

## Chapter 6

“Alright, so what do we do now?” Hermione asked.

They had just finished breakfast at Apolline’s manor in the Veela Enclave. Harry looked over at Bella and Tonks, both of whom stayed as silent as he did. With only the word of a lifelong criminal to go on, catching Felix Renaud – if he was behind the kidnappings – would be almost impossible. Of course, they couldn’t just go and accuse the Minister of Defense without solid evidence. The problem was, none of them knew where to start looking.

To make matters worse, it was a Saturday, and they wouldn’t be able to get a warrant to question Charron, the Curse Breaker they’d captured trying to break into the Enclave, until Monday. They simply didn’t have enough information.

“You need a break,” Apolline said from the kitchen, waving her wand and commanding the dishes to wash themselves. “You ‘ave been working nonstop for over a monzth. Take zhe weekend off.”

“She’s right,” Hermione said. “There’s nothing we can do until we can question Charron.”

Harry sighed and sat back in his chair. He didn’t like it. He hated sitting around and doing nothing when he knew there were still Veela missing, but he knew they were right. Right now, there was just nothing they could do.

“Alright,” Harry grumbled. “Looks like we have the weekend off.”

“Finally,” Tonks said with a grin. “My brain feels like it’s turned to mush.”

Harry smiled while Hermione and Bella giggled. Apolline finished the dishes from breakfast and dried her hands on a small towel as she turned around.

“Bon. ‘Ow about I take you to zhe beach?” she asked.

“That sounds wonderful,” Hermione said, then looked at Harry questioningly.

When he shrugged, leaving the decision up to her, the girls smiled. As he listened to them talk excitedly and make plans for the day, he smiled to himself. They had all been under a lot of pressure lately, and it was good to finally see them relax for a change.

“Can I come, too?” Gabrielle asked.

Hermione smiled at her and nodded, causing the perky blonde to squeal excitedly.

Within an hour, they were all dressed in their swimsuits and ready to head out. Harry found himself enjoying all the bare skin on display, and even chanced a few glances at Apolline and Gabrielle’s stunning figures.

Walking at the back of the group, he carried the chairs, towels, and basket holding their lunch as they trekked through the Enclave to the beach. He smiled to himself as he watched his wife laugh and joke with the other women. Honestly, Harry didn’t think he could ever look at her with Tonks or Bella again and not remember the night they’d spent together.

Soon, they were walking down a gentle hill to the beach. The Veela Enclave sat in an isolated cove in the South of France; a long, winding trail leading to a large, crescent shaped beach surrounded by trees. While the Muggles had built up sprawling cities and towns along the coast, the Veela enclave had remained clean and pure. The sand was white, and the water was deep blue and crystal clear.

On the beach, there were over a hundred other Veela tanning and swimming, a sporadic forest of brightly colored umbrellas dotting the sand. As they got closer, it became more and more clear that all of the women on the beach were either naked or wearing only their bottoms.

No wonder they don't usually allow men into the Enclave, Harry thought.

Stepping out onto the hot sand, they found a spot and Harry quickly set up the umbrella and chairs while the girls laid out the towels. As they sat down, Gabrielle and Apolline both took off their tops. Harry did his best not to stare, but he couldn't help but look at their perfect breasts. Gabrielle's looked large on her petite frame, and they took on a tear drop shape as she stretched her arms over her head. Apolline's, on the other hand, were huge. On any other woman, he would have said they looked fake, as they jutted out from her body in spite of their size.

As he looked away, Hermione, Tonks, and Bella smirked at him before taking off their own tops. Even surrounded by inhumanly beautiful women, the three of them still looked incredible. Harry just prayed he didn't embarrass himself by getting an erection. There was no way he could hide that in his swim trunks.

"Harry, can you put some lotion on my back?" Hermione asked,

Nodding, he sat down behind her and began rubbing it into her back and shoulders as she and the other girls did their fronts while chatting. When Harry was done, he kissed her neck while running his hands up her stomach and giving her breasts a quick squeeze.

