

While The Kids Are Away

Chapter 1

Harry and Hermione, like most magical parents on the first of September, were at King's Cross Station, seeing their children onto the Hogwarts Express. Hermione was currently talking to their oldest, James Daniel Potter, who was getting ready to start his fourth year as a Gryffindor at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

"Make sure to look after your sister and can you at least try to stay out of trouble this year?" she asked, giving him a pointed look that she had perfected years ago.

"I'll do my best," James said with a crooked smile.

James was best friends with George's twin sons, Fabian and Gideon, who were in the same year as his son. They, along with their close friend and dorm mate Darren Wilks, were bound and determined to outdo the infamous Marauders in terms of both pranks, and time spent in detention. He had Harry's dark, wild hair and his mother's brown eyes, making him very popular among the girls at school.

Hermione tried to reign him in and get him to focus more on his studies, and Harry could admit he let things slide a little too much. Hermione thought he was trying to live vicariously through their son, but he thought it had more to do with the fact that he just wanted his son to enjoy his childhood in a way he was never able to.

Standing silently off to the side and rolling his eyes, was their middle child, Sirius Remus Potter. Currently starting his second year at Hogwarts as a Ravenclaw, Sirius took more after Hermione than he did Harry. Even as a young child, he was often very serious about his studies, leading to some truly horrible puns around the house. He looked much more like his mother with his angular face and curly brown hair, but he had Harry's bright green eyes. Their two sons couldn't be more different, but they loved them equally.

Their youngest child, Lily Rose Potter, clutched his hand tightly as she looked around the station excitedly. Lily was about to start her first year at Hogwarts and was understandable equal parts exhilarated and frightened at the prospect of spending a majority of the year away from home.

Harry doted on his daughter, and Hermione often had stop him from utterly spoiling her at times. In his opinion, she had gotten the best traits from her parents. She had her mother's beauty and intelligence, and his dark hair, green eyes, and curiosity. Most importantly, she had Harry's heart and Hermione's conscience, giving her airon-clad sense of right and wrong. He couldn't wait to see what she would accomplish once she got to school.

"You keep an eye on her too, Sirius," Hermione told him firmly.

"We don't even know what house she'll be in yet, mum. She could end up in Slytherin for all we know," Sirius replied.

"You don't have to be in the same house to check on her once in a while," she reminded him firmly. "I'm not asking you to babysit her, I'm just asking you to check in on her from time to time."

"Fine," he gave in, huffing irritably.

Harry smiled at the familiar exchange. Sirius hated anything that took him away from his studies. He really hoped he would find some friends that would remind him there was a world outside of the library.

The horn blew signaling the train was going to leave in five minutes time, and parents hugged their children goodbye as they rushed to board the train. Hermione hugged and kissed their sons on the cheek as Harry waited behind her. When she stepped back to say goodbye to Lily, he hugged James and patted him on the shoulder.

"Try to wait at least a week before you get your first detention," he whispered conspiratorially.

James smiled crookedly and gave a shrug before grabbing his trunk and dragging it towards the train.

"Have a good year!" he called out.

Turning to Sirius, he hugged him briefly and ruffled his short, bushy hair.

"I'm very proud of how well you do at school, but don't get so lost in your books you forget to live," he advised his son.

Sirius sighed and rolled his eyes, "Yeah, yeah. Bye, dad."

Grabbing his trunk, he dragged it off to the train and met up with his closest friend, a pretty redhead named Amanda Jones. While he watched his sons board the train and join their friends, he felt a tug on his shirt and looked down to see Lily looking up at him hopefully.

"Can you help me with my trunk, daddy?" she asked.

"Sure, sweetheart," he said with a smile.

"Have fun, but don't forget your studies," Hermione said as tears gathered in the corners of her eyes. "Remember to write us as soon as you find out what house you're in, and go to a teacher if you need help with anything, oh, and-"

"We need to go, love," Harry cut her off gently.

Wiping her eyes, she nodded and gave Lily one more hug before Harry walked her to the train, pulling her trunk behind him.

“Dad?” she asked nervously as they walked, biting her lip worriedly. “What if Sirius is right? What if I end up in Slytherin?”

Harry stopped, knelt down in front of her, and placed his hands on her shoulders.

“There’s nothing wrong with being in Slytherin,” he told her softly. “The house you’re in doesn’t make you who you are, it’s our choices in life that matter.”

Lily didn’t look convinced as she eyed the train with trepidation.

“You know, the Sorting Hat wanted to put me in Slytherin,” he told her, causing her to look at him sharply.

“Really?” she asked in surprise.

“Yup,” he said with a nod. “I met a boy I really didn’t like that went into Slytherin, so I asked the Hat not to put me there.”

“You can do that?” Lily asked in wonder.

“The Hat won’t put you in a house you don’t want to go into,” he told her reassuringly. “Listen, sweetheart, Whatever house you end up in, your mother and I will still love you, no matter what. Okay?”

“Okay,” Lily said, looking much calmer.

Suddenly she jumped forward and hugged him tightly around the neck.

“I love you, daddy,” she said.

"I love you, too," Harry replied softly. "Forever and always."

The horn sounded again, signaling there was one minute until the train left.

"Come on," Harry said urgently.

Grabbing her trunk in one hand and her hand in the other, they raced to the train laughing the entire way. Lily jumped on the train and Harry had just placed her trunk next to her when the train lurched into motion. Stepping back, he waved at his daughter as the train slowly left the station.

Hermione stepped up beside him on the platform and waved tearfully to the train as it gradually disappeared in a cloud of steam and a rumble. Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her close, placing a kiss on the side of her head.

"Come on, love. Let's go home," Harry whispered.

Guiding her over to the Apparation point next to the Floo, he Disapparated both of them back to their home in Suffolk. As soon as they Apparated into their living room, Hermione's attention was drawn by the laughter of children outside. A group of young Muggle kids was riding bikes past their house, laughing and yelling happily. She sniffled and wiped her eyes before folding her arms tightly to her chest as she watched them cycle past.

Harry walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, hugging her close and kissing the side of her head.

"It's going to be so quiet without the kids around," she said sadly.

"Yes, but there are some benefits to having the house all to ourselves," he whispered softly.

Slipping his hands under her shirt, he caressed the smooth skin of her tight stomach. With work and kids constantly getting in the way, they were lucky to get more than an hour or two of time for themselves in the dead of night for the last fifteen years. While he was just as sad to see them grow up and head off to school, he was also quite looking forward to spending some quality time with his beautiful wife.

Keeping one hand on her stomach, he used the other to brush her hair out of the way so he could kiss her neck softly. Hermione sighed and leaned back against him, bending one arm behind her to run her fingers through his hair, her long fingernails scraping lightly across his scalp.

"How long has it been since we could just relax and enjoy ourselves without having to worry about one of the kids barging in?" he asked quietly.

"Mmh, too long," Hermione moaned.

Turning her head, she pressed her full, soft lips against his in a heated kiss. As his lips and tongue moved in time with hers, his hands slid up her stomach and over her ribs to grasp her bra-covered breasts firmly. Hermione moaned deeply and broke the kiss to tilt her head back and rest it on his shoulder. Harry latched his lips onto her exposed neck, kissing and sucking at the delicate skin as he removed his hands from under her shirt and began undoing her buttons. Soon, he had it open and took half a step back to push it down her shoulders, letting it flutter to the floor.

Unsnapping the clasp of her black bra, he pulled it off her arms before tossing it carelessly to the floor and wrapped his arms around her waist to pull her bare back against his chest. Hermione tilted her head back with a whimper when he attacked her neck again, his fingers drawing random, lazy patterns across the smooth skin of her stomach. Her tight abs twitched under his touch as his finger glided over her stomach and up to her ribs.

As he reached her chest, he suddenly ran the back of his nail along the underside of her firm, perky breast. She hissed through clenched teeth and pressed herself more firmly against him, her thick, toned bottom trapping his rapidly hardening member between them. Sliding one

hand back down to her pelvis, Harry pulled her tightly against him and ground his hips forward while his other hand traced lines across the side of her soft breast with his fingernails. Hermione trembled in his arms as his nail scraped lightly over her hard, swollen nipple, causing her jutting breasts to quiver enticingly.

Smirking against her neck, he undid the button and zipper of her pants while his other hand continued to tease her breasts. The moment he had them open, he slipped his hand down into her panties and ran his fingers through the small strip of short, curly hair above her hot, damp mound. Grabbing a tuft of hair, he tugged on it lightly. Hermione inhaled sharply through her nose and bucked her hips.

“Harry,” she whined with need, drawing out his name.

“I love it when you beg,” Harry whispered huskily into her ear.

Grasping her breast firmly, the soft, warm mound filling his hand perfectly, he slid his other hand down lower and cupped her sweltering mound. A moan left her lips as she bucked against his hand, slathering his palm with her slick arousal. Starting at the bottom, he slipped his middle finger between her tight, moist lips and slowly ran it all the way to the top, flicking it lightly over her clit at the end. Panting lightly, Hermione reached behind her and clutched his hair while her other hand grabbed the leg of his pants, desperate for something to hold onto.

Harry plucked at one of her stiff, pink nipples while his middle finger circled her clit teasingly. Her hips rolled and jerked as she desperately tried to make him touch where she wanted, but he countered her at every turn. A smirk stretched his lips when she let out a frustrated, needy whine as she squirmed in place. Chuckling, Harry finally relented and slipped his middle and ring finger into her dripping entrance and ground his palm against her throbbing clit. Her whole body shivered from the long-awaited pleasure, her hips driving forward into his hand.

Slowly, Harry pumped his fingers into and out of her while grinding the heel of his hand roughly against her sensitive nub. As Hermione panted and gasped, his lips continued sucking at the base of her neck, leaving behind a pink love bite that was sure to bruise. His rigid erection, trapped between her toned cheeks, throbbed with need as he ground his hips into her jutting ass.

When short, panting grunts left her open lips, Harry knew she was getting close. As her hips humped against his hand, he sped up the motion of his fingers and drove them deeper into her quivering core. Gripping her breast tightly, he suddenly bit down on her neck as he pressed the pads of his fingers against the top of her walls, rubbing her G-spot roughly.

Hermione's body went rigid as she trembled in his arms, her knees going weak. Face scrunched up in agonized pleasure, she opened her mouth to let out a short, high-pitched scream. Harry was forced to let go of her breast and wrap his arm around her waist when her legs wobbled and gave out under her. Holding her up, he continued to finger her roughly as she writhed in his arms. A flood of arousal soaked his hand and caused a loud, wet sucking sound to come from between her legs. Gasping for breath, Hermione could take the overwhelming pleasure no more and yelped as she grabbed his wrist to pull his hand away from her.

"Oh fuck!" Hermione said in a quivering moan, her body still trembling.

It had been so long since he had heard his wife swear that Harry couldn't help but laugh joyously. Hermione giggled as well, turning around in his arms. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. As he held her close, he became annoyed with his clothes keeping him from feeling her body against his. With a snap of his fingers, his clothes and the rest of hers flew off of their bodies and scattered across the living room floor. Hermione gasped at the sudden sensation and pulled back to look at him.

"Show off," she said with a teasing smile.

Eyeing his muscled, naked body with a hungry gaze, she slid her hands over his shoulders and down his solid chest to his toned abs. Hermione wrapped her thin, delicate fingers around his massive, raging erection and stroked him softly. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as she teased his throbbing shaft. Gripping his length more firmly, she used it like a leash to lead him over to the couch against the window and sat down facing him. Leaning forward, she kissed the red, bloated head lovingly before staring up at him as she parted her lips and wrapped them around his hot, swollen glans.

Harry hissed in pleasure when she enveloped him in her hot, wet mouth. He couldn't remember the last time she did this for him and only now realized how much he missed it. Reaching up, he ran his fingers through her hair as she started bobbing up and down on him, slowly taking him deeper. Her slick, soft tongue slithered along the underside of his shaft as his head hit the back of her mouth, causing him to groan deeply. Harry had to fight the impulse to thrust into her mouth from the intense pleasure when she sucked hard while pulling back to the head, her tongue swirling around his engorged tip.

Staring up at him with a heated gaze, Hermione descended back down his shaft. When his head hit the back of her throat, she gagged and paused for a moment. Taking a deep breath, she pushed forward again and forced him into the tight confines of her spasming throat. Harry gasped as she continued forward determinedly, her eyes watering as she valiantly fought against her gag reflex. When she had three-quarters of his length in her mouth, she suddenly shot off of him and coughed while gasping for breath.

"Bloody hell, Hermione," Harry said.

Smiling, Hermione shrugged her shoulders, which did wonderful things to her breasts.

"I've missed this," she admitted softly as she stroked his length.

Giving her a loving smile, Harry leaned down and kissed her passionately.

"Me too," he whispered softly before standing back up.

With a sultry look, Hermione took him back into her mouth and bobbed up and down a few times, before trying to force his cock back into her throat.

"Fuck, that feels incredible, love," he told her, massaging her scalp with his fingers.

Grabbing his hips, Hermione drove herself forward while pulling his hips towards her as she choked on his shaft. Thick globs of spit dripped from her lips and tears rolled down her cheeks as she forced herself to swallow more and more of his thick cock.

Pulling off of him to suck in a deep breath and clear her throat, she paused for only a moment before swallowing him again. Descending down his length more quickly and easily this time, she stopped just an inch from his base. Wrapping her arms around his waist, she pulled herself forward hard and drove her throat down on him the rest of the way, until her nose pressed against his groin.

Harry couldn't help but tighten his grip on her hair and groan as her tight throat convulsed wildly around him. Hermione held herself there for several seconds, tears falling from her eyes and her chest heaving as made loud, wet gags around his girth. Eventually, she was forced to pull back for air. Even as she coughed hard and wiped thick strings of spit from her chin, there was a smug smile tugging at the corner of her lips.

"Merlin, I love you," Harry panted.

Hermione smiled at him, her eyes sparkling lustfully in a way he hadn't seen in years. When she descended back down on his length once again, she bobbed her head rapidly, taking him all the way into her slick, grasping throat before pulling all the way back to the head. Harry groaned at the incredible feeling and felt his climax rapidly building. When she took him to the base and held him there for several seconds, he bucked his hips and tipped over the edge.

"Hermione," he called out in warning.

His wife quickly pulled back to the head and sucked hard while stroking his dripping shaft furiously. Harry's legs shook as he came with a groan, powerful jets of hot cum firing into his wife's sucking mouth. Hermione continued stroking and sucking him through his climax, draining him of every last drop. When she pulled back, a small stream of cum slipped from between her lips and she caught it in her hand, fighting a laugh. Her throat bobbed visibly as she swallowed and proceeded to lick her finger clean.

“You are brilliant,” Harry said emphatically.

Standing up, she gave him a sexy smile and wrapped her arms around his neck, her breasts pressing against his chest.

“How about you take me into the bedroom, and we spend the rest of the day celebrating the kids going off to school?” Hermione asked promisingly as she play with his hair.

Harry smiled at her mischievously.

“I have a better idea,” he told her.

Hermione raised an eyebrow at him questioningly. Grabbing her hips, he turned her around and pushed her shoulder until she was bent over with her hands on the back of the couch. With a wave of his hand, the curtains flew open, leaving her staring out at the front yard. Hermione gasped loudly as she stared out of the window at the house next door.

