

Chapter 17

A few weeks had passed since that night, and more heated encounters followed between them. Apolline had become a constant in Harry's life, her presence filling the house with that warm, seductive energy only a veela could bring. Fleur and Gabrielle knew everything almost immediately. Apolline hadn't hidden it from her daughters. If anything, she seemed proud of it.

Fleur had pulled Harry aside one evening after a long day at her boutique, her silver hair still tied back from work. "So, you and Maman," she said with a sly smile. "About time. Just do not forget about us, Harry. We still need you too." Gabrielle had been quieter about it, blushing a bit when she visited, but her eyes sparkled with the same mix of curiosity and excitement. She whispered to him later that night, "It feels strange but good. Like our family is even closer now."

They never shared him all at once. It stayed one on one, which suited Harry fine. Fleur would sometimes drop by after closing her boutique, eager and demanding, riding him hard on the couch before she had to leave. Gabrielle came over on her days off from healing training, soft and eager to learn and please, letting him take his time with her until she trembled and came apart under his hands. But most days, it was Apolline.

She was insatiable in the best way. Harry couldn't complain even if he wanted to. Sex with her felt like coming home to someone mature, more experienced, and wildly passionate. Several mornings had started with her waking him up with her mouth, slow and teasing until he flipped her over and fucked her into the mattress. A few afternoons had turned into quick, desperate sessions in the kitchen or living room, her sundresses hiked up around her waist while he thrust into her from behind or laid her on the table and drilled into her furiously. Evenings stretched long, with them exploring each other's bodies like they had all the time in the world.

One lazy Tuesday afternoon stood out. Apolline had come over straight from the garden, her skin sun-warmed and smelling faintly of flowers. She wore nothing but a thin robe that slipped off her shoulders the moment she stepped inside. Harry pulled her close right there in the hallway, kissing her deeply as his hands roamed over her curves.

"Missed you," she murmured against his lips, her French accent thick with need. "Been thinking about your cock all morning."

He didn't waste words. He backed her against the wall, dropped to his knees, and buried his face between her thighs. Apolline moaned loudly, one leg hooked over his shoulder as he licked and sucked at her slick folds. She tasted sweet and musky, her hips grinding against his tongue while her fingers tangled in his hair. When she came the first time, her thighs shook around his head and she cried out his name in that breathy, broken way that always drove him wild.

Harry stood up, spun her around, and bent her over the hallway table. He shoved his pants down just enough to free his hard cock and pushed into her in one smooth thrust. Apolline gasped, pushing back to take every inch.

“Yes, Harry. Fuck me like that. Hard.”

He gave her what she wanted, pounding into her wet heat with deep, steady strokes. Her full breasts bounced with each thrust, and she reached back to spread herself wider for him. The sound of skin slapping skin filled the space, mixed with her throaty moans and his low grunts. He reached around to rub her clit, feeling her tighten around him as another orgasm ripped through her. Only then did he let go, burying himself deep and filling her with hot spurts of cum.

They stayed like that for a minute, catching their breath. Apolline turned her head, smiling at him over her shoulder. “You always know exactly what I need.”

That was how most of the weeks went. Intense, frequent, and incredibly satisfying.

The only shadow hanging over it all had been Sebastian. Harry felt nervous as hell about the older man finding out. He wasn't just sleeping with the guy's daughters anymore. Now he was regularly fucking the wife too. But Apolline insisted they talk about it openly. So one quiet evening, the three of them sat down in the living room of the Delacour house. Sebastian looked calm, almost relieved, as he poured them all some wine.

Harry started first, keeping it straightforward. “Sebastian, I need to be honest with you. Things have happened between me and Apolline. I respect you a lot, and I don't want any bad blood here.”

Sebastian nodded slowly, glancing at his wife with a soft expression. “I already knew, Harry. Apolline told me a few days ago. And honestly? I am glad.”

Harry blinked, caught off guard. “Glad?”

Apolline reached over and squeezed her husband's hand, but she stayed quiet, letting him speak.

