

Chapter 12

"I said I was sorry," Harry said as Fleur and Hermione escorted him forcefully from the library.

"I know, and we appreciate the help," Hermione said, "but this will move much faster without you."

"Maybe I could-"

"No," they said in unison.

"Honey, I love you, but you've never been good at research," Hermione said. "Why don't you go take a break while we figure this out?"

Harry opened his mouth to talk, but Hermione and Fleur turned and closed the door to the library before he could get a word out. Sighing, he turned to leave, only to come to an abrupt stop when he spotted Apolline at the end of the hall. She stood with her arms folded over her chest and an amused smile on her lips.

"Er, hi," he said awkwardly.

"What did you do zis time?" she asked.

"Well, I thought that maybe whoever wrote the tablet used different kinds of Runes, you know, like a puzzle," Harry said, running a hand through his hair. "So, I started mixing and matching rune sets until it made some sort of sense. It seemed like a good idea, but the girls got really cross when they found out, and then..."

He gestured to the door and shrugged.

"You cheated?" Apolline asked laughingly.

"I wouldn't call it cheating," he said. "I mean, that's how I did my homework at school."

Apolline smiled and shook her head.

"So, you are free zis morning?"

"I guess so," Harry shrugged. "Why? Do you need help with something?"

"Oui. I want to go to ze beach, but I 'ate going alone. You can come wiz me. Go change and meet me outside," she said.

Apolline turned and left without giving him a chance to respond. Harry shrugged to himself and headed for his bedroom. There were worse ways to spend his day than on a beach full of Veela.

A few minutes later, he and Apolline made the short walk from the chateau to the beach. It was populated by dozens of topless Veela sunbathing, playing volleyball, and splashing in the crystal-clear water. Harry had to make a conscious effort not to stare as they laid out a couple of blankets on the sand. It was particularly hard not to stare at Apolline's large, perfectly shaped breasts when she removed her robe. She smirked knowingly and handed him a bottle of tanning oil.

"Would you do my back?" she asked.

"Sure," Harry said.

Taking the bottle from her hand, he took a seat on the towel with his legs spread wide. Apolline sat between them and, intentionally, he thought, shimmied back until her bum pressed against his groin and leaned forward. Harry poured a measured amount of oil into his palm, rubbed his

hands together, and rubbed it into her naked back. Her pale, flawless skin glistened in the bright sun. Starting at her shoulder, he worked his hands down her back until he reached the edge of her skimpy blue bottoms.

He was a little disappointed he couldn't get his hands on her bum, and he was just thinking about asking her to lie down on her stomach so he could cover her legs, when she suddenly leaned back against his chest.

"Don't forget ze front," she whispered in a husky tone.

Harry smiled as he poured a generous amount of oil into his palm and then smeared it onto her stomach. Apolline rested the back of her head on his shoulder while his hands slowly worked their way up to her breasts. His palms followed her immaculate curves up to her collarbone and then back down to cover the sides of her breasts. Pouring more oil on his hands, he covered them liberally, the slick flesh slipping and sliding under his fingers. He got lost in his work, caressing every inch of her chest several times over, until Apolline's laugh brought him back to the moment.

"Arry, zat's too much oil," she said.

"Er, sorry," Harry muttered.

There was quite a lot. Quickly, he tried to spread it out over the rest of her torso. When that didn't work, he reached for a towel, but Apolline stopped him by placing her hand on top of his.

"No need to waste it," she said.

She spun around and pushed him onto his back. With a sultry smile, she lowered her body over his and ran her oily breasts from his waist to his shoulders. As she slid back down, she caught his lips in a passionate kiss while wiggling her body against his. Harry slid his oil-covered hands down to her bum and slipped them under the legs to palm her bare skin. He tried to squeeze, but his fingers slipped, so he ended up kneading her pale, perfect globes instead. Moaning

against his lips, Apolline planted her hands on the blanket and pushed herself up. With a chuckle, she ground herself against his rapidly swelling erection.

She reached down and, with a quick tug, untied her bottoms. With another, she tossed them aside carelessly. As she reached for the waistband of his trunks, Harry suddenly remembered where they were. He looked around. Most of the Veela hadn't noticed anything yet, but several who were sitting close by were watching closely, pointing and giggling.

"Uh, Apolline," he said.

"Let zem watch," she said.

Her Allure pulsed, muddling his thoughts, as she tugged down his trunks, and his erection sprang free. Her thin, delicate fingers encircled his shaft.

"Look 'ow deep you would go," Apolline said.

She held him up to her stomach, where his swollen head protruded just above her belly button. Licking her lips, she raised herself up, placed him at her entrance, and slowly lowered herself. They both groaned in unison as she stretched around his engorged tip.