The windows were charmed so no one could actually see inside. It was originally done so that Muggles wouldn't see them using magic, and later, in case the kids performed accidental magic. Still, it was quite the thrill to be staring out of an open window during sex.

Smirking at his wife's reaction, Harry stared lustfully at her fantastic, round backside. Grabbing her thick cheeks, he squeezed and kneaded her firm, muscled globes roughly. Watching her reflection in the glass, he raised his hand and brought it down on her pale, toned flesh with a sharp slap. Hermione yelped, jerking her hips forward and turning to stare at him incredulously.

“Harry!” she cried in outrage.

Pulling her hips back, he smiled darkly at her as he raised his hand and brought it down on her other cheek. Biting her lip, she let out a muffled squeal and looked forward again, her cheeks a

light pink. Over and over, he groped and spanked her wonderful ass, quickly growing hard as she grew wetter.

“Imagine if one of the neighbors decided to mow their lawn right now,” he said, grabbing her cheeks and spreading them wide.

Hermione rested her elbows on the back of the couch and covered her reddened face with her hands with a whimper. Lining his hard rigid length up with her glistening entrance, he ran his thumb teasingly over her tight, puckered hole as he slowly drove into her clutching depths. Harry groaned as her tight walls surrounded him with their incredible heat. Her inner lips clung to his shaft as he fed his iron-hard rod into her soft, hot depths. When he finally bottomed out, he paused for a moment to savor the blissful feeling.

Moaning, Hermione pushed her hips back against him, urging him to move. Smirking, he slid his hands up to her shoulders, using them as leverage as he began thrusting slowly. He marveled at the way her lips hugged his girth and clung to his shaft as he pulled back. Even after three kids, she was still perfect for him. With only his head left trapped in her core, he drove back in roughly, gradually gaining speed.

Looking at her reflection, Hermione stared out of the window with her mouth hanging open as she panted breathlessly. If anyone could have looked in the window, they would have clearly seen the expression of ecstasy on her face and her perky breasts bouncing as she was taken from behind. Harry’s cock throbbed as he thought about how people would react to seeing her like this.

Even after Hogwarts, people still saw her as a boring, plain bookworm, and he longed to prove just how wrong they were. He wanted to show her off, let them see just how lucky he was and how desirable his wife really was.

Soon, Harry was slamming in and out of her, his hips bouncing off her fantastic ass with a loud, fleshy clap each time they connected. Hermione moaned lewdly as she threw her hips back at him. With one hand he reached under her, grabbed one of her bouncing breasts, and squeezed it firmly. Suddenly, she let out a sharp gasp and stared out the window intently. Following her

gaze, he saw two women from Hermione's book club walking past their house on their way back from the shops.

With a dark smile she couldn't see, Harry reached up and grabbed a handful of her curly hair and pulled her head back roughly. Hermione's back arched, thrusting her jiggling breasts outward as he slammed into her furiously. One of her hands shot off of the couch to cover her mouth, desperately trying to muffle her squeal as she climaxed unexpectedly. Harry groaned as she clutched and spasmed around his thrusting length, soaking his shaft in her arousal. Her eyes followed the two women as they disappeared around the corner, and she collapsed forward with a moan.

Just as she calmed, Harry noticed someone else walking up the street. This time, it was the mailman. Smirking devilishly, He hooked his arms through Hermione's at the elbow, trapping them in place behind her back.

"No," came her drawn-out groan when she spotted the mailman walking up to the house.

Harry continued hammering into her at a brutal pace as her eyes followed him up the driveway. Despite having just reached a climax, he could feel her excitement build as her walls quivered around him. She bit her lip hard, struggling to keep quiet and hold back her orgasm as he reached the front door. Her whole body trembled, and a quiet whimper escaped her throat as the mailman pushed their post through the mail slot of the front door just feet away from them.

Hermione squirmed in place as she desperately tried to fight her climax for just a little bit longer. Just as the mailman came back into view of the window on his way back to his van, she lost the battle against her own body. With her arms trapped behind her back, there was no way for her to cover up the squeal she let out as an intense climax thundered through her. The clapping of his thighs against her ass turned into a loud, wet slap as she drenched his hammering length in her arousal.

The mailman turned back to the house with raised eyebrows, clearly recognizing the sounds for what they were. Unknowingly, he stared right at them through the window as he looked at the house curiously. Hermione moaned pitifully as she made eye contact with him and shivered.

Harry, meanwhile, had reached his own peak and came inside his wife with a loud grunt and a long groan. His hot cum flooded her clutching depths and drew another moan from Hermione.

The mailman, even though he couldn't see in the window, smiled knowingly and whistled a tune as he walked back to his van. Inside, Harry pulled out of his wife, wrapped his arms around her, and pulled her onto his lap as he sat down on the couch, panting heavily. Hermione kissed his neck and cuddled up to his chest as they caught their breath, their sweat-soaked bodies quickly cooling.

It was only four more months until the kids returned for Christmas break and Harry planned to spend as much time as possible enjoying some alone time with his wife.

Chapter 2

Deep in Knockturn Alley, a tall, dark-haired Italian wizard with a handsome face strode purposefully into Koffman's Creatures. The man wrinkled his nose in disgust at the musty air as he walked toward the counter with his chin held high. In the dim light of the store, the large, bulging eyes of several House Elves shone like lamps as they followed his progress from their small cages. Behind the counter, an elderly, balding wizard with several missing teeth looked up at the man's approach.

"Whaddya want?" Koffman asked gruffly from behind the counter.

Sneering, the Italian wizard stood tall and smoothed out his expensive robes.

"My name is Antonio Bernardi. I'm here to pick up my order," he said.

Koffman grunted and eyed the wizard closely before nodding.

"This way," Koffman said as he flicked his wand to lock the door and turn the sign from 'Open' to 'Closed.'

Antonio followed the old man to the back of the store where he lifted up a dust-covered rug to reveal a trap door underneath. Pulling on the ring-shaped handle, Koffman grunted as he lifted the door open. Lighting his wand, he descended the stairs into a dark, dank cellar with a low ceiling. As Antonio followed the old man, the light from his wand illuminated two rows of what looked like prison cells. Inside the cells, there were six beautiful, blonde women, completely naked, with dirt, grim, and faint bruises marring their soft pale skin. As the two men approached, the women covered themselves with their arms and scooted as far back in their cells as they could, watching the men fearfully.

"Here yeh go. Jus' got em' a couple days ago," Koffman said.

"How much are they?" Antonio asked as he eyed the women.

As his eyes adjusted to the dark, he noticed each of them wore a collar made of leather and iron with runes carved into the surface of the metal.

"Ten thousand each," Koffman told him.

"Deal," the Italian said quickly.

"Which one yeh want?" Koffman asked.

Reaching into his pocket, Antonio pulled out a miniature trunk and placed it on the ground. With a tap of his wand, it quickly grew to full size. Taking off a key from around his neck, he unlocked the trunk and threw the lid open, revealing a massive mound of gold Galleons inside.

"All of them," he said as he watched the old man's eyes bulge with a smirk.

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A short time later, Antonio led the six women, now clad in hastily transfigured robes, out into Knockturn Alley. Several people turned to look at the group curiously as they walked towards the Apparation point at the end of the Alley, but no one dared to say anything when they caught sight of the wizard leading them.

Suddenly, two of the women took off at a run but were quickly stopped when Antonio flicked his wand like a whip, and a glowing rope of red magic wrapped around their feet. The women ended up sprawled in the dirt and rolled over to gaze at the man fearfully as he stalked towards them.

“Get up!” he whispered harshly. “I’ll deal with you two later.”

Nodding, the two trembling women climbed to their feet with their heads bowed fearfully. The four other women surrounded them as if trying to shield them from his anger as they resumed their walk.

As soon as they reached the Apparation point, the Italian dug a length of rope out of his pocket and held it out.

“Grab it,” he told them harshly.

Glancing at each other worriedly, the women reached out with trembling hands to grab the rope. A moment later, the rope glowed blue, and, with a tug behind the navel, they were sucked into the unknown.

A moment later, they landed in a large room that was well lit and contained several metal framed beds. The women huddled together and looked around anxiously as four other women walked towards them, two wearing dark blue robes, and two wearing white. Seeing the fearful looks they were getting, a witch in blue robes with pink hair waved at the others to stay back and held her hands out to her side.

"It's okay, we're Aurors," she said comfortingly.

The women looked at her hopefully and whispered in French to each other quietly before turning to the man that had brought them there. The arrogant, cruel look he had previously was gone, and he now smiled at them reassuringly.

"I'm sorry for scaring you, but I couldn't let them find out I was helping you. It's okay, you're safe now," he told them gently.

Looking at him dubiously, the women stayed close together and looked around fearfully. Suddenly, the man began to slowly change, his hair becoming shorter, his eyes turned from brown to green, his skin went pale, and a distinctive lightning bolt-shaped scar appeared on his forehead.

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Harry rubbed his face at the horribly odd sensation of his skin changing before reaching into his pocket and pulling out his glasses. The women looked at him in a combination of surprise and fear as they huddled together closely. He sighed, wondering how to convince them they were really safe.

"We're not going to hurt you," he said, before pointing to the other women in the room. "This is Auror Tonks, and healers Beckworth, and Carrington. They're here to keep you safe. The other woman is Auror Bella Senatore from Italy, she's here to help us get you home and catch whoever did this to you."

Just as he began to wonder if they could even understand English, one of the women broke down into sobs and threw herself at him, hugging him tightly. Harry hugged her back gently as the rest of the women broke down in tears of joy and relief. It took him several minutes to get them on beds so the healers could check them out.

Once the women had calmed down a bit, and the healers had looked them over, Aurors Jones and Hammer came in to start taking statements. Seeing that everything was under control, Harry slipped into the observation room at the back of the infirmary. Inside, there was a small table with four chairs, and a One-Way Viewing Charm on the wall, allowing anyone inside to see out.

"I take it things went well?" Kingsley said when he stepped inside.

"There were only six women there. Nowhere near the thirty that went missing," Harry told him.

"Do you think they were sold to multiple buyers?" the Minister asked.

"It's possible, but I doubt it," he said. "I think they're being held somewhere else. That way, if the shop gets raided, they don't lose everything. I asked Koffman if he could get more, and he told me to come back in a couple of days. It would take a lot longer if he didn't already know where to get them from."

"Do you think they're on to you?" Kingsley asked in concern.

"No, they'd never expect an Auror to spend that kind of money without making an arrest as soon as the deal was done. We should be safe to go back," Harry told him.

The door to the observation room opened and Auror Senatore entered the room. Bella Senatore was a witch around his age with tanned skin and the looks of a model. Her body was thin, yet athletic, and she had dark brown hair with intelligent hazel eyes. She was currently working to stop the trafficking of Veela from the continent into Britain. Bella had been the one to arrest the real Antonio Bernardi a few days earlier, and then contacted the British Ministry when they discovered his plans to buy several Veela in Britain. Due to his friendly relationship with the Veela Enclaves in France, Harry had been asked to head the investigation.

"Did you learn anything?" Kingsley asked Senatore.

“They were taken at night from their homes and never saw their attackers, the same as the others,” she told him.

“So, we don’t have much to go on,” Kingsley said.

“As far as finding the attackers, no, but we’re getting closer to finding who’s behind all of this,” she told him.

“What makes you say that?” Harry asked.

“These girls were only moved twice, while the others were moved more times than they could count. Chances are, whoever Koffman is getting them from is the person we’re looking for,” Senatore said.

“Which means things could get a lot more dangerous,” Kingsley pointed out.

“Yes,” she agreed.

“We can’t stop now,” Harry said. “We’re too close to stopping this.”

“Do you have any idea what we can expect?” Kingsley asked Bella.

“Not exactly, but we know from other groups we’ve stopped that they like to use sex as a shield. They would expect whoever arrives to have no problem using a Veela,” she said.

“I can’t allow that,” the Minister said firmly.

Harry huffed in frustration. While he agreed with Kingsley, there had to be something they could do. He wasn’t willing to give up on this.

“Fine. Then as soon as we find out who they’re taking me to see, we arrest everyone,” he said.

“That might work, but without proof that they’re involved...” Kingsley said leadingly.

“There may be another way,” Bella said, getting the attention of both men. “If you send in another Auror with Harry as his Veela slave, it might be enough to fool them. He would still have to have sex with them though, likely while others are watching.”

“That’s still risky,” Kingsley pointed out.

“But it’s worth it,” Harry said. “I’ll talk to Hermione, see if she’s willing to go undercover.”

Kingsley sighed but nodded.

“Alright. In the meantime, I’ll contact their families. We’ll let them know they’re alright, but we have to keep this quiet until the investigation is over,” he said before saying goodbye and leaving the room.

“Harry?” Bella said as he looked through the one-way wall thoughtfully.

“Hmm?” he asked.

“If your wife isn’t willing to go with you, I will,” she told him.

“Er,” he grunted, unsure how to respond.

Bella gave him a pretty smile and laughed at the look on his face.

"If your wife is alright with it, of course," she said. "I may find you attractive, but I know what she's capable of. I read the reports from the war. I have no desire to anger her."

Harry smiled at her and nodded.

"Look, I've been working this case for two years now, and were so close to catching these bastards," Bella said passionately. "I really don't want to lose this chance. Just let her know that I'd be willing to do it if she doesn't want to, okay?"

"I'll let her know," Harry said.

Nodding, Bella squeezed his arms with a grateful smile before leaving the room. Checking his watch, Harry realized he was already running late.

Two hours later, he was back home and had just finished explaining the situation to his wife. Hermione listened carefully and, while she wanted to help, she was understandably hesitant.

"Are you sure this is the only way?" she asked.

"If you have a better idea, I'd love to hear it," he said.

"I don't know if I can have sex in front of other people, even if I don't look like me," Hermione said, biting her lip.

"I know it's a lot to ask, love, but it really is the only way we can catch who's doing this," he told her.

Hermione sat silently for several seconds, staring off into the distance thoughtfully.

“Bella, the Italian Auror, she offered to go with me if it was alright with you,” he told her.

His wife’s angry glare immediately made him regret bringing it up.

“The hell she will,” she hissed firmly.

“She just asked me to make the offer,” Harry said, holding his hands up in surrender.

“Oh, yeah? Well, you tell her I’m perfectly capable of doing it myself,” Hermione said before turning away to look out the window, arms crossed over her chest.

Smiling, Harry walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

“You’re sexy when you get all possessive,” he whispered in her ear.

Although she tried to keep an angry look, he could see her lips twitch upwards in her reflection in the window.

“Then you need to remember who you belong to mister,” she said, turning around in his arms to kiss him on the lips.

Harry ran his hands up and down her back and smiled as they broke apart.

“You know, Bella seemed kind of afraid of you,” he told her.

“Really?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah. She seemed a bit worried you might curse her if she hacked you off," he said.

"Well, then she should stay away from my husband," she said with a smirk.

Chuckling, Harry bent down and kissed her again, briefly. When she pulled back, he stroked her cheek and looked at her seriously.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?" he asked. "I don't want you to feel like you have to."

