

The past three weeks had changed quite a lot.

Harry stood at his kitchen counter, preparing breakfast, and marveled at how different his life had become. The past few weeks had been a blur of work, pleasure, and genuine happiness for him, Fleur, and Gabrielle.

The arrangement between them that had started as purely sexual had settled into a comfortable and natural one. They weren't a couple in the traditional sense, but they were more than just casual. Friends with benefits didn't quite cover it either. They cared about each other deeply, enjoyed each other's company both in and out of bed, and had established a dynamic that worked for all three of them.

Fleur had been staying over more frequently, sometimes three or four nights a week. Gabrielle had also been a frequent visitor, though her schedule was more erratic.

Sometimes it was all three of them together. Sometimes it was just one of them with Harry. The flexibility of their arrangement meant there was no jealousy, no possessiveness. Just pleasure and affection shared freely.

The sex had been incredible, obviously. They'd explored each other even more thoroughly over the past three weeks, trying everything they could think of. The pool had seen plenty of use, with late night swims that inevitably got more heated. Just two nights ago, they'd fucked under the stars, the cool water contrasting with their heated bodies. Gabrielle had ridden him while Fleur sat on his face, and their moans had echoed across the water.

But it wasn't just about sex. They'd also spent time just being together. Movie nights where they'd pile onto the couch. Cooking together, with varying degrees of success. Lazy mornings in bed, talking about nothing and everything. It was domestic in a way Harry had never experienced, and he loved it.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs pulled him from his thoughts. Gabrielle appeared first, wearing nothing but one of his shirts. It hung to mid-thigh on her, and her hair was adorably mussed. She padded over and wrapped her arms around him from behind, pressing her breasts against his back.

"Morning," she murmured, her voice still rough with sleep.

"Morning," Harry replied, turning to kiss her properly.

"Is that coffee I smell?" Fleur's voice came from the doorway. She was similarly dressed in another of his shirts, though this one was slightly longer on her. She looked gorgeous with her hair falling loose around her shoulders.

"Just finished brewing," Harry said, gesturing to the pot.

Fleur poured herself a cup and leaned against the counter, watching Harry cook with obvious appreciation. "What are you making?"

"Pancakes," Harry said. "Figured we could use a proper breakfast before the day gets away from us."

"Thoughtful," Fleur observed, taking a sip of her coffee. Her eyes were warm as they met his.

Gabrielle released Harry and moved to pour her own coffee, adding an obscene amount of sugar. Fleur wrinkled her nose but said nothing. They'd had this discussion before, and Gabrielle was unrepentant about her sweet tooth.

They ate breakfast together at the small table, their legs tangling underneath. The conversation flowed easily, touching on their plans for the day.

"Maman and Papa come back tomorrow," Gabrielle said suddenly, setting down her fork.

"I know," Fleur replied. "I got their owl yesterday. They're arriving in the evening."

Harry had known the Delacour parents were due back from their European trip. They'd been enjoying a well-deserved vacation. From what the sisters had mentioned, they'd been having a wonderful time.

"We should do something for them," Harry suggested. "Welcome them home properly."

Both sisters looked at him with interest.

"Like what?" Gabrielle asked.

"A party," Harry said. "Small and intimate. Just the five of us. Good food, good wine, a chance for them to tell us about their trip. We could host it here."

Fleur's expression softened. "You'd do that?"

"Of course," Harry said. "They're important to you, which makes them important to me. And your father has always been kind to me. Your mother too."

That was an understatement. Apolline and Sebastian Delacour had welcomed Harry in their lives with genuine warmth. Sebastian treated him like a son, with easy affection and respect. Apolline was more complex, her veela heritage making her naturally alluring and perceptive, but she'd always been gracious and kind to him.

"That would be wonderful," Fleur said, her eyes bright. "They'd love that."

"Perfect," Harry said. "We'll plan it for tomorrow evening then. I'll handle the food."

"We'll help," Gabrielle insisted.

"Of course," Harry agreed.

