

## Passion Enflamed

### Part 1

Fleur Delacour suddenly felt the weight of her husband roll off of her. Confused, she propped herself up on her elbow and turned her head toward him. Just then, a loud snore left his lips. She quickly discovered that his eyes were closed, and the bastard had fallen asleep. Turning her head to the right, she saw that his already small cock was fully deflated and that there was a small, watery smear of cum staining his thigh. "Are you fucking serious?" she said out loud. Even though her voice was loud and annoyed, Bill remained fast asleep. A pleased smile evenly spread across his stupid face. Fleur let out an angered growl and rolled over.

'This is getting to be too much,' she told herself as she lay awake, facing in the opposite direction of her snoring husband. It had been six years since they married, and while he had never been a good lover, she had hoped that he would at least try to learn to become a better one. It seemed that her hopes had been in vain. Not only did he not learn, but he was actively getting worse with every year that passed. That night, he barely lasted three minutes before rolling off of her and cumming down his leg. 'Even his loads are getting pathetic!' she inwardly snarled, thinking about the small spot of thin, watery mess that he spurted on his own leg. A deep sense of self-pity suddenly overcame Fleur. "Why must I live like this?" she asked the dark, empty room.

Fleur wasn't a bad person. Sure, she was a bit snooty and spoiled growing up, but she eventually grew out of that. She had even fought bravely during the Battle of Hogwarts. 'Why am I being forced to suffer so?' she silently asked in desperation.

Bill knew that she was of Veela descent, and he was well aware of all that entailed. Sexual gratification was a major part of their lives. Despite what jealous housewives believed, that didn't make them sluts. Fleur only had two sexual partners in her life, and one of them was snoring by her side. However, when they finally found their chosen partner, it was expected that they would be lavished with pleasure and would be treated in such a way that they deserved. Fleur had explained all of this to Bill before they got married. He knew the repercussions of his sexual inadequacies. If not properly satisfied, she could expect a myriad of unwanted side-effects such as low energy, depression, violent mood swings, and it may even go so far as infidelity. Fleur hadn't said anything to anyone, but she was already feeling some of those effects. She was having a hard time waking up and getting ready for the day. Her mood had been quite poor recently, and she was afraid that depression might be waiting just around the corner if something didn't happen soon. Placing the heels of her palms against her eyes in an attempt to rub away the pressure headache that she was beginning to feel, she let out a pitiful, self-deprecating laugh. 'I should just tell him to get his act straight or face a divorce,' she sadly thought. She was met with another loud snore. This did nothing for her mood swings, and she had to stop herself from punching him in his beer gut while he slept.

“Tas de merde sans valeur!” she growled as she stood up and walked out of the bedroom, not caring that she was still nude. She made her way to the kitchen and poured herself an extra large glass of red wine. Downing it in a single go, she wiped her lips with the back of her hand and stood there breathing heavily. For a second, she thought about going back to bed and seeing how she felt in the morning, but that would be no use. She knew what would happen. She would wake up with a headache, struggle to pull herself out of bed, and spend an hour taking a hot shower trying to rid herself of the tiredness that was crippling her body. None of that sounded particularly pleasant. Fleur sighed, feeling very despondent. What she needed was advice from someone she trusted. ‘I need to talk to Maman,’ she suddenly thought. She hadn’t talked to her mother for several weeks.

With a new goal in mind, Fleur went back into her bedroom not caring if she was being loud, and put some clothes on. Once she was dressed, she used the Floo and traveled back to her childhood home in France.

GabFleur

Fleur sneezed cutely as she stepped out of the large and luxurious fireplace. She waved her wand and cleaned herself of all the soot and ash. She wasn’t surprised to see that the lights were off in the family’s Greeting Room ... it was past midnight after all. Again, she waved her wand and several lamps suddenly came alight. Stowing her wand away, she left the room where her family usually met their incoming guests and made her way down the hall. Her heels clacked loudly on the sparkling Italian marble floors. It was easy to see why she was so spoiled as a child. The Delacour family was practically dripping in wealth. The walls on each side of the hall were filled with expensive paintings, some magical and some muggle. Fleur had always loved the cream color that decorated the walls. They instantly filled her with nostalgia. She had chosen that color herself when her parents redecorated their home back when she was only thirteen years old. She remembered being filled with pride when her mother stated that the color she had chosen was “perfect”. In an instant, Fleur was nearly overcome with a desire to move back home and never return to her marital house. Being the responsible adult that she was, she buried those feelings and continued with her journey.

