

## Chapter 7

*"Did you order the attack on the Vella Enclave?"* Harry asked, his knuckles digging into the cold, metal table of the interrogation room as he leaned forward on his balled-up fists.

*"No,"* Felix Renaud, the Minister of Defense for Magical France, answered tonelessly.

*"Did you ask someone to do it for you?"* Harry pressed.

*"No,"* Renaud replied, his stare blank and unfocused under the effects of the Veritaserum.

*"Do you have any knowledge of who's behind the kidnappings of Veela, or the attack on the Enclave?"* Harry continued.

*"No,"* The pudgy, balding wizard answered.

Harry frowned; his brow knitted together in thought.

*"Do you have any information that could help in this investigation?"* he asked.

*"There are few criminals in France with the manpower to pull off such a feat, and none foolish enough to try,"* Renaud answered in a monotone voice. *"I suspect that whoever is behind this is new to the country."*

*"I believe that's enough,"* Renaud's lawyer said, stepping forward. *"You have your answers."*

Straightening up, Harry nodded stiffly at the two French Aurors standing against the wall. As one stepped forward to administer the antidote, he turned and left the room. Walking a few

feet down the hall, he turned and entered the observation room, where Hermione, Tonks, Bella, and Markus stood, looking through the One-way Viewing Charm on the wall.

“Unless Renaud is a master Occlumens, it’s not him,” Harry said.

*“The press will have a field day with this,”* Markus muttered in French while rubbing the bridge of his nose.

It was a mark of how agitated he was that he still spoke in French, too distracted to switch back to English like he normally did.

“This doesn’t make any sense!” Hermione exclaimed, pacing back and forth in the small room agitatedly as she worried her lip. “There has to be more to this than just sex slaves. There’s no way someone would risk so much trying to kidnap them otherwise. We must be missing something!”

“Maybe the attacks are just bait?” Bella suggested. “Maybe they did it to get at Harry? There’s already been one attempt on his life.”

“I don’t think so,” Harry said, shaking his head. “That assassination attempt was sloppy. It felt more like a warning to back off. Besides, if they were trying to kill me, they’d have made other attempts by now.”

“We need more information,” Hermione said, still pacing. “We need to know where those women are going, and what they’re being used for. There’s still over twenty Veela missing. Maybe we should look at what they have in common. There has to be a reason they weren’t sold along with the rest.”

“Your Aurors get anything useful off those assholes we arrested?” Tonks asked, looking at Markus.

*"No," he replied, stroking his goatee. "They all said the same thing. Felix Renaud offered to clear their records if they broke into the Enclave and kidnapped as many Veela as they could. Even the Dragon was provided for them. It was stolen from a reserve in Switzerland."*

"How the hell do you steal a Dragon?" Tonks asked incredulously.

*"They had help from the inside," he told her. "Four of their handlers were paid handsomely to transport them to France and let it loose near the Enclave."*

"Well, I don't think there's anything else we can do here," Harry said with a sigh. "Sorry about the mess, Markus."

*"Don't worry about it," he said, waving off the concern.*

Nodding, Harry bid him goodbye before he and the girls left the room.

"Tonks, I need you to follow Renaud for a few days," Harry said once they were alone in the lift.

"Okay, but why? I thought you said it wasn't him," Tonks replied.

"It isn't, but someone's been getting ahold of enough of his hair to impersonate him numerous times," he said. "I want you to try and find out how. See if you can find out where he goes and what he does after work. Maybe it will give us a lead."

"Alright," Tonks said with a sigh, showing little enthusiasm for the boring surveillance mission. "What about the rest of you?"

"We'll be going over the interviews of the men we captured, possibly interrogate them again. There must be something we missed," Harry said.

"I'll see what I can find out about other possible sellers," Bella offered. "And it might be worth going to some of those other clubs to see what we can find."

"Good idea," Hermione agreed with a nod. "We have to be careful though. A new face looking to buy Veela is bound to raise suspicion right now."