"I'm sure," she said. "Just make sure they get the right hairs from whoever I'm turning into."

Harry chuckled and pulled her close.

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Two days later, Harry and Hermione walked into the Auror training room where Kingsley, Tonks, Jones, and Senatore were already waiting for them. Harry went with Kingsley and Senatore to go over his part, while Tonks and Jones worked with Hermione. Since she was going as one of the Veela they had rescued a couple of days earlier, they needed to make sure she could act the part. Meanwhile, Harry was making sure he knew as much about Antonio as possible. Once everyone was ready, Kingsley gave them their final instructions.

"Both of you will be wearing these," he said, handing a ring to Harry and a collar to Hermione. "They're charmed so we can hear everything around you, and you'll be able to hear us, but no one else can. They also have undetectable tracking charms on them. Once you get to the location, we'll use these to keep an eye on you."

Reaching into his pocket, Kingsley pulled out a box and lifted the lid. Inside, there were two golden snitches.

“The Weasley twins charmed these for us. They sent a visual image to a mirror up to a kilometer away. We won’t be able to sneak one of these inside, but we should be able to at least see what kind of building you’re in. If we get lucky, we might be able to look in a window. We have a squad of Aurors geared up and ready to Portkey to you within seconds if you get in trouble. If anything feels off and you want us to come in, ask if you just heard thunder. Understood?”

Harry and Hermione both nodded just as Jones brought over four vials of Polyjuice potion.

“We have enough for you to take an extra dose with you, but chances are you won’t be alone long enough to take it without getting caught,” she told them. “Fifty-five minutes after you take this, we’ll be coming in to get you unless you get an opportunity to take the second dose.”

Nodding again, Harry and Hermione took two vials each and put them in your pockets.

“Ready to go?” Kingsley asked.

Harry turned to Hermione and took her hand in his, looking at her questioningly. While he was still used to this sort of thing, it had been over fifteen years since Hermione had done something like this. Seeing the nervous but determined look on her face reminded him of their past adventures. It especially reminded him of their time camping while on the run, and how they had spent many nights comforting each other. Despite the time that had passed, Hermione was still willing and ready to fight for what she believed in.

“We’re ready,” Harry said.

Just a few minutes later, Harry and Hermione had taken their first, and likely only, dose of Polyjuice Potion, and Apparated to Knockturn Alley. Harry was once again Polyjuiced to look like Antonio Bernardi, while Hermione had taken on the appearance of Josephine Beaumont, one of the Veela that had been rescued weeks earlier. Josephine, like nearly all Veela, was blonde, with a very curvy, busty figure.

While Harry was dressed in well-made, expensive robes, Hermione was forced to wear only a thin, plain white dress. He could see how uncomfortable the lack of underwear made her as her large breasts bounced with each step she took, and her nipples, hardened from the cool air, poked against the thin fabric. Both of them were very conscious of the lecherous stares she was getting as they walked down the shady alley.

Hermione played her part well, looking downtrodden and submissive as she walked slightly behind and to the side of him. Quickly, they reached Koffman's Creatures and walked inside, the bell over the door announcing their entrance. Koffman looked up and grunted in recognition before reaching under the counter. The moment Harry reached the despicable man, he slapped a broken quill down on top of the counter.

"Here," he grunted.

Harry realized immediately that it was a Portkey, which raised his concerns. While illegal Portkeys did exist, they were also very easy to track. Only fools and those that were desperate would consider using them. This Portkey had to have been made legally, by someone in a position to hide the paperwork.

"Where will this take me?" he asked.

"Don't know," Koffman said gruffly. "Not my problem. Take it or get yer Veela elsewhere."

Playing his part, Harry glared at the old man for a moment before snatching the quill off the counter. Holding it out to Hermione, she took it nervously. Tapping the quill with his wand, he activated the Portkey and was instantly taken to an unknown destination. After a relatively short trip, they landed on the ground outside of a large, stately manor house. They had barely arrived before there was a pop next to them and a House Elf appeared.

"Follow me, sirs and miss," the female elf squeaked.

"We know where you are," Kingsley's voice echoed in his head. "We'll be there soon."

The House Elf led them up to the front door. Inside, the home was opulently decorated, with expensive artworks lining the walls. As they entered one of the main rooms, Harry saw a rotund, middle-aged wizard with thin blonde hair and a round, red face, laying back on an enormous bed in the middle of the room. A dozen or so naked Veela surround him, some holding trays of food, some massaging him, and the rest just sitting next to him on pillows. It reminded him of some depictions he'd seen of Greek and Roman rulers. Standing against the back wall were two French Aurors, watching him closely. The man looked up and smiled widely as Harry and Hermione stepped into the room.

"Ah, Monsieur Bernardi, welcome. Jean-Claude Leroy, at your service," he said.

While Harry didn't recognize the man by his face, he did recognize the name. He was the French Ambassador to Britain, which explained the Portkey, and how he was able to get Veela so easily.

"Try to get proof the women are there before we move in," Kingsley told him.

Harry smiled and stepped forward to shake Jean-Claude's sweaty hand.

"Pleasure," Harry said.

"Sit, sit. Can I get you anything?" Jean-Claude asked.

"No, thank you. Actually, I'd like to get down to business, if we could?" he said, taking a seat on a couch across from the bed.

Hermione followed him, but rather than sit down next to him, she knelt next to his feet with her head bowed.

“Oh, we’ll get to that soon enough,” the fat man said with a smile, taking a sip from a goblet of red wine. “We have such beautiful Veela here, it would be such a waste not to enjoy their company, non. Such beautiful creatures, aren’t they?”

“Indeed,” Harry agreed. “But I do have other business to take care of today.”

“Oh, I insist,” Jean-Claude said commandingly with a pointed look.

Behind him, the Aurors took a threatening step forward and Jean-Claude smiled as he waved to one of the women next to him.

“Why don’t you try Claudette, she does wonderful things with her tongue,” the rotund man offered.

“Actually, if you don’t mind, Josephine here is quite well trained,” Harry said, realizing he wasn’t going to be able to get out of this.

“Oh, by all means,” Jean-Claude said with a wide smile.

Reaching over to Hermione, he grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her face to his crotch. She looked up at him nervously, her hands trembling lightly as she rested them on his thighs.

“You know what to do,” he told her.

After hesitating for a moment, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. With a look of determination, she quickly opened his pants and reached in to pull out his length. Leaning forward, she took him into her mouth and began working him to hardness.

“Remove her dress, would you?” Jean-Claude asked. “I always enjoy watching these lovely creatures do what they were made to do.”

Holding back the desire to curse the fat bastard, Harry vanished the dress Hermione was wearing, leaving her completely exposed to the eyes of everyone in the room. Soon, Hermione had him rock hard in her mouth as she bobbed up and down his length. While Antonio wasn't quite as large as he was, he was certainly larger than average. Knowing he had a part to play, Harry grabbed Hermione's long blonde hair and started roughly jerking her head up and down on his cock. She gagged as his engorged head forced its way into her throat, spit leaking past her lips to run down his shaft.

Thinking it would be best to finish as quickly as possible, Harry gave her a brief moment to catch her breath before slamming her back down on his shaft and hilted himself in her throat. Hermione's throat spasmed around his length as he drove his hips up and pressed her nose into his groin. Despite gagging harshly and her eyes watering, she did her best to get him off quickly, her tongue lapping at the underside of his shaft as she bobbed her head.

"Oh my, she certainly is talented," Jean-Claude commented. "Why don't you show us how well she can ride you?"

Harry grit his teeth as he pulled Hermione's head up, allowing her to suck in a gasping breath. Biting her lip, she climbed onto the couch and straddled his lap.

"The other way, my dear. Don't forget your audience." Jean-Claude called out.

Closing her eyes, Hermione swallowed nervously as she stood back up and turned around. Despite being in someone else's body, she was still nervous about being put on display. Standing between his legs, Hermione grabbed his cock and lined it up with her entrance as she sat down. Surprisingly, he found her dripping wet as he slipped into her depths, the situation exciting his wife far more than he would have expected.

The moment she bottomed out, Hermione started bouncing in his lap, a quiet moan leaving her lips. Harry grabbed her hips to help her move, enjoying the way her unfamiliar body felt around him.

“Give us a better view, would you Antonio?” Jean-Claude asked as he watched intently.

Stopping himself from glaring, Harry wrapped his arms around his wife’s waist and pulled her back against his chest. Grabbing her legs, he spread them apart and brought them up until her feet were planted on the seat of the couch. Hermione whimpered and closed her eyes as she continued to bounce in his lap, her breasts bouncing wildly with her movements. Harry couldn’t resist reaching up and squeezing them in his hands. He loved his wife, and her body, but he had to admit he enjoyed getting a chance to play with Josephine’s much larger breasts.

As he groped her breasts and teased her nipples, Hermione surprised him by clenching down on him and shuddering as she came suddenly. She tried to hold back her moan and hide her enjoyment, but it was easy to tell she was experiencing an orgasm. Jean-Claude clapped and laughed, causing her to blush as she continued riding him.

“Marvelous.” Jean-Claude cheered.

Grabbing Hermione’s hips, Harry started slamming up into her furiously as he chased his own climax. His wife’s orgasm had barely ended before she experienced a second, more powerful climax. This time, she couldn’t hold back her moan as she shook in his lap. Harry pounded into her roughly, a loud clapping filling the room from his thighs colliding with her round, pillowy ass. With a groan, he buried his length inside of her as he reached his peak. His cock throbbed, pulsing as he filled her in front of their audience.

As he finished and Hermione collapsed back against his chest, he reached up to cup her breasts. While they caught their breath, Jean-Claude began clapping and laughing.

“Bravo! Now, we can get down to business.” He said happily. “How many Veela are you looking for?”

“Twenty,” Harry said as he panted and moved Hermione off of his lap. “Possibly more later.”

“That can be arranged. I have eighteen I can sell you now. It should only take a few days for me to get more.” he said.

Grunting and groaning, Jean-Claude sat forward and held out his arms as he tried to stand. It took six of the women helping him for him to climb to his feet. Harry tucked himself away and stood to follow him as he walked over to a bookcase along the wall.

Reaching forward, he tilted one of the books back. With a loud click, the bookcase hinged open while torches sputtered to life down a long, narrow tunnel. Following Jean-Claude as he waddled down the passageway the two Aurors walked behind them. Suddenly, the end of the tunnel opened up into a large square room filled with dozens of beds. Most of them were occupied by a naked Veela. The women looked up nervously and huddled together in groups as they approached.

“Did you hear thunder?” Harry asked.

“No, it’s not supposed to rain until later,” Jean-Claude answered.

“We’re on our way,” Kingsley said in his ear.

“I trust this is to your liking?” Jean-Claude asked.

“Oh, this is exactly what I was looking for,” Harry said with a smile.

With blinding speed, Harry whipped out his wand and blasted the two Aurors against the hard stone wall, while at the same time pushing Hermione behind him. Without a wand, she had no way to defend herself. Several of the women in the room screamed and ducked as Harry bound the two Aurors before turning to Jean-Claude. The fat bastard was sweating and backing up fearfully as he dug in his robe for his wand. Harry easily disarmed him, knocking him on his ass in the process, before sending out a Patronus for Kingsley to follow.

The timing was perfect as his Polyjuice wore off just as Kingsley, Tonks, Jones, and Senatore charged into the room. Unfortunately, Hermione was still naked when she changed back to herself. She clung to his back tightly, using him as a shield. Bella rushed over to her and tossed a robe over her shoulders, getting a grateful smile from Hermione. Tying the robe tightly around her, she crossed her arms and glared down at Jean-Claude while Tonks and Jones arrested the two unconscious French Aurors.

“Jean-Claude Leroy,” Kingsley said as he stepped forward. “You’re under arrest for kidnapping, trafficking, and slavery.”

“You can’t arrest me,” he said angrily as he struggled to his feet, his face turning bright red. “I have diplomatic immunity.”

“Not anymore,” A voice said from the door.

Harry turned to find a familiar wizard with a pointed goatee standing at the door. It was Markus Delacour, Fleur’s father, and the current Minister for Magic of France.

“You’re fired and your diplomatic immunity has been revoked,” Markus spat angrily.

It took hours to collect all of the evidence and get statements from the Veela. After their statements were taken, Kingsley gladly handed them over to the French Aurors so they could be returned to their families. Harry and Hermione were exhausted and ready to go home by the time everyone else had cleared out.

“Hey, Tonks. You mind if Hermione and I head home,” he asked.

“No, go ahead,” she said, before turning to Hermione with a smirk. “I’m sure you’re tired after that show you put on today.”

Hermione blushed and stared at her with wide eyes.

"You saw that?" she asked, horrified.

"Oh, yeah. Bella and I got our snitches to the window just in time. I'm impressed, I had no idea you could deepthroat," Tonks teased.

Hermione sputtered before turning and hiding her face in Harry's chest while Tonks laughed.

"Good night, Tonks," Harry said, shaking his head.

Wrapping his arm around Hermione's waist, he led her through the house and out past the ward line where they Disapparated home.

"You, okay?" he asked his wife as soon as they stepped inside.

"That was so embarrassing," she groaned as they fell onto the couch together.

"Well, you did seem to enjoy part of it," he teased with a smile.

"I'll admit, a part of me found it a bit exciting," she confessed quietly.

"Come on, let's go to bed," Harry said. "We can explore your new kink tomorrow."

Hermione slapped him on the arm but smiled as she followed him to the bedroom. As he changed out of his clothes, Harry slipped the two leftover vials of Polyjuice out of his pocket and hid them in his sock drawer. Maybe he could talk Hermione into taking the other dose later, he thought.

Chapter 3

Harry waved at Jean, the secretary, as he and Hermione walked into the Minister for Magic's Office.

"Morning, Jean," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. And Mrs. Potter. You can go right on in, he's expecting you," she said with a friendly smile.

Nodding, he walked over to the door with Hermione right behind him and knocked twice.

"Come in," came the deep, rumbling voice of Kingsley Shacklebolt.

Harry opened the door, and he and Hermione walked into the large, round office. Kingsley was sitting behind his desk, with a familiar face sitting across from him.

"Bella?" Harry asked in surprise.

"Hello Harry, Hermione," she greeted them smilingly. "It's good to see you again."

"Have a seat," said Kingsley, gesturing.

"Is this about the Veela we rescued?" Hermione asked as she took a seat between Harry and Bella.

"Not entirely," Kingsley admitted.

Picking up a file on his desk, he passed it over to Harry.

“Since we arrested Jean-Claude last month, there have been six attacks on the Veela Enclave,” Kingsley told them. “A total of twenty-seven women have been captured. We’ve also had reports of further attacks on the Switzerland Enclave, but as of yet, they haven’t managed to breach the wards. Apolline Delacour and the French Ministry have specifically requested your help. Because of her familiarity with the organizations behind these attacks, I’ve asked Auror Senatore to help.”

“Six attacks!” Hermione gasped.

“Yes,” Kingsley said gravely. “They must have a world-class ward breaker working for them. Each time, a precise hole was cut into the wards completely undetected. Guards were posted around the perimeter, but several of them have gone missing as well. So far, we have no witnesses. They slip in during the night, take several women, and then leave before anyone even knows they were there.”

