

Harry Potter took a deep breath to calm his nerves before opening the door to his bedroom. Opening the door to your own bedroom was not ordinarily a cause for anxiety, but this was not just any night. Tonight was his wedding night, and his new wife, Fleur Delacour—no, Fleur *Potter* now—was waiting on the other side of that door. When he opened the door, he and his wife would consummate their marriage.

He was thrilled about that, of course. Fleur was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, and he was about to have sex with her for the first time. When they'd started getting serious about each other, she'd asked if he was okay with waiting, and he'd assured her that he would wait as long as she wanted. He hadn't wanted her to feel pressured to do anything before she was ready, especially given all she'd lost. But she'd made it very clear to him that their first time together would happen tonight, and she'd promised it would be worth the wait. Harry did not doubt that she was going to be amazing; it was himself that he wasn't sure about.

Standing out here in the hall outside their door wasn't going to do anything about his potential lack of skill, though. There was nothing for it; he just needed to open that door, do his best, and hope that he wouldn't embarrass himself too badly in front of Fleur. Summoning his Gryffindor courage, Harry grabbed the knob and pulled the door open before he could get into his own head any more than he already had.

Harry took all of two steps into the room before he froze, staring at his bed and trying to make sense of what he was looking at. Fleur was there, as expected, and she looked beyond gorgeous in the white lingerie she was wearing. But Fleur wasn't alone in their bed. There was another woman on her knees next to her, looking beautiful in her own right in a light blue version of the bra, knickers, stockings and garter belt that Fleur was wearing. The second woman had her hands clasped in her lap and was staring straight down, looking nervous. Fleur, on the other hand, smiled brightly at Harry.

"Hello, husband. I promised you a special wedding night, did I not?" Harry loved Fleur's voice, but her words had never come out as flirtatious as they did now. Every syllable sounded like a purr from her lips.

"Fleur? What's going on?" In contrast to her, he was tripping over his words. It was hard to make his mouth work properly when he found not just his new wife, but her younger sister waiting for him in his bed.

"Come and sit, Harry," Fleur said, patting the space on the bed beside her. "I will explain everything."

Harry wasn't sure that going and sitting on that bed was the best idea when Fleur's 19-year-old sister was also there, looking all grown up and far too fucking sexy in that lingerie. But he'd been with Fleur for over four years now, and he was even less capable of refusing her now than he had been when they first started dating. Ignoring the uncertain and dangerous situation he was walking into, he joined his beautiful wife and her similarly beautiful sister on the bed.

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Harry's head was still spinning after Fleur finished explaining what tonight meant to her and why Gabrielle was there to spend it with them. He wasn't even close to ready to deal with the Gabrielle side of things, so he decided to start with something that should be at least moderately more difficult to ask about.

“So you and Bill never...uh...” Harry couldn’t manage to finish the question, but Fleur understood and shook her head.

“No, we never made love,” she confirmed quietly. “As I said, we were going to share our first time together on our wedding night, but my veela instincts stirred. It is hard to explain the instinct, but it is like a tingle in my belly and back, guiding me in matters of romance and intimacy.” Harry had no clue what she was talking about, but Gabrielle nodded like she knew the feeling. “The veela in me insisted that the time was not right, and Bill was kind enough to accept it when I told him that we needed to wait. I expected that it would only be days; weeks at most, and then we would be able to be together.” She looked away, and a frown clouded her face. She still looked beautiful; she looked beautiful no matter what. But it was a forlorn sort of beauty right now. It reminded him of the Fleur he’d slowly bonded with in the first few years after the end of the war.

“But that moment never came?” he asked. He knew it hadn’t, not unless Fleur was lying about still being a virgin, and he felt that he was able to see through Fleur’s lies easily. It was still hard to believe, but Fleur shook her head.

“It did not.” The war started in earnest the very same day that Bill and Fleur got married, and apparently, her veela instincts had never told her that the time was right to be with her husband during the war. Bill had been among the fallen during the final battle, though he’d taken Fenrir Greyback with him on the way. Fleur had grieved his loss for quite some time, but around a year after the end of the war, she and Harry started to bond over their losses and their difficulties in moving on with their lives as easily as most of the people around them were. It had been a friendship at first, with both of them turning to the other for comfort and support, but eventually it grew into something more.

