

Chapter 5

Two days after arresting Lazare Malfoy, Harry lay in bed with his wife, sleeping soundly. They were waiting for the French Ministry to finish their investigation so they could go home. Suddenly, he was jolted awake when a powerful tingle of magic ran down his spine. Sitting up, he grabbed Hermione's shoulder and shook her awake.

"Mione, wake up," Harry said urgently.

"Wha? What is it?" she asked in a disoriented panic.

"Someone's triggered the wards," he told her.

Grabbing his wand, Harry summoned a Patronus to Tonks and Bella each before throwing on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. Hermione pulled on a shirt of her own just as Tonks and Bella rushed into their room, wands at the ready. Apolline joined them a moment later, most likely from her own connection to the wards surrounding the Enclave, Harry thought.

"We need to move quick," Harry said in a rush. "Disillusion yourselves as soon as we get outside and follow me as best you can."

Without waiting for an answer, he ran from the room and down the stairs, the sound of pounding feet close behind. Using his wand, Harry threw the front door open before he reached it, so he didn't have to break stride as he rushed outside. Jogging across the expansive grounds, he waited until he neared the spot the wards were being attacked before disillusioning himself and silencing his footsteps.

Slowing down to a walk, Harry held out his arms to slow the girls down and then crept closer slowly and quietly. Ahead, he could just make out three shadowed figures creeping around the outside edge of the wards. One of them shot a spell from their wand every few feet, probing for weaknesses.

Raising his wand, Harry waved it in an arc over his head and triggered the second set of wards. The second set, which he'd installed just for this reason, appeared a few meters behind the cloaked figures, trapping them between the two sets of wards. Harry dropped his Disillusionment Charm at the same time the people attacking the wards realized they were trapped. Spotting Harry, one of them fired a nasty looking dark purple spell that cracked and sizzled as it flew through the air. It flew only a few feet before it splashed harmlessly against the wards between them.

"Drop your wands!" Harry yelled.

While two of the figures looked at each other questioningly, the third shot a rapid series of probing spells at the new wards. While the second set of wards weren't as strong as the main wards, they were strong enough to hold off several wizards for hours. Whoever the third figure was, they were clearly a talented Curse Breaker, but that wouldn't help them break wards cast by the Elder Wand.

To get their attention, Harry sent a Knockback Jinx at the two figures staring at him. Clearly, they expected the wards to stop his spell the way it stopped theirs because they didn't move to block it. Harry's spell passed through the wards like they weren't even there and sent them tumbling head over heels through the air. With a loud thump, they landed hard on the ground and rolled to a stop at the feet of the Curse Breaker who stopped what they were doing and turned to look at them.

"Drop your wands, now!" Harry barked commandingly.

Around him, the girls dispelled their Disillusionment Charms and aimed their wands at the three figures. The two he'd knocked back climbed to their feet and raised their wands in defense before glancing at the third for help. After a short pause, the Curse Breaker growled angrily and then threw down their wand. Reluctantly, the other two threw down their wands as well.

Harry summoned all three wands and slipped them into the pocket of his shorts before carefully approaching the three figures. Around him, the girls spread out, their wands poised to strike in an instant if something happened. Quickly, Harry powered down the main protective

wards, bound the intruders' hands with rope, and blew back their hoods. Three wizards scowled back at him.

"Apolline, do you have a dungeon?" Harry asked.

"Oui," she replied, glaring at the wizards.

"Good," Harry said, then turned to the intruders. "Move it."

With Harry at the back, Hermione took the left while Tonks and Bella took the right side of the group as they followed Apolline back to the Manor. Instead of going back to the front door, she led them to a side entrance that led to the cellar. Walking down a narrow set of stone steps, the torches along the wall light up, revealing a long hallway of solid stone blocks with thick wooden doors with barred windows evenly spaced out. Harry counted a dozen cells before the got to the end.

Using her wand, Apolline opened three of the doors. Once the other two were in cells, Harry led the Curse Breaker into the last cell. He conjured a chair and pushed the tall, thin wizard into it roughly, then bound him to it.

"I want my lawyer," the wizard sneered.