“Have any of the missing women been found yet?” Harry asked as he handed the file to Hermione.

“Two of the women have been spotted at a club just outside Paris that’s been known to deal in trafficking,” Bella answered. “I asked the French Aurors to hold off on raiding it until we can take a look. I don’t want them to know we’re on to them yet.”

“I want you to start at this club and see what you can find,” Kingsley told them. “You’ll be reporting directly to Minister Delacour on this one. They want this dealt with as quickly as possible. Hermione, I know you’re not an Auror, so if you don’t want to-”

“It’s fine Kingsley,” Hermione interrupted. “I’m happy to help.”

“Thank you,” he said gratefully. “If there’s anything you need...”

“Actually, I’d like to take Tonks too, if that’s alright,” Harry said. “She could be a big help.”

Kingsley sat back in his chair with a thoughtful look.

"I hate giving up two of my best Aurors at once," he said after a moment.

"Barton can handle things while we're gone," Harry told him. "Things have been pretty quiet lately, and besides, it'll be good for her to get some real experience being in charge."

Kingsley sighed.

"I suppose you're right," he said. "I'll let her know. Your Portkey leaves at three."

Nodding, Harry, Hermione, and Bella said their goodbyes and left the office. Together, they took an elevator up to the first floor.

"I'll meet you at home," Harry said as they neared the Floo system. "I need to grab something from Hogwarts."

Hermione looked at him questioningly before her eyes widened in understanding.

"Harry, are you sure?" she asked, biting her lip.

"We need to fix those wards," he told her.

"Do you want me to go with you?" she asked.

"No," he said, shaking his head. "I think I need to do this alone."

Kissing her cheek, Harry stepped into the Floo and vanished in a flash of emerald fire before she could say anything else. Hermione sighed in a combination of worry and annoyance as she stared at the spot where he disappeared.

"Is he always that stubborn?" Bella asked.

"You have no idea," Hermione sighed.

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"Harry?"

Harry tucked the Elder Wand into his pocket, glad he had managed to close Dumbledore's marble tomb before Hagrid had found him.

"Hey, Hagrid," he said, turning around.

"Harry! Good ter see ya!" Hagrid boomed before pulling him into a bone-crushing hug.

"Good to see you too, Hagrid," Harry wheezed while patting his back.

He sucked in a deep breath when Hagrid finally let him go and beamed at him, his beetle black eyes twinkling.

"What brings yer by Hogwarts?" Hagrid asked.

"I need to talk to the kids. Hermione and I have to go to France for a little while for work. Just thought I'd pay my respects while I was here," Harry said while jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the tomb.

"Ah, great man, Dumbledore, 'e was," Hagrid with a sniffle. "Come on, I'll walk yer to the castle. How's Hermione doin'?"

After talking to the kids and telling Minerva to contact the Weasley's if there was an emergency while they were gone, Harry headed back home to pack. A few hours later, he, Hermione, Bella, and Tonks took their Portkey to France. Almost immediately, they were ushered into the Minister's office to meet Markus Delacour.

"'Arry, 'Ermione, welcome to France!" he greeted them happily. "Zhank you for coming."

"Anytime, Markus," Harry said shaking his hand. "This is Nymphadora Tonks, and Bella Senatore from the Spanish Ministry."

Harry grunted as Tonks elbowed him in the ribs while Markus was busy kissing the girls on the back of the hand.

"Welcome," Markus said with a smile. "I'm sure you would all like to get settled een. Apolline 'as inseested you stay wiz 'er at zhe Enclave. She moved back zhere after zhe latest attack. Normally, zhey do not allow men zhere, even me, but zhey 'ave made an exception for you. We 'ave also leaked to zhe press zhat you are staying zhere in zhe 'ope eet will deter any more kidnapping while you are 'ere."

"That's a good idea," Hermione said. "Harry and I wanted to try and improve the wards there anyways."

"Zhank you," Markus said gratefully. "I weel let you get settled een and get to work. Sophia weel show you to zhe Portkey office. Eef zhere ees anyzhing you need, let me know."

"We need all the records you have for a club called Ange Noir and everyone who works there," Bella said.

"I weel 'ave eet for you tonight," Markus said.

Making a note on a scrap of parchment, he tapped it with his wand. It turned into a paper airplane and took flight out of the office.

"Anyzhing else?" he asked.

"Not right now," Harry said after looking at the rest of his group. "We'll let you know if we need anything else."

"Bon. Zhank you again for coming," Markus said, standing to shake his hand.

After a quick goodbye, a tall, thin brunette in her late teens led them back to the Portkey office. A couple of minutes and a brief tumble through space later, Harry, Hermione, Bella, and Tonks landed in a beautiful manor.

"Arry!"

Just as he regained his composure, a very grown-up Gabrielle Delacour slammed into Harry and hugged him tightly, knocking him off balance again.

"Let 'im catch 'is breath, Gabrielle," chided Apolline with a smile as she walked into the room.

Gabrielle let go of him and took a step back as she beamed up at him.

"She 'as been waiting for you since noon," Apolline said before kissing Harry on the cheeks and giving him a hug.

"Maman!" Gabrielle exclaimed with a blush.

Chuckling, Apolline turned to greet the girls. Harry smiled as Hermione took his hand and stayed close to him as Apolline showed them to their rooms in the massive mansion. Gabrielle had never been shy about showing she fancied him, but ever since she had grown to be as stunning as her mother and sister, Hermione had a tendency to get a bit possessive of him around her. It was like she felt the need to remind the younger girl exactly who Harry was married to.

Shortly after getting settled into their rooms, Bella and Tonks walked around to ask the residents some questions, while Harry and Hermione went to work on the wards. Like they had been told, there were a few spots where they could see recent repairs. Unfortunately, nothing they found told them anything new. Whoever had cut through the wards was extremely skilled.

Pulling the Elder Wand out of his pocket, Harry closed his eyes and focused on what he wanted. As if it took on a life of its own, the wand lifted his hand into the air. He relaxed and let the wand guide him, starting to chant unfamiliar words as they came to him. A thick, golden beam of light shot out of the wand in a steady stream straight into the air. The beam passed right through the existing wards and stopped just a foot above them.

The Veela living in the village hidden in a valley surrounded by snowcapped mountains stopped to stare in awe as the beam slowly flowed downwards like liquid gold, surrounding them in a solid, golden dome. Harry stopped chanting and the spell stopped. As soon as the last of the spell touched the roof of the dome, the ward quickly grew more and more transparent until it was completely clear. Opening his eyes, Harry stumbled slightly, feeling lightheaded from the amount of magic he had used. Hermione rushed forward to steady him.

"Are you alright?" she asked in concern.

"I'm fine," Harry said. "Just give me a minute."

After checking the new wards and finding them to be incredibly strong, Harry and Hermione headed back to Apolline's just in time for dinner. Just as they finished eating, an owl arrived with the records Bella had asked for. In Harry and Hermione's room, they all gathered to go over them, looking for anything they could use.

From prior arrests, they knew that the owner of the club, Nicholas Au Clair, liked to buy Veela and use them as strippers. Each time he was arrested, the man somehow managed to weasel his way out of the charges, one way or another.

"We need to find a way to nail this guy," Tonks said, throwing the file away in disgust.

"He must know someone in the Ministry," Bella said. "Every time they arrest him, his place is clean. No records, no incriminating evidence, nothing but the girls."

"Then we need to surprise him," Hermione said.

"What, you mean bust in without telling the French Aurors?" Tonks asked.

"Actually, I was thinking about sneaking in," Hermione said.

"That'll be tricky," Bella told her. "From surveillance, we know the owner spends most of his time in his office. When he isn't there, he sleeps in the apartment upstairs."

"So, we go in when he's not there," Harry said.

"Can't," Tonks said handing him another file. "He has two Trolls guarding his office during the day. One Auror had to have his arm reattached the last time they searched it."

"What if we take them out?" he asked.

"They would know we were there," Bella said, shaking her head. "The only time he leaves the office unprotected is when the girls put on a show he likes."

Pulling a stack of photos out of one of the files on the bed, she passed it to Harry. Tonks whistled as she looked over his shoulder. In the first picture, a brunette was surrounded by several men in a private room. One man took her from behind while another used her mouth, and her hands were busy taking care of two others. Above, there was a large, glass-walled office looking out at the private room and the stage where more girls were dancing, completely nude. Inside the office, Harry could just make out a thin, balding wizard watching from a chair behind a large desk.

Flipping through the second and third pictures, they saw the man leave his office and in the private room all while the woman continued her debauched acts. In the fourth, and last, picture, the men gathered around her and covered her in their semen while the owner stroked himself in a chair a few feet away.

“What is wrong with these people?” Hermione asked in disgust.

“What do you expect from people that would enslave Veela?” Tonks retorted.

“If we had a distraction, one of us could slip in and search his office,” Bella said.

“You want one of us, to do that!?” Tonks asked incredulously.

“That’s not exactly what I had in mind,” Bella said. “Look, here’s what we do...”

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“I can’t believe Bella talked me into this,” Hermione said as she walked down the road next to Harry.

“There’s still time to call this off,” Harry reminded her.

"No," Hermione sighed. "As much as I hate to admit it, she's right. This probably is the best way in."

"If you're sure," he said.

"I'm sure," Hermione insisted, taking a deep breath.

"Okay," Harry said, trying to control his nerves.

He fiddled with the ring on his middle finger nervously. They had made another communication system like the one they used the last time he was undercover in Britain. This time, Harry was wearing a ring while the girls were wearing earrings. While it slightly increased the risk of getting caught, he had refused to do it without them. If something went wrong, he wanted to be able to react quickly.

"Tonks, you set?" he asked.

"All good," he heard in his ear, the sound of loud music in the background.

"Bella?" he asked.

"In position," she replied.

"Alright, Hermione and I will be there in five," he said before turning and nodding to Hermione.

Together, both of them drew their wands. Without access to Polyjuice Potion, they used a few basic charms to change their looks. Hermione, being less recognizable, shortened her hair into a pixie cut and added a bit of makeup. Harry took off his glasses, covered his scar with a Cosmetic Charm, and changed his eyes to blue. While each change individually was small, together, they looked almost unrecognizable. Fortunately, Markus had authorized the use of Permanent

Language Charms to teach all of them French. It also answered how Crouch senior was able to learn so many languages, something Harry had wondered about since his Fourth Year.

“Stay safe,” he told her softly. “I’ll see you back at the Enclave.”

Giving her a kiss on the lips, they parted ways. Harry turned and walked down the main road, while Hermione took the back way in. As he reached the front of the club, Harry saw a long line of wizards waiting to get in while two burly bouncers guarded the door. Muggle Repelling Charms kept anyone else from noticing the odd sight of grown men waving around short sticks. Fortunately, French wizarding society had adopted Muggle fashion, allowing him to dress in a pair of black pants and a blue, button-up shirt and blend in with the people around him.

Harry walked towards the front door of Ange Noir, completely bypassing the line. Several people in line grumbled, but no one tried to stop him until one of the bouncers held out his hand.

“Get in line,” the burly, dark-haired man growled.

“I’m on the list,” Harry said, a touch of arrogance in his tone.

The man grunted and lifted up his clipboard.

“Name?” he asked.

Harry pulled a handful of Galleons out of his pocket and set them on the clipboard with a metallic clink.

“It doesn’t matter,” Harry told him.

The man gave a lopsided smirk and whacked the bouncer next to him with the back of his hand.

"Let him in," he said.

Nodding stupidly, the second, troll-like man unclipped the purple velvet rope blocking the doorway and allowed Harry to enter. Loud, heavy bass pounded in his ears as he paused for a moment to orientate himself. To his left was a bar, where a topless witch with large breasts, tattoos covering half her body, and a number of piercings, including her nipples, served drinks. To the right were the restrooms, and above that, the glass wall over the owner's office.

In front of him were more than a dozen small, round tables, a step down from the rest of the room. Wizards sat one or two to a table, while the larger groups sat in booths along the walls. A few beautiful witches, all topless, walked around serving drinks and occasionally being groped. Past that was the elevated black stage where a pretty redhead with small breasts danced and spun around the silver pole in the center. Dark red curtains at the back of the stage hid what lay behind. Lastly, there were two doors on either side of the stage leading to the private rooms.

Walking through the room, Harry took a seat at an empty table near the stage, as planned. Sitting back, he watched the redhead hang upside down from the pole before slowly sliding down to lay on her back when, suddenly, his view was blocked by a pair of large, perfect tits.

"Drink?" the woman asked as she bent over him.

Harry cleared his throat, "Yes, thank you."

Raising his head as she set the drink down in front of him, Harry was startled to realize he was looking up at the face Tonks had chosen for the night. Tonight, she had dark hair with blonde highlights, and a strikingly pretty face with pale blue eyes.

"The owner's still upstairs," she told him quietly with a large smile plastered on her face. "The other girls said he hasn't come down yet tonight."

“Good,” Harry said, his eyes unconsciously falling back to the pair of breasts only inches from his face. “How are you doing, Hermione?”

“I had to use a couple of Compulsion Charms, but I’m fine,” she said, a hint of nervousness in her voice. “I’ll be up next.”

“You’ll do fine, love,” he told her. “Bella?”

“I’m in position,” she whispered.

Harry glanced over to the women’s bathroom, where he knew she was hiding under his cloak, waiting for the chance to sneak into the owner’s office.

“Tip,” Tonks said while moving her mouth as little as possible.

“What?” Harry asked distractedly. “Oh, right.”

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a Galleon and set it on the table. Tonks rolled her eyes.

“Not like that,” she whispered. “You need to put it in my knickers.”

“Er, right,” Harry said awkwardly.

Picking up the coin, he swallowed thickly as he looked down at the tiny G-string that barely covered what little modesty she had left. Hiding his trepidation, Harry slipped the Galleon into the small patch of fabric that covered her mound. Surprisingly, the coin fell in easily before he heard it clink against more coins, presumably left by other patrons.

“Good, now cop a feel,” she told him.

"What!" Hermione hissed, expressing Harry's own surprise for him.

"He needs to blend in," Tonks whispered. "I'm gonna need to shower for a week to get the feel of their grubby hands off me."

"Are you alright?" Harry asked in concern.

"I'm fine," she said. "Let's just get what we need and get out of here."

"Just do it, Harry," Hermione said.

Despite being given permission by Tonks, and his wife, Harry couldn't shake the feeling he was doing something he shouldn't as he reached up and cupped Tonks' breast gently. It was equal parts exhilarating and nerve-wracking at the same time. Harry shifted in his seat as he grew uncomfortably excited while he caressed her soft, full breast.

"Well, at least you know how to touch a woman," Tonks said as he let go. "The rest of these idiots are about as gentle as Trolls."

"Sorry," Harry said in sympathy.

Their conversation was interrupted by a round of applause. Harry looked up and saw the redhead waving teasingly to the crowd of clapping men as she gathered her tips with her wand and disappeared behind the curtain.

"I'm up," Hermione said, her voice trembling with nerves.

"You'll be fine, love. I'm right here with you," Harry told her reassuringly.

"I'll keep an eye out," Tonks said as she stood up with her tray of drinks and left.

"I'll be waiting for your signal," Bella said.