"We'll be careful, but I think it's a risk we're going to have to take," Harry said.

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A week later, back at the Veela Enclave, Harry, Hermione, and Bella had finished going through the statements given by the witches and wizards they'd managed to arrest. Harry had even gone so far as to get permission to question Lazare Malfoy under Veritaserum. Altogether, they now had a pretty good idea of where they needed to start.

"Looks like the best place to start is a club called Rêves brises," Bella said. "It came up the most in the interviews, and the place has been raided twice, both times for having kidnapped Veela as dancers."

"Why didn't this club come up earlier?" Hermione asked.

"There was a change in ownership six months ago and, since then, there've been no reports of anyone seeing Veela there," Bella replied.

"Who owns it?" Harry asked.

"Raoul Richard," she answered, reading from the file. "He's a local small-time businessman. Priors for selling liquor without a license, tax fraud, two charges for assault that were later dropped – looks like bar fights – and that's about it. Pretty shady but nothing major."

Bella handed him the file, which he looked over quickly. He spent the most time looking at the picture of Richard, a well-groomed, middle-aged wizard. The man was thin with brown eyes, a

long nose that looked like it had been broken several times, and short, dark hair greying at the temples. Just from the way he smiled in the photo, Harry knew Richard had that smarmy sort of suave that could talk the naive out of all their gold if they weren't careful.

"We'll need a new disguise," Harry said.

"Already taken care of," Hermione assured him.

Climbing off the bed, she walked over to the dresser, reached into the top drawer, and pulled out two silver necklaces with a square, silver pendant covered in Runes attached to each.

"I wrote to Kingsley and had these sent over from the Department of Mysteries," she explained, climbing back onto the mattress. "These are Enchanted to give us the look of whoever's hair or blood is placed in the pendant. It projects an illusion over the body to replicate a person's look down to the last detail. I have four, and as long as we're wearing one, we'll be able to see through the Enchantments. Even if the one you're wearing aren't activated, you'll still be able to see the real person underneath. It doesn't physically change us like Polyjuice, but these can last as long as we need them to."

"But if it's just an illusion, won't it be easier for someone to notice?" Bella asked.

"There's powerful Notice-Me-Not and Compulsion Charms to prevent that, but yes, there's still a chance someone powerful enough might be able to see through it," Hermione answered. "We just need to try and pick someone that close to our size. I think the benefits outweigh the risks. We've cut it pretty close with Polyjuice more than once."

"True," Bella conceded. "And we still have Polyjuice if we need it."

"That's brilliant, love," Harry told his wife with a smile, then leaned over to kiss her on the lips.

“Sure, I’ve been out tailing Renaud, bored out of my mind, and here you are, snogging away,” Tonks complained teasingly as she entered the room.

Hermione stuck out her tongue, then turned to give him another brief kiss. Harry chuckled before turning to Tonks as she started stripping out of her clothes.

“Everything go alright?” he asked.

“You were right,” Tonks replied, slipping off her bra and rubbing her breasts in relief as she looked through the wardrobe. “Renaud is having an affair with a girl in her late teens, early twenties.”

“Ew,” Hermione said, wrinkling her nose cutely.

It wasn’t a pretty image, Harry thought, considering Renaud was in his sixties. Not to mention he was married with three children in their thirties. Somehow, he doubted Renaud’s wife was as accepting of him sleeping with other women as his was.

“You didn’t have to watch,” Tonks said with a shiver, her hair going limp and turning a sickly green. “She was a good actress, though. Fawned all over him when they were together, but she started crying when he left. Once she got a hold of herself, I watched her take his hair from the pillow and put it in a vial.”

“Did she give it to anyone?” Harry asked.

He highly doubted a young woman, barely old enough to be out of school, would be behind all of this.

“No, she went straight back to her flat and stayed there all night from what I could tell. She might have used the Floo though,” Tonks said with a shrug that drew Harry’s eyes to her alluring breasts.