"Harry," Hermione scolded him even as she smiled.

"You missed a spot," Harry said innocently, drawing a laugh from the other girls.

"My turn," said Tonks, laying down on her stomach.

Giving Hermione a quick kiss on the lips, Harry moved over and applied lotion to Tonks, then Bella. While he was doing that, Hermione did his.

"Arry?" Gabrielle asked when he was done. "Weel you go swimming wiz me?"

"Sure," Harry said with a smile.

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While Harry and Gabrielle ran out into the gently rolling surf, Apolline leaned back in her chair and looked over at the woman sitting next to her.

"Ermione?" she asked.

"Hmm?" the brown-haired beauty hummed as she relaxed in the sun.

"I wanted to apologize for what 'appened zhe ozzer night," Apolline said. "I 'eard you and zhe girls wiz 'Arry. I 'ope I deedn't cause any problems between you."

"Oh, no," Hermione said, her cheeks flushing red. "It's alright. Honestly, it was something I had planned on happening anyways."

"Oh, good," Apolline said, looking relieved. "So, you do not mind sharing 'Arry zhen?"

"Well..." Hermione said, biting her lip and turning a darker red.

"Zhere's no need to be embarrassed," Apolline said with a smile. "I eenjoy bringing ozzer women 'ome for Markus, and 'e eenjoys seeing me wiz ozzer men from time to time."

"Really?" Hermione asked.

"Oui. I zhought about joining you, but I deedn't know eef I would be welcome. Using my Allure like zhat makes me 'orny too," Apolline said, grinning.

The girls laughed and Hermione relaxed.

"I don't know how you dealt with it," Tonks said, shaking her head. "Harry fucked me three times and I was *still* horny the next morning."

"Zhat's what showers are for," Apolline said impishly.

Bella and Hermione broke out laughing, because it was exactly what had happened that morning. When Bella and Tonks had come in to wake up Harry and Hermione, only to find Hermione still in bed and Harry in the shower, Tonks had immediately gone to join him. Hermione and Bella had laughed for a good long time at Harry's shriek when she yanked open the shower curtain. Of course, Tonks had been the one shrieking a few minutes later, although that was for an entirely different reason.

"Hey, Hermione, looks like Apolline isn't the only one that wants a piece of Harry," Tonks said, nodding towards the sea.

Following her gaze, they saw Gabrielle jumping all over Harry, her perky tits rubbing against his face while trying to dunk him. Poor Harry looked like he was both enjoying it and trying not to at the same time. As they watched, Gabrielle squealed with laughter and jumped up to grab Harry's head in chest deep water. Her breasts rubbed all over his face and at one point, her nipple slipped into his mouth.

Hermione covered her mouth and laughed at the helpless look on his face.

"I'm sorry," Apolline said. "Should I talk to 'er?"

"No, it's fine," Hermione said with a giggle. "Did you really want to sleep with Harry?"

"Of course," Apolline said as if it should be obvious. "You'll 'ave trouble finding a woman 'ere 'oo doesn't. Besides, I 'aven't seen my 'usband een over a monzth."

Hermione bit her lip as she imagined Harry and Apolline together. Just the thought of him making the blonde bombshell scream in pleasure was getting her excited.

“You can sleep with him, if you want,” Hermione said before she’d even really thought about it.

Apolline turned and looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

“You’re sure you do not mind?” she asked.

Hermione really thought about it for a moment, and then shook her head. Apolline smiled brightly and rolled out of her chair to kneel next to her.

“Merci,” Apolline said happily.

Grabbing Hermione’s shoulder, she kissed both of her cheeks before pulling her in for a tight hug.

“Oh!” Hermione said in surprise at the feeling of Apolline’s massive breasts being crushed against her own. “You’re welcome.”

Pulling back, Apolline smiled brightly as she climbed to her feet and turned towards the water.

“Arry!” she yelled, getting his attention and waving him over.

