a fan girl. She bolted for her room and left Fleur alone. Fleur shook her head and left the room.

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Thankfully, after she finished her shower, her room was empty. By that time, Harry was awake, so she called him into her room and filled him in.

“I don’t know,” Harry said, feeling a bit uncomfortable as he scratched the back of his head. His eyes were on Apolline’s body as she sat on her bed wearing only a towel. She was lotioning her gorgeous legs.

“What’s the problem?” she asked him. Her mouth pulled into a small smile when she noticed his eyes locked onto her pale, creamy thighs.

“You’re an adult,” he simply told her.

“So are my girls,” Apolline added back as her hands glided up and down her calf muscle. Her leg was extended outward, and she was “accidentally” brushing his thigh with her bare foot. Her eyes were focused on his crotch, and she was pleased when the front of his trousers tented.

“Yeah, but Fleur’s my friend, and Gabby only just turned seventeen,” he said as Apolline switched legs. She uncrossed her legs, and Harry got a quick peek of her naked slit before crossing her legs the other way. Apolline shrugged it off.

“They ‘ave made up their minds, so there is no use fighting it. The good news is that our secret is out in the open. That means we are free to express ourselves in any way that we desire,” Apolline smirked with lustful eyes. She extended her other leg and began massaging his covered crotch with her foot. She was very pleased to see that her flirting had worked. Within seconds, Harry pulled the towel from her body and had her on her back with her legs spread wide. He spent the next half an hour coaxing multiple orgasms from her body using only his tongue.

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Harry knocked on Fleur’s door and waited. “Come in,” she called out. Harry entered and found her waiting. Usually, she had a smile on her face, but that day, she looked a little nervous. Not only that, but her cheeks were pink.

“Hey, umm ... Fleur. You ready for your lesson?” he asked awkwardly. Fleur blushed harder and nodded.

“Are you comfortable with teaching me the same way as my mother?” she asked him. He hadn’t had a good chance to talk to her that day. She had gone out with some friends and hadn’t returned home until an hour ago.

“I should be asking you that question,” Harry replied as Fleur sat on her bed. Harry walked over and sat down next to her.

“I am,” she told him with certainty. “I’m a little nervous, but I think it will pass after the first lesson,” she said.

“Are you sure?” he asked again, wanting to be certain. “Things tend to get very spicy, you know?”

Fleur turned and smiled prettily at him. "I'm sure. Maman said that this method works, so I want to try it. I 'ad a long talk with 'er this morning, and she explained everything you 'ave been doing."

"And you're not afraid it might ruin our friendship?" he asked her. Fleur shook her head.

"I consider you a very good friend," she told him. "And I find you attractive, so there was already a good chance that something might 'appen between us at some point in the future. I was never opposed to the thought," she enlightened him. This took him by surprise. He didn't realize that Fleur had ever thought about him that way. Still, it was good to know.

"Well ... If you're sure," Harry sighed and straightened his shoulders. "Are you ready?" he asked. Fleur nodded again.

Within moments, she was under his complete control. By then, Harry was already used to having to behave a certain way to get the best results. While Apolline had been learning to fight the curse, Harry had been learning the best ways to make her fight it. With Apolline, he found the best way was to bring her to the brink of orgasm and force her to hold back. When the pleasure was simply too much, she would break the curse. She had been slowly getting better at doing it. Harry guessed that the same approach would work on Fleur as well.

"Stand up and face away from me," he told her, getting up from the bed. Fleur did as she was told with no hesitation. She stood up and turned her back to him. Harry placed his hands on her hips and moved them under her shirt and up her sides. He could feel each individual rib as his fingers climbed higher. Her skin was silky smooth, just like her mother's. He couldn't lie and say that it didn't give him a bit of a thrill knowing that he could do anything he wanted with both mother and daughter. Even so, he had a job to do, and they trusted him to do it right. However, that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy his job.