Apolline scoffed and crossed her arms over her ample chest to glare at the man. As she was only wearing a thin, red negligee, his eyes were drawn to her breasts like a magnet.

"I know the law bitch," the man spat. "You can't do anything to me."

"Really?" Harry asked, drawing the wizards attention. "If you knew the law, then you'd know you aren't in France right now."

"What are you talking about?" the man asked aggressively.

“The Veela Enclave is its own nation with its own laws,” Apolline told him with a smirk.

It took Harry a second to realize why Apolline didn’t have her normal accent. Because she was speaking in French, his Translation Charm was turning it into English.

“You’re lying,” the man said uncertainly.

“She’s not,” Harry said.

“Who are you?” Apolline asked sharply.

“I’m not telling you anything,” the man sneered.

Apolline gave the man a dangerous smile that Harry hoped to never have directed at him just as her Allure flared massively. It washed over the room like a wave of arousal, somehow making Apolline look even more stunning and her assets more pronounced, though her body remained unchanged.

While Harry didn’t become the drooling idiot that the Curse Breaker did, he wasn’t entirely immune to the effects. Reaching down, he tried to surreptitiously adjust his rapidly hardening erection. He’d never felt a Veela letting loose with their full allure before, especially one as powerful as Apolline. It felt like someone had feed him a Lust Potion.

“What is your name?” Apolline asked again, this time in a purr that make him throb with need.

“Maxence Charron” The man said eagerly.

“And why are you here, Maxence?” Apolline asked.

Maxence shifted nervously as he stared lecherously at Apolline. He clearly wanted to answer, but he was afraid of angering her. Apolline gave him a salacious grin.

"It's alright, I won't be angry," she said as she walked around the man and trailed her hand along the back of his shoulders.

"We came to capture more Veela and to kill him," Maxence said, nodding towards Harry, "or his women if we got the chance."

Harry's hand tightened around his wand, but he remained silent. Apolline glanced at Harry for a moment, then smiled humorously when she spotted the massive erection straining against the light cotton of his shorts. Realizing what she was smiling at, Harry blushed hard enough to feel his own face heat up and moved his hands to cover himself. Apolline's eyes met his, sparkling with amusement before she turned her attention back to the wizard tied to the chair.

"Who sent you, mon cheri?" she asked sultrily, her lips an inch from his ear.

Maxence shuddered with desire but was again reluctant to answer.

"If you tell me, I will let you go," Apolline whispered promisingly, then smirked at the man as rounded to stand in front of him. "Or perhaps you would rather I keep you?"

Placing her hands over his wrists, she bent over in front of Maxence, giving him a tantalizing view of her expansive cleavage.

"Renaud," Maxence nearly shouted as he stared at her with a dark, hungry gaze. "Felix Renaud."

Apolline straightened in surprise, her face going blank as she stared at him intently.

“You’re certain?” she asked.

“Yes,” Maxence told her eagerly. “I spoke to him myself. He’s been sending me here for years.”

Apolline’s Allure vanished with a suddenness that left Harry lightheaded. Even though it was gone, he still felt an almost overwhelming level of arousal. Still, he continued to ignore it and looked at Apolline in askance. Before she could answer, Maxence shook his head, his glazed eyes clearing to glare up at her furiously.

“You whore!” he shouted, struggling again his bonds.

As he continued to shout obscenities at Apolline, Harry raised his wand and stunned him into silence.

“Who is Felix Renaud?” Harry asked.

“He is our Minister of Defense, similar to your Head of Magical law Enforcement.” Apolline told him. “He’s very powerful politically and only just lost the election to Markus two years ago. I disagree with some of his policies, but I never thought him capable of something like this. He’s never shown any hatred for Veela before.”

Harry turned to see what Hermione thought, only to find her, along with Tonks and Bella, staring at him with a startling amount of desire. Tonks hand even slipped a hand into her panties under the long t-shirt he belatedly realized was his and was rubbing herself shamelessly.

“Uh, girls?” Harry said, snapping his fingers to no effect.

Apolline let out a tinkling laugh which finally seemed to start bringing them out of their lust filled haze.