Catching his look, she put on a pair of comfortable shorts, put the shirt she'd pick out away, then climbed onto the bed to cuddle up next to him.

"Do you know who she is?" Bella asked.

"Not yet," Tonks answered with a sigh as she closed her eyes and leaned into his embrace.

"We'll pick her up tomorrow, see what we can get out of her before we head for the club," Harry decided.

Getting nods of agreement from the girls, Tonks grinned before pushing Harry onto his back and straddling his waist. Grabbing his wrists, she pinned them to the bed and kissed him hard. Harry groaned as she rolled her hips, grinding her mound against his pelvis and rapidly hardening length. Wrenching his arms free, he grabbed Tonks' full breasts and groped them roughly.

Rolling them both over, Harry sat up on his knees, yanking off her shorts and panties before tossing them across the room. Quickly he stripped out of his own clothes while, to his left, Bella slipped behind Hermione, kissing her neck and sliding her hands up under her loose t-shirt.

Harry didn't hesitate to sink into Tonks, her steaming depths enveloping him tightly. Her hair ran through a rainbow of colors before settling on bright pink as she threw her head back and moaned.

"Fuck I need this," Tonks muttered. "Morgana your cock feels so good."

Wrapping her arms and legs around him, she kissed him passionately as Harry pounded her into the mattress with long, deep thrusts.

"Look at your husband ruining that little slut," Bella said.

Harry looked over to see both of them had lost their clothes, one of Bella's hands cupping Hermione's breast while the other caressed her folds teasingly. The contrast between Bella's bronze colored skin and his wife's pale white never ceased to arouse him.

"You love watching him fuck us, don't you?" she continued. "You love seeing him turn us into his willing whores."

"Oh, God," Hermione gasped as the Italian witch sank two fingers into her depths.

"Answer me," Bella growled, pinching Hermione's pale pink nipple twisting and pulling it harshly.

"Yes!" Hermione gasped, her body shuddering as she tipped over the edge suddenly. "I love it!"

Harry's cock throbbed as he continued to drive mercilessly into Tonks while they both watched his wife writhe in ecstasy. Suddenly, the bedroom door opened and Apolline leaned against the doorframe with a smirk on her face. She wore a short, thin blue robe that accentuated her huge, perky breasts and showed off her long, smooth legs.

"You forgot ze Silencing Charm again," she said, the smirk never leaving her face.

"Sorry," Harry grunted even as he continued to pound Tonks into the mattress.

"Are you going to join us, Apolline?" Bella asked hopefully, her fingers buried deep in Hermione while she continued twitching from her unexpected and powerful climax.

Apolline's smirk grew larger as she closed the door, silenced it, and then dropped her robe to the floor, leaving her sensual curves on full display. Breasts bouncing alluringly with each step, she walked over and climbed onto the bed, her full, heart shaped ass swaying behind her.



Giving Harry a quick kiss on the lips, she laid on her side and kissed Tonks' neck while caressing her breasts.

Turning her head, Tonks kissed her on the lips, muffling her low, wanton moan. Apolline's hand ran down from her breasts, over her fit abs, and continued to the top of her soaked folds. Tonks gasped when Apolline's fingers circled her clit, her already tight walls grasping Harry's thrusting length as they fluttered around him.

Ripping her lips away from the Apolline's, Tonks rolled her hips desperately while her nails dug into the skin of his back.

"Yes, yes, yes," she chanted between gasping breaths. "Fuck me, I'm so close. Please. Yes, yes. YES!"

Tonks went completely rigid under him, her mouth open in a silent scream as her hair went completely white. Harry mercilessly continued hammering into her while Apolline whispered sultrily in her ear as her fingers moved up to twist a nipple roughly. That broke the dam, and Tonks arched her back with a high-pitched scream, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining against the skin of her neck. Harry felt a pressure build around his shaft a moment before his groin was drenched by a stream of her hot arousal.

Eventually, it became too much for Tonks and she scrambled back, curling in on herself while her body convulsed. Harry's rigid, dripping length fell out of her, jutting out from his body with a menacingly red, swollen glans.