“The veela always knows.” The smile was back on Fleur’s face as she took Harry’s hands, and they’d had enough serious emotional conversations for him to tell when she was smiling and trying to put on a happy face that she did not feel. This was not one of those times. Fleur’s smile was genuine. It was her eyes that gave her away. Even if her smile was always beautiful, those eyes only shone like this when the smile was real.

“I loved Bill, but the veela side of me knew that my first time had to be tonight, with you.” Fleur reached over to take one of Gabrielle’s hands, and she slid it into Harry’s. His instinct was to try and pull it away, but Fleur’s hand covered his and kept it where it was. “It knew that my precious Gabi and I were both meant to give our bodies and our hearts to the man we love.”

“Love?” Harry whispered, looking at Gabrielle hesitantly. It wasn’t a secret to him that she’d had a crush on him when she was younger, but he’d assumed it was something she grew out of, like Hermione’s embarrassing crush on that fraud Lockhart that she refused to acknowledge these days. Even when Fleur explained that Gabrielle was here because Harry was going to receive the ultimate wedding present of deflowering both Delacours, Harry assumed that it was just about physical pleasure. Fleur had gone and used the *l* word, though, and the look on Gabrielle’s face as she timidly met Harry’s eyes didn’t seem to suggest that her sister had gotten it wrong.

“Love,” Gabrielle repeated, licking her lips nervously. “I have loved you since I was a little girl, my hero.”

"But she's not a little girl now, is she, Harry?" Fleur added, grinning at him. Harry just shook his head. Gabrielle had grown into a woman just as beautiful as Fleur in her own way. He'd certainly noticed that she had grown up and become stunning in the time they'd spent around each other in the last couple of years thanks to his relationship with Fleur. She no longer looked like a miniature version of Fleur as she had when she was younger. Gabrielle was actually the taller of the two now, with long legs and a tight arse that he had felt like a horny bastard for noticing whenever he happened to be standing behind her. She had the same silvery-blond hair, though, and the same dark blue eyes and ethereal beauty of Fleur. He'd done his very best not to think too hard about just how attractive Fleur's sister was, but she was giving him no choice but to confront it now.

"Fleur, are you serious about this? You'd really be okay with me spending our wedding night with you *and* your sister?" he asked. He almost expected the ceiling to cave in on his head as punishment for thinking something like that could ever happen. There were no sudden accidents, though, and both scantily-clad Delacours continued to hold his hands and look across at him. Gabrielle was still obviously nervous, though she was meeting his eyes and looking hopeful, too. As for Fleur, he didn't get even a hint of nervousness from her. She looked like she'd been waiting years for this.

"I'm not *okay* with it, Harry," Fleur said, shaking her head. "I *want* you to do this. The veela in me has been calling out for this for months, and it cries out for it now." She let go of his hand and reached up to cup his cheek. "This is what was always meant to happen, Harry. It's why my veela side protected my virginity for all these years. Gabi and I were meant to share this—to share *you*."

Harry was still trying to figure out what he was supposed to say to that when, after a nod from Fleur, Gabrielle's head started moving towards him. Harry was still floored by everything that had been said from the moment he opened his bedroom door to find that Fleur was not alone in their bed, but he knew what was coming. He knew what was coming, and she moved slowly enough that he could have stopped it, either by scooting back or putting his hands on her slender shoulders.

Harry didn't stop her. He let her kiss him softly and tentatively at first, but things quickly got serious as Gabrielle grew comfortable and confident with kissing him.

"Congratulations, Harry," Fleur whispered from his other side. "Did you know that was Gabi's first kiss? That was one first I couldn't give you, but Gabrielle has known you were the man from her since she was young. Are you really going to deny her now?"

Harry couldn't help himself. He'd kissed one Delacour earlier that day after they became man and wife, and now he kissed the other back. He put his arms around Gabrielle's waist, lifted her up onto his lap, and kissed her back, not trying to fight how attractive he found her or how flattered and aroused he was that she wanted to be with him. Gabrielle sighed and melted against him, putting her arms around his neck.

"This is going to be a *wonderful* wedding night for all three of us," Fleur murmured.

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Gabrielle looked amazed by what she was seeing. If she thought that watching Fleur bob her head on his cock was impressive, though, he wondered what her reaction could be if he could somehow give her some hint of what it felt like on his end.