Sebastian took a sip of wine and leaned back. “Look, I love Apolline more than anything. But I have always known I could not fully satisfy her. Veela are different from regular witches. The passion, the need... it burns hot and constant. I tried for years. I really did. But after a while, it became clear I just could not keep up. Not even close.”

He looked Harry in the eye, and there was no anger there, just honesty. “When I married her, I accepted this day might come. It took longer than I expected, actually. Apolline stayed faithful for so many years despite everything her nature demands.

That means more to me than I can say. She deserves to feel wanted, desired, and properly satisfied, as any veela does. And from what she tells me, you give her that."

Harry sat there, processing the words he was hearing. He had expected yelling, maybe a duel. Not this calm acceptance. "I... yeah. I care about her. A lot. And Fleur and Gabrielle too. I never meant for any of this to hurt your family."

"It does not," Sebastian said firmly. "My daughters are happy. Apolline is glowing these days. That is all I want. You are a good man, Harry. Strong, young, and more than capable of handling what they need. I trust you with them."

The conversation went on for a while longer. Sebastian shared more about how veela biology worked, the way their magic craved deep physical connection, the way regular wizards often fell short. Apolline added a few soft words here and there, confirming she felt more alive than she had in years. By the end, Harry felt a weight lift off his chest. He shook Sebastian's hand, and the man even clapped him on the back with a small smile.

After Sebastian left for the evening with a meaningful look directed at them, Apolline pulled Harry straight to the bedroom. She pushed him down on the bed and climbed on top, straddling his hips. Her eyes were bright with emotion and lust.

"You handled that perfectly," she whispered, leaning down to kiss him. "Now let me thank you properly."

She rode him slow and deep that night, her hips rolling in a perfect rhythm while her breasts pressed against his chest. Harry gripped her ass, guiding her movements as she moaned softly into his mouth. They took their time, building the pleasure until she came hard around him, her walls pulsing. He flipped them over after that, thrusting into her with long, powerful strokes until he spilled inside her again.

Life settled into a new rhythm after that. Fleur managed to make it over one weekend afternoon, looking tired but eager. She barely made it through the door before she was on her knees, sucking Harry off with that skilled mouth of hers. He returned the favor on the couch, eating her out until she soaked his face, then fucked her slow and sweet until she came twice. "Maman has been keeping you busy, I hear," she teased afterward, cuddling against him. "Good. She needs it."

Gabrielle visited a few days later, fresh from a long shift of helping patients. She was gentler and more affectionate. They made love in the shower, water cascading over their bodies as Harry held her up against the tiles and thrust into her tight heat. She whispered how much she missed him, how proud she was of her healing progress, and how safe she felt in his arms. He came deep inside her while she trembled through her own release, kissing her through every moan.

But the bulk of Harry's time still belonged to Apolline. She visited almost daily, sometimes staying the night. Their sex never got old. One memorable evening, she

cooked dinner wearing nothing but an apron. They never made it to the table. Harry bent her over the counter, fucking her fast and rough while she gripped the edge and moaned loudly in encouragement. "Harder, mon cher. I love feeling you so deep." Later in bed, they went slower, exploring with their hands and mouths until both were exhausted and satisfied.

Harry found himself falling into a comfortable routine. Working on his hobbies and with his students during the day, mind-blowing sex at nights, and a strange but functional family dynamic that somehow worked. Sebastian even joined them for a casual dinner one night, the conversation light and easy. There was no jealousy, no drama. Just acceptance on his part. He left right after, and they got up to what they always got up to these days, first in the shower and then in his bed.

As another week passed, Apolline lay curled against Harry's side in bed, her fingers tracing lazy patterns on his chest. "This feels right," she said softly. "All of us. Connected."

Harry kissed the top of her head, his hand resting on her hip. "Yeah. It does." He smiled to himself, thinking about the weeks behind him and the ones still to come. Life had gotten slightly complicated, but in the best possible way. With Apolline's warm body pressed close, he drifted off feeling more content than he had in a long time.

The days continued like that, full of passion, understanding, and the kind of satisfaction that came from giving three incredible women exactly what they needed. Harry knew he wouldn't trade it for anything.

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Another couple of weeks had passed, and Harry found himself joining the Delacours for a weekend dinner at their house.

