“Well well well. Eet seems zat zomebody ‘as been busy,” Fleur said.

Harry looked behind himself. He had just finished stealthily moving Victoire and Gabby back to their rooms inside Shell Cottage. Victoire in particular he had just finished placing back in her bed. Fleur was standing in the doorway to her daughter’s room, leaning her curvy body against the frame of the door.

“Fleur,” Harry said. “Good to see you.”

“Yes, we did not zee much of eachuzzer at ze party, did we?” Fleur said. “Eet ez almost like zou left early.”

“I got preoccupied,” Harry said. “I think we both know with what. We you aware that she was going through the Metamorphosis?”

“A muzzer knows all,” Fleur said. “Ezpecially a veela muzzer. We are particularly attuned to our offspring… including who zey desire.”

“Exactly right, daughter,” Apolline said.

She arrived out of nowhere, standing directly behind Fleur. Fleur hadn’t invited her or even known she was there. Fleur flinched and twisted around, her eyes becoming round.

“Muzzer!” Fleur said.

“Oui,” Apolline said. “Surely zou did not zink that all of zis fun would be ‘ad, yet I would leave myself out?”

“What fun?” Fleur said. “Gabby ‘as always ‘ad ‘er tastes, and Victoire was going through ze Metamporphosis. It zeems zat zings ‘ave winded down…”

“So zou mean zat you were not about to jump ‘is bones?” Apolline asked.

Fleur got conspicuously quiet.

“Is that true?” Harry asked. “Fleur, Apolline… you’re both married. I know Fleur and I have a past, but that was a long time ago.”

“Marriage ez not zo heavy for veela as eet ez for ‘umans,” Apolline said. “Because men cannot properly keep up with us, limiting ourzelves to just one ez foolish.”

“MOST men cannot keep up,” Fleur corrected her mother, staring behind Harry at where Victoire had been laid in bed, completely passed out.

“Yes, ‘Arry ez most exzzeptional, eet zeems,” Apolline said. “Shall we put ‘im to ze test?”

A second later, her back hit the wall of the hallway.

Harry made sure to take the action away from Victoire’s room so that they wouldn’t wake her. He targeted Apolline first and pinned her to the wall. The vigor and eagerness with which he attacked took the woman aback. His hands dug into her sides right at the level of her narrow waist, lifting her off the ground enough to kiss her without stooping down.

The feeling of his powerful fingers gripping her body turned Apolline on. She started to kiss him back, happily allowing her tongue to be passionately bullied. Fleur wasn’t one to let herself be left behind.

She put her body against Harry’s from behind. Her big boobs, even bigger than the pairs on her sister and daughter, pushed her hard nipples onto Harry’s bag and stabbed him through his shirt. She bit his neck from behind while he kissed her mother.

Harry gave Apolline what amounted to warning shots. While they were both clothed, he started to ram his pelvis against her crotch. The dry humping was only dry for him. As his muscles grinded his body into hers, Apolline quickly grew wet between the legs. It escaped the confines of her panties and dripped out of the bottom of her dress.

“Do zou like my muzzer’s lips?” Fleur whispered in Harry’s ear. “Do zey please zou? Are zou excited to take all of ‘er tonight?”

Harry stopped kissing Apolline but still held her against the wall. He turned his head and made out with Fleur. The suddenness of him switching targets surprised Fleur, yet she adjusted and kissed him back.

Instead of calming down, watching her eldest daughter make out with the man who had just had his tongue stuffed down her throat made Apolline even hornier than she’d been before. She cupped her hands over her crotch and rubbed her dress to stimulate the quim underneath it, moaning while she watched Fleur get toyed with.

When Harry decided that they had played around here for long enough, he hoisted Apolline up in the air using just one arm. She yelped with shock that she could be carried in such a way. Harry used his left arm to do that, and put his right arm around Fleur, grabbing her bum. He lifted up a Delacour on either arm and carried them straight for Fleur’s room.

Fortunately, it was empty and free for their use. While he carried them Harry alternated which of the women he was kissing. Reaching the bed, Harry tossed them onto it and started to strip.

While he removed his shirt and pants, Fleur and Apolline shimmied out of their dresses and threw them away. But of them were wearing white panties and bras, the latter of which had points where their stiff nipples were protruding. They watched Harry strip down.

His shirt came off, showing off his muscles. Next, he undid his pants and kicked them away, removing his boxers at the same time. Once his crotch became visible, you could see leftover lipstick and kiss and sucking marks from the fun beforehand.

“Every zingle Delacour in just one day,” Fleur said. “Are zou proud?”

She said it teasingly, so Harry gave her a playful smirk in return.

“I guess I’m just alluring,” he said.

It was a slight pun, considering veela allure was one of the most famous things about the avian-female species. Harry snapped his fingers and their bras leaped off of their bodies at the same time, unlatching and flying away as if they were creatures with minds of their own.

Excited, Fleur grabbed Harry’s left hand while Apolline grabbed the other one. They worked together to pull him onto the bed. Harry didn’t resist and allowed it to happen. As soon as he was on his back they stood up above him.

Fleur put herself over Harry’s face, meanwhile Apolline stood above his head. Both of them grabbed their panties and pushed them down their legs in the exact same way. Harry stared straight up into the lips of Fleur’s pussy, which he hadn’t seen in years.

“I ‘ope zat zou can ‘old zour breath well,” Fleur said.

“If this is how I suffocate, I’ll die with a smile— Mmph!” Harry said.

Fleur dropped her pussy onto his face. Apolline dropped her pussy onto his dick, starting to bounce her body and ride him with athleticness that far exceeded what you’d expect from a woman her age. In other words, she was as limber as a woman the age she LOOKED. When it came to sex, no woman with a single drop of veela blood ever lost their touch.