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Harry saw Apolline waving him back and hoped everything was alright. Diving forward, he swam back to shore with Gabrielle not far behind. When he reached waist deep water, he stood up and began walking. He only got a couple of steps before Gabrielle jumped on his back, her breasts pressing against his back as her arms and legs wrapped around him. Chuckling, he hooked his arms around her thighs and carried her over the sand to their spot on the beach.

"Everything okay?" he asked as he dropped Gabrielle to her feet.

"Oui," Apolline said with a smile as she sauntered up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck. "I was just speaking wiz your wife, and she told me I could borrow you."

Harry blinked at her before glancing over her shoulder at Hermione, who nodded her head. They really needed to have a talk soon, he decided. Still, if she was okay with it...

"Wait, what about Markus?" he asked, moving his hands up to her wide hips unconsciously.

"He weel not mind," Apolline assured him, her fingers running through the back of his hair and sending tingles down his spine.

"Do you want to go back to the house?" Harry asked somewhat nervously.

Gabrielle froze in the middle of toweling herself off as she realized what was happening and looked at Hermione in surprise, her expression turning hopeful after a moment.

"No need," Apolline said with a grin.

Sliding her hands down his shoulders and arms, she grabbed his hand and pulled him over to sit on the towels laid out on the sand next to Hermione. As soon as he sat down, Apolline pushed him onto his back and straddled his waist. Harry's hands rested on her smooth thighs as she smiled and bent down to kiss him heatedly. While their lips and tongues danced, he slid his hands up her sides to cup her fantastic breasts.

It was a surreal moment for Harry. He'd fantasized about Apolline since he was a teenager and he couldn't believe he was actually about to sleep with her, with his wife's permission. She moaned into his mouth as he squeezed her pillowy mounds, the soft, pale flesh bulging out as it overflowed in his hands.

Sitting up, Apolline gave him a smoky look as she reached over to grab her wand. With a quick wave, she vanished both of their swimsuits. Her Allure flared as she moaned and rolled her hips, grinding her hot, damp slit along his hard shaft. Harry throbbed excitedly and bucked up against her with a groan.

Around him, the girls sat up and shifted around to get a better look. Gabrielle dropped to her knees and shamelessly shoved a hand down her bikini bottoms to rub herself.

Biting her lip, Hermione hesitated for a moment before shuffling around behind her and pulling her hand away. Tugging at the strings holding her bikini together, Hermione stripped it off of her, revealing her tight, bald lips. Gabrielle panted with anticipation as she stared at Harry's rigid cock and Hermione slowly trailed a hand down to her folds.

"You want him, don't you?" Hermione whispered as her fingers gently rubbed Gabrielle's damp lips.

"Oui," she breathed.

Apolline shared a look with Hermione and grinned before lifting herself up and stroking Harry's rock-hard length.

"Ees zhis what you want, cheri?" she asked her daughter.

Gabrielle nodded her head while biting her lip. Apolline took Harry's cock and ran the head between her glistening lips. A salacious moan left her throat while her hot arousal soaked his glans.

"Eet feels so good," Apolline moaned.

"Maman," Gabrielle whined, her hips bucking frantically against Hermione's hand.

With a grin and a playful twinkle in her bright blue eyes, Apolline placed Harry at her entrance and sank down onto him with deliberate slowness. His breath caught in his throat as she sank down onto him, her folds enveloping him with inhuman heat and tightness. Her dripping arousal left a pleasurable tingling sensation on his skin, making it a fight to hold back from the start.

"I think he likes it," Tonks said teasingly.

"It's-oh, fuck," Harry groaned as Apolline sank further down his length.

Apolline rolled her hips as she rested her weight on his thighs, her walls squeezing around him in a firm grip.

Meanwhile, Bella crawled between Tonks' legs and began kissing her way up her thighs. Her round, full ass swayed in the air just behind Apolline as she tugged off Tonks' bottoms. Harry shook his head, feeling as if he'd just been transported into a porn film as Apolline started bouncing up and down on him.