The table was set nicely with fresh bread, roasted chicken seasoned with herbs from the garden, creamy potatoes, and a bottle of good red wine. Candles flickered softly, casting a golden glow over everything. Harry sat between Fleur and Gabrielle, with Apolline and Sebastian across from them. The air carried the rich smells of food and the faint floral scent that always seemed to cling to the veela women.

Conversation flowed easily from the start. Sebastian carved the chicken with steady hands, passing plates around while asking simple questions about everyone's week. He looked relaxed, smiling at the chatter around him without a hint of strain.

Fleur took a sip of wine and leaned forward, her silver-blond hair catching the light. "The boutique has been crazy busy. We just got a new line of dresses in, enchanted for perfect fit. Sold out in two days. I had to hire an extra assistant because I cannot keep up alone anymore. But it feels good, you know? Building something real."

Gabrielle nodded enthusiastically, cutting into her chicken. "Healing training is picking up too. I assisted on my first major charm reversal last week. This little boy had gotten hit with a botched shrinking spell on his arm. It took a bit, but we fixed it completely. My mentor said I have good instincts for delicate work." She smiled shyly, glancing around the table. "It is exhausting sometimes, but I love it."

Harry listened, genuinely interested. "Sounds like both of you are killing it. Proud of you girls." He kept his tone light and casual, focusing on the food and the company rather than letting his eyes linger too long on any of them.

Apolline passed the potatoes to Sebastian with a small smile. "You both make us proud. Working hard, following your passions. That is what matters." Her voice carried that smooth French lilt. She looked elegant as always in a simple blue blouse that hugged her figure just enough to remind Harry of how it felt under his hands, but he pushed the thought aside quickly. Tonight was about family, not sensual touches.

Sebastian chuckled as he refilled everyone's glasses. "The young ones are taking over the world, it seems. Me? I have been dealing with paperwork these days. Boring stuff, but someone has to do it." He raised his glass in a small toast. "To good food and better company."

They clinked glasses, and the meal continued with easy talk about small things: the antics of Harry's students, a funny story from one of Gabrielle's patients, and Fleur's latest fashion disaster with a stubborn robe that kept changing colors on its own. Harry shared a tale about one of his advanced students who accidentally turned his own shoes into frogs during practice. Laughter rippled around the table. It felt natural and comfortable.

As they moved on to dessert, a rich chocolate tart Apolline had made, Fleur set her fork down and looked around with bright eyes. "Next month, I finally have some real time off. The boutique will be in good hands with the new girl. Why do we not plan a vacation somewhere? Just get away for a bit. Sun, good food, maybe the beach."

Gabrielle perked up, wiping a bit of chocolate from her lip. "That sounds amazing. I have saved up paid leaves. It would be tough to ask so soon, but it should be fine. I could swing it."

The two sisters turned to Harry at the same time, their eyes expectant and hopeful. He met their gazes, raising one eyebrow that made them smile. He chuckled, leaning back in his chair. "My students all start schooling at the beginning of next month. Schedules are set, so yeah, I can make it work. Count me in."

Fleur let out a delighted squeal and clapped her hands. Gabrielle grinned wide, reaching over to squeeze Harry's arm for a quick second before pulling back. "Yes! This is going to be so much fun."

They turned to their parents next, still buzzing with excitement. "You should come too," Fleur said, looking between Apolline and Sebastian. "All of us together. It would be perfect."

Apolline chuckled softly, shaking her head as she took another small bite of tart. "Oh no, we are old people now. We have no business getting involved in young people's trips. You three go and enjoy yourselves. Make some memories."

Sebastian nodded in agreement, a playful glint in his eye. "She is right. I would just slow you down with my creaky knees. And Apolline here would probably spend the whole time worrying about whether we packed enough potions." He winked, earning chuckles from everyone around the table, including Apolline who swatted his arm lightly.

But then Sebastian's expression softened as he looked at his wife. "Still, you should go with them, Apolline. Enjoy yourself."

Apolline looked surprised, her fork pausing halfway to her mouth. "Me? With the three of them? I do not know, Sebastian. It feels like I would be intruding."