Fleur set down her empty coffee cup and stood, moving around the table to Harry. She climbed onto his lap, straddling him, and kissed him deeply. Her tongue slid against his, and Harry could taste coffee and maple syrup.

"Thank you," she murmured against his lips. "For thinking of them. For caring."

"Always," Harry said, his hands settling on her hips.

Gabrielle made a sound of protest. "Don't I get to give him a thank you kiss too?"

Fleur laughed and climbed off Harry's lap. "Go ahead."

Gabrielle immediately took her place, settling onto Harry's lap and kissing him with equal enthusiasm. Her kiss was different from Fleur's, more playful, her tongue teasing his. When she pulled back, both of them were breathing harder.

"Much better," Gabrielle said with satisfaction.

"You two are insatiable," Harry observed, though his hands were already sliding up Gabrielle's thighs, feeling the smooth skin and firm muscle.

"Your fault," Fleur said. She moved behind Gabrielle and started kissing her sister's neck, her lips trailing along the graceful line. "You've turned us into needy creatures."

"I don't hear any complaints," Harry said, his hands now fully under Gabrielle's shirt, cupping her bare breasts. They filled his palms perfectly, warm and soft, her nipples already hardening under his touch.

"No complaints," Gabrielle gasped as Harry's thumbs rubbed over her nipples. "Definitely no complaints."

What followed was inevitable. Gabrielle's shirt came off, pulled over her head to reveal her naked body. Fleur's followed quickly, and Harry took a moment to admire them both. Two perfect bodies, similar but different, both flushed with arousal.

They moved to the couch, a tangle of limbs and heated kisses. Harry found himself on his back with both sisters working to remove his clothes, their hands eager and efficient. His shirt came off first, then his joggers and boxers. His cock sprang free, already hard, and both sisters looked at it with hunger in their eyes.

Fleur took his cock in her mouth first, her lips stretching around his girth as she sank down. Harry groaned as he felt the wet heat of her mouth engulf him, felt her tongue swirling around his shaft. She bobbed her head slowly, taking him deeper with each movement, her hand stroking what didn't fit. Meanwhile, Gabrielle straddled his face, and Harry pulled her down onto his mouth eagerly.

He lost himself in the taste of her, his tongue finding her clit and circling it. She was already wet, her arousal coating his tongue, and she tasted sweet and musky. His hands gripped her ass, squeezing and kneading the firm flesh as he devoured her pussy.

"Oh fuck," Gabrielle moaned, her hips rolling against his face. "Yes, just like that. Don't stop."

Fleur's mouth worked his cock with increasing intensity, her head bobbing faster. She took him deep into her throat, swallowing around him, and Harry's hips jerked involuntarily. The sensation was incredible, wet and tight and perfect.

“Mmm,” Fleur hummed around his cock, the vibrations sending pleasure racing through him.

They switched positions after a few minutes. Gabrielle took him in her mouth while Fleur rode his face. Harry gripped Fleur’s hips and pulled her down harder onto his mouth, his tongue pushing inside her before returning to her clit. She was dripping wet, her arousal coating his face, making a mess.

“Yes,” Fleur gasped, grinding down on his mouth. “Right there. Your tongue feels so good.”

Gabrielle was working his cock with her hands and mouth together, one hand stroking his shaft while the other cupped his balls. She squeezed gently, rolling them in her palm, and Harry groaned into Fleur’s pussy.

When he was close to coming, they both moved to kneel between his legs. Their mouths worked together, tongues sliding along his shaft from opposite sides. They licked him in tandem, from base to tip, their tongues occasionally meeting and sliding together. Then their lips kissed around his tip, sharing him between their mouths.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned, watching them. “That’s so hot.”

“Want to come for us?” Fleur asked, her voice husky. Her hand wrapped around his shaft and stroked him. “Want to cover our faces?”

“Yes,” Gabrielle added, her tongue licking his tip. “Come for us, Harry. We want to taste you.”