Harry took a sip of his drink just as the music changed. Two bright lights focused on the curtain a moment before Hermione stepped out hesitantly wearing the sluttiest version of a Hogwarts uniform he had ever seen. The skirt was barely low enough to qualify as such, just barely covering her bum and leaving her long, muscular legs on full display. The white dress shirt she wore was tied in a knot just below her breasts, with only two buttons holding the material closed above it. Harry and the rest of the patrons were also given a fantastic view of her perky tits, held tightly by a crimson bra. Her Gryffindor tie hung loosely around her neck and fell down to the bottom of her shirt. The square, black-framed glasses she wore added a sense of innocence to the otherwise slutty outfit.

Harry felt a swell of pride as the men surrounding the stage cheered and whistled at his wife. Hermione stumbled slightly in her black, high-heeled shoes as she walked further out onto the stage. As she made eye contact with him, Harry gave her the most reassuring smile he could. Biting her lip nervously, she grabbed the pole and hung on it slightly as she walked around in a slow circle. His eyebrows raised when her back was to him, and he got a look at her fit, round ass hanging out of the back of her too short skirt, her crimson panties peeking out from underneath.

As Hermione swayed to the music, she slowly grew more confident from the loud cheers and lecherous stares. With both hands on the pole, she bent over and gently shook her firm, heart-shaped ass directly at him. Spinning around so her back was to the pole, she grabbed it above her head with straight arms and slowly dropped down into a squat. With her legs spread and her short skirt, her panty-covered mound was revealed to everyone watching. Cheeks flushed, she stood back up and popped her hips to the beat of the music.

Turning her back to the crowd, Hermione unbuttoned and untied her shirt before holding it open teasingly. Slowly, she shucked the shirt off of one shoulder, then the other. Letting it fall down her arms into her hands, she spun it around above her head before turning around. The crowd cheered loudly as she threw the shirt in a random direction. Four men stood up to grab

for it as it fluttered to the ground. There was a brief scuffle until a young, athletic wizard came away with it and brought it up to his face for a sniff.

As Hermione spun around the pole again, her glasses slipped from her face and clattered to the floor. Rather than let it fluster her, she held an open hand to her mouth before turning around and bending over at the waist. Several gold and silver coins hit the stage as her round ass jutted out towards the crowd, the gusset of her knickers showing a distinct wet spot. Harry adjusted the bulge in the front of his trousers as she stood back up and swayed to the beat. Reaching to the side of her skirt, she popped the buttons holding it together. Shaking her hips, she held it together with her hand for a moment before whipping it off and tossing it into the crowd.

This time, Harry didn't bother to watch drunken idiots fight over his wife's discarded clothes and instead chose to stare at her fantastic ass and toned legs. Several more coins were tossed onto the stage as she walked around the edge. Finding an empty chair, she picked it up and set it in the middle of the stage. The men surrounding the stage stood from their seats, yelling and waving to draw her attention as she walked around, looking at them speculatively.

As Hermione neared Harry, she paused. Bending over, she made a come-hither motion with her hand. Several people groaned disappointedly as he climbed onto the stage with her. Hermione pulled him by the hand over to the chair before pushing him down into it. He could see the sparkle of excitement in her glittering brown eyes as their eyes met, and she straddled his lap. Slinging the tie around his neck and wrapping the ends around her hands, she pulled him forward and buried his face in her warm cleavage. Harry shook his head between her breasts and kissed her smooth soft mounds while the crowd cheered.

Pushing his shoulders back, Hermione smiled at him and wagged her finger back and forth as if he had done something naughty. In a surprising show of flexibility he didn't know she was capable of, Hermione raised her leg straight up and swung it across his body to sit sideways in his lap. Turning the rest of the way, so her back was to him, she reached behind her back and tapped the clasp of her bra. Smiling, Harry reached up and flicked it open.

Holding the cups of her bra to her chest, Hermione stood and let it fall to the floor. Loud wolf whistles could be heard when she shook her chest. Although Harry couldn't see, he got a much better show a moment later when she turned back around and sat down in his lap. Grabbing the tie that was still around his neck, Hermione pulled his head forward and buried his face

between her perky tits. Her swollen, soft pink nipples grazed his cheek as she shook her chest again.

A few moments later, she pushed him back and climbed off his lap. Pulling the tie from around his shoulders, she walked around behind him. Hermione grabbed both of his hands and brought them both back behind the chair before using the tie to bind them loosely. Trailing her hand across his shoulders lightly, she sauntered around to stand in front of him nervously. This was going to be the most difficult part for her.

Placing her hands on his knees, Hermione spread them apart and knelt between his legs. As the crowd roared their approval, she reached for his belt with trembling hands.

“Keep it up, the owner’s watching,” Tonks told them.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione slipped her hand into his pants and pulled out his straining erection.

“Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck,” the crowd chanted.

Swallowing nervously, Hermione looked up at him while stroking his cock slowly. Harry gave her the smallest of nods, telling her to keep going. Closing her eyes, she took another deep breath. When she opened them again, he could see a glint of determination in her gaze as she looked up at him and kissed the red, swollen head of his cock. Harry tilted his head back and groaned as she started licking all around his length.

“Bloody hell that’s big,” Tonks muttered.

Opening his eyes, he found his wife smirking smugly at the comment as she stroked his glistening shaft. Looking around, Harry spotted Tonks staring at his cock while serving drinks to a table of three men near the stage who were engrossed in watching Hermione. When Tonks looked up and caught his eye, she smiled and winked at him. Harry smiled back, only to let out a hiss a moment later when Hermione wrapped her lips around him and encased the tip of his

length in her hot, wet mouth. Gold and silver coins clattered onto the stage as she bobbed her head up and down, steadily plunging deeper onto his length.

“Keep it up, he’s coming down,” Tonks whispered. “Bella, get ready.”

“Just tell me when,” Bella said.

Apparently driven by their success, Hermione pushed down further on to his length, driving him slowly into her throat. She gagged a moment later, thick gobs of spit running down his shaft while the crowd let out a frenzied cheer.

“Bella, go now!” Tonks whispered.

Hermione continued to gag and choke on his length loudly, playing up the sounds for the audience. Soon, she took him to the base, her chin resting against his balls as her throat spasmed around his cock. She held herself there for several long seconds before pulling back with a gasp, leaving his length dripping in her saliva. A thick string of it connected her bottom lip to his engorged head.

“Uh, guys, we might have a problem,” Tonks said. “The crowd’s getting antsy.”

Looking up, Harry saw that she was right. Over a dozen wizards were on their feet, crowded around the stage. He was genuinely concerned that they might start trying to climb up and join them soon. Thinking quickly, Harry wracked his brain for a solution.

“I’m in the office,” Bella said. “Just give me a few minutes.”

“We might not have that long unless Hermione doesn’t mind getting gangbanged in a strip club,” Tonks said.

“Not happening,” Hermione muttered before taking Harry back into her mouth.

“My wand is in my pocket,” Harry told her quietly, keeping his lips as still as possible. “Use a Compulsion Charm.”

Sliding her hands up his legs, Hermione slid her hands into his pockets. Under the pretense of using them to pull herself deeper onto his length, she took the Elder Wand between her fingers. Because he was expecting it, Harry felt the charm take hold. Fortunately, the other men were far too preoccupied with the show to notice. Normally, a Compulsion Charm wouldn’t hold back a determined wizard, but with the Elder Wand, he was confident it would work. Harry also found it incredibly impressive, and hot, that his wife could cast a spell perfectly, even with his cock embedded in her throat. Immediately, he noticed the crowd calming and moving back slightly from the stage.

“I think it worked,” Tonks said. “Keep it up, the owner just sat down.”

“How’s it going, Bella?” Harry asked through gritted teeth as Hermione sucked hard while dragging her lips up his shaft.

“I’m still looking,” she replied. “Can you buy me a few more minutes?”

Harry let out a grunt as Hermione’s lips came off of his head with a loud pop.

“I’ll get you the time you need,” Hermione said determinedly. “You just find that evidence.”

Standing up, she spun around and grabbed the waistband of her knickers. Bending over at the waist, she stuck her beautiful ass right in his face as she pushed the arousal-soaked fabric down to her ankles, revealing her damp slit to his riveted gaze. Sitting back down on his lap and pinning his cock under her plump cheeks, Hermione leaned her back against his chest. Looking over her shoulder, they both spotted the owner taking Harry’s old seat directly in front of them.

Wrapping one hand around the back of his head, and planting the other on his thigh, Hermione shocked him by lifting both of her legs straight into the air and then spreading them open in a

V. The owner had the best view in the house as his wife displayed her glistening pink pussy to the crowd. Harry throbbed excitedly against her glorious ass as she reached down and rubbed herself with a lewd, sensuous moan.

"Damn, Hermione," Tonks muttered.

Lowering her legs on either side of his, Hermione squatted over him and rubbed the head of his cock between her pink lips, coating him in her slick arousal.

"That is big," Bella mumbled.

"Aren't you supposed to be working?" Hermione asked snippily.

"Just taking a peek," she replied, and Harry could hear the smile in her voice.

"You can look later," Hermione told her as she placed Harry at her entrance.

"Is that a promise?" Bella asked teasingly.

"Yes. Now get back to work," Hermione said.

Harry closed his eyes and groaned as his wife sat down on his cock, her slick, smooth core enveloping him in its tight grasp. Hermione let out a loud, sensuous moan as she wiggled in his lap. Leaning back against his chest, she started raising and lowering herself on his rigid shaft.

"Fuck, I love you," Harry groaned into her ear.

"I love you, too," Hermione moaned softly.

Starting slowly at first, she started bouncing faster and higher in his lap. Harry savored the familiar feeling of her incredible depths as she slammed herself down on his rock-hard shaft. He longed to rip his hands free to grab her bouncing tits, but he fought the urge and left his hands bound. Hermione threw her head back and let out the most obscene, wanton sounds he had ever heard from her. With every smutty, lustful moan that left her lips, she had him throbbing inside of her with excitement.

"I found the records, keep him distracted just a little longer," Bella told them.

"What do you think I'm doing?" Hermione panted.

"I just need two more minutes," Bella said.

"You might want to hurry it up. Our audience is looking a little bored," Tonks pointed out.

Looking up, Harry noticed that the owner did seem to be growing disinterested. He had pulled one of the other waitresses over to him and was groping her ass while sipping from his drink. While he was still watching Hermione, it wasn't with the same level of interest as before.

"I'm doing my best here," Hermione grunted between moans tiredly.

With such a demanding pace, Hermione was quickly losing steam. Her legs trembled and her pace slowed the longer she bounced on him.

"I have an idea," Harry muttered.

Pulling his hands free of the tie, Harry grabbed Hermione's legs. She let out a surprised squeal as he lifted her knees up to her chest and locked his hands behind her neck. Held in a completely helpless position, she could do nothing but gasp as he slammed his raging cock up into her furiously.

“Holy shit!” Tonks gasped.

With her knees pinned to her chest and her feet dangling in the air, the crowd, and the owner, had an open view of his long, thick shaft hammered between her swollen pink lips. His hips clapped loudly against her full ass, even over the thunderous cheers of their audience. Sweat dripping down his temple, Harry grunted as he drilled into Hermione with all the strength he had.

“I’ve got it!” Bella whispered excitedly. “We can- Oh, Dios Mío!”

“Better get out,” Tonks told her. “I don’t think either of them can last much longer.”

“R-right,” Bella replied as if snapping out of a trance.

Suddenly, Hermione howled as she came spectacularly. She arched her neck back to rest her head on his shoulder as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. A river of excitement ran down over his shaft and splattered on the floor of the stage while Hermione shook and screamed in his lap. Harry grunted as her depths tightened and convulsed around him. There was a thunderous cheer from the crowd as gold and silver rained onto the stage.

Harry couldn’t hold back anymore. With a roar, he slammed Hermione down onto his cock as it swelled and pulsed. His wife let out an exhausted moan as he filled her core to the point that it leaked out of her. Letting go of her legs, Harry wrapped his arms tightly around her body as his climax waned. Hermione continued to twitch and tremble in his lap as they both panted for breath.

“I’m outside, we’re good to go,” Bella said.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione climbed to her feet, a river of white cum running down her leg. Standing up behind her, Harry tucked himself away and did up his trousers. Seeing his wife bent over, picking up her knickers, he reached out and squeezed her ass. She squealed and straightened up quickly while the crowd laughed. Smiling at him, she swatted his arm lightly as

he stepped down from the stage. Tonks smirked at him as he grabbed a drink off her tray while she walked towards the bar, her large breasts jiggling with each step.

“We need to leave before they notice anything,” Hermione said as she gathered her money and disappeared behind the curtain.

“Right, let’s split up and meet back at the Enclave,” Harry said before downing his drink.

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Half an hour later, Bella sat with Harry and Hermione in their bedroom at the Veela Enclave’s mansion, going over the documents they had stolen. A moment later, Tonks walked into the room, freshly showered and wearing only a pair of pink knickers.

“Find anything yet?” she asked as she sat down on the bed.

“Not yet,” Hermione said before looking up and scrunching her eyebrows cutely. “Why are you naked?”

“You’ve already seen everything, and I didn’t feel like putting on clothes,” Tonks said with a shrug that made her tits jiggle enticingly.

Hermione rolled her eyes but didn’t argue. Picking up a stack of files, she set them down in front of Tonks. For the next couple of hours, the four sat silently on the bed, lounging in various positions as they went over everything they had found. Harry couldn’t stop his eyes from being drawn to Tonks’ chest each time she moved. He had to admit, she really did have a fantastic set of tits. From the tiny smirk on her lips, she knew he was looking.

“I think I’ve got something,” Bella said. “It turns out the guy that runs the club is only a part owner. He and someone else with a lot of money just bought a warehouse in Calais, but I don’t have a name.”

“Wait, I think I saw something...” Tonks trailed off as she sat up and rifled through her stack of documents. “Here. It’s a letter from Nicholas Renaud to Lazare Malfoy about sending six House Elves to an address in Calais.”

“Malfoy?” Hermione asked suspiciously.

“That’s why I remembered it,” Tonks told her.

“Do we know what they’re using the warehouse for? It seems odd they bought a warehouse right before all of these kidnappings,” Harry said.

Both Tonks and Bella shook their heads. With a thoughtful look, Hermione drew her wand and waved it over the pile of papers strewn on the bed. Several of them lifted themselves out of the pile and landed in a neat stack in front of her.

“What was that?” Bella asked curiously.

“It’s an organizational spell I created. I just pulled out all of the paperwork that mentions Calais,” Hermione said distractedly as she looked through the stack in front of her.

Harry smiled fondly at his wife while Bella looked suitably impressed.

“Well, it doesn’t say what’s there,” Hermione said, “but, besides the six House Elves, there’s several guards from a local security company and regular shipments of food and water.”

“Really?” Tonks asked. “How much food and water?”

“Enough to feed a couple of dozen people delivered weekly,” Hermione told her.

"We need to check it out," Harry said.

"Agreed, but we should tell the Minister what we have so far," Bella told him. "There's no direct connection to the kidnappings, but we do have enough evidence to nail this guy for trafficking, slavery, and exploitation."

"I'll tell him tomorrow," Harry said with a yawn. "Let's call it a night, I'm knackered."