Fleur and Gabrielle exchanged a quick look across the table. Fleur leaned in, her voice teasing but warm. "Maman, come on. It would not be the same without you. You always know how to make things more... exciting." She added a little suggestive lilt to the word exciting, enough to make Sebastian chuckle into his wine glass.

Gabrielle joined in, smiling sweetly. "Oui, and you could use some time to relax properly. Harry is very good at helping people unwind. We all know that." Her comment carried a hint of playful innuendo that made her father laugh outright, shaking his head in amusement but saying nothing to discourage it.

Apolline still did not look fully convinced, a faint flush touching her cheeks as she glanced down at her plate. "You girls are too much sometimes."

Gabrielle turned to Harry, her eyes sparkling. "Harry, help us convince her. Please?"

Harry met her gaze, then looked over at Sebastian. The older man gave him a small, approving nod, completely at ease. Harry cleared his throat and focused on Apolline. "Come on, Apolline. It would be good for you. We would all have a great time together. No pressure, just sun and good company. I would love for you to come along."

She held his eyes for a long moment, looking a bit undecided, her fingers tapping lightly against the stem of her wine glass. The table stayed quiet, waiting. Finally, she let out a soft sigh and nodded. "Alright, fine. If you all insist this much, I will come."

Fleur and Gabrielle cheered loudly, reaching across to high-five each other and then their mother. The energy around the table lifted even higher as they started

throwing out ideas for where to go. Maybe somewhere along the French coast, or a quiet wizarding village in Italy. Plans started forming naturally, full of laughter and overlapping suggestions, and eventually, they settled on Greece.

Harry sat back, watching them with a content smile. The dinner wrapped up soon after that, plates cleared and more wine served. Everyone lingered a little, enjoying the easy mood. As the conversation slowed, Harry caught Apolline's eye across the table. Her look was meaningful and heated, and he knew what was in store for him later. Fleur brushed her foot against his under the table once. Gabrielle gave him a soft, lingering glance full of quiet affection.

All this while, Sebastian calmly sipped his wine, completely at peace, unbothered by the undercurrents passing between Harry and the three women. As the evening drew to a close, he stood up to start clearing a few things, still chatting casually with Fleur about her boutique.

Apolline caught Harry's gaze one more time, her lips curving into the smallest, most private smile. Gabrielle leaned over to whisper something to her sister, both of them giggling softly.

Harry helped carry dishes to the kitchen, brushing past Apolline in the doorway. Their arms touched for a brief second, enough to send a spark through him. She did not pull away immediately. Fleur and Gabrielle followed, their presence warm and close. Sebastian remained in the dining room, humming to himself as he poured another splash of wine.

Harry stepped back into the dining room with a fresh glass of wine, setting it down as the women returned too. Sebastian smiled at all of them, raising his glass once more. "To family," he said simply.

"To family," everyone echoed.

The conversation drifted back to vacation spots as they finished their wine. Fleur suggested a coastal resort with private beaches. Gabrielle mentioned a healing retreat that offered spa days. Apolline listened attentively, adding a few ideas of her own about good restaurants in the area. Harry contributed when asked, his mind half on the trip and half on how it would feel to have all three of them away with him.

No one pushed the flirtations too far. But those meaningful glances continued whenever eyes met. A brush of fingers here, a shared smile there. It was enough. It was more than enough.

Harry hugged everyone goodbye as he prepared to head out. Apolline's embrace lasted a heartbeat longer. Fleur's hand squeezed his waist. Gabrielle kissed his cheek softly. Sebastian clapped him on the back with genuine friendliness.

"See you soon," Harry said as he stepped out into the cool evening air.

He walked away smiling, already thinking about the plans they had made and the moments that would surely come during the getaway. Life with the Delacours had become wonderfully complicated, and he was all in.

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The next month passed in the same way as the previous, and the time for their vacation arrived soon.

The journey to Santorini started at the bustling airport. Harry had suggested a simple portkey for speed, but Gabrielle insisted otherwise. She had taken a few extra days off specifically for this.