He didn't think he had the words to describe what this felt like. Harry was not just a virgin; he'd never done anything like this. He'd never gone beyond some heavy petting with Ginny during the brief resumption of their relationship after the war, and he and Fleur hadn't done any more than that either. He now knew that this was both the first blowjob he'd ever received and the first Fleur had ever given, but the latter was difficult to believe. He didn't doubt Fleur's words; he could tell that she was being honest about listening to her veela instincts when they told her not to go too far with any man before tonight. The struggle lay in the fact that every suckle from her lips, every swirl of her tongue, every bob of her head, and every stroke of her hand brought unimaginable pleasure to him. This was the first oral experience for either of them, but Fleur sucked his cock like it was an art she'd mastered long ago.

Was this another aspect of the instincts of a veela? Fleur had explained a bit about it to him before, how it allowed her to recognize that he was falling for her even before he'd realized it himself. Apparently, it had also guided her to make the first move on him once she'd stopped fighting with herself and allowed herself to put her first marriage behind her and love again. She'd tried to explain how it showed her how he liked to be kissed and touched and how it led her mouth straight to that spot on his neck that made him shiver. He couldn't quite understand how it worked, but he'd certainly felt it in action throughout their relationship.

It stood to reason that her veela instincts were guiding her and showing her how to give him a terrific blowjob, too, despite his cock being the first that had ever been between her lips. Harry had been worried about his ability to meet her expectations in bed before tonight, and now he knew that he had good reason to be concerned, even after learning that she didn't have the sexual experience he'd assumed she did. With every bob of her head and every pass of her tongue, it felt like his wife was whispering into his ear and trying to coax him into surrendering to the ecstasy that her mouth could offer.

Before he could reach the point of no return, Fleur pulled her mouth off of him and sat back with a smile. Maybe that was her veela instinct kicking in again, keeping her from pushing him too far and ruining their fun before they could consummate their marriage.

"Are you ready, husband?" Fleur purred. "Ready to claim my body as yours?"

"Ready," he said, sitting up in bed and taking a deep breath. He'd never been more ready for anything in his life than he was to take Fleur's virginity and give her his virginity in return. "What about your veela instinct? It's not going to pop up and stop us now, is it?"

"Of course not!" Fleur giggled as if the idea was ridiculous. She put her arms around his shoulders and leaned in closer to him. "It is crying out for you. It can't wait to be claimed by its mate."

Harry kissed her hard. Part of the reason she'd had to confess to him was that he'd found it impossible to believe that a woman like Fleur could love him. It had taken a very impassioned speech to convince him of how she felt, with plenty of demonstration thrown in as well. Once he'd accepted that Fleur really did love him, Harry had vowed that he was going to do his best to be worthy of her and of the passion she showed him. Even after several years together, he still couldn't believe his luck, but he was as determined as ever not to waste it. He put his arms around Fleur's waist and kissed her with as much passion as he could muster. It was enough to have her moan into his mouth and run her fingers through his hair as she kissed him back.

These weren't the gentler kisses they'd often shared in the early days of their relationship. This was a kiss brimming with lust and desire, and that desire was about to be fulfilled at last. Fleur tightened her grip on him and pulled him with her as she moved down onto her back in the middle of the bed. Harry happily went with her, kissing her and running his hands along her body. He stroked the bare flesh of her legs above her stockings and then rubbed her legs through the stockings themselves. Fleur moaned into his mouth and reached down to undo one of the clasps connecting her stockings to her garter belt. Harry followed her lead, undoing the other clasp. He pulled the garter belt off of her body but turned his attention to her chest next. He couldn't trust that he wouldn't lose control once he got her knickers off, and he wanted to make sure he got her bra off before that happened.

Fleur reached back to help him with the bra, but it came off for Harry without much trouble. He took some time to plant a few loving kisses on her left breast, licked her nipple briefly, and then moved over to show her right breast the same attention. Fleur moaned softly and held onto his head, enjoying Harry's affection. Again, Harry couldn't believe his luck. If someone tried to tell him that there was a more perfect pair of breasts in the world, Harry would call them a liar.