Giggling, Apolline kissed Tonks on the lips and rolled over on top of her on her hands and knees. Seeing her thick rear and taut slit thrust out towards him, Harry didn't hesitate to waddle up behind her and slip his desperately throbbing length into her sweltering depths. With a moan, Apolline looked at him over her shoulder with a lustful gaze.

"Mmh, you feel so much bigger zan my 'usband," she told him huskily. "I weesh 'e was 'ere to see you stretch me open wiz your beeg cock."

Next to them, Hermione gasped, followed by a desperate whine as her hips rocked into Bella's hand. Bella herself was panting and grinding her mound against his wife muscular ass as the two of them watched Harry plowing into Apolline from behind.

"Your 'usband feels so good," Apolline told Hermione with a moan, her face turned to the side. "Do you like watching 'im fuck a married woman?"

"Yes," Hermione whimpered quietly, her breath coming in heavy pants.

"Zen you will be glad to know Fleur will be 'ere in zhree days," Apolline said, breaking off into a sensual moan. "Perhaps I should invite my maman over as well? Zen 'Arry could make zhree generations of us 'is 'ores."

Suddenly, Apolline pulled her hips forward, causing Harry to slip out of her and run his slick length between her thick cheeks as he drove forward again with a groan of frustration.

"I will take care of you soon, mon amour," she promised before turning to Hermione and grabbing her hand. "Come 'ere."

Pulling a flushed and breathless Hermione forward, Apolline grabbed her hair in a firm but gentle grip, then guided her head down towards his raging erection.

"Clean 'im," Apolline commanded. "I want you to taste me on 'is cock."

Her breath shuddering, Hermione looked up at Harry as she opened her mouth and leaned forward. Pushing the first few inches of his shaft into her mouth, she clamped her lips around him, her tongue swirling and licking languidly.

"We taste good togezher, non?" Apolline asked, stroking Hermione's hair tenderly.

Closing her eyes, Hermione moaned around him and bobbed her head. Harry hissed at the sensation but, before he could enjoy it too much, Apolline pulled her back and crushed their lips together. As much as he liked seeing his wife with other women, he was increasingly getting annoyed with his climax being denied.

Growling, Harry grabbed Apolline and lifted her up.

“You Eenglish brute!” she squealed; her blue eyes dark with lust.

Pulling her into his lap, Harry speared her on his engorged shaft. Apolline threw her head back and howled from the deep, ruthless penetration of her tight folds, a sudden climax being torn from her divine body. Harry gave her no respite as he laid back, gripped her hips, and slamming his hips up like a jackhammer.

As her arousal drenched his lap, Apolline leaned forward with her hands on either side of his head, her eyes taking on a wild look as her Allure flooded his senses. Harry rutted into her like a wild beast, his hands reaching up to squeeze her wildly bouncing globes in a tight grip that straddled the line between pain and pleasure.

“*Fuck me. Ruin me,*” Apolline panted, slipping into French as her hips rolled desperately each time her thrust up into her.

Harry gave her what she wanted, hammering his cock into her with bruising force. After teetering on the edge so many times, he could already feel his climax building to a peak. With her Allure flooding his mind, he cared for nothing but his own pleasure as he continued plowing her smoldering depths. Harry roared when he finally reached his peak, the constant build up giving him a thunderous climax. Stars exploded in his vision as he blasted a torrent of cum deep into Apolline’s core.

“*Yes!*” Apolline crowed, her eyes dark and wild with unrestraint lust. “*Fill me! Give me your child!*”

Her words made Harry's length pulse with excitement, the sudden swelling pushing her over the edge into her own orgasm. Apolline let out a bird like screech of triumph and joy as her walls clamped down around him. She rolled her hips frantically while she rode him through her peak. After over a minute of writing on top of him, the busty blonde collapsed on top of him, crooning contentedly as she nuzzled her face into the crook of his neck.