"I'm sorry girls, but I needed answers quickly," Apolline said with a smile.

"It-it's alright," Hermione said with a shake of her head. "Did you, uh, get what you needed?"

"Yes," Apolline said, then turned back to Harry. "You know, you never cease to amaze me. I half expected you to have your way with me before I finished questioning him."

"How did you know he wouldn't?" Tonks asked, still looking a bit dazed. "Hell, I nearly ran in there."

"I had faith in 'Arry," Apolline said. "He's never let me down before and I didn't think he would now."

"So, what do we do now?" Bella asked.

"Well, it looks like our job isn't over here just yet," Harry said. "There's nothing more we can do tonight. Let's try and get some more sleep. Tomorrow, we'll take these three to the Ministry and talk to Markus. Unless you want to keep them longer?"

Apolline shook her head.

"I could brew some Veritaserum," Hermione offered. "Maybe we could get more information out of him."

"Thank you, but it will take too long," Apolline said with a grateful smile. "I can only keep them here for a week before I legally have to hand them over to the Ministry."

"Oh," Hermione said disappointedly.

"You could brew some anyways," Bella told her. "It might come in handy later and it has a long shelf life."

Hermione brightened up at the thought of brewing the complicated potion.

"You can work on that tomorrow, let's get some rest," Apolline said, then gave a playful smirk. "You'll probably need to take care of your husband before you go to sleep. The effects of the Allure last for hours if you don't."

Harry blushed as the girls all looked at his still raging erection. He'd hoped it would go down while they were talking, but it showed no signs of flagging any time soon.

With a musical laugh, Apolline locked the cells and led them out of the cellar. She took them back up to the manor through an indoor staircase that came out near the kitchen. Once they were out of the narrow staircase, Hermione grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the stairs. As they reached the hallway where the bedrooms were located, Apolline pulled him to a stop.

"Zhank you so much for your 'elp, 'Arry," she said in English. "Zhose wards probably saved several Veela from being kidnapped tonight."

Hugging him tightly, she chuckled when his erection jabbed her thigh. Harry bit back a groan at the pleasurable friction. When she pulled back, she bid the four of them goodnight and headed off to her room down the hall.

"Right, I think I'm going to go take a shower," Tonks said. "My knickers are soaked."

As she turned to leave, Hermione grabbed her hand, and Bella's, and pushed them into the room she and Harry shared.

“Er, Hermione?” Harry asked.

Without answering, his wife pulled him into the room before closing the door and casting a silencing charm. As soon as that was done, Hermione pulled off his shirt and pushed him onto the bed. When she stripped out of her own clothes, Tonks and Bella quickly followed suit which caused Harry’s cock to throb at the all the beautiful skin on display. Grabbing his shorts, Hermione yanked them down, causing his rock-hard length to spring free and slap against his stomach.

Hopping onto the bed, Hermione lifted his cock and speared him into her dripping folds with a deep, guttural moan. Harry couldn’t think of a time she had felt so wet and hot around him. It seemed Apolline’s Allure had affected her just as much as it had him. Gripping his shoulders tightly, Hermione lifted herself up and slammed herself back down onto him.

“Oh fuck!” Hermione gasped.

With a rapidly growing pace, Hermione when from rolling her hips to driving herself down on his cock with wild abandon. Harry throbbed as he watched her flushed face, unfocused, lust filled eyes, and wildly bouncing breasts. Warm arousal dripped down his shaft and over his balls as she reached a fever pitch. Grabbing her hips, Harry pumped up into her, creating a loud, wet slap each time their bodies collided.

“Harry!” Hermione screamed as she came suddenly.

Eyes rolling into the back of her head, her went stiff and trembled violently while she squirted all over his groin. Harry continued to drive up into her in the pursuit of his own climax. When Hermione collapsed on top of him limply, he rolled her over and began plowing her roughly into the soft mattress. His furious thrusting drew out her climax and, just as it began to wane, she reached a second peak just as powerful as the first. The wild spasms of her depths drove Harry over the edge a moment later.