Their words pushed him over the edge. Harry came with a groan that was almost a shout, his cock pulsing as he released. The first thick rope of cum hit Fleur’s cheek, painting a white line across her flushed skin. The second hit Gabrielle’s lips, coating them. The third landed on both their tongues as they opened wide, catching it. They kept stroking him, milking him, as pulse after pulse covered their faces and filled their mouths.

When he finally finished, both sisters had cum on their faces and in their mouths. White streaks decorated their cheeks, their lips, their chins. They turned to each other and kissed, sharing his taste between them, their tongues sliding together and passing his cum back and forth. Harry watched, his spent cock already twitching with renewed interest.

When they broke apart, both sisters licked their lips slowly, deliberately, making a show of swallowing.

“Delicious,” Gabrielle said, using her fingers to gather the cum on her face and bringing them to her mouth to lick clean.

“Always is,” Fleur replied, doing the same.

But they weren’t done. Fleur climbed onto his lap first, her allure washing over all three of them. She reached for him, her hand wrapping around his hardening cock

and stroking him back to full erection. When he was ready, she positioned herself above him and sank down slowly.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned as his cock stretched her, filling her inch by inch. “So big. So thick. I’ll never get tired of this.”

She started to ride him, her hips rolling in that way she had that drove him crazy. Her breasts bounced with each movement, and Harry reached up to cup them, squeezing and kneading. His thumbs found her nipples and rubbed them, pinching gently.

“Oui,” Fleur gasped, arching into his touch. “Play with my tits. I love it when you touch me.”

Gabrielle stood up and positioned herself so Fleur could lick her pussy while she rode Harry. Fleur leaned forward eagerly, her tongue finding Gabrielle’s clit and circling it. Gabrielle’s hands tangled in her sister’s hair, holding her close.

“Fuck yes,” Gabrielle moaned, her hips rolling. “Your tongue feels amazing.”

The three of them moved together in perfect synchronization, each focused on the others’ pleasure. Harry thrust up into Fleur while watching her tongue work Gabrielle’s clit. The sounds filling the room were obscene: wet sucking noises, moans and gasps, and the slap of skin on skin. Fleur’s pussy made squelching sounds as Harry’s cock drove into her, she was so wet.

Gabrielle came first, crying out as she ground herself against Fleur’s mouth. “Oh fuck, oh fuck, I’m coming!”

Her toes curled, and her whole body shook as she came, and Fleur immediately grabbed her thighs to keep her upright. She didn’t stop, her tongue working Gabrielle through her orgasm, prolonging the waves of pleasure.

Gabrielle fell right on her ass the moment Fleur released her hold on her, who followed soon after, her pussy clamping down on Harry’s cock as she shook. “Yes, yes, yes!” she screamed, her voice breaking as she came hard. Harry wrapped his arms around her and clutched her tightly against himself, furiously hammering upwards into her gushing pussy.

He managed to hold back, wanting more, wanting to make this last. He gripped Fleur’s hips and lifted her shaking body off his cock, gently dropping her beside him. He then reached out and pulled Gabrielle toward him.

“Your turn,” he said, his voice rough.

Gabrielle straddled him eagerly, sinking down onto his cock with a moan. “Oh fuck, you’re so deep.”

She was tighter than Fleur, her pussy gripping him differently, and the sensation was incredible. She started to ride him, bouncing on his cock with enthusiasm. Her breasts bounced wildly, and Harry reached up to cup them, squeezing hard.

They fucked until Fleur was ready, and she positioned herself so Gabrielle could return the favor. Soon Gabrielle's tongue was working her sister's clit while she rode Harry. The sight of the two sisters pleasuring each other while he fucked one of them was almost too much.

"That's it," Harry groaned, his hands moving to Gabrielle's ass. He gripped the firm flesh, using it to help her bounce on his cock. "Ride me. Take it all."

"So good," Gabrielle moaned between licks. "Your cock feels so fucking good."

Fleur's hands were in her sister's hair, holding her close as Gabrielle's tongue worked her clit. "Don't stop," Fleur gasped. "I'm close again."