"So big. So 'ard," she panted as she inched down his shaft.

"Bigger than your husband?" one of the watching Veela asked.

Harry gave a start at the sound of her voice and looked around. About a dozen Veela were watching now. Some had even turned their beach chairs for a better view, and those passing by near the water's edge stopped to watch.

"Oui," Apolline moaned as she took him to the hilt.

Pressing her hands against his chest, she rolled her hips slowly. She threw her head back and luxuriated in the feeling. Harry caressed her thighs gently and let her set the pace. Veela Allure blanketed their patch of beach as she began to ride him in earnest. Apolline raised herself halfway up his length before sliding back down and rolling her hips at the end. It was an exquisite feeling.

All around them, the Veela on the beach began to strip out of their skimpy bottoms. In pairs and in groups, hands started to explore, and kisses were shared. To their left, one Veela sat on a beach chair with another between her legs. The one behind massaged her small, perky breast with one hand while the other toyed with her glistening folds. To their right, stretched out on a towel, two Veela scissored each other vigorously.

The group swelled rapidly and, soon, it felt like the entire beach was watching them. Harry was only peripherally aware of what was happening. The main focus of his attention was the inhumanly gorgeous woman bouncing up and down on his length. Apolline's breasts bounced alluringly as she kept her controlled, deliberate pace, which was more than Harry could say for himself. The Allure was starting to get to him. His hips, still in the beginning, now rolled and bucked each time she bottomed out.

In his mind, he imagined rolling her over and pounding away like an animal, but managed to control himself. As if she could read his mind, Apolline smirked, her bright blue eyes smoldering.

"Your cock feels so good," she said, leaning over him so that her breasts bounced just under his chin. "And so controlled. Ze best lover I 'ave ever 'ad."

She leaned down to kiss him, and Harry's hands grasped her breasts. A muffled whimper escaped her lips, and she pushed herself back up and rode him hard. Her thick bum clapped audibly against his thighs as she raised up higher and dropped down harder. Harry grabbed her hips and thrust upwards, sending her breasts bouncing wildly every time their bodies collided.

"Oui! Oui!" Apolline chanted.

Her folds suddenly tightened around him, and Harry lost himself in the pleasures of her body. Closing his eyes, he buried himself as deep as possible and erupted in her depths. Apolline moaned and shuddered on top of him. She collapsed onto his chest and panted against his neck as they rode through their climaxes.

Hearing moans all around them, Harry looked around.

“That’s the second time we started an orgy at the beach,” he chuckled.

“Mmh, it’s wonderful, non?” she asked, kissing his neck.

“Yeah, beautiful,” Harry agreed as he watched two Veela drop onto a towel in a sixty-nine.

Apolline rolled to the side and lay on her back with a contented smile. Suddenly, one of the Veela broke from the crowd and approached cautiously.

“Can I help you clean up?” she asked.

Apolline cracked an eye open and smiled.

“Of course.”

The Veela dropped down onto all fours and practically dove between her legs. With a moan, Apolline ran her fingers through the woman’s auburn hair. Harry began to harden as he watched.

“Bring me your cock, mon amor,” she said. “I want to suck it.”

Harry scrambled into a better position.

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It was well past lunch and almost time for dinner when Harry and Apolline finally made it back to the chateau, tired, but satisfied. They munched on some brioche while they waited for the Elves to finish cooking. Fleur joined them just as the food was being set on the table and eyed them with a knowing look.

“What?” Harry asked.

She looked past him out the window, and he followed her gaze. A group of still naked Veela were making their way to one of the small restaurants in the Enclave village.

“Ave fun at the beach?” she asked.

He smiled guiltily and shrugged.

“Oui,” Apolline smiled.

“Er, is Hermione coming?” Harry asked.

“I zink so,” Fleur said, pouting cutely. “I told ‘er it was time for dinner, but she shushed me.”

“She does that,” he smiled. “If she’s out in a couple of minutes, I’ll go get her.”

Hermione ran into the kitchen, her bushy hair whipping behind her, and a thick tome tucked to her chest.

“I got it!” she exclaimed.

The heavy book hit the table with a thud, and she flipped it open to a spot marked by several sheets of parchment.

“You found ze rune set?” Fleur asked.

“Yes, it was actually in one of the books Harry was using. The runes are much older than we thought. Thousands of years older.”

“What does it say?” Harry asked.

“I wrote it all out if you want to read it, but basically it’s a story—well, half of a story,” Hermione said. “It doesn’t give a date, but from the rune set, I can guess that this took place between four and six thousand years ago. A Dark Wizard named Rothgar the Vile found a way to enslave Veela. The Veela who wrote this think he chained their very souls to his. He enslaved them and then sent them out to seduce Muggles and Wizards. The magic the Veela generated during sex was transferred to him. It made him terribly powerful. According to this, he fought off entire armies on his own.