“Fuck!” Fleur screamed. “I forgot ‘ow wonderful zour tongue truly eeeezzzzz!”

Harry was just as good at giving oral as he was at the other parts of sex. Plus, he basically had decades of practice for Fleur’s pussy; she was similar enough to Gabrielle that all of Harry’s best tailored tricks worked perfectly on her.

“‘Ow are zou doing back zere, muzzer?” Fleur called over her shoulder.

“Cannot… speak…” Apolline moaned.

Her pussy was gushing inside. Harry could feel it as she bounced on him: how desperately she needed this. He was opening her up in ways she had never felt before, getting in on what her family had already taken a taste of. Harry supposed the least he could do was make sure she’d never be able to forget this feeling.

He started thrusting as much as he could, driving himself into Apolline from beneath. He also upped his game with Fleur, pushing his tongue deeper inside of her and getting his hands involved. Harry grabbed her hips and pushed her down, rubbing her pussy all over his face and getting him musty. He loved how sweet she smelled down here.

“Yes, yes, yes!” Fleur screamed. “Zis ez what I missed zo much! Zou are zo good!”

Apolline just screamed and moaned. She had lost control of the situation as soon as Harry started moving instead of just laying there. While her skill had not atrophied, she wasn’t used to getting pounded by someone so hung.

Still, Harry wasn’t just any endowed man. He prided himself on being unpredictable in bed. Having his face and dick ridden at the same time by the most beautiful mother-daughter duo around was wonderful. Still, he could make this even better.

He rolled all three of them over in one deft move. Fortunately the bed was large, so there was no space for them to slide off. In an instant, everything changed.

Apolline was lying underneath him on the bed, and Fleur was angled so that her shoulders were on the pillows next to the headboard while her legs were sticking up in the air. Harry had her folded in half at the stomach,

her thighs over his shoulders and his lips still on her pussy. Harry started to fuck her mother from above.

"Mon dieu!" Apolline screamed. "I— I am not going to make eet! Tell my daughters zat I love zem!"

"Zour daughter ez dying wiz zou tonight!" Fleur exclaimed. "'Arry, I cannot feel my toes!"

Harry had reached up with his hand and played with Fleur's clit while he dug his tongue into her. She was already squirting, you just couldn't tell because he was catching all of it in his mouth, drinking it up.

The mother and daughter moaned at the same pitches when they came. It was a cute show of genetics, actually. Fleur's hands stretched down as she looked for something to hold onto and Apolline reached up doing the same thing. Soon the two of them were holding hands.

"My mind ez going blank!" Fleur screamed.

Apolline's mind had already done that, apparently, because she could only groan like a zombie.

Harry flicked Fleur's clit around a bunch of times in rapid succession. She reached her highest climax yet, this one making her body shake all over. Her breasts had rolled up toward her face, and they were so big that when Fleur felt overwhelmed, she was easily able to bite her own engorged nipple to try and keep feeling sane.

Meanwhile, Apolline was being treated like a young woman again, a fit and athletic young man absolutely ravaging her cunt. Harry wasn't doing anything hardcore or kinky. He was just on top of her, fucking her. It was the most basic man-to-woman interaction, executed to perfection.

He didn't ask if she was on her potion and it wasn't like she was undergoing the Metamorphosis. Harry creampied her when he came because that was what felt right. He didn't think twice and just did it, flooding her womb after ramming her cervix with his broad tip.

Fleur and Apolline squeezed each other's hands for support, holding onto each other for dear life. Harry pulled his tongue out of the former and his dick out of the latter.

Fleur's pussy leaked lines of clear fluid all the way along her stomach down to her neck and face. Apolline's pussy was spilling cum all over the sheets. Harry set Fleur down so that her lower body wouldn't fall on

Apolline's face. He caught his breath for a second and let them collect themselves. They obviously weren't done yet, but they weren't in a hurry either. There was plenty of time to get their breath back.

The door swung open.

Harry flinched at being caught. He flashed back to the beach, where Victoire had caught Gabi sucking him off (although he learned later that that had been pretty much by design).

That proved to be an accurate thing to remember, because standing in the doorway were the two girls he'd just been thinking of. They looked moderately worse for wear, but Gabrielle had tons of practice going through this and worse while Victoire was young and spry, recovering quickly.

"See, little Victoire?" Gabrielle said. "I told you that they would be doing this."

"You were right!" Victoire said. "Gabrielle, do you know everything?"

"When it comes to sex? Yes I do," Gabrielle said happily. "I'm glad that you noticed."

"Don't fill her head with weird ideas," Harry said.

"And what if I do?" Gabrielle said. "Then it's just your job to fuck her until her mind goes blank. Isn't that right, Victoire?"

Victoire nodded vigorously. While Fleur and Apolline recovered, Harry sighed.

"Fine. Get over here, you two," he said.

By the time dawn arrived the next morning, Harry was only just running out of stamina. He was covered in sweat everywhere, far more exhausted than after the quidditch championship matches he had played in the past. Groans could be heard in front of him from four different voices.

Three generations of Delacour women lay on their backs, their legs spread, and their hands on their tummies. Each and every single one of them was dripping Harry's Potters semen out from between their legs. He thought that they were out cold, but it turns out they weren't.

"Thank you, Harry," they all chorused at the same time. Bemusedly, Harry wondered if they had practiced that.

Right before passing out, Victoire got straight to the most important question.

“You’ll be coming to my next birthday party again, won’t you?” she said.

“Of course,” Harry said, smiling at her.

He had a feeling that the next party would have a grand total of five people, and that all of them were sharing this bed.