"I'll bet," Tonks said with a smirk.

"So, when do Tonks and I get our private show?" Bella asked teasingly.

"Later," Hermione told her. "I'm exhausted."

Harry raised his eyebrow at the seriousness of her answer. Tonks and Bella looked slightly surprised as well, though not in a bad way if their smiles were anything to go by. After a quick goodnight, everyone went to bed for the evening. Harry smiled as Hermione cuddled up to him, and they both passed out almost immediately.

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The next morning, Harry made the trip to the French Ministry of Magic alone. He had volunteered to go by himself after Apolline had invited the girls to the spa. After all their hard work the night before, he thought they deserved some pampering.

"Sixth floor, Minister for Magic's office," Harry told the elevator attendant.

He leaned against the back wall of the elevator as it began to quickly ascend.

"Avada Kedavra!"

Harry jerked out of the way just in time, as the attendant whirled around and fired the bright green spell. With the sound of rushing death, the curse flew passed his face and blew a hole in the back of the elevator.

Rushing forward, Harry grabbed the attendant's hands and pushed them upwards as he shoved the young man against the right-side wall. As they wrestled for the wand, he noticed the blank, emotionless stare in the man's eyes, a sure indication he was under the Imperius Curse. Grunting with effort, Harry had just about pried the wand from his fingers when a Blasting Curse leapt from the tip and blew a massive chunk out of the roof.

Harry and the man were both thrown sideways as the elevator tumbled out of control. He heard several voices shriek in fear as they glanced off another elevator packed with people, but was unable to focus on them as the sheer speed of the falling elevator car pinned him to the ceiling. Suddenly, the attendant wrapped his hands around Harry's throat, cutting off his air. Harry tried to push the lighter man back, not only fighting his weight, but also the centrifugal force pushing them together. After a bit of wrestling, he managed to plant his foot on the man's chest and kick him away.

Moving quickly, Harry gasped for air as he drew his wand. Stunning the attendant, he aimed the Elder Wand at the floor of the elevator.

"Arresto Momentum!" he shouted.

The elevator slowed just moments before it came to a sudden and jarring stop. With a loud crash, it slammed into the ground at an angle, crumpling the floor and breaking the back wall completely open. Harry was flung out of the opening and rolled to a stop on the dirty, grimy floor at the bottom of the magically expanded elevator shaft. His knee throbbed and his ribs ached as he pushed himself to his feet. Stumbling over to the unconscious attendant, who was still inside what was left of the elevator, he bent down to check his pulse. A sigh of relief left his lips when he felt a strong beat under his fingertips.

Sitting down, Harry hissed in pain and clutched at his ribs before flicking his wand and sending a Patronus off to Markus.

"Hermione's going to kill me," he said with a sigh.

## Chapter 4

Harry winced as the healer fixed his cracked ribs and watched as dozens of Aurors and officials ran around the Atrium. When the elevator crashed, it had hit with enough force to blow open the doors to the elevator shaft and send out a plume of dust and debris. Within minutes, the place was filled with Ministry workers, curious onlookers, and reporters. Markus Delacour had come down immediately to take charge of the situation and check on Harry. The attendant that had attacked him was still unconscious, and two menacing-looking Aurors stood guard while the healers checked him over.

Just as Harry was finishing up with the healers and giving his account to the Aurors, Hermione, Tonks, and Bella pushed their way through the crowd.

"Harry!" his wife exclaimed in a combination of worry and relief. "Are you alright? What happened?"

"Someone Imperiused the elevator attendant to try and kill me," Harry explained with a sigh as she hugged him gently.

All three of them blinked at him before sharing a look. He knew they were all thinking the same thing. They knew what they were doing could be dangerous, but none of them had expected such a brazen attack. Someone really did not want them poking around.

"Has the attendant said anything yet?" Bella asked.

Harry shook his head, "He's still unconscious, but I doubt he'll know anything anyways."

"So, it could have been literally anyone, great," Tonks said sarcastically.

"We don't know that yet," Hermione reasoned. "Maybe we'll get lucky, and he saw something."

"We weel interview 'im as soon as 'e wakes up," Markus assured the group, approaching them. "I'll let you know eef we find anyzhing. Why don't you take 'Arry 'ome and get some rest?"

"That's a good idea," said Hermione before Harry could speak, her look telling him not to argue. "Did he get a chance to tell you what we found?"

"Oui," he nodded, then leaned forward to whisper. "I weel send zhe warrant once zhe judge signs eet."

"Can't you just authorize us to search it like the club?" Tonks asked.

"Non, not unless you 'ave proof Veela are being 'eld zhere," Markus replied. "I weel send someone I trust to watch eet until we get zhe warrant."

While Harry would have preferred to go immediately to get some measure of payback, he nodded in understanding.

"Thanks, Markus," he said.

After shaking hands, he let Hermione guide him to the Floo while Tonks and Bella cleared a path through the crowd. His wand hand twitched as several cameras flashed, still jumpy from the attack.

It was a relief to step out of the Floo back at the Veela Enclave. Apolline was waiting for them when they arrived and pulled Harry into a hug as soon as he stepped out of the fireplace.

"I'm so glad you're alright," she said softly.

Harry smiled, grateful for her concern as he hugged her back while trying to ignore the feeling of her soft curves pressed against him. Apolline smiled at him as she pulled back and looked him over.

"Are you 'urt?" she asked.

"Just some bumps and bruises," Harry said with a shrug.

Nodding, she flicked her wand and summoned a short, fat jar full of white cream from the bathroom.

"Veela Cream," Apolline explained as she handed it to Hermione, "eet weel 'elp wiz zhe bruises."

"Thank you," Hermione said. "Come on, Harry. Let's get you patched up."

Rolling his eyes, he let her drag him upstairs to their bedroom. Tonks and Bella followed, closing the door behind them.

"Sorry about pulling you away from the spa," Harry said.

"It's not your fault," said Tonks, waving off his apology.

"We can always go back later," Bella said. "And we did get to relax there for a couple of hours."

"The sauna was great," Hermione added wistfully before turning to Harry. "Strip."

Harry raised an eyebrow at her then glanced at Tonks and Bella pointedly. Tonks smirked and crossed her arms while Hermione rolled her eyes.

"I meant down to your boxers," she told him. "Besides, they've already seen us in much worse positions."

"I wouldn't call them worse," Tonks smirked teasingly, causing Hermione's cheeks to go pink.

Harry snorted and shook his head before unbuttoning his shirt. The smiles on the girls' faces vanished when they spotted the massive, yellowing bruises on the right side of his ribcage and his left shoulder.

"It's been so long since anything like this has happened, I'd forgotten how much I hate seeing you get hurt," Hermione said.

"I'm fine, love," he assured her.

Stepping out of his pants, he walked over and hugged her tightly.

"I still don't like it," she muttered against his chest, and then kissed him briefly. "Go lay on the bed."

As Harry did as he was told, Hermione walked over to Tonks and Bella, where they had a quick, whispered conversation. Bella hugged Hermione, while Tonks smiled brightly. The three of them walked to the foot of the bed and then, to his utter shock, they stripped off their shirts, bras, and pants. Harry swallowed thickly as he looked from one to the next. Of course, he'd seen Hermione naked regularly over the years they'd been married, and he got a good look at Tonks the night before at the club. It was, however, his first time seeing Bella in any state of undress.

Bella's bronze-colored skin stood out compared to Tonks and his wife, who were both rather pale. She had a tight, athletic body with high, firm breasts, just slightly smaller than his wife's, and capped with reddish brown, pointed nipples. Seeing the smirk on her face, Harry realized

he was staring and quickly looked at Hermione. At his worried look, she smiled and crawled up on the bed and hovered over him on her hands and knees.

“You can look, and you can touch, just no sex for tonight,” she said, biting her lips.

“Hermione?” Harry asked.

“Well, I did promise them a show,” she said with a nervous smile. “And I have to admit, I’ve been curious lately.”

Harry stared up at her, their years of close friendship and marriage making it easy for him to read her thoughts. She wanted this but was too nervous and too shy to talk about it. Smiling, he stroked her cheek lovingly.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you, too,” Hermione replied before pressing her lips to his gently.

Smiling mischievously, she climbed off of him and picked up the jar of Veela Cream Apolline had given her.

“Can you two put this on him?” she asked Bella and Tonks, then ran her hand lightly over the prominent bulge in his boxers. “It looks like Harry has some swelling I need to take care of.”

Tonks laughed loudly at the terrible joke while Bella took the jar. Both of them climbed up onto the bed, predatory looks on their faces as they stretched out next to him. Meanwhile, Hermione pulled off his boxers and freed his straining erection.

“You are so fucking lucky,” said Tonks, staring at his cock while rubbing cream gently into his ribs.

"I know," Hermione replied with a smirk.

As Harry's wife bent down to wrap her lips around the head of his cock, Bella finished treating his shoulder and pressed herself against him. Her breasts rubbed against his arm while she used her hand to tilt his chin towards her and captured his lips heatedly. Harry wrapped his arm around her, his hand caressing her smooth, bare back. The moment they separated, Tonks grabbed his cheeks and kissed him hungrily, her larger, softer breasts squashing against his side and chest. All the while, Hermione continued bobbing on his length, her eyes gazing up at her husband and the two women he was kissing.

Harry broke his kiss with Tonks and groaned when Hermione drove his throbbing length deep into her throat.

"Oh, bloody hell," he said. "What did I do to deserve this?"

Hermione was forced to pull her mouth off of his cock as she and the other girls laughed.

"Quite a lot actually," Hermione said with a smile.

Slipping off her panties, she straddled his waist and ground her damp slit along his rigid length. Taking Hermione's cue, Tonks and Bella both removed their panties as well. Rather demanding, Tonks grabbed his hand and pressed it against her folds. Chuckling, Harry sank two fingers into her, his palm rubbing against her swollen clit.

"Oh fuck, yes," Tonks hissed, bucking her hips.

While Tonks was desperate for an orgasm, Bella simply clung to his side, her hands rubbing his chest and abs while she kissed him languidly. Harry's free hand roamed over her body, moving across her firm breast, down her tight abs, and past her hip to caress her small, perky bum. He worried about how Hermione would take his attention being directed away from her, but the

way she rolled her hips and ground her dripping slit along his length told him she was just as excited as he was.

Lifting herself up, Hermione placed the purple, engorged head of his cock against her tight entrance. She teased herself for a moment before slowly lowering herself down on his thick shaft. A long, low moan left her lips as he felt her walls stretch to accommodate his size. Even after three kids, it still amazed him how tight she felt.

Tonks shuddered, her arousal soaking his fingers while her eyes stared at his cock disappearing into Hermione. Bella too turned to watch, then threw her leg over his and ground her mound against his hip. While Harry did his best to split his attention between the women on either side of him, Hermione started bouncing up and down on his cock hard enough to shake the mattress.

Hugging his arm between her large breasts, Tonks bit his shoulder lightly to stifle a squeal when Harry hooked his fingers upwards inside of her. Hitting a particularly sensitive spot, her body shuddered heavily as she drenched his hand.

On his other side, Bella continued to grind against his hip while her hands moved from exploring him to Hermione. She ran a tanned hand up Hermione's thigh, over her stomach, and up to her bouncing breasts. His wife panted heavily and moaned as Bella squeezed the jiggling mound and tweaked her stiff red nipple. Harry's cock throbbed excitedly at the sight, his climax building quickly for everything going on.

He wasn't the only one. Hermione shuddered and collapsed forward on his chest as she came. With her eyes closed, her pleased moan turned into a one of surprise when Bella kissed her suddenly. After a moment of shock, Hermione kissed her back. That was enough to push Harry over the edge, his cock pulsing repeatedly as he came.

When the girls broke apart, Hermione blushed heavily and stammered as she looked at a smiling Bella.

"What, did you think I was just attracted to Harry?" Bella asked.

“Well, yes,” Hermione said, biting her lip.

Smirking, Bella pulled Hermione off of Harry and rolled them over until she was on top. Hermione gasped, then moaned as Bella kissed her passionately.

“That’s hot,” Tonks said.

Smiling, Harry grabbed the Metamorphmagus and pulled her on top of him. She let out a squeal as he then rolled her over, pinning her to the bed next to Hermione. Bending down, he kissed her deeply while his renewed erection pressed against her wet folds. Trailing his lips down her neck, he paused to give her fantastic breasts some extra attention.

While Harry kissed, sucked, and licked Tonks’ perfect tits, Bella shifted so that she could grind her mound against Hermione’s thigh. Bella’s own thigh pressed against Hermione, causing the brunette to moan into her mouth and buck her hips.

As the girls humped each other’s legs, Harry made his way down Tonks’ body to her glistening lips. Both of them were entirely too worked up for teasing, so Harry kissed around her hooded clit while plunging two fingers into her sweltering depths. Tonks moaned loudly and arched her back, bucking her hips against his face.

“Oh fuck, I need this,” Tonks gasped.

Using one arm to pin her hips in place, Harry slipped a third finger inside of her and pumped them back and forth vigorously. Tonks panted and gasped as she writhed on the bed. Gripping two handfuls of his hair, she moved his lips directly to her clit and let out a salacious moan.

Next to them, Bella had shifted so she was scissoring with Hermione, their mounds glistening as they rubbed together. While they rolled their hips in rhythm, Bella hugged one of Hermione’s legs to her chest, kissing her calf and caressing the smooth skin of her thigh. Hermione’s eyes

bounced between staring at Bella's beautiful bronze-colored skin, to watching Tonks writhing vocally on the bed, and back again.

Hooking his fingers upwards, Harry hit a particularly sensitive spot inside Tonks, causing her hips to buck and her walls to flutter around his fingers as she let out a sharp gasp. Smirking, he rubbed her g-spot furiously, his hand jerking back and forth in short, sharp movements.

"Harry!" Tonks screamed.

Tonks came violently, splattering his hand and arm in her arousal as she jerked on the bed. Her mouth was opened in a silent scream with her head thrown back while her hair cycled through every color of the rainbow. As her eyes rolled into the back of her head, she tried to push Harry away, but he mercilessly held her in place and continued fingering her.

Tonks had barely recovered from her first climax before she curled in on herself and wailed as she reached a second, thunderous peak. Harry's face and arm were a dripping mess by the time he let go of her. Tonks immediately crawled away from him with a trembling moan while covering her mound with her hand. Hermione laughed and stroked the side of her face tenderly as her hair continued to cycle through the rainbow.

"You don't know whether to love him or hate him when he does that, do you?" Hermione asked with a knowing smile.

Tonks groaned and shook her head as she panted. Harry sat up and chuckled.

"Your husband's looking a bit too smug," Bella said with a smile as she looked at him.

"I think you're right," Hermione said. "What do you think, Tonks? Time for a little payback?"

Tonks opened her eyes, and the three girls shared a meaningful look before they all turned to him with identical smirks. Harry swallowed thickly; a bit worried about what they had planned.

After a quick, whispered conversation, they all crawled over to him on their hands and knees, their asses swaying behind them. Harry suddenly had a very good idea of how a mouse felt when cornered by a cat.