Wrapping his arms around her, Harry caressed her back and kissed the side of her neck. As the two of them came down from their high, a series of grunts and gasps drew their attention to the side.

Hermione and Bella had scissored their legs and were grinding their leaking folds together wildly. Flushed and panting, both of them had hooded, lustful gazes as they humped each other with single-minded focus. Immediately, Harry felt Apolline's Allure fade into nothing. Shaking their head, Hermione and Bella blinked at each other in confusion, and their movements slowed, but neither of them looked like they planned to stop.

"I'm sorry," Apolline said apologetically. "I am not used to being with a man who can handle ze Allure. It just feels so good to let go so completely."

"It's fine," Hermione said, biting her lip.

Apolline smiled and rolled off of Harry, a river of white cum flowing from her reddened lips as he fell out of her.

"Mon dieu," she gasped, then giggled as she wiped up the trickle that ran down her leg. "I 'ave never been so full."

Smirking at Harry, she brought her fingers up to her lips and sucked them clean with a sensual moan.

"Bloody hell," Harry groaned, his spent member twitching as it tried valiantly to rise again.

“Eet looks like Bella and you wife could use some attention,” Apolline said with a sultry grin.

“I need a minute,” Harry said.

Lifting an eyebrow, Apolline smiled before crawling back over top of him. Leaning down she kissed him passionately at the same time he felt her Allure blanket him. Instantly, his length jumped to attention and Harry growled in arousal. As he reached for her waist, Apolline pulled back from him with a smirk.

“Go get zhem,” she whispered huskily.

Smiling, Harry kissed her one more time before crawling over to Bella. Picking up the tanned Auror, he laid her on top of Hermione, so they were face to face. Without hesitation, they kissed heatedly while he slid his hard shaft between their folds, Bella’s lips hugging the top while Hermione’s hugged the bottom.

If this was going to be a regular thing, he really needed to find some kind of Stamina Potion, Harry thought not for the first time as he sank into Bella’s depths. Or they needed to find a Veela to permanently add to their group, he thought with a smirk.

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After a slow start the next morning, Harry and Tonks approached the apartment building where the young woman having an affair with Renaud lived. They didn’t expect much trouble bringing her in but, just in case, Hermione and Bella were positioned nearby under invisibility cloaks.

“What room?” Harry asked.

“I’m not sure, but it’s on the fourth floor, far Northeast side of the building,” Tons replied.

Nodding, they boarded the lift, pulled the folding gate closed, and hit the button. The old machine lurched to life and rattled as they slowly climbed.

"Guess we should've taken the stairs," Harry muttered as they ascended at a snail's pace.

"I can't believe people rides these things without magic," Tonks said, her face pale as she fidgeted nervously.

"You're scared of lifts?" he asked, amused.

"Only Muggle ones," she answered, closing her eyes and looking like she was about to be sick.

Harry, seeing how scared she was, fought down the urge to tease her and took her hand in his. Tonks gripped his hand painfully hard as the lift rattled and shuddered it way upwards.

"I've got you, Dora," he said softly.

"You're going to tease me about this later, aren't you?" she asked.

"Definitely," Harry replied with a grin.

Opening her eyes, gave him a small smile and loosened her grip slightly. Mercifully, the lift came to a stop a moment later. Throwing the gate open, Tonks practically ran out and breathed deeply as the color returned to her face and hair.

"This way," she said, pointedly ignoring the smirk on Harry's face.

Turning to the right, she led the way to the end of the hall and pointed to the last door on the left. The plate on the door read, '416'. Raising her hand, Tonks rapped sharply three times.

When there was no answer, Harry looked around to make sure they were alone before pulling out his wand and casting a quick Human Revealing Charm.

“She’s not here,” he said.

“Fuck,” Tonks growled, kicking the door with her foot.

“We’ll just have to go back outside and wait for her to come back,” Harry told her reassuringly.

“Great, another steak out,” Tonks grumbled as they made their way back down the hall.