Just as she put her foot on the first stair that led to the second floor of the chateau, she heard a strange noise coming from the downstairs sitting room. Fleur stopped short and listened closely. There it was again. It sounded like a pained squeal as if someone was being tortured. Horrible scenes flashed through her mind. Was her family in trouble? Her heart began hammering in her chest, and her wand was in her hand faster than she could blink. She stepped back from the staircase and turned toward the sound. Fleur moved down a connecting hallway and silently crept closer. The cries were definitely feminine, though she couldn’t tell to whom they exactly belonged. As she came up the doorless entrance to the sitting room, she pressed herself against the wall and used her wand to make herself invisible. Fleur took a deep breath, trying to calm herself. She took a quick moment to think of the spells that she would fire upon any intruder dumb enough to threaten her family. With a battle plan in mind, she edged to the

entrance and sneakily poked her head around the side. As she took her first look at what was transpiring, her eyes nearly popped right out of her pretty head.

Her sister, who had had her seventeenth birthday only a few weeks ago was being held in the air by a pair of strong, masculine arms. Her back was pressed firmly to the man's front, and his arms were securely wrapped around her midsection. Gabrielle's back was arched, and her naked breasts were thrust outward, jiggling and bouncing from their activities. Her head was tilted back and resting on a broad and muscular shoulder. Fleur could see that her eyes were open but unseeing, and her mouth was agape and letting out high-pitched squeals. Fleur's eyes lowered which caused her to nearly faint. A massive, erect cock was sticking out from between Gabby's tightly shut thighs. The man was thrusting wildly as he fucked her thighs like there was no tomorrow. She could see that Gabby's pussy lips were spread wide and latched onto the thrusting cock like an open-mouthed kiss. She was obviously wet. The huge, veiny cock was glistening with her juices. Gabby's feet weren't even touching the ground. Her whole body was being lifted by the muscular brute. Then came the shock of her life.

The rutting pair turned enough that Fleur was finally able to see who was holding onto her sister. It was none other than her friend, Harry Potter! Fleur's heart thumped hard against the inside of her chest, and her knees almost gave out. She was just able to keep herself standing by gripping the side of the entrance. There was no mistake. She could see the messy, black hair and his brilliant green eyes. Of course, there was also the cheeky smile that was plastered across his handsome face. Fleur knew that expression very well. He wore it while he and the Weasley men were acting like a bunch of fools ... which was often. As she was wondering about the hows and whys of the situation, she was interrupted by Gabrielle's howl of pleasure. It was a sound that Fleur had never heard. She had damn well never made that sound before, much to her chagrin.

Fleur nearly jumped out of her shoes when a torrent of pussy juice squirted out of her and cascaded off of Harry's still-thrusting cock. Her juices sprayed everywhere ... all over the floor ... all over the loveseat... all over her father's favorite chair. The flood of her wetness never seemed to stop. Harry then unwrapped one arm, reached down, and began massaging Gabby's clit which Fleur could see was swollen with arousal. Gabby's back bowed so badly that Fleur was afraid that the poor girl might snap in half. Her breasts were clapping together as her body thrashed and bucked uncontrollably. " 'ARRY ... IT IS TOO MUCH!" Gabby begged. Harry just let out an amused chuckle and tossed her body up, catching her behind her knees.

A sudden tingle made itself known, and Fleur was forced to clamp her thighs together. She cursed herself for not silencing herself when she made herself invisible. Her lips were shut tightly, holding back the whimpers as she rubbed her thighs together in a desperate need to quench the desires that she was suddenly feeling. Those desires were only amplified when Harry aimed his cock until the absurdly large head pressed against Gabby's delicate flower. Harry then started moving his hips so that the head was massaging the length of her small, hairless slit. Fleur was embarrassed to admit that she had never been close to being that wet. Gabby's pussy was drenched in wetness.

"I don't know if I can take anymore!" Gabby cried out as she sounded close to hyperventilating. Harry just gave her another boyish smile. 'I had forgotten how handsome he is,' Fleur realized as she watched on with her cheeks feeling very warm. She reached down and placed her hand on her chest to try and control her heavy breathing. As she did, her hand brushed over her nipple, and she jumped in shock. Her nipples were hard and very sensitive. Fleur's eyes were glued to her sister's pussy, an act that was normally unthinkable, but what she was really transfixed by was Harry's cock. It was beastly ... ungodly even. Was Harry some kind of sex god sent down from heaven to pleasure the suffering Veela of the world? Was he perhaps some kind of sexual demon sent by Lucifer to take what he wanted from poor, innocent girls like her? No normal human, magical or otherwise, had any right to have a cock so perfect. It was long, thick, and ramrod straight. Fleur imagined the things that it could do to her body. Just then, Harry's hips bucked, and he penetrated Gabby as deeply as her body would allow.