Tonks reached him first, her fingers wrapping around his rigid length. Without any hesitation, she took him into her mouth and started bobbing her head rapidly. Looking up at him, she held Harry's head between her lips and suckled on it, drawing a groan from his lips before suddenly swallowing his entire length with ease. Harry gasped and bucked his hips as her tight, spasming throat encased his cock.

"Tonks!" Hermione gasped laughingly.

"How the hell do you do that?" Bella asked.

Slowly, Tonks dragged her lips all the way back up his shaft until her lips came off of his head with a pop.

"I can get rid of my gag reflex," she said with a shrug.

"You cheating slut," Bella said teasingly.

"Wait until you see what else I can do," said Tonks, sticking out her tongue and elongating it until it was several inches long.

Bella's mouth fell open and she stared at the appendage lustfully as Tonks flicked the tip back and forth. Winking at the Italian witch, Tonks turned back to Harry and wrapped her inhumanly long tongue around his cock. He groaned when she somehow managed to ungulate her tongue along his shaft while bobbing her head up and down. It was such an incredibly unique and pleasurable feeling; he couldn't help but buck his hips as his cock throbbed against her tongue.

“Fuck,” Harry gasped, running his fingers through her short, lime green hair. “If this is a punishment I need to misbehave more often.”

In hindsight, he wished he’d kept his mouth shut when Tonks snorted and pulled off of him as she laughed. It wasn’t all bad though, as Bella nudged her over and took his cock in her mouth. She may not have had the advantages that Tonks did, but she more than made up for it with passion. Bella bobbed her head on the top half of his length while her hand stroked the rest of him. Her dazzling hazel eyes gazed up at him intently as she sucked hard and swirled her tongue around his shaft.

Bending down, Tonks pushed her hand out of the way and started kissing and licking the part of his shaft Bella couldn’t reach. On the other side, Hermione flicked her long, bushy hair over her shoulder and attached her lips to the other side of his shaft. It felt like she and Tonks were trying to snog with his cock in the way. Seeing their lips and tongues brush together around his shaft had him throbbing excitedly inside Bella’s hot, sucking mouth.

“I’m close,” Harry panted.

Hermione pulled her lips off of him to whisper in Bella’s ear for a moment. She nodded with his cock still in her mouth and sucked him vigorously while Hermione went back to his shaft. Harry panted as he neared his peak, his cock swelling, and hardening to the point of bursting. Just as he was about to cum, all three women pulled off of his cock and pressed their faces together as Bella stroked him furiously.

With a groan, a massive jet of cum shot out of his swollen, shining head and splattered on Bella’s cheek. Laughing, she continued jerking him and aimed him at Tonks, and then Hermione as he came over and over. By the time his climax had waned, all three of them had long, pearly white streaks painting their faces. As the last of his cum dribbled out onto Bella’s hand, the girls came together in a three-way kiss.

Despite his recent orgasm, Harry still throbbed excitedly in Bella’s hand at the sight. The girls laughed when Tonks grabbed Hermione’s face and lick a long line of cum off her cheek. His wife returned the favor by licking up the other woman’s chin, where a streak of cum threatened to

fall, and then pushed it into her mouth fotongue-filledlled kiss. When the two separated, they turned to Bella and took turns cleaning her face.

Harry laid back and watched with a smile, wondering how he'd gotten so lucky. The girls continued to kiss and play with each other for several more minutes before they pulled Harry off the bed and into the shower. While there was plenty of groping and caressing, the tight space kept things from getting out of hand.

For the rest of the day, and for the first time since arriving in France, they spent time exploring the Enclave. While it felt like he was on a date with all three of them, nothing felt awkward or out of place as he showed the other two women the same kind of affection he showed his wife. Perhaps even more surprisingly, the girls were just as affectionate with each other as they were with him.

All in all, it was a great afternoon. It was while they were having dinner with Apolline at the manor, however, that the search warrant arrived and reminded them of their task. There was an immediate change in the atmosphere. Everyone was excited and anxious to get to work, but they were more aware of the dangers they faced this time around. Unanimously, they decided to wait until night had properly fallen to sneak in and look around.

They spent the next few hours perfecting their plan of entry and coming up with contingencies in case things went wrong. While Harry went to go gather a few potions in case of injuries, Tonks decided to ask Hermione about a couple of things that she was curious about.

"Hey, Hermione," she called out. "Not that I'm complaining, but what made you decide to share Harry today? No offense, but you've always seemed kind of..."

"Prudish?" Hermione finished with a smile. "I was, for a while. It took me some time to feel comfortable expressing that part of myself. By the time I was ready to really start exploring different things with Harry, I was already pregnant. Between taking care of the kids and working, we barely had time for each other."

Tonks nodded in understanding, while Bella rubbed her arm. Hermione smiled at them and continued.

“Honestly, I’ve been attracted to women since I was at Hogwarts, I was just too scared to admit it. But now that the kids are all at school, and we’ve got time to do what we want without having to worry about one of them barging in...” Hermione trailed off with a shrug. “Harry and I can finally try some of the things we’ve always wanted to.”

“So, you were kind of testing things out today to see how you felt?” Bella asked to which Hermione nodded. “That makes sense. Did it bother you at all, seeing us with Harry?”

“No,” said Hermione, shaking her head. “Actually, I liked it more than I thought I would.”

“Does that mean I can fuck Harry?” Tonks asked bluntly, causing Hermione to laugh incredulously. “Hey, I haven’t been with anyone since Remus. I’m desperate here.”

“Really?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“I wasn’t in a good place after the war,” Tonks admitted with a sigh. “You know Remus tried to leave a few times, but it really hurt when he did it while I was pregnant with Teddy. Then I watch him run after Greyback and die. I never told anyone, but I think that’s what he wanted. That really messed me up, that he would rather die than stay with me and Teddy. I felt like no one wanted me for a long time, but Harry really helped with that. Thank you for letting him spend so much time with us back then. It meant a lot to have him around, especially for Teddy.”

“You don’t need to thank me. You’ve always been family,” Hermione said, reaching out to take her hand. “What about you, Bella? I mean, you’re beautiful, you must have guys lining up for a chance with you.”

“Not any good ones,” Bella said with a shake of her head. “All of the men I’ve dated tend to be intimidated when they find out I can out duel them.”

"I hate that," Tonks said. "It's so childish. As soon as they find out you're an Auror, they suddenly need to prove how powerful they are."

"Exactly," Bella agreed with a smile. "I had one boyfriend that tried to arrest one of Italy's most wanted criminals, just to try and impress me. He ended up starting a duel with some random lookalike in the middle of the street and got his ass kicked. I was so embarrassed when he brought up our relationship in court."

"That's horrible," said Hermione.

"Thank Merlin Harry was never like that," Tonks said. "As soon as he found out I was an Auror he asked me to teach him. Of course, he was still in school at the time, but he never took it personally when I beat him. Not that it really matters now, though. Harry could probably beat all three of us at once."

"Really?" Bella asked. "I've heard stories, but I've never seen him duel."

"Most of the stories you hear about him are bullshit, but he's insanely skilled," Tonks told her. "When we raided houses after the war looking for Death Eaters, we used Harry instead of Curse Breakers to tear down the wards. And not weak ones, either. Wards that would take hours or days to dismantle, he took out with a single spell, and then he would still duel some of the most dangerous Death Eaters, right after that."

"Wow," Bella said, impressed.

"Yeah, Hermione really hit the jackpot with Harry. Lucky bitch," Tonks said playfully, causing the other two to laugh.

"Actually, I think I'm the lucky one," Harry announced, leaning against the doorway with a crooked smile.

Walking up to his wife, he bent down and gave her a quick kiss.

“Ready to go?” he asked, turning serious.

Nodding, the girls stood and gathered their cloaks. Harry doled out some basic healing potions to each of them before handing his invisibility cloak to Hermione. She and Bella would stay under that, while Harry and Tonks would go under Disillusionment Charms. They still didn’t know who had tried to kill him, or how much they knew about why he was in France, which led Harry to decide he didn’t want to give them any information he didn’t have to. Bella and Hermione would be less likely to be spotted under the cloak, Tonks could disguise herself easily, and, of course, they already knew about Harry.

Apolline, although she didn’t know the details, was smart enough to know something was happening. She wished them luck and hugged each of them before they left the manor and walked to the edge of the ward line.

“Communications check,” Harry said.

The girls all responded that their Communication Earrings were working. Harry applied the Disillusionment Charms while Hermione and Bella hid under the cloak. Just before Disapparating, each of them gave him a hug and a kiss. Holding hands, they vanished as one.

A moment later, they popped into existence in a cramped, dirty alley in Calais. The temperature was a few degrees cooler than the Enclave, and the smell of smog and grime filled the air. With a quick Silencing Charm, they quieted their feet and walked half a block to the warehouse.

Stopping just outside the chain link fence surrounding the long, rectangular building, Harry checked for wards. Finding none, he vanished a section of the fence and walked quickly to the building. This time, he found some rather basic wards protecting and monitoring the door. He could have easily dismantled them, but the simplicity behind them was a concern.

If there really were Veela being hidden here, he would have expected much better wards. Even something entirely legal should have been better protected. Thanks to Bill, though, Harry knew that sometimes more advanced wards could be placed along with the simpler ones that made them almost impossible to find. It was a trick used to lure the less experienced or impatient into making a mistake.

Rather than chance going through the door at all, Harry moved a few feet over to a section of metal wall. Drawing a rectangle the size of a door with the tip of his wand, he used a complicated charm to turn the wall into a gateway like platform nine and three-quarters. Even if someone passed by while they were inside, Magical or Muggle, they would see nothing out of place.

“Wait here,” Harry whispered.

He heard three annoyed huffs, but no one argued with him. Stepping inside, Harry found the place full of crates, cages, and boxes.

Homenum Revelio

There were no humans inside the building, but he could hear plenty of movement around him. Lighting his wand, he found himself staring at enough Magical Creatures to fill a zoo. With just a quick glance he saw everything from Crups, Kneazles, Nifflers, and Pixies, to much more dangerous creatures like a Thunderbird, an Erumpent, thankfully without its horn, and an Occamy.

“Harry?” Hermione called to him quietly.

“Come in, but be very quiet,” he told her.

He heard the girls gasp behind him as they stepped inside.

"We need to look around but be careful. We don't want to rile anything up," Harry said.  
"Hermione, you stick with Bella under the cloak. Tonks, you're with me."

They spent over an hour looking through the warehouse but found no evidence that there were any Veela to be found. Hermione was furious at the treatment of the animals, and became almost apoplectic with rage when she found a cage full of House Elves.

"Harry, we've got to do something!" she hissed when they met back up.

Bella rubbed her back soothingly, but it did nothing to calm his wife's anger.

"We can bring it up with Markus, but I don't see anything illegal here," Harry was forced to admit.

"We can't just leave them like this!" Hermione growled.

Harry sighed. He agreed with her, but unfortunately, they didn't have anything to arrest Lazare Malfoy on. While what he was doing was distasteful, it wasn't illegal.

"Harry," Tonks said, breaking him out of his thoughts, "this still doesn't make sense. Nothing here would eat that human food they were having delivered and that club owner didn't seem like the kind of guy interested in animals."

"You think we're missing something?" he asked.

"Yeah," she replied.

"We don't know where to look, though," Bella pointed out. "We could be here all night and not find anything. This place is huge."

Sighing again, Harry stared at nothing as he thought.

"I have an idea," he said. "Get back under the cloak."

Hermione looked at him curiously and tilted her head.

"Trust me, love," Harry said. "Just stay hidden in case I need you."

Biting her lip, Hermione nodded and tossed the cloak back over herself and Bella. Tonks rolled her eyes at him when he tapped her on the head with his wand, placing her back under the Invisibility Charm.

With the girls hidden, he aimed his wand at the door to the warehouse and ripped it open, triggering the wards.

"Harry!?" Hermione gasped.

"Trust me," he said urgently.

"Fine," she huffed, clearly not happy, "but we're talking about this later."

She fell quiet just a moment before Lazare Malfoy Apparated just outside the warehouse and marched in. Tall and thin, he had the characteristic Malfoy blonde hair tied in a long ponytail. Even just walking, the man seemed to radiate arrogance as he swung his cane, the metal tip clicking on the concrete floor.

Click. Clack. Click.

What was it with Malfoys and canes, Harry wondered.

"What are you doing here?" Malfoy demanded.

"Aurors, search warrant," Harry said, holding up the parchment. "Quite the collection you have here."

"And completely legal," the man sneered.

"I'm sure it is," Harry said with a careless shrug. "I'm more interested in why you thought it would be a good idea to try and kill me."

"I did no such thing," Malfoy said. "What reason would I have to try and kill an Auror?"

Despite his words, like his British relatives, he couldn't hide the satisfied smirk that crossed his face. For Harry, that was as good as a confession.

"Let's cut the bullshit," Harry said, his face dropping into an unfriendly glare. "I know you've been kidnapping Veela and I will find them. If you think your pathetic little attempt on my life is going to do anything other than piss me off, then you're dead wrong."

Harry paused and let some of his magic loose, creating an uncomfortable, tingling pressure around Malfoy. While the man was a good three inches taller than him, the force of Harry's magic made it seem like he towered over the blonde as the man hunched in on himself on instinct.

"I'm going to give you one chance," Harry told him. "You give me back the Veela and tell me everything you know, and I'll make sure you get a good deal with the Minister. If you refuse, I will do everything I can to put you in the deepest, darkest hole I can find."

Malfoy swallowed hard, a drop of sweat running down his temple as he actually seemed to be considering the deal. Harry hated this part of the job, offering to protect monsters like this. But

if it helped him get those women back to their families sooner, then he could deal with it. Just as soon as he'd thought it, Malfoy gathered himself and glared at him.

"You have nothing," he growled, then smirked. "And you never will."

Harry fought the urge to curse the smug look off of Malfoy's face as he turned and stalked away, his cane clicking on the floor.

Click. Click. Click. Clack.

Harry's eyes widened, a binding spell leaping from his wand and tying Malfoy up from shoulder to ankle in thick rope. He swayed briefly before toppling over to the ground, hard, his cane clattering to the floor beside him.

"What are you doing!?" Malfoy snarled. "Do you have any idea who I am!? I'll have your job for this! I-"

Harry silenced him with a flick of his wand and walked over to pick up the cane which, like Lucius, held Lazare's wand in the handle.

"Girls, come help me," Harry called out.

"Harry?" Tonks asked.

"What did you find?" Hermione questioned anxiously.

Taking the cane, Harry started tapping the end on the floor.

Click. Click. Clack.

In a small area of the floor, the high-pitched click of metal on concrete turned into a dull clack, as if the floor there wasn't solid. Handing the cane to Tonks, Harry carefully examined the floor and found it to be heavily charmed. Dropping down to his hands and knees, he ran his hand over the floor, feeling the magic. It was a hidden door that required a password.

Malfoy would fight hard to keep him from finding out that password and it would take too long to get permission for Veritaserum, if they could get it at all. Instead, Harry decided to go through it. Pressing the tip of the Elder Wand to the floor, he pushed a tremendous amount of magic into the floor. With a loud snap, he forcefully activated the charms, completely bypassing the password. A crease appeared in a square outline on the floor, followed by a metal ring as the floor turned into wood within the outline, forming a trap door.