"Eet's been a while since I've 'ad one zhis big," Apolline said as she closed her eyes, leaned her head back, and moaned.

"Ees 'e bigger zhan papa?" Gabrielle asked.

Everyone except Apolline turned to look at her, startled. Apolline broke into a fit of giggles at the looks on their faces.

"She doesn't mean eet zhat way. Most Veela are vairy open about sex. We 'ave spoken about eet, and she has seen us a few times, but Gabrielle has not slept wiz 'er fazzer." Apolline said with a musical laugh before turning to look at Gabrielle. "Oui, 'Arry ees bigger zhan papa and eet feels magnifique."

Gabrielle moaned as she stared fixatedly at Harry's cock. Leaning back against Hermione's chest, she whimpered from his wife's fingers toying with her clit. Next to them, Tonks gripped Bella's hair with her fingers, roughly grinding the Italian Auror's face against her folds. Smirking, Harry raised his hand and spanked Bella's ass hard, causing her to yelp and wiggle her bum at him. Chuckling, he turned his full attention back to Apolline, grabbing her hips and bucking up into her incredible depths.

"Eet's too bad Fleur eesn't 'ere," Apolline said, her eyes sparkling playfully as she leaned over Harry, her huge breasts bouncing and jiggling right above his face. "You could 'ave 'ad all zhree of us."

Harry cock lurched at the thought, and Apolline smiled down at him knowingly. Growling, he bucked up into her hard, causing her to gasp with wide eyes as his cock plowed into her.

"Bloody hell," Tonks said. "Is everyone sharing now?"

"Beel ees a cuck," Apolline panted distractedly as she slammed herself down on Harry over and over. "'E likes to be 'umiliated but zhey 'ave trouble finding men zhey can trust. Zhe last one bragged too much. 'E would love to watch you ruin Fleur wiz zhis cock."

Gabrielle let out a gasp, followed by a giggle and a bright smile.

"I zhink 'Ermione likes zhat idea," she said, looking down to where Hermione had buried two fingers deep into her slit.

Harry looked up at his wife and smiled at her blush.

"Sorry," Hermione said.

She started to remove her hand, but Gabrielle reached down and stopped her.

“Don’t,” she said. “Eet feels good.”

Hermione smiled and slipped her fingers back into Gabrielle. The petite blonde moaned and leaned back against Hermione, who kissed her on the neck while her free hand moved up and cupped one of her breasts.

Sitting up, Harry wrapped his arms around Apolline, kissed her on the lips, and then spun her around and lay her on her back. Drawing his hips back, he pulled out until only his head remained trapped between her lips. Pausing for just a moment, he slammed his hips forward, burying his length in Apolline’s inhumanly tight, hot depths.

“Oh, mon Dieu!” she cried, arching her back.

“Damn that’s hot,” Tonks said as Harry continued hammering into her.

Apolline’s nails dug into his shoulders as he plowed into her with long, deep thrusts. Her breasts wobbled dangerously close to hitting her own face each time their hips collided. Her Allure flared wildly as she writhed under him, arching her back and bucking her hips.

As he felt his climax starting to build, Harry’s thrusts became shorter and faster. Leaning over Apolline, sweat dripped down his forehead and his breath came in heavy pants as he drilled into her depths. She stared up at him with a smoldering gaze while her body lurched from his powerful thrusts.

All talking from the girls had stopped as they watched the couple’s animalistic rutting. The only sounds they made were heavy breathing and the occasional moans and whimpers from Tonks and Gabrielle.

“Arry,” Apolline moaned.

A tremble ran through her body as she fluttered around his length. A moment later, Apolline cried out as she came violently. Harry grunted from the feeling of her walls tightening around his cock as a river of arousal leaked out of her. He fought his own climax as long as he could, determined to impress after all the talking earlier. It was impossible for him not to think about Fleur while watching her mother writhe all over his cock.