Groaning loudly, he filled her insides with undoubtedly the most cum he’d ever produced from a single climax. Despite his increased sensitivity, Harry couldn’t bring himself to stop thrusting.

He kept going until the overstimulation became nearly painful and a thick stream of white cum leaked out of his wife's folds. Even after he was finished and panting, Harry never lost his erection. If anything, he felt even more aroused. When he started pumping in and out of Hermione again, she was quick to gasp and scoot back until he slipped out of her.

"Too much," she gasped as her body continued to tremble for her orgasm.

Groaning in disappointment and frustration, Harry too himself in hand and started stroking himself.

"Have Tonks or Bella take care of you," Hermione said.

Harry was so surprised he froze and stared at her.

"Are you serious?" he asked incredulously.

Before she could answer, Harry was tackled from the side. Tonks knocked him on to his back and scrambled over him with a wild look in her eyes. Harry barely had time to react before she impaled herself on his still raging cock with a desperate howl.

"Oh fuck, I need this," she said.

Like Hermione, Tonks was dripping wet and unbelievably hot. Thinking about his wife, Harry looked over to find her watching Tonks bounce on his cock with a lust filled gaze. Seeing that, and with his arousal still at an all-time high, he quickly gave up on the idea of protesting. Reaching up, he squeezed one of her large, perfect tits while the other gripped her hip as he bucked up into her.

While he was fucking Tonks, he saw Bella crawl over to Hermione out of the corner of his eye. He looked over just in time to watch them start snogging heatedly. Harry's cock lurched hard at the sight of his wife sharing a tongue filled kiss with the stunning, tanned Italian Auror. When

they broke apart, a thin string of saliva connected their lips briefly before breaking. They stared at each other for a moment heatedly and then turned to look at Harry.

Hermione bit her lip, while Bella smirked and started kissing her way down Hermione's neck to her breasts. Hearing his wife moan when Bella took one of her hard nipples between her teeth, Harry kissed her on the lips. He gave her a loving smile before turning his attention back to Tonks. The Metamorphmagus was riding him wildly, her eyes glazed over as her big, perky mound bounced and jiggled wildly on her chest.

Sitting up, Harry wrapped his arms around her and spun her around to lay her next to Hermione. Placing her long, toned legs on his shoulder, he leaned over her, nearly folding her in half, and began slamming his cock into her with long, powerful strokes. Tonks threw her head back and howled, her hand grasping wildly at the sheets. As Harry pummeled her into the mattress, his muscles straining as he panted from the exertion, Hermione ran one hand through Bella's short, dark hair, while the other reached out to squeeze Tonks' jiggling breast.

"Oh fuck!" Tonks yelled as she began nearing her peak, her tight folds fluttering around his thrusting cock. "Hermione, you lucky bitch!"

Harry panted out a laugh while Hermione giggled. While they were laughing, Bella kissed her way down to Hermione's mound. Harry slowed his thrusts for a moment as he watched her kiss his wife's leaking slit, causing her to gasp loudly.

"Don't you dare fucking stop, Potter," Tonks growled.

Smiling, Harry resumed his pace, causing Tonks to groan in appreciation. Next to them, Hermione arched her back, thrusting her tits into the air, as Bella pushed her tongue between her lips and licked upwards. He would have watched more, but Tonks began to whine for her growing climax, and Harry could feel his own peak nearing.

With a scream, Tonks threw her head back again, the tendons in her neck popping out against the delicate skin of her neck as she was driven over the edge by his hammering cock. As she trembled and shook under him, Harry changed to short, rapid thrusts, desperately chasing his

own end. While Tonks' eyes rolled into the back of her head for the overwhelming orgasm she was experiencing, Harry finally reached his peak. With a groan, he buried his cock as deep as possible into her wildly spasming depths and let loose a torrent of cum inside of her.

By the time his climax was finished, Tonks had collapsed exhaustedly on the bed, her eyes closed as she savored the aftermath. Harry eased out of her leaking folds, his cock barely flagging before it hardened up again when he looked over to see Bella devouring his wife, her lips and chin covered in a mixture of their fluids.

"Bloody hell," he panted.