It took some effort to pull his head away from Fleur's chest, but he reminded himself that there were even greater treasures to open. His hands went to her lacy white knickers and slowly slid them down her legs, with Fleur wiggling and lifting her hips to help him get them off. He didn't bother with the stockings. They weren't doing a thing to keep him from what he really wanted. Fleur was spread out for him, ready to be taken for the first time. Harry spread his legs wider, planted his knees on either side of her and aimed his cock between her legs. He looked into her eyes as he held it there, waiting to see if she would stop him after all. But he saw only love and anticipation in her eyes. Her veela instinct might have prevented her from losing her virginity on her first wedding night, but it was not going to get in the way during her second.

Harry held eye contact with her as he carefully slid the tip of his cock inside Fleur. He watched her deep blue eyes widen when he pushed into her and heard her little sigh of contentment. They continued to stare into each other's eyes as he slowly moved deeper into her as if locked together by magic. Harry didn't feel anything blocking his entry, but he knew that did not disprove anything she'd said. She could have torn her hymen without any kind of sexual activity. For all he knew, veela and part-veela might not have a hymen to begin with. All he needed to see to know that this was Fleur's first time was the look in her eyes. She said that she'd never shared her body with anyone like this, and he believed her. This might not be her first wedding night, and she was not the first girl he'd ever kissed, professed his love to and thought he might want to spend the rest of his life with, but they were connected as neither of them had ever connected with anyone else before this moment.

Their eye contact held as he slowly pushed back and forth within her. Harry did his best not to focus too much on how incredible it felt to be inside of her. If he let his mind linger on the physical pleasure of Fleur's pussy welcoming his cock, whatever self-control or staying power he could muster during his first time having sex was liable to snap. She felt so fucking warm and tight that he could have cum in seconds, but that would have been a waste. Forget the embarrassment of finishing quickly and disappointing her; he wanted Fleur to look up into his eyes like this forever.

Those beautiful blue eyes had looked into his through so many important and emotional moments over the last several years. After the war, she had been able to understand him like no one else in his life. Ron and Hermione had been there with him throughout it all, but they had each other now. They were still his best friends and always would be, but it wasn't the same now, nor should it have been. He didn't envy them their connection or closeness, because he had found the same thing in Fleur, and he never

wanted to lose it. She had looked at him with understanding as he finally properly grieved his parents and Sirius, and he'd tried to show her the same support as she worked through the loss of Bill. These eyes had looked into his tenderly as they shared things with each other they'd never shared with anyone else, and eventually, she'd looked at him with attraction and love in her eyes.

This look was new, though. He'd seen her aroused before; their forays into petting had been enjoyable and memorable. But the arousal and the love he saw there now were both greater than he'd ever seen. It was obvious to him that she was enjoying the physical pleasure of his thrusts, but this was about more than just how good it felt. This was the connection they'd both been waiting years for. Harry settled into the steady rhythm of thrusting back and forth in Fleur's perfect pussy, and he knew that everything had worked out exactly as it was meant to. Her veela instincts, his failed relationship with Ginny, and his inability to get close to anyone in the first several years after the war, all of it had been them finding their way to each other.

"Harry," Fleur whispered, smiling up at him with her arms around his neck, holding him close. "It is perfect."

"It is," he agreed, daring to thrust a little bit harder. Fleur moaned and held onto him even tighter.

Harry moved his hands to Fleur's breasts, giving them a gentle squeeze as he spared more attention to what he was feeling. He'd held back because he knew how quickly he was going to fall apart once he really stopped to notice how perfect everything about having sex with Fleur was, but something told him the time was right for him to let go. Maybe he had some instinct of his own, guiding him to enjoy his first time making love to Fleur and stop worrying about impressing her or embarrassing himself. He couldn't say what it was, but all his previous concerns heading into tonight had vanished, and he simply enjoyed being with Fleur.

"That's so good, my love," Fleur whispered. Her legs wrapped around him, and he felt the heels of her soft stockings rub against his arse. "Please, more! Faster, husband!"

Harry knew that he was essentially signing off on his own demise, but he couldn't bear to disappoint Fleur. She wanted him to go faster, so that was what he would do. He brought his lips to hers, kissing her hard and silencing her moans as he sped up his deep hip thrusts. Fleur squeezed him tight as they started going hard enough to shake the bed beneath them. It wouldn't last long, but it didn't need to. He was giving his wife what she wanted, and Harry trusted that the rest of his life would turn out just fine if that remained his top priority.