"I want the full muggle experience," she explained with sparkling eyes. "The takeoff, the clouds, everything up close."

The rest of them agreed without much fuss. Her excitement was infectious.

The four of them drew plenty of eyes as they moved through the terminal. Harry kept it casual in a dark button-up shirt with rolled sleeves and comfortable chinos. Fleur looked stunning in a light blue summer dress with a neckline that gave off a hint of her cleavage and that flowed with her steps, her silver-blonde hair loose. Gabrielle wore a white top paired with shorts that highlighted her long legs and her round buttocks, her hair pulled into a bouncy ponytail. Apolline carried herself with elegant ease in a fitted linen blouse that hugged her curves and flowing skirt, her platinum waves tied back loosely. All three women wore delicate silver pendants that suppressed their veela allure completely. It kept things calm around Muggles, but even without the natural pull, the group turned heads.

They made a striking sight. Three otherworldly beauties accompanying one guy. Men waiting at gates or grabbing coffee stole glances, some openly jealous. Harry noticed the looks and the muttered comments. As they headed toward security, he leaned close to the women so only they could hear. "These blokes look ready to hex me. Can't really blame them."

Fleur and Gabrielle shared quick teasing grins. They pressed in on either side of him without hesitation. Fleur slipped her arm through his left, Gabrielle took the right. They walked like that, their bodies close and their heads high. The jealous stares grew stronger, but the sisters only smiled wider, giving the onlookers a show. Apolline walked just ahead, glancing back with clear amusement in her eyes. She did not say a word, but the slight curve of her lips said plenty.

Security passed without any issue. They picked up coffee and settled at the gate. Gabrielle could hardly sit still. Her knee bounced as she pointed out planes moving on the runway. "Look at that one lifting off. It is massive. I cannot wait to feel it."

Fleur chuckled softly beside her. "You are too cute like this."

Apolline placed a gentle hand on Gabrielle's shoulder. "Savor every second, chérie."

Boarding time came soon enough. They joined the line and reached the entrance where a pretty young air hostess greeted passengers. She handled tickets efficiently, welcoming everyone with polite professionalism until her eyes met Harry. Her posture changed immediately. She straightened up slightly and offered him a smile that was noticeably warmer and more genuine than the others.

"Good afternoon, sir. Welcome aboard. Please let me know if there is anything you need during the flight."

There was no mistaking the flirtatious edge in her voice, or how her eyes roamed over him, her attention lingering on him a moment longer than was strictly professional, her body leaning in slightly.

Harry gave a polite nod. "Appreciate it."

That was when she noticed the three women with him. Fleur and Apolline fixed her with cool, chilling grins. Gabrielle's look was softer but still pointed.

The air hostess gulped, her professional smile snapping back into place. "Welcome aboard, ladies. Enjoy your flight." She stepped aside fast. As the group moved down the aisle, Harry heard her release a quiet sigh of relief behind them.

As they reached their row, Gabrielle claimed the window seat right away, settling in with a bright grin. "This one is mine. I need to see it all." Harry chuckled and took the middle seat next to her. Fleur slid into the aisle seat beside him. Apolline took the aisle seat directly across from Fleur.

The plane filled steadily. Gabrielle pressed closer to the window, watching the ground crew below. Her excitement was palpable, her breaths quick and her fingers tapping lightly on the armrest.

"This is going to be incredible," she whispered, squeezing Harry's hand once.

Safety instructions played over the speakers as the plane pushed back from the gate. Engines grew louder. Gabrielle's eyes widened when they started taxiing toward the runway. She gripped the armrest with one hand and Harry's thigh with the other, holding on lightly.

"We are speeding up," she said, her voice soft but thrilled.

Harry glanced at her with a fond smile. Fleur leaned over from the aisle seat, watching her little sister with clear amusement. Apolline caught Harry's eye across the aisle and gave him a warm, affectionate look. The plane accelerated hard down the runway. Gabrielle let out a tiny, thrilled sound as the nose lifted. They climbed into the air, the ground dropping away below into tiny patterns of fields and roads.

“Wow,” Gabrielle breathed, her face glued to the window. Her excitement was rather silent but barely contained. She shifted in her seat, her foot tapping lightly, and her smile refusing to fade.