Pulling the door open, Harry walked down the steps and into a dimly lit room. Long and narrow with a low ceiling, around twenty naked Veela stared at him, some fearfully, some in confusion.

"Oh my god," Harry heard Hermione gasp behind him.

"Try and keep them calm while I send a Patronus to Markus," Harry said.

Hermione nodded absently as Harry walked back up the stairs. A flick of his wand sent out a Patronus while Tonks and Bella looked at him curiously, their wands still trained on Malfoy.

"I'll watch him, go help Hermione," he told them. "Looks like we found the missing Veela. Or at least most of them."

Nodding, Tonks and Bella went down the trap door while Harry smirked at the pale, fear-filled face of Lazare Malfoy.

"You really should have taken that deal when you had the chance," Harry told him smugly.

## 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 spanned off 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 they 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.

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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.

## 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 was 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 teardrop 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.

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.

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 very 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 fixedly 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 zthree 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 as 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.

## 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 picked 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 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’s 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 and 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 slammed 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 your 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 the 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 ride 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 its 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, she 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 toward 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 opposite end of the hall, where the stairwell 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 say 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,”

## Chapter 8

“Riddle?” Harry asked sharply, the hair on the back of his neck raising at the sound of the name.

“Yes,” Delphini said, looking away worriedly at his narrowed gaze.

“Who are your parents?” Harry pressed.

“I don’t know,” she replied quietly.

“What do you mean you don’t know?” Tonks asked.

“I mean, I don’t know,” Delphini huffed. “My parents dumped me in an orphanage.”

“What orphanage?” Harry asked.

Delphini turned back and wilted under his intense stare.

“Why does it matter?” she asked, fidgeting in her seat.

“Delphini, please, it could be important,” Harry said in a calm but serious tone.

“Wool’s, in London,” she told him.

Harry felt his blood run cold. There was no way it was a coincidence that she was left at the same orphanage Tom had.

“Harry?” Hermione called out in concern.

Glancing at his wife, Harry cleared his throat and looked back at the young woman. As much as he wanted answers, he doubted she had any. Reluctantly, he palmed his wand and slipped into her mind just enough to scan her surface thoughts. He needed to make sure she was telling him the truth.

“Why were you taking hairs from Felix Renaud?” Harry asked.

“I was just sleeping with him for the money, why would I want-”

“Don’t lie,” Harry interrupted firmly. “We’ve been watching you for over a week. We saw you take his hair after he left and save it.”

Delphini looked away from him, and he could see her breath speeding up nervously.

“Do you know what those hairs were used for?” he asked, trying a different tact.

“No,” she answered quietly.

“Someone has been using them to make a make Polyjuice Potion,” Harry explained. “It’s a potion that allows the person who drinks it to take on the appearance of another for one hour. Whoever you’ve been giving those hairs to is impersonating a high-ranking Ministry official, hiring criminals to kidnap Veela, and selling them as sex slaves. The Ministry wants answers and, right now, you are the only one I have.”

Harry paused to give her time to think over what he'd told her. Despite being convinced she was Riddle's daughter; he didn't think she was evil because of that. Right now, she looked like a scared young woman who'd gotten in over her head.

"I need you to tell me who wanted those hairs," he said firmly.

"If I do, you won't turn me in?" Delphini asked.

"I give you my word, I won't mention your name," Harry promised.

"I only know his first name," she said, waiting for him to nod encouragingly before continuing. "He said his name is Draco."

"Draco?" Harry asked sharply. "Blonde hair, grey eyes, about my age?"

"Yeah, that's him," Delphini said with a nod.

Behind him, Hermione cursed under her breath. Malfoy had been a constant thorn in her side the last few years. He went out of his way to oppose any new laws she tried to get passed through the Wizengamot. Of course, he wasn't very effective with his family's reputation in ruins. Only a handful of the darker houses voted with him. Still, it irked her that he was still up to his old ways after Harry had spoken to keep him out of Azkaban at his mother's request.

"How did you meet him?" Harry asked.

"He found me in Calais and started telling me I was a witch and about the magical world," Delphini said. "At first, I thought he was a nutter, but then he showed me all this magic. Draco promised to get me a wand and teach me magic if I helped him. At first, he just wanted me to deliver messages for him, but a few weeks ago something changed. When I talked to him, he

was really angry. That's when he asked me to sleep with Felix. When I told him I didn't want to, he threatened not to teach me anything. I-"

Delphini hesitated for a moment, fidgeting in her seat and taking a deep breath before she continued. Harry glanced over at Hermione and just from her face could see she was thinking the same thing he was. A few weeks ago was about the time they first arrived in France.

"I felt like I finally found the world I belonged to, and I didn't want to lose that, so I agreed. Draco told me all about Felix and gave me some special lipstick to make him interested. It didn't seem that bad. I swear, I had no idea what he was going to do with those hairs."

"Did he tell you anything else?" Hermione asked. "Did he mention anything about what he was planning or what he was doing with the Veela?"

"He never said anything about that," Delphini said, then looked away shyly. "I don't even know what a Veela is."

"Veela are magical beings that are closely related to humans. They look like human women, and are known for their beauty, blonde hair, and the ability to attract men," Hermione explained, giving her the textbook description absently as she started to pace back and forth.

"Oh," Delphini said.

"Does Renaud know you're a witch?" Bella asked suddenly.

"No, he thinks I'm a Muggle," Delphini replied.

Pushing himself up from his chair, Harry turned to his wife.

"Hermione," he said, nodding towards the door.

She too stood and followed him as he walked towards the door.

“Wait! You said you’d let me go,” Delphini called out, a worried look on her face.

“I said I wouldn’t turn you in,” Harry corrected her gently. “And I won’t. Just wait here for a minute.”

Delphini’s shoulders slumped as Tonks moved over to take the seat across from her. He made eye contact and gave her a small, reassuring smile before closing the door.

“Harry, you don’t think she’s...” Hermione trailed off.

“She grew up in the same orphanage, has the same last name, and Malfoy just happens to find her?” he asked skeptically, then shook his head. “There’s no way this is a coincidence.”

“What if this is some kind of trick?” Hermione asked.

“What are you thinking?” Harry asked in return, folding his arms over his chest and leaning back against the wall.

“What if someone’s using her to try and throw us off? We already know they have Polyjuice. Besides, we don’t even know if she’s actually a witch. She could just be some Muggle they messed with to lead us in the wrong direction,” Hermione said, biting her lips as her mind ran wild.

“Right, here’s what we’ll do,” Harry said. “We’ll test her for magic. If she is a witch, I’ll go back to England and get Narcissa. If Delphini’s are know I think they are, a lineage test will tell us.”

“Can’t Tonks do it?” Hermione asked.

"It's more accurate the closer the relative," he reminded her. "Besides, if Bellatrix was her mother, I'm sure she'd like to meet her family. That, and I want to talk to her about Malfoy."

After looking at him thoughtfully for a long moment, she nodded. Stepping forward, Hermione pulled him into a soft, comforting hug before they separated, smiled, and walked back into the office.

"Delphini, we need to make sure you're magical," Harry told her.

"I am!" she declared firmly.

Smiling, he walked up and held out his wand, handle first. As Delphini eyed the offered wand, her violet eyes wide and glittering excitedly, Tonks stood and held her wand at her side.

"Go on, take it," he said.

Slowly, Delphini reached out and took the wand with a look of excited anxiousness on her face.

"Now hold it up, twirl the tip in a clockwise circle, and say 'Lumos,'" Harry instructed.

Taking a deep shuddering breath, Delphini twirled the wand.

"Lumos," she incanted.

The tip of Harry's wand lit up with a glowing white light. Delphini stared at the wand and smiled brightly with a look of wonder and awe.

"Now twirl it in the opposite direction and say 'Nox'" Harry said, smiling at the look on her face.

She did as he instructed, and the light vanished. Reaching out, he took his wand back, feeling the Elder Wand hum at being back in his hand.

"I'll be back in a few hours," Harry said, turning to look at the girls. "Show Delphini around the Enclave and get her a wand while I'm gone."

"Really?" she asked hopefully.

"Really," Hermione said, giving the younger woman a small smile.

Having grown up in the Muggle world, both he and his wife knew exactly how it felt to finally find the world you felt you belonged in. After months of false promises, it felt wrong to keep magic from her any longer, no matter who her parents were.

"Where are you going?" Bella asked.

"England," he answered. "Hermione can explain."

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While Harry went to the Ministry to take an unscheduled International Portkey back to Britain, Hermione, Tonks, and Bella led Delphini out of Delacour manor and down to Aveline's Wand Shop. Much like Ollivander's, the front of the shop was small, with shelves stacked with thousands of wand boxes. The Vella behind the counter, though she looked just as young and beautiful as any of the others at the Enclave, had extremely pale blue eyes that belied her looks.

"Hello," she greeted in flawless English, smiling as they entered. "I'm Maribelle Aveline, how can I help you?"

"This is Delphini, and she needs a wand," Hermione replied, gesturing to the younger woman who was gazing around the shop.

Maribelle turned her eyes to Delphini, who approached the counter eagerly.

"It's unusual to see a witch get their first wand so late," she said, her gaze pinning Delphini in place. "No matter, if you are here, then so is your wand."

"How do you know that?" Delphini asked.

"If it wasn't, you would not be here," Maribelle replied simply.

As the wandmaker began searching for wands, Hermione walked over to the corner with Tonks and Bella. Quietly, she explained why Harry had returned to Britain.

"You really think she's...?" Bella asked leadingly.

"I don't know," Hermione said, looking back at Delphini as she tried wand after wand.

"It's a hell of a coincidence if she isn't," Tonks said. "Are you going to tell her?"

"I'm sure Harry will when he gets back. I'll let him handle this," Hermione said. "He has a much better idea of what she's going through than we do."

Bella and Tonks nodded in agreement before changing the subject and settling in to wait. It was only a few minutes later that they all felt a pulse of magic when Delphini found her wand.

“Marvelous,” Maribelle cheered, clapping her hands together. “Holly and Thunderbird feather, eleven and one-quarter inches, a very impressive wand capable of powerful magic.”

“How much?” Hermione asked.

“After everything you and your husband have done for us, nothing,” Maribelle replied firmly. “I will not take your gold, Mrs. Potter.”

“Thank you,” Hermione said, knowing that arguing was useless. “Come on, Delphini.”

“Can you teach me how to use it?” the young woman asked eagerly.

“We can teach you some basic spells when we get back to the manor,” Hermione told her.

While Delphini smiled brightly and inspected her new wand intently, her mind was buzzing with thoughts. If she was a witch, then she should have gotten a Hogwarts letter. The fact she didn’t, only gave credence to Harry’s suspicion that she was Voldemort’s daughter. Hermione was certain wards were blocking her mail at the least, and possibly her magic at the worst. The moment they got back to the manor, she led Delphini into the courtyard.

“Delphini, you should have gotten a letter inviting you to a school called Hogwarts. Do you remember getting one when you were at the orphanage?” she asked.

“I never got any letter,” Delphini answered. “Is it a magic school, can I still go?”

“You’re a bit old to go to Hogwarts, you should have gone when you were eleven,” Hermione said, her heart aching as she saw Delphini’s face fall. “Don’t worry, we figure something out. We can’t have you running around completely untrained now, can we? First, though, I need to know why you didn’t get your letter. I’m going to need to cast a spell on you, alright?”

“Okay,” Delphini agreed.

Drawing her wand, Hermione cast a series of Detection Charms on her. There were two wards on her. The first was a Mail Deflection Ward, and the second was a Magic Suppression Ward. Thankfully, both were rather simple spells designed to a witch or wizard hide from other magicals and were simple to remove. Hermione did so, causing Delphini to shiver and sneeze as the magic surrounding her for most of her life dissipated.

“There, all done,” Hermione said with a smile.

“Can I learn magic now?” Delphini asked eagerly.

“Alright,” Hermione gave in, smiling at the girl’s excitement before turning to Tonks and Bella.
“What should we teach first?”

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“Harry, it’s good to see you again,” Narcissa said with a smile as she opened the door. “Come in. Bish!”

With a pop, the Malfoy’s house elf, Bish, appeared in the room.

“Bring us tea in the lounge,” Narcissa ordered, though not unkindly.

“Yes, mistress,” Bish replied with a low bow before vanishing with another pop.

Harry followed Narcissa as she led him into the lounge. Despite having visited many times to talk with her, he still felt a tad uncomfortable being in the house where he and Hermione had been held, prisoner.

“What brings you to my humble home?” Narcissa asked as they took seats on the same couch and turned to face each other.

“I’m working on an investigation in France, and we brought in a young woman today who claims to be Delphini Riddle,” Harry said.

Narcissa stiffened at the name, not even flinching when Bish appeared in the room, set down the tea tray, and then vanished again.

“Do you believe her?” she asked.

“I do,” Harry nodded. “She was raised in the same orphanage Tom was. There’s just too much to be a coincidence. Did – did Bellatrix ever leave for a few months?”

“You believe she is the girl’s mother?” Narcissa asked stiffly, her face and tone devoid of all emotion.

“Yes,” Harry said.

Standing, Narcissa walked over to the window where she stared out at the lawn, her eyes following the movement of the peacocks pecking at the dirt.

“I knew Bellatrix was with child,” she said quietly. “The Dark Lord sent her away for months. I begged her not to go, but she wouldn’t listen. When she came back, she told me she lost it, and I believed her.”

There was a long moment of silence before Narcissa turned to face him.

“I want to meet her,” she demanded.

"You'll have to come to France," Harry replied, to which she nodded quickly. "I was hoping you'd perform a lineage test on her."

"Of course," Narcissa said, straightening her robes. "I'll pack my things. When can we leave?"

"I have a Portkey scheduled for two thirty this afternoon," Harry said, licking his lips nervously. "There's something else you need to know."

Narcissa silently raised a brow in question.

"She said Draco was the one to find her," he said, then continued quickly when her eyes narrowed. "We don't know that it's him, the people we're after have already used Polyjuice more than once. But if Delphini is Bellatrix's daughter, it makes it more likely he is involved somehow. Have you spoken with him lately?"

"I won't help you catch my son," Narcissa told him firmly. "I'll meet you at the Ministry."

Harry opened his mouth, but the words died on his lips as Narcissa turned and left. Sighing, he stood and headed for the door.

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A couple of hours later, Harry and Narcissa Apparated just outside the Vella Enclave. Together, they walked in silence towards Delacour manor in the center of the small village. As they approached the house, they spotted Bella instructing Delphini while Hermione and Tonks stood nearby, talking quietly.

"Hello, Hermione, Nymphadora," Narcissa said politely even as her eyes remained locked on the young woman practicing the Levitation Charm.

“Narcissa,” Hermione said with a kind smile while Tonks grimaced at her first name.

“Is that her?” Narcissa asked.

“That’s Delphini,” Hermione nodded.

“I’ll go get her,” Harry said.

Walking over, he stopped for a moment and watched as Delphini struggled to levitate a small stone. Her face reddening with effort, the rock trembled but failed to rise.

“You need to relax,” Harry advised, startling Delphini who hadn’t heard him approach. “Your magic is a part of you, you don’t need to force it. Just focus on what you want to happen