Harry increased his pace, thrusting up harder to meet Gabrielle's movements. His hands squeezed her ass, his fingers digging into the flesh. Every thrust drove his cock deep inside her, hitting spots that made her cry out against Fleur's pussy.

They came together this time. Fleur first, screaming as she ground against Gabrielle's mouth. Then Gabrielle, her pussy clamping down on Harry's cock like a vice as she shook. The sensation of her squeezing him, milking him, pushed Harry over the edge. He buried himself deep and came hard, filling her with his release.

"Fuck!" he groaned, his cock pulsing as he emptied inside her.

"Yes," Gabrielle whimpered, feeling him fill her. "Give me all of it."

They collapsed in a heap, all three of them panting and sweaty and thoroughly satisfied. Gabrielle climbed off Harry's cock and lay beside him. Fleur moved to his other side, and now he was sandwiched between both sisters, their naked bodies pressed against him.

"Best breakfast ever," Gabrielle said breathlessly, her hand resting on Harry's chest.

"Agreed," Fleur managed, her fingers tracing patterns on his stomach.

They lay there for a while, catching their breath and enjoying the afterglow of their orgasms. Harry's hands roamed over both their bodies, touching and caressing. He cupped Fleur's breast with one hand while the other squeezed Gabrielle's ass. Both sisters hummed contentedly.

Finally, they managed to drag themselves to the shower, which inevitably led to another round under the hot water. Harry fucked Fleur against the shower wall while Gabrielle knelt and licked his balls, her tongue working them while he pounded into her sister. The water cascaded over them, making everything slippery and intense.

When they finally emerged, clean and somewhat sated, it was nearly noon. They dressed slowly, stealing kisses and touches. By the time they were presentable, Harry's body ached pleasantly, his muscles sore from exertion.

That evening, after Fleur had left for her apartment to finish her work and Gabrielle had gone to hers, Harry found himself alone with his thoughts. He was in his study, supposedly looking over the assignments, but his mind kept drifting.

The past month had been incredible. He'd never been happier, never felt more alive. But he also couldn't shake the feeling that this was temporary. That eventually, one or both of the sisters would want more than he could give. Would want a real relationship, commitment, a future.

And what would he do then? Could he choose between them? Did he even want to?

These were questions he'd been avoiding, pushing to the back of his mind. But with the Delacour parents returning, with reality intruding on their little bubble, he couldn't avoid them anymore.

He shook his head and forced himself to focus on his work. Tomorrow would come soon enough. For now, he had assignments to grade and a party to plan.

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The next evening, Harry was in his kitchen putting the finishing touches on dinner when the doorbell rang. He'd spent the afternoon cooking, preparing a proper French meal. Coq au vin, roasted vegetables, a fresh salad, and a tarte tatin for dessert. He'd also procured several bottles of excellent wine, including a Bordeaux he knew Sebastian favored.

Fleur and Gabrielle had arrived an hour earlier to help with preparations. They'd set the table, arranged flowers, and made sure everything looked perfect. Now they both moved to answer the door together, their faces bright with excitement.

Harry heard voices in the hallway, and then the Delacours entered. Sebastian was first, his face breaking into a wide smile when he saw Harry.

"Harry, my boy!" he said warmly, pulling Harry into a hug. "How wonderful to see you."

"Welcome home," Harry said, returning the embrace.

Apolline entered behind her husband, and Harry could not help but glance at her slightly differently now that he'd been fucking both her daughters for a month now. She was stunning like them, her veela heritage evident in every graceful movement. She wore a simple but elegant dress that hugged her curves, her platinum blonde hair falling in waves down her back. Her eyes, the same blue as her daughters', were warm as they met his.

"Harry," she said, her accent making his name sound musical. "How kind of you to host us."

"It's my pleasure," Harry said. "Welcome home."

She moved forward and kissed both his cheeks in the French manner.

"Something smells divine," Sebastian observed, looking toward the kitchen.

"Coq au vin," Harry said. "I hope I did it justice."

"I'm sure it will be wonderful," Apolline said graciously.