He'd already decided that the look in her eyes as he made love to her ranked right at the top of his all-time favorites, alongside the look she'd given him when he proposed, and she said yes. But it might have to be bumped down the list slightly now because nothing in his life had ever prepared him for the eroticism of Fleur's eyes going wide just before fluttering closed as he brought her to orgasm. Making Fleur cum made Harry feel like he was on top of the world, and when he felt his own orgasm rush up to join hers, he didn't even try to hold it back. He'd made her feel good, which was everything he wanted. Joining her in pleasure felt fitting to him.

He groaned into Fleur's mouth as he broke, pinning her to the bed and filling her body with his cum. They continued kissing throughout their mutual ecstasy, Fleur holding on while Harry gave her everything he had. The kiss only broke once the moment passed, and Harry collapsed on top of his lover, content to bask in the perfection he'd just experienced.

A tap on his shoulder reminded him that his night was not finished yet. As lucky as he'd already been to have a first time like that with a woman like Fleur, she wasn't the only woman in his bedroom. There was a second stunning veela waiting for him to take her virginity as soon as he had the strength and the arousal to do so.

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Harry had tried so hard to pretend he didn't notice what a beautiful woman Gabrielle had become in adulthood. There was no pretending anymore, though. Not with both of his balls stuffed in her mouth.

If Gabrielle's veela instincts had guided her to this, Harry couldn't help but note how interesting it was that she'd given him oral sex that was so different from Fleur's and yet every bit as effective. Fleur's blowjob had shown him her skill, but Gabrielle's was forcing him to acknowledge the fact that she was not some delicate girl who wasn't ready for this. A delicate girl not ready to do this with him would not suck and slobber all over his balls like this. Gabrielle's flawless face was already dripping with her spit, but that didn't stop her from sucking on both of his balls at the same time and staring up at him with hunger in her eyes. This ball worship showed him that Gabrielle was all woman and that she was as ready to go all the way with him as Fleur had been. It also happened to have Harry more than ready to be with her. He had still been recovering when he got off of Fleur (with her encouragement), sat, and spread his legs for Gabrielle. But this talented, horny 19-year-old veela got him hard again, even sooner than he felt like he would have otherwise.

Gabrielle released his balls from her mouth, creating a popping sound that Harry was sure he would remember forever. Then she sat back on her knees and stared up at him, looking bashful and excited simultaneously.

"Can we do it now?" she asked. Harry was about to respond, but then he realized she'd turned her head to the side and was looking at Fleur now. Harry's head took the same path, and he saw Fleur grinning.

"Of course, Gabi," Fleur said, nodding. "He is all yours for now." She looked at Harry next, and her smile grew. "Do you realize how lucky you are now, Harry?"

Harry didn't need to look back at Gabrielle before he answered her question, but he did it anyway. She'd stripped naked before coming to him, so he could admire all of her. He had been able to see her lovely arse sticking out as she sucked his balls on her hands and knees, and now he got the full-frontal view. Her body was slimmer and her breasts were smaller than Fleur's, but their differences only made them both stand out to him. He'd always believed that Fleur was the most beautiful woman in the world, and he still did. But Gabrielle may well have been her equal in her way. And he, Harry, was apparently the luckiest bastard in the world because he was married to one and about to take the virginity of the other.

"Lucky," Harry murmured, staring at Gabrielle. "Luckier than anyone." He heard Fleur giggle, but he was watching Gabrielle. Her face lit up, making her look even more beautiful than she already did, which was quite a feat indeed.

"Do you mind if I get on top, Harry?" she asked. Harry answered by getting down on his back for her, inviting her to climb on. Gabrielle happily straddled his hips, and he felt her eagerness right away as she wiggled her hips around and reached between his legs to grab his cock. Her impatience made it difficult for her to get it lined up properly at first, but after a few attempts, she got it in place and slid

down to take his cock inside of her. In her impatience, she dropped faster than her body was actually ready for. It felt amazing for Harry to have his cock buried to the hilt inside of her right away, but he grew concerned when he saw the frown of discomfort cross her face.

“Are you okay, Gabrielle?” he asked. He couldn’t reach all the way up to her face with her sitting up straight like this, so he put his hands on her hips and stroked her skin with his thumbs, hoping it offered her some level of comfort.

“I-I will be fine,” she said, closing her eyes. “Just give me a moment, please.”