Gabby spasmed uncontrollably as her orgasm hit new heights. Her juices arched from the point of penetration and wet the hardwood floors several feet away, forming a large puddle. Fleur shuddered as she watched his hips move. 'Mon Dieu! They are a blur!' she thought as he jackhammered into her sister with wild abandon. The sounds of their fucking were perverse and obscene, and they were burying themselves deep in Fleur's psyche. The scent of Gabby's arousal was filling her nostrils and awakening those inherited desires that had been dormant for so long. Then, Harry took her to the couch and tossed her small body onto the fluffy cushions. Gabby landed facedown, and before she could move, Harry grabbed her wide hips and lifted her perfect ass high into the air. His strong hand was placed against her upper back, and he pushed her top half flat against the cushions. Fleur swallowed loudly at the position that Gabby was now in. She had never been taken in such a lewd position. Gabby's beautiful face was turned toward her, though it was clear that she could not see her older sister standing there watching. Harry was roughly massaging her cheeks with both hands until he finally spread them apart.

'Oh, no!' Fleur mentally cried out as she felt something incredible happen. Her pussy began throbbing and became hyper-sensitive. She covered her mouth and hunched over, her knees knocking together as she squirmed uncontrollably. 'My first orgasm!'

Though it was only a mini orgasm, it was still her first nonetheless. The sensation was exquisite, she thought as pleasure washed over her. She could feel her panties becoming soaked as her pussy was finally unshackled from a lifetime of oppression. She bit her lower lip so hard that she nearly drew blood while her big, blue eyes fluttered. When she looked back at the two lovers, she saw that Harry had pressed his face right into Gabby's upturned ass. The handsome brute was devouring poor Gabby's sensitive pussy. She could hear her sister's moans over the sounds of slurping. Now Fleur was imagining herself in her sister's position. She could almost feel Harry's warm tongue lapping at her folds, tasting her body, and sucking on her throbbing clit until ...

Fleur stuffed her fist into her mouth to hold back the squeal of pleasure when her lower half bucked. Her orgasm was only getting stronger. Meanwhile, Harry had removed his mouth from her sister's backside, and she could see the lower half of his mouth shining with wetness. He didn't stop there, however. Fleur's eyes widened when he pressed his index finger against Gabby's tiny, pink asshole. Gabby's eyes went wide, and her mouth opened as she sucked in deep, ragged breaths. Harry's finger was tracing the rim of her hole, and Fleur could see Gabby's cheeks clenching every time he "accidentally" brushed over the hole itself. Then, without even a how-do-you-do, he put pressure on the little hole and began sinking his finger into her. Fleur watched mesmerized as it sank to the first knuckle, then the second. When his finger had finally penetrated her fully, Gabby's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she let out a moan that was filled with passion and pleasure. Fleur's head began to swim. She had never known that two people would dare to do such things.

Fleur wasn't a prude by any means, but she had never been taught about the broader aspects of sex. For Veela, it was their partner's responsibility to usher them into a world of pleasure and sexual delights. Her first partner was a boyfriend in her fifth year at Beauxbatons. He was unskilled, to say the least, and could barely last a few pumps before blowing his load prematurely. Bill wasn't much better. He could last a bit longer but was wholly uninterested in taking care of her needs. He also happened to be very unimaginative in bed. Harry, on the other hand, looked to suffer from none of those problems. His cock was still rock-hard and covered in Gabby's drippings.

Unable to take her eyes off of them, she eagerly watched as Harry began fingering her asshole, slow at first but then he began to speed up. Gabby was squirming while gripping the couch with her hands. Her moans became louder and more pronounced. Fleur could see that her inner thighs were completely drenched. Her smooth skin was slick as though her thighs had been oiled. Fat drops of arousal were sliding down her tight, little slit and pooling on her clit before dripping down onto the couch.

"Your asshole doesn't want to let go of my finger," she heard Harry tease. Gabby's face became beet red, and she turned her head in embarrassment. "Maybe you need something a little bigger," he added.