He loved her, he really did, but he'd fantasized for years, since he first met her, about fucking that snotty little attitude right out of her. Fighting back the pressure building up in his loins, Harry fucked Apolline even harder. Her mouth opened in a silent scream and her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she arched her back. Meanwhile, the moans around him became loud and wild as Tonks and Gabrielle reached their peaks.

Unfortunately, even Harry had his limits. With one last, deep thrust, he buried his cock in her spasming depths and let loose with a growl. Burying his face in the crook of her neck with his muscular form pinning her lithe body to the ground, he rocked his hips as a torrent of cum flooded her insides. Stars burst in his vision and a rushing sound filled his ears from the intensity of his climax while Apolline let out a shivering moan, her nails digging into his back.

As they both came down from their peaks, Harry slowly realized that the roaring in his ears sounded a lot like a cheer that wasn't going away. Lifting his head, he was startled to find everyone on the beach, over a hundred naked Veela, had gathered around to watch and were cheering wildly. It looked like none of them were even wearing their bottoms now, and more than a few were either playing with themselves or each other.

Everyone had been so engrossed in what they were doing, none of them had noticed the growing crowd. Tonks burst out laughing while Hermione blushed bright red, and Bella gaped. As the cheer came to an end, the massive group of beautiful blonde women dispersed slightly. They didn't move far and, as he watched, the beach turned into one massive orgy.

"Bloody hell," Harry said as he looked over the sea of naked bodies writhing against each other.

Pulling out of Apolline, he laid down on his side and looked over at Hermione. A ball of worry settled in his stomach like lead when he saw her with her face buried in her hands and her chest shaking as if she was crying.

“Hermione?” he asked worriedly.

Dropping her hands, Hermione’s face was bright red as she laughed so hard not a single sound left her mouth for several seconds.

“I can’t - believe – we didn’t notice,” she gasped.

Harry sagged in relief that she wasn’t crying and chuckled as she continued to laugh with Tonks.

“Arry?” Gabrielle asked, looking at him hopefully as she knelt next to his feet.

“You’ll have to ask Hermione,” he told her.

Looking over at his wife, she stopped laughing and nodded with a smile on her face. Squealing happily, Gabrielle jumped on top of Harry and ground herself against him. With all the Allure leaking out around them and the excitement of the situation, it didn’t take long for Harry to get hard again.

They spent the rest of the afternoon on the beach, and Harry made sure to make time for all of the girls. It was only the liberal amounts of Veela cream that Apolline had brought that kept his cock from getting too sore. Things calmed down quite a bit after lunch, and they relaxed on the beach for a couple more hours before deciding to return to the house.

As Harry conjured himself a new pair of shorts to wear, he froze at a large shadow passing overhead. Looking up, he squinted against the bright sun to see an enormous black form fly across the clear blue sky.

“Harry?” Hermione asked worriedly. “What is it?”

The black form circled lower and lower, slowly becoming easier to make out.

“Oh shit,” Tonks murmured.

A moment later, an earth-shaking roar split the air. The women on the beach screamed fearfully as the Ukrainian Ironbelly above them shot out a massive jet of flames at the wards overhead. Harry cursed as his wards flared and bowed under the force of the magical fire, performing the Sonorous Charm under his breath. He’d designed the wards to keep out wizards, not Dragons. If they hadn’t been cast with the Elder Wand they might not have survived at all.

Women began climbing to their feet, panicking as they ran from the beach.

“Stop!” Harry shouted; his voice magically amplified.

Surprisingly, they did, looking towards him fearfully as the Dragon assaulted the wards again, eying the Veela on the beach with a predatory gleam in its red, reptilian eyes.

“Don’t run, it’ll only follow you. Stay together, overlap your shields and protect each other,” Harry yelled across the beach.

Some women grouped together like he told them to, but others, rather understandably, hesitated. Seeing this, Apolline stepped forward and moved to take charge of the situation. Confident that she could keep the women from panicking further, Harry raised his wand and summoned their brooms from the house.