“The clouds look so close. It feels so real.”

Fleur laughed lightly, her hand brushing Harry’s arm. “You have flown since you were small, yet this has you glowing.”

“It is different,” Gabrielle insisted without looking away. “Special.”

Apolline watched them all with quiet fondness, her expression soft. “Let her enjoy it. This is her moment.”

Harry settled back, feeling the warmth of Gabrielle beside him and Fleur’s occasional touch. The plane continued its climb, and Gabrielle’s muted excitement was infectious in its own way. She pointed out the patchwork land below, her voice full of wonder. The others reacted with amused smiles and gentle teasing, clearly enjoying her delight.

Her delight didn’t last long.

Over a couple of hours had passed since takeoff and the initial excitement was long gone. Gabrielle slumped in her window seat, staring blankly at the clouds with clear boredom etched on her face.

“We should have taken the portkey,” she grumbled, shifting uncomfortably. “This is endless.”

Harry turned toward her with a lazy smirk. “What happened to wanting the full muggle experience? Novelty wore off already?”

She shot him a glare, though her lips twitched. “I did not think it would be this long and boring. My whole body feels stiff.” She stretched her arms high above her head and arched her back, pushing her full breasts forward against the thin white top. The fabric pulled tight, outlining her nipples clearly. Harry’s eyes dropped to the sight instantly, heat stirring low in his belly as he appreciated the soft, inviting curves.

“Long flights do get tedious,” he said, his voice dropping lower. “You could try one of the movies.”

Gabrielle groaned, folding her arms under her chest and pushing her breasts up even more. “There is nothing worth watching.” Her gaze flicked around the cabin restlessly before landing back on him impatiently.

Fleur leaned in from the aisle seat, her summer dress riding up her thigh slightly. “Tell us about Santorini, Harry. What are the beaches like? The views? You said you researched it.”

Harry started replying, describing the whitewashed cliffs and caldera views he had read about. But mid-sentence, Gabrielle's hand slipped boldly into his lap. Her fingers palmed his cock through his chinos firmly, stroking him to full hardness in seconds. The sudden touch sent a jolt through him. She tugged the zipper down quietly, freeing his thick length into her warm palm.

Fleur's eyes widened. "Gabby," she hissed sharply, her voice barely above a whisper. "What the hell are you doing?"

Gabrielle glanced up with mock innocence, her hand already pumping him slowly. "What does it look like?" Without waiting for an answer, she leaned down, her platinum ponytail slipping forward, and took him into her mouth.

Harry let out a soft, shaky sigh as wet heat enveloped the head of his cock. Her lips stretched wide around his girth, soft and plush, while her tongue swirled hungrily over the sensitive tip, tasting the salty pre-cum. She sank lower, taking in half his length smoothly, her mouth hot and slick and incredibly tight. His hand moved instinctively on her head, his fingers stroking the silky strands as she began to bob her head slowly.

Fleur stared in exasperation, her cheeks flushing. She glanced across the aisle at her mother who watched with a mix of resignation and growing interest, her body angled carefully to block the view from the passengers beside her. "We are on a plane full of people," Fleur whispered urgently. "Someone could look over any second."

Gabrielle ignored her completely. She sucked harder, hollowing her cheeks as she took more of him, her lips forming a perfect seal around his throbbing shaft. The wet, muffled sounds of her mouth working him blended with the plane's low hum. Harry clenched his jaw, fighting to stay quiet. Pleasure built steadily, her tongue pressing flat along the underside while her hand stroked the base in perfect rhythm, twisting slightly on every stroke.

The tension thickened in their row. Every subtle shift of Gabrielle's head felt dangerously loud. Harry's breathing grew heavier, his free hand gripping the armrest as he tried to appear normal. Across the aisle, Apolline's eyes darkened with arousal, her lips parting slightly as she watched her daughter service him so shamelessly. Fleur pressed her thighs together, clearly affected despite her protests, one hand subtly adjusting her dress.