"No," Fleur let out the quietest of whispers as she watched, shocked by what she saw. Harry lined up his cock and slowly thrust forward. Gabby's tiny hole, which should have been incapable of accommodating such magnificent girth, was forced open. She let out a squeal, and Fleur didn't know if it was from pain, pleasure, or a mixture of both. Within seconds, Harry was slowly but steadily fucking her sister's ass. Fleur would never be able to get that image from her mind. The act was so dirty ... so unnatural but she couldn't lie to herself. She was utterly fascinated by it. From the whorish moans escaping her sister's mouth, she could rightly say that Gabby was enjoying the perverse act. Soon after, he was fucking her ass just as ravenously as he had her pussy just minutes before. She saw his hand creep under and around Gabby's hips, and her moans became screams of pure bliss.

“Your clit is so hard,” Harry moaned as he fucked her like a madman. Gabby’s plump cheeks were rippling from the brutal impact of his hips slamming into her tight ass. The impact created loud claps of flesh against flesh. The whole thing was driving Fleur mad. Her body wanted this ... it needed this. ‘This is what being a Veela is all about,’ she suddenly realized. Now she knew all that she had been missing. It was so unfair that she had spent so many years going without when her sister was getting it right from the start.

She was unsure of just how long she stood there watching the show that they were putting on but at some point, Harry pulled out of her ass leaving her little hole gaping. It amazed Fleur that Gabby’s gaping asshole immediately closed to virgin tight. She knew that it was part of her Veela heritage. All of her holes would always remain virgin tight no matter how roughly they were used. Still, seeing was believing. As Gabby’s ass tightened, Harry shoved his cock right into her pussy and grunted loudly. Knowing what was happening, she watched closely as he filled her sister full of cum. When he was done, he pulled out and spread her cheeks open. They both watched as cum began to leak from her small slit. Harry then gave her ass a hard slap which made her yelp in pain. “ ‘Arry!” Gabby complained as Harry chuckled. The most shocking part, however, was that Harry’s lovely cock hadn’t deflated one bit. It was still as hard as ever. Only a moment later, they went right back to fucking like two horny rabbits. In a daze, Fleur quietly left with her mind running a mile a minute. She went back to her house and lay in bed next to her snoring husband. He hadn’t even realized that she had left.

She lay there, thinking about the scene that she had just witnessed. It was incredible, she thought. The passion and pleasure written across Gabrielle’s face was burned in her brain. She turned to look at her idiot husband in contempt. The useless lump wasn’t even facing her. He was all the way on the opposite side of the mattress, as far away from her side as he could possibly be. ‘If he will not satisfy my needs, I will find someone who will.’

## **Passion Enflamed**

The following day, Fleur waited for Bill to leave for work and then made her way back to her family home. She was hoping to speak with her mother, but instead found Gabby in the kitchen, tiredly drinking a cup of coffee. The girl’s hair was a mess, her eyes were red, and she appeared to not have slept a wink, but she still looked happier than she ever had.

“Gabby,” she called out as she walked in. Gabby turned to her and smiled, standing up and giving her sister the normal French greeting of kisses to both cheeks.

“What are you doing here?” Gabby excitedly asked. Fleur didn’t come home very often. Without asking if she wanted any, Gabby went over to the counter and fixed a cup of coffee for Fleur.

“I came to talk with Maman. Is she here?” Fleur asked, sitting down and taking a fresh croissant from the pile. Gabby set her coffee in front of her and received a heartfelt thanks.

“Maman and Papa left for Italy for a wine tasting a couple of days ago. They should be back tomorrow though,” Gabby answered. Fleur, who was chewing on her croissant, merely nodded and hummed.

“How have you been, Gabby? You are looking very happy. Have you perhaps found a new beau?” Fleur teased, though, in reality, she was seeing if her sister would confess. As far as she knew, Gabrielle had never had a real boyfriend. She remembered that there was one boy when she was thirteen, but as far as she knew, they hadn’t done more than a few innocent pecks on the lips. Gabby simply shrugged, though Fleur could see the small smile playing on her lips.

“I’m always happy,” she smiled.

Fleur smiled back. ‘Cheeky, little brat,’ she thought. As tired as she was, Gabrielle looked absolutely radiant. Her cheeks were rosy, and her eyes were glittering like jewels. Not only that, but Fleur could feel Gabby’s allure practically pulsating with power. This was how a Veela should be, not the withering mess that she was, Fleur thought.

They spent the rest of the morning chatting while Fleur made plans to come back when their mother was there. She really needed some advice.