“We need to draw it away,” Harry explained as he waited for their brooms. “Hermione, you stay here and help Apolline. Don’t let people scatter, they’re safer together. Bella, Tonks, we’re going to draw it out over the water and take it out.”

As soon as he'd laid out the plan, their brooms arrived. Hermione bit her lip, looking like she wanted to argue, but knowing she was terrible on a broom.

"Stay safe," she said finally, kissing him on the lips.

"You too," Harry said.

Mounting his broom, he, Tonks, and Bella took to the sky. Above them, the Dragon flew back and forth above the wards, breathing fire into the same spot over and over in an effort to break through. Leaning into the wind, Harry shot up above the wards and hit the Dragon in the side with an Explosive Curse.

Worryingly, even with the Elder Wand in hand, the curse did nothing to slow the Dragon down. The Ukrainian Ironbelly, Harry recalled Hermione telling him once, was known for its incredibly tough hide. Normally, it would take dozens of trained Dragon handlers to take one down, but they didn't have that luxury.

Trying a different tactic, Harry fired a length of thick, black chains that wrapped around the Dragon's body while Tonks and Bella pelted it with spells. The Dragon shrieked in rage as its wings were pinned to its body, and it plummeted from the sky. Harry's success only lasted for a moment before it flexed its muscles and shattered the metal chains into a hundred tiny pieces.

Opening its wings, the Dragon circled around and glared as it turned its attention on the three of them.

"I really hope you have a plan!" Tonks shouted.

"Working on it!" Harry yelled back, dodging a gout of flame.

For a moment, he wished he still had the Sword of Gryffindor so he could just stab the thing. Even a Dragon as tough as this one could survive Basilisk venom.

“I have an idea!” Harry yelled excitedly. “Make it angry!”

“What!?” Bella shouted. “Are you crazy!?”

“Trust me!” Harry yelled back.

Following Harry, the three of them buzzed around the Dragon like flies as they rained spells against its impenetrable hide. It roared furiously as they flew in and out of sight, spinning and twisting to avoid the blistering flames that spewed from its mouth.

“Break off!” Harry bellowed over the Dragon’s roar.

As Tonks and Bella maneuvered to a safe distance, Harry stayed in front of the Dragon – just out of reach. Focusing on him, it gave chase, following Harry as he flew away from the beach.

When he felt they were far enough from the beach, Harry put on a burst of speed before looping backwards and then rolling the right way up as he charged straight at the Dragon. He gripped his wand tightly, squinting against the wind as he waited for his moment. Glaring malevolently, the Dragon opened its mouth and spat a jet of flame right at him.

He heard one of the girls scream his name, but he ignored it. Using the most powerful stunning spell he knew, a bright bolt of white magic leapt from his wand. It barreled through the flames spewing from the Dragon’s mouth, blowing them aside as it smashed directly into its mouth.

With a pained shriek, the Dragon sagged and spiraled down towards the sea below. With a crash, it splashed into the water, and quickly sank under its dense bulk.

“Shit!” Harry cursed.

Before Tonks and Bella could get to him, Harry Disapparated. He should have realized it sooner, he cursed himself. With all the chaos of the Dragon attacking, he'd failed to notice the wards were still under attack. Apparating to the location he'd felt the attack, he found a dozen cloaked wizards trying to lead a large group of crying, terrified Veela towards the ward line. As soon as they saw him, several of the cloaked wizards abandoned their captives and took off running. It was a chaotic mess as Veela tried to escape and the cloaked wizards who didn't flee tried to fight. Harry slammed the outer wards in place, trapping the wizards who remained inside as he fought against the onslaught of spells.

Relief ran through him when he heard a series of pops somewhere behind him. Apolline, Tonks, Hermione, and Bella had arrived, and joined the fight furiously. Apolline was especially brutal, as she took out a group of wizards clumped together with a destructive spell that cut flesh and shattered bone. Under their combined forces, Harry and the girls quickly had the rest of the intruders bound and stunned.

What the hell was going on, Harry wondered.