“Poor Gabi,” Fleur said. “She was too eager.” Harry couldn’t tell whether she was legitimately sympathetic or if she found the situation amusing, and he wasn’t going to look over at her to find out. She had encouraged him to be with Gabrielle, and that was what he was doing. Right now, his attention was on her.

There was a pause as she collected herself, but eventually, she opened her eyes and looked down at him with a determined expression on her face. She sat back up straight again, moved her hands to his chest, and lifted her hips to begin. He noticed that she was more careful the next time she dropped down, but this wasn’t a case of her being scared off of riding him by that initial mistake. Gabrielle was simply being careful while she got used to the feeling of having sex for the first time, and now that she was getting into it, she was able to find a rhythm quickly.

Harry felt more than a little in awe of her as he stared up from his back and felt the pleasure of her ride. Having sex with Fleur was better than anything he’d ever done in his life, and now Gabrielle was giving him something equally enjoyable and every bit as precious mere minutes later. Her pussy might very well have hugged his cock even tighter than Fleur’s had, if that was possible. When she was rising and falling slowly and getting used to the feeling, he’d been able to manage the pleasure, but only just. Once she started bouncing on him for real, though, Harry knew he was in for a fight.

At first, he’d thought that her riding his cock would be easier on him than thrusting into Fleur had been, but it was turning out to be the exact opposite. With him being flat on his back, resting his hands on Gabrielle’s hips and letting her do the work, he had little to distract himself from the unbearable pleasure of her pussy squeezing his cock as she rode him. Being responsible for Fleur’s pleasure had given him something to focus on, but right now, all he could focus on was how great Gabrielle felt and how sexy she looked riding his cock.

Sexy didn’t even do her justice. She looked like a goddess bouncing up and down on him, and he was mesmerized by the sight. Her perky breasts bounced along with her, and her face showed her eagerness as well as her love for him. She’d said that she loved him and always had, and he’d had no reason to doubt her. But he didn’t *feel* it until now. He saw how she smiled at him while riding him, and he could feel that this was so much more than a crush, physical attraction, or hero worship. For Gabrielle, no man but him would do. And thanks to Fleur’s veela instincts and willingness to share, she had him. She didn’t say anything; the only sounds coming out of her were her almost musical moans of excitement. But looking up into her eyes was all the proof Harry needed that Gabrielle’s dreams were coming true then and there.

How had he gotten lucky enough to have *both* Delacour women look at him like this? It didn’t make sense how any one man could be fortunate enough to be with both of them, let alone claim the first time of both on the same night. Fleur had promised him a wedding night that would be worth the wait,



but whatever images that promise had conjured up didn't even scratch the surface of what this night had actually turned out to be.

"Thank you, Gabrielle," he said quietly, moving his hands from her hips to her arse. She cocked her head as if confused. "Tonight was already perfect. And you made it even better."

It was a simple, honest declaration, but it seemed to be music to Gabrielle's ears because the smile she gave him in return was giddy and dazzling. Her bounces became faster, and Harry only had time to let out a strangled groan before he felt his orgasm strike. He tried to open his mouth and tell her what was about to happen, but all he got out was another, deeper groan.

Gabrielle certainly understood what was happening, though. He watched her stare open-mouthed as he started to cum inside of her, and after a few seconds, she came with a cry of one word, breathless and triumphant.

*"Harry!"*

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"So, you never told me if I was right." Fleur hugged Harry from behind in the shower, pressing her wet breasts against his back. "I promised you that our wedding night would be worth the wait. Was it?" Harry chuckled and shook his head.

"Do you actually need to ask?" he said, doing his best to concentrate on washing the shampoo out of his hair rather than enjoying Fleur's soft body pressing against his back.

"Humor me," she said lightly. "Did you enjoy my surprise, husband?" Harry tried to think of how best to respond. It was obvious how much he'd enjoyed it; Fleur knew he'd had the time of his life with her and Gabrielle, who was still curled up in their bed, apparently never having been an early riser. But what could he say that would express everything that he was feeling?

"If last night was what happens when we trust your veela instinct, I'll be happy to listen to whatever it has to say for the rest of my life," he said. Fleur giggled, and her soapy hands started stroking his chest.

"Do not forget Gabrielle's as well," Fleur purred. Her fingers made their way to his cock, making him shiver. "You will have the instincts of *two* veela to trust from now on, my love."