Needing a moment to catch his breath, he laid down on his back between Tonks and Hermione. Tonks curled up against his side, while Hermione turned her head and kissed him desperately.

"Please tell me we can do this again," Tonks said tiredly.

Hermione pulled back and smiled over at the pink haired witch.

"Definitely," she said.

Harry throbbed at the thought. Before he could say anything though, Tonks turned his head and kissed him hard. Returning the kiss with passion, Harry caressed the body of his longtime friend and crush. Ever since he was a teenager, Harry had harbored an attraction for the older witch. His thoughts were broken when he felt someone stroke his rigid length. Groaning, he pulled back from Tonks to see his wife running her hand slowly up and down his slick shaft.

Giving Tonks one last kiss, and then turning to Hermione to do the same, Harry sat up. Hermione looked at him questioningly, only for her eyes to widen excitedly as he crawled behind Bella as she continued to lick his wife. Running his hands over the Italian witch's voluptuous rear, he grabbed his cock and ran his swollen head between her drooling lips.

Bella moaned into Hermione mound and arched her back, pushing herself against him and causing his head to sink an inch into her entrance. When he heard Hermione let out a muffled moan of her own, he looked up to see her and Tonks kissing heatedly. His cock lurched excitedly at the sight, and he wasted no more time in burying himself to the hilt in Bella welcoming depths.

Giving her ass a playful spank, Harry began sawing his long, thick shaft in and out of her. Leaning over her back, he cupped and caressed Bella's hanging breasts, his fingers rolling and pulling her hard, brown nipple lightly.

"Harder," she gasped.

Smirking, Harry gave her a brutal thrust while pinching her nipple firmly.

"Yes," Bella hissed.

Chuckling, Harry straightened up and gave her ass a sharp smack before grabbing her hips and driving his cock into her with the same force he'd used on Tonks. His hips bounced off of her full ass with a loud clap, each impact causing the smooth, tanned skin to ripple.

"Spank me," she gasped.

Raising his hand, Harry smacked her ass hard again, the sound of the smack reverberating around the room. Bella's only response was to let out a wanton moan and buck back against him. Seeing as she'd given up on trying to please Hermione, and she liked it rough, he grabbed a handful of her short hair roughly and yanked back.

As soon as she pushed herself up onto her hands, Tonks took her place over Hermione mound. While he was distracted with Bella, Tonks had knelt over his wife's face, and now they were laying on top of each other in a sixty-nine.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted.

Smirking up at him, Tonks spread Hermione lips wide open and then tilted her head to the side, so he had a clear view of her tongue attacking his wife’s clit. Unconsciously, Harry pulled back on Bella’s hair sharply and gave a brutal thrust at the sound of Hermione wanton moan. Hearing the pleased yelp that left her lips, Harry continued hammering her as hard as he could while laying painful smacks on her gorgeous ass.

Far sooner than he expected, Bella reached a gushing climax, her arousal soaking his groin and legs. Her whole body trembled a moment before her arms gave out, forcing Harry to let go of her hair. Grabbing her hips, he continued drilling her grasping, leaking depths. While Bella panted and moaned, Tonks grabbed her hair and pulled her in for a quick kiss before pushing her lips against Hermione slit. Obediently, she worked his wife’s lips while Tonks went back to attacking her clit. Hermione let out a muffled curse, followed by a long, pleasure filled moan.

With that sight in front of him, and the frantic pace with which he was fuck Bella, it wasn’t a surprise when he felt his climax build for the third time that night. As his cock swelled inside of her tight depths, his overly sensitive head sent tingles of intense pleasure down his spine. Fucking her as hard as he could, Harry let out a roar as he came powerfully. Bella let out a low, contented moan as she felt him filling her with no less than he had Hermione and Tonks.

As he collapsed against Bella’s back tiredly, he couldn’t help feel a swell of masculine pride at having pleasure and filled three beautiful women in one night. When he moved to lay on his back, Hermione squealed with a powerful climax of her own. With a grin, he crawled over to her head and gave Tonks’ ass a light smack to get her to move. The moment his wife’s face, glistening with Tonks’ arousal, was free, he leaned and kissed her lovingly.