He felt Fleur's breath hitch as his fingers tickled her ribs. Her body was squirming because he hadn't ordered her not to. He much preferred this to having her act like a motionless statue. Harry leaned in and inhaled the scent of her lovely hair. The smell of her made his cock throb in his trousers. He pressed his covered erection into her ass while his hands cupped her bra-clad tits. "You smell wonderful," Harry told her quietly before lightly nipping at her earlobe. Fleur gasped, and her continued squirming caused her jutting cheeks to rub against his crotch. "I wonder if your pussy smells just as good," he teased her. There was no sign of her breaking the curse any time soon, so he took things further. "Raise your arms."

Her arms lifted into the air, and Harry grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and pulled it up her torso. Her slim and toned belly was the first to be exposed, and it was quickly followed by her bra. Her bra was lacy and light pink in color, and it looked sexy against her porcelain skin. He pulled the shirt over her head and up her arms. He then tossed it aside and unhooked the back of her bra. As the back snapped open, her bra went slack on her delicate shoulders. Harry

lowered her arms and slid the bra off of her half-nude body. He then grabbed her hips and spun her around to face him. He then got his first look at her naked breasts.

It was striking how similar Fleur and her mother were in appearance. He wondered if Gabrielle would be the same. Fleur's breasts were the same shape as Apolline's, and her nipples were similar in shape and color. The only difference was that Apolline's were maybe a cup size bigger. He reached out and fondled her breasts and found her skin to be incredibly warm. 'Maybe it is a Veela trait,' he thought. Apolline's skin was very warm as well. He pinched her nipples between his fingers and gave them a little tug. Within seconds, her nipples were fully hardened. He let them go and said, "Shake your chest." He then sat down on the edge of the bed.

Fleur faced him, shaking her chest from side to side. Her tits swayed and knocked together tantalizingly. "Hop up and down," he told her. Fleur did as he commanded. She bunny-hopped in place, which caused her breasts to bounce wildly. Not wanting her to get tired, he told her to stop. "Step closer."

Her body stopped right in front of him, and he reached behind her and squeezed her ass. He leaned in and kissed all around her belly button. He smiled when he heard the sexy Veela whimpering above him. While tickling her belly button with his tongue, he pulled down her shorts, and they slipped around her ankles. Fleur didn't step out of them. Now, she only had on a pair of light pink panties that matched her discarded bra. Harry stood up, lifting her on his shoulder like he was a caveman carrying her to his cave. He gave her fleshy ass a hard smack before placing her down on her bed. Harry removed the shorts from her ankles and blindly tossed them over his shoulder. Fleur was staring at him and breathing heavily. He took a moment to stare at her chest, rapidly rising and falling. He could stare at her breasts for hours, but he needed to continue. "Spread your legs like a good, little Veela slut," he told her, his eyes trained on her covered crotch.

There was a slight hesitation, but it didn't last long. Her knees lifted and parted, exposing the crotch of her panties. He ran his hands up and down her calves, delighting in the sensation of her soft, smooth skin. "Now ... Reach into your panties and start playing with yourself," he ordered, looking right into her deep, blue eyes.

Her hand moved down her belly, and the tips of her fingers slipped under the waistband of her panties. Her hand stopped for a moment. "Go ahead," he gently egged her on. That was all it took.

"Yes, 'Arry," she relented. Slowly, her hand slid under the silky fabric, and he watched as her fingers found her hidden slit. Fleur closed her eyes and moaned as her fingers moved underneath her panties. Harry played with the sensitive skin behind her knees while she squirmed uncontrollably. Her fingers were sliding up and down the length of her slit, and he took mental notes on how she obviously liked to be touched. He saw her move her fingers closer to her clit, and she began moving them in circles. Fleur gasped and arched her back, thrusting her

naked tits into the air. Her womanly fragrance filled the room, making his cock throb painfully. Seeing that she wasn't going to fight it any time soon, Harry decided to take it up a notch.