They moved to the dining room, where the table was set beautifully. Fleur had found candles and a nice tablecloth, and the flowers added a festive touch. They settled into their seats, with Sebastian at one end and Harry at the other. Apolline sat to Harry's right, with Fleur and Gabrielle across from her.

Harry served the food, and Sebastian opened the wine. The Bordeaux was as excellent as Harry remembered, rich and complex. For a few minutes, everyone was focused on eating, compliments flowing freely about the meal.

"This is extraordinary, Harry," Apolline said after her first bite. "You've been practicing."

"A bit," Harry admitted. "I've had time to experiment."

"It's delicious," Gabrielle added. "Better than the last time you cooked for us."

"So," Sebastian said, taking a sip of wine. "Tell us what you've been up to while we were gone. The kids giving you grey hairs yet, Harry?"

"Well, they're trying to," Harry said with a chuckle. "Jokes aside, they're good kids, and quite keen to learn too. I'm sure they'd find the curriculum at Beauxbatons to their liking."

"Undoubtedly," Sebastian said with approval. "Given how patient you are with those kids, something tells me you'd be a very good father."

Both Fleur and Gabrielle glanced at Harry at once, something that went unnoticed by everyone except their mother whose brows furrowed slightly.

"Well, I sure hope I do alright," Harry said modestly, chuckling.

"And you, Fleur?" Apolline asked. "How is the boutique?"

"Excellent, Maman," Fleur said, her face lighting up. "I'm working on some new designs with a few Italian witches, and it's looking good."

"Oh, ma chérie, that's wonderful!" Apolline exclaimed.

"We're very proud of you," Sebastian added warmly.

"Thank you," Fleur said, clearly pleased.

"And Gabby?" Apolline turned to her younger daughter. "Your work?"

"I started last week," Gabrielle said excitedly. "It's a three year-long internship, multiple medical fields, and a very generous stipend. I'll be a healer soon."

"That's excellent news," Sebastian said. "We always knew you had the potential."

The conversation flowed easily from there, with the Delacours sharing stories from their trip. They'd spent a lot of time in the Faroe Islands and Iceland, visiting both muggle and magical attractions. Sebastian had done some consulting work with the Norwegian Ministry too while they were there, making contacts and discussing possible future collaborations.

"The fjords were spectacular," Apolline said, her eyes distant with memory. "It was all so different from France. The snow, the valleys, and the water was so blue, so clear."

"And the magical community there is fascinating," Sebastian added. "Very different approach to things. More relaxed in some ways, more stringent in others."

Harry listened, genuinely interested, asking questions whenever he felt like it. Fleur and Gabrielle added their own comments and questions, clearly happy to have their parents home.

But as the evening wore on, Apolline's attention kept drifting, her gaze moving between him and her daughters with increasing frequency. She watched when Fleur reached across to refill Harry's wine glass, her hand lingering on his for just a moment longer than necessary. She noticed when Gabrielle laughed at something Harry said, her hand touching his arm briefly, her fingers trailing across his skin.

There was a moment when Harry and Fleur shared a look, something intimate passing between them, and Apolline's eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly. Another moment when Gabrielle shifted in her seat and her foot brushed against Harry's under the table, and Apolline's gaze sharpened with awareness.

But she said nothing. She smiled and laughed and participated in the conversation, giving no outward sign that anything was amiss.

When they moved to the living room for coffee and dessert, Harry served the tarte tatin he'd prepared. It was a success, the caramelized apples and buttery pastry earning enthusiastic praise. They settled onto the couches, comfortable and relaxed.

"This has been wonderful, Harry," Sebastian said warmly. "Thank you for hosting us."

"It was my pleasure," Harry said honestly. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"We should do this more often," Apolline said, her eyes moving between her daughters and Harry with that same thoughtful expression. "Family dinners. It's nice to have everyone together."

"We'd like that, Maman," Fleur said.

As the evening wound down, the sisters made their excuses about getting back to their respective apartments in Paris. Fleur had an early meeting at the boutique, and Gabrielle had her healer duties first thing in the morning.