Gabrielle hummed softly around his cock, the vibrations shooting straight through him and making his balls tighten. She took him deeper, relaxing her throat until her nose brushed his lap, and held there for a long, intense moment. Her throat constricted around him rhythmically as she swallowed, making Harry bite his lip to stay quiet.

She pulled back slowly, gasping for air, strings of saliva connecting her swollen lips to his glistening cock. Then she dove back in with renewed hunger, sucking faster, stroking tighter, her tongue flicking relentlessly over the head.

Harry's muted groans slipped out despite his efforts, low, rough sounds that he tried to swallow down. "Fuck, Gabby..." he whispered, his voice barely audible. The risk heightened everything. Passengers sat all around them, completely unaware of the filthy act happening in plain sight.

Gabrielle's mouth felt hotter, wetter, and more eager because of it. She cupped his balls gently, massaging them as she worshipped him, her ponytail bouncing with each dedicated movement. Saliva dripped down his shaft, coating her fingers as she pumped what she could not fit in her mouth.

Fleur kept glancing nervously up and down the aisle. Apolline remained perfectly positioned, her breathing quicker now, her nipples visibly tight against her blouse as she observed every lewd detail. The minutes dragged in heated silence. Gabrielle varied her pace, alternating between long, deep sucks that took him to the back of her throat and fast, shallow bobs focused on the sensitive head. Her tongue never stopped moving, lapping and swirling, driving him closer to the edge with expert skill.

Harry's hips twitched subtly, pushing deeper into her willing mouth. She moaned softly around him, the sound vibrating through his length. His groans grew deeper, harder to control. Fleur noticed immediately. "He is getting close," she whispered, her own voice husky.

At that exact moment, the same pretty air hostess from before started walking down the aisle toward their row, checking on passengers with a professional smile.

Harry's eyes were half-closed, his jaw tight as he fought back another groan. The air hostess slowed when she saw his strained expression, concern flashing across her face. As she drew closer, her expression shifted.

She froze, her eyes widening in shock at the sight of Gabrielle's head buried in his lap, her lips wrapped tightly around his throbbing cock, sucking with shameless hunger. The younger woman's cheeks hollowed visibly with each pull, saliva shining on her chin.

Fleur met the woman's gaze with a tight, helpless look and shrugged. The air hostess stood rooted, clutching her skirt with white knuckles. Harry's body tensed hard. A low, stifled groan escaped as he came, pulsing thick ropes of cum straight into Gabrielle's eager mouth. She swallowed greedily around him, her throat working visibly with every powerful spurt, milking him for every drop while her hand continued stroking the base.

All three women watched intently. Fleur's flush deepened with arousal, her thighs squeezing together. Apolline licked her lips slowly, her eyes heavy-lidded. And the air hostess stared, transfixed, her professional mask cracking as her own thighs pressed together tightly. She looked torn between shock and undeniable arousal, her hands gripping her skirt so hard the fabric bunched.

Gabrielle pulled off gradually after the last pulse, licking him clean with long, sensual strokes of her tongue. She traced every vein, every drop, savoring the taste before gently tucking his spent cock back into his chinos and zipping him up easily. Harry exhaled shakily, opening his eyes to find the air hostess staring at him, her eyes filled with shock mixed with raw hunger.

"Uh... hello," he breathed raggedly, giving her a roguish grin.

The words snapped her out of it. She blinked, her eyes widening as they met hers, flushed crimson, and spun around before hurrying away down the aisle.

Gabrielle sat up, wiping her lips and licking a stray bead of cum from the corner of her mouth with a satisfied smirk.

"I bet she ran straight to the bathroom to relieve herself. Her arousal was so thick I could smell it even with your cock in my mouth."

Fleur let out a long, exasperated sigh. "Really, Gabby?"

The younger woman shrugged, completely unrepentant, a smug little smile on her face. Apolline chuckled softly from across the aisle as they all watched the air hostess who indeed slipped into the bathroom, casting one last heated glance back at their row before closing the door.

Gabrielle leaned back against the window with a content, satisfied expression on her face. Fleur shook her head but could not hold back a soft chuckle. The tension in their small group slowly melted into warm, shared amusement as the plane continued its journey toward Santorini.