“How the hell are you still hard?” Tonks asked.

Pulling back from Hermione, Harry looked down to see that he was, incredibly, still erect.

“I don’t know, but I need a breather,” he said tiredly.

While his cock was willing and eager to continue, his muscles ached, and his lungs burned from the marathon of sex. Tonks gave him a pout before it morphed into a mischievous grin. Worriedly, he watched as she spun around to whisper to Hermione. Seeing his wife grin did nothing to ease his concern.

Sitting up, the two of them looked at Harry before suddenly pouncing. Bella let out a squeal as they pinned her to the bed. Harry let out a sigh of relief as they climbed on top of the Italian witch and took turns kissing her on the lips. As he watched them move down to her breasts, and then her leaking folds, Harry knew he wouldn't be able to resist joining them soon.

The next day, it was well into the afternoon by the time they woke up. After showering and a quick lunch, they decided that Hermione would stay behind to start on the two week long process of brewing Veritaserum, while Harry, Tonks, and Bella took their prisoners to the French Ministry.

After last night, Harry was bit hesitant to leave his wife without talking to her. He was concerned that she might regret what had happened and wondered how much Apolline's Allure might have affected them.

As if reading his thoughts, Hermione gave him a reassuring smile just before they left to collect the prisoners in the cellar.

"It's okay, love," she told him with a loving kiss. "We'll talk about it later, but I don't regret anything."

Smiling in relief, Harry gave her one more kiss before leaving to join the others.

Fifteen minutes later, Harry, Tonks, and Bella had handed Maxence and his cohorts over to the French Aurors. A few minutes after that, they were back in the Minister's office, talking to Markus.

"I can't zhanx you enough for everyzthing you 'ave done," he said after they explained everything to him. "Without M. Charron, it weel be much 'arder for zhem to kidnap more Veela. Felix Renaud, 'oweever, weel be much 'arder to catch, eff we can catch 'im at all. I'd understand eef you'd like to leave zhis to us and go back to your 'omes."

Harry glanced at Tonks and Bella for a moment before turning back to Markus.

"I think I speak for all of us when I say we'd like to see this through to the end," Harry said. "If we stop now, Renaud, or whoever is really behind all of this will just regroup and do it again."

On either side of him, Tonks and Bella nodded.

"We're going to need all the information you have on Charron and Renaud," Bella said. "And I'd like to be there when Charron is interrogated."

"Zhanx you," Markus said with a grateful smile. "Anyzthing you need, eet is yours. I weel warn you zhat Felix 'as many supporters. Eet will be nearly impossible to convict 'im wizhout very good evidence."

"We'll see what we can find," Harry said. "But we don't even know if it's really him behind it all. I don't want to rule out this being an imposter to cover their tracks."

"Zhen I leave zhis een your capable 'ands," Markus said with a grin.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. A young, blonde secretary came in with a massive stack of files and handed them to Bella, who grunted under the weight.

"Looks like we have a lot of reading to do," Tonks sighed.

Bidding Markus goodbye, Harry and the girls headed back to the Floo. Harry frowned distractedly as they walked through the white marble halls of the French Ministry.

“What’s wrong, Harry.” Tonks asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry said. “Something just feels off about this whole thing. I just can put my finger on it.”

“What do you mean?” Bella asked.

“I mean it’s no secret we’re here and staying at the Enclave. Why would they send in someone to kidnap more Veela when they know we’re staying there?” Harry asked.

“Maybe they got overconfident?” Tonks asked. “They’ve been getting away with for months.”

“Maybe,” Harry admitted, thought it didn’t feel right to him.

“What are you thinking?” Bella asked.

“What if they sent Charron there specifically so he would be caught?” Harry asked.

“You think it’s a setup to send us down the wrong path?” Tonks asked curiously.

“Maybe,” Harry said with a sigh. “Like I said, something just feels off.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll figure it out,” Tonks said, squeezing his hand reassuringly.

Nodding, Harry gave her a smile as they reached the Floo. He sent the girls through before taking one last look around the Atrium and following them back to the Veela Enclave.