“You can go back to the Enclave if you want,” he offered.

“No, I’ll –” Tonks broke off and tugged at his sleeve. “That her,” she whispered urgently.

Harry looked up to see a young woman stepping out of the lift. She had a pretty, sharp-featured face framed by short, dark hair with several locks dyed purple. As Tonks had said, she looked to be in her late teens or early twenties. A row of several silver rings decorated her left ear from the lobe to the tip, while the right held only a single hoop. She wore a pair of tight jeans and a dark blue t-shirt with a short leather jacket over top. With a lithe figure and moderate sized bust, she was very attractive.

Unfortunately, she also appeared to be quite bright and observant. As soon as she spotted Harry and Tonks moving towards her, she gave them a nervous look and turned in the opposite direction. The lift started descending before she could reach it, so she increased her pace and made for the end of opposite end of the hall, where the stair well was.

Harry took off at a jog and flicked his wand to lock the door just as she reached it. The young woman struggled with the knob, her pulling becoming more frantic and desperate by the

second as Harry and Tonks approached. Harry kept his wand out and ready, even though the girl had yet to draw hers.

“Miss, we’re Aurors. We’re going to need you to come with us,” Harry said in an authoritative tone, holding up his badge.

“I haven’t done anything,” she said, backing against the wall.

“You’re not under arrest, we just need to ask you some questions,” he told her soothingly.

Looking back and forth between him and Tonks, the anxious energy abruptly drained out of her, and she sagged in defeat.

“I’m going to need you to hand over your wand,” Harry said. “Don’t reach for it, just tell me where it is.”

“I don’t have one,” she said quietly while looking away shyly.

Harry and Tonks exchanged a quick, confused look.

“You are a witch, right?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” she replied with conviction, her voice much stronger.

“Alright, let’s go,” Tonks jumped in.

Grabbing the young woman by the upper arm, she used her wand to unlock the door and led her down the stairs. Quickly, they reached the first floor and marched the girl out of the



building. Walking around the side of the apartments, they lead her into an alley between buildings.

“Where are we going?” the girl asked nervously as she looked around the narrow, dead-end alley.

“We’re just going someplace to Disapparate,” Harry said.

Reaching the end of the alley, they turned around to face the way they’d come and waited. A moment later, Hermione and Bella appeared out of thin air by whipping off their cloaks, causing the young woman to gasp in surprise.

Nodding at the girls, Harry tightened his grip on the girl’s arm and twisted on the ball of his foot.

An instant later, the five of them landed in the foyer of Delacour manor. The young woman wavered on her feet before dropping to her knees.

“What the fuck was that!?” she gasped, looking like she was about to be sick even as her eyes were wide with shock.

“We Apparated,” Harry said slowly, sharing a confused look with the others. “Close your eyes and take slow, deep breaths. The feeling will pass in a moment.

Once she was recovered, he helped her to her feet and led her into the study. While Bella closed and sealed the doors behind them, Harry guided her into a straight-backed, simple wooden chair, specifically chosen for how uncomfortable it was. Taking his own, much more comfortable seat across from her, he leaned forward, elbows on his knees as she gripped the wooden seat in a white knuckled grip and avoided his eyes.

“This doesn’t look like a police department,” she said nervously.

Harry narrowed his eyes as he stared at her intently. Why would she saw police and not Auror, he wondered. She acted like a Muggle, but clearly believed she was a witch. Something was seriously wrong here.

"This is the Veela Enclave," Tonks said, standing behind Harry with her arms crossed and a severe look on her face. "Right now, you're under suspicion of aiding in the capture and enslavement of dozens of Veela, as well as sex trafficking. You'll probably be charged with impersonation of a Ministry official once we turn you over."

"What!?" the girl gasped, her face paling drastically. "No! I didn't!"

"You haven't been charged with anything yet," Harry said soothingly as the girl's chest rose and fell sharply with her panicked breathing. "We still need to get your side of the story. Now, what's your name?"

"Delphini, Delphini Riddle,"