"Of course, ma chéries," Apolline said, though her eyes were thoughtful. "Floo?"

"We'll apparate, Maman," Gabrielle said, kissing both her parents' cheeks.

Fleur did the same, and then they both turned to Harry. There was a moment of awkwardness, both sisters clearly wanting to kiss him properly but settling for quick hugs instead.

"Thank you for dinner," Fleur murmured as she hugged him, her body pressing against his briefly.

"Anytime," Harry replied quietly.

Gabrielle's hug lingered a moment longer, and Harry could feel the heat of her body against his, the soft press of her breasts. "See you soon," she whispered.

And then they were gone, disappearing from the front garden. Harry returned to the living room to find Sebastian standing and stretching.

"We should be getting home as well," he said. "Long day of travel, and I'm not as young as I used to be."

"Of course," Harry said. "Thank you for coming."

"Thank you for having us," Sebastian replied. He pulled Harry into another hug. "It's good to see you so well, my boy. You seem happy."

"I am," Harry said, and it was the truth.

Apolline kissed Harry's cheeks again, and this time her eyes held his for a long moment. There was something in them, something searching. "Thank you," she said softly. "For everything."

There was something in her tone, something that made Harry wonder exactly what she meant. But then she was turning away, taking her husband's arm, and they were leaving.

Harry stood in his doorway and watched them walk to the edge of his property to apparate. Just before they disappeared, Apolline looked back at him, and their eyes met. Harry couldn't read the expression on her face, but it sent a shiver down his spine.

Then they were gone, and he was alone.

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Apolline sat at the window of her bedroom, dressed in a powder blue satin nightdress as she nursed a glass of wine in her hand. The house was quiet. Sebastian had gone to bed an hour ago, exhausted from travel and the rich meal. But Apolline found herself wide awake, her mind churning with thoughts she couldn't quiet.

She took a sip of wine and let her gaze drift across the moonlit grounds. From here, she could see Harry's house easily, lights still on in some of the windows. Was he still awake? What was he thinking about?

What were her daughters doing right now? Were they truly at their apartments, or had they returned to him?

Apolline's veela senses had been screaming at her all evening. She'd tried to ignore it, tried to tell herself she was imagining things. But she knew better. She'd sensed the magic in the air, the lingering traces of sexual arousal and satisfaction that clung to all three of them like perfume. She'd seen the looks they shared, loaded with meaning and memory. She'd noticed the small touches, the way they moved around each other with an easy intimacy that spoke of deep familiarity.

Her daughters were sleeping with Harry. Both of them. She was certain of it.

The question was what to do about it.

Part of her wanted to be shocked, scandalized even. Two sisters sharing one man? It was unconventional, possibly scandalous if anyone found out. But another part of her, the veela part that understood passion and desire in ways humans couldn't, understood. They were young, sensual beings with powerful needs and desires. And Harry was an attractive, virile man who clearly cared for them both.

Was it really so terrible?

Apolline took another sip of wine, larger this time. She thought about Fleur, who'd always been so controlled, so focused on her career. She'd barely dated and had never shown serious interest in anyone. Until now, apparently. She'd been glowing all evening, a contentment in her eyes and body language that Apolline had never seen before.

And Gabrielle, who'd recently undergone her veela maturity. That was a tumultuous time, hormones and magic and new desires all colliding at once. She would need someone patient, someone understanding, someone who could handle the intensity of a young veela's needs. Someone like Harry.

But both of them? Together?

Apolline's mind conjured images she probably shouldn't be thinking about. Her daughters with Harry, the three of them tangled together in his bed, pleasuring each other. Harry's hands on their bodies, his mouth on their skin. The sounds they would make, the pleasure they would share.

The thought sent an unwelcome flush of heat through her body, settling between her thighs.

She shifted in her seat, uncomfortable with her own reaction and the dampness she could feel already between her legs. It wasn't appropriate to be thinking about her daughters this way. Or about Harry, for that matter. She was their mother. She should be concerned, not aroused.

And yet, she couldn't stop the images. Couldn't stop imagining what it would be like.