“Eventually, the wizards started killing Veela to weaken his power, but most of the ones they killed were innocent. The Veela lost thousands in just a few weeks, and Rothgar stormed the enclave. The Veela Queen Erica offered herself if he spared the rest of the Veela. He refused and took her anyway, but it was a trick. The Queen and her remaining followers set up a ritual circle that destroyed his body and trapped him in the tomb of a stone warrior. They didn’t want to kill him because they feared the souls of a thousand Veela would be dragged to hell with him. So, they hid the tomb until they could find a way to free their sisters.”

“Ow terrible,” Apolline said.

“I hate soul magic,” Harry muttered. “Where did they hide the tomb?”

“That part’s cut off,” Hermione said, biting her lip.

Harry sighed, "Of course it is."

"We need ze other 'alf of ze tablet," Fleur said.

"Maybe not," Harry said. "If Rothgar is possessing Malfoy, then someone must have found it."

"Maybe," Hermione nodded, "but he still wants it for something, so we should try to find it first. In the meantime, I'll contact Professor McGonagall. There might be something about how to free those Veela in some of Dumbledore's old books."

"I'll check out libraries for any mention of zis Rothgar," Apolline said, saying his name like a curse. "Fleur, perhaps you should check ze library of Alexandria. Zey 'ave ze largest collection of histories from zat time."

Fleur nodded.

"I'll look into the soul magic, Hermione," Harry said. "You and Fleur focus on finding Rothgar and this Veela Queen."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"I don't like it, but I understand it better than anyone," he shrugged. "And maybe you should look for recent news articles about a stone Norse warrior found in a tomb. My bet is the Muggles found it."

"That's a good idea," Hermione nodded. "We've got a lot of ground to cover. When does Bella get back?"

"Tomorrow," Harry replied.

Hermione opened her mouth to respond, but suddenly stopped, straightened up, and snapped the book closed. Harry looked at her curiously and then glanced over his shoulder. Narcissa had just entered the dining room and quirked an eyebrow.

“Did you find something?” she asked.

Harry turned back to the girls, only to find them looking back at him expectantly. They expected him to tell Narcissa that the captured spirit of an ancient Norse madman was possessing her son.

“Bugger.”

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Tonks expertly hid her growing frustration behind a pleasant smile as Abigail prattled on about pointless Muggle history. The girl was nice enough, and she loved her job, but why did she always have to volunteer to stay late at the dig site? Tonks wanted to go home, eat a nice dinner, and have a good, long romp with Harry. The last thing she wanted to do was sift through dirt for an extra couple of hours every night. But she couldn't leave in case they found something important.

Maybe she should bring her over to the Enclave so Harry could give her a good shag and set her priorities in order.

The only upside was that Tonks had gotten good enough at faking her job that she no longer needed to cast Forgetfulness Charms and the occasional Obliviate when she made a mistake. And it was marginally better than sitting outside Malfoy's hotel all day, waiting for him to do something. The local Aurors could handle that.

As she finished sifting through the latest bucket of dirt, she picked through the pieces that remained on the screen. Useless rocks, a couple of chunks of broken pottery, and a missing hair clip.

"This yours?" Tonks asked, holding up the hair clip.

"Looks like Marie's," Abigail sighed.

Slipping it into her pocket, she tossed the rocks, stuck the pottery shards in a bag, and then poured another bucket into the sifter.

"Last one for tonight," she said.

Tonks smiled in relief and rocked the sifter back and forth. As the sand and dirt fell through the screen, it revealed more rocks and pottery fragments. She reached in to toss the rocks, but one of them looked different. It was darker and more jagged than the rest. She turned it over in her hand and noticed distinct runes on one side.

"Ooh, look at that," Abigail said, leaning in for a better look.

"Any idea what it says?" Tonks asked.

"No," Abigail said, shaking her head. "The language department hasn't managed to translate it yet. Set it on the table so I can photograph it."

As she turned to grab her camera from her bag, Tonks drew her wand from her pocket. Abigail turned around, camera in hand.

"Obliviate," Tonks said.

Abigail stopped, and her eyes lost focus. Quickly, Tonks stuffed the fragment in her pocket.

“So, ready to call it a night?” she asked.

Abigail shook her head, her eyes regained their focus, and she smiled.

“I guess it’s getting pretty late,” she nodded.

She looked down at her camera oddly, shook her head again, and stuffed it back in her bag. Tonks smiled and helped her pack up for the night.