There was something else too, something she didn't want to examine too closely. A part of her that was curious, that wondered what it would be like to be in their place. Harry had always been attractive, had always treated her with respect tinged with an awareness that made her veela nature purr. She'd noticed the way his eyes sometimes lingered on her, quickly hidden but present. She'd felt the pull of attraction between them, carefully ignored by both.

But now, knowing that her daughters were experiencing him, were enjoying him, she found herself wondering. Imagining. Her body was responding in ways she couldn't control.

It was wrong. She was married, happily so. Sebastian was a wonderful husband, attentive and caring.

*'But not young, and certainly not capable of being a veela's lover.'*

Apolline frowned. The thought was not new, and she'd tried for years not to let it take root in her mind, but it persisted anyway.

And what about Harry? He was young enough to be her son, not to mention currently involved with her daughters.

But those thoughts persisted anyway as well, growing more vivid.

What would his hands feel like on her skin? His mouth on her breasts? His cock inside her?

Apolline squeezed her thighs together, trying to ignore the ache building there. This was inappropriate. Unacceptable. She shouldn't be thinking these things.

But her veela nature didn't care about propriety. It only cared about desire, about satisfaction, about the magnetic pull she felt toward Harry.

She recalled the moment between them right before she and Sebastian had left for their vacation, and shook her head. She drained her wine glass and slowly stood, her body feeling restless and overheated. She was probably overthinking this. It was entirely possible there was nothing going on between Harry and her daughters. The looks and touches could be innocent. The magical residue could be coincidence. She could be reading into things that weren't there.

But even as she thought it, she somehow knew it wasn't true. Her instincts were rarely wrong, especially about things like this. Her veela senses were too finely tuned to be mistaken.

She moved to the bed and set her empty glass on the nightstand. Sebastian was sleeping peacefully, his breathing deep and even. Apolline slid under the covers but knew sleep would be elusive tonight.

Her mind kept returning to the same questions. What exactly was going on between Harry and her daughters? How long had it been happening? Were they in a relationship, or was it casual? How did it start? Who initiated it? And most importantly, were they happy?

That last question mattered most. If they were happy, if this arrangement was working for them and not causing harm, did she have any right to interfere?

But if it was causing problems, if someone was going to get hurt, she needed to know.

And then there was her own reaction to consider. The arousal she felt thinking about it. The curiosity. The forbidden desire lurking beneath the surface that made her pussy ache and her nipples harden.

Without any conscious thought, she cupped her breast and teased her hard nipple with one hand while the other felt her wet lower lips. She moved her fingers through them, moaning softly. The sound cut through the haze that had enveloped her mind and her breath caught.

What did all this say about her?

Apolline lay there in silence for a long moment, getting her breathing under control as she thought about it, and finally, she made a decision.

She would find out the truth. She would know for certain what was happening. And then, when she had all the facts, she would decide what to do about it.

If her daughters were indeed involved with Harry, she would need to have a conversation with them. About safety, about discretion, about the potential consequences if anyone found out. But she wouldn't judge. Couldn't judge, really, not when her own veela nature understood the pull of desire and pleasure. Not when she was feeling it herself.

And if she was wrong, if nothing was happening, then no harm done. Though she suspected she wasn't wrong.

Apolline closed her eyes and tried to quiet her mind. Tomorrow would bring answers, one way or another. For now, she needed rest.

But sleep remained elusive, her thoughts circling endlessly. Images of Harry and her daughters, the magical traces she'd sensed, the looks they'd shared. The way Fleur had touched his hand. The way Gabrielle had pressed against him. All of it combined to leave her restless and frustrated and more than a little curious about what exactly was transpiring between them.

And aroused. Deeply, persistently aroused in ways she hadn't felt in years.

Finally, somewhere near dawn, exhaustion claimed her. Her last conscious thought was a resolution: she would get to the bottom of this, and soon. One way or another, she would know the truth.

And then she would decide what to do about it. About her daughters' involvement with Harry.

And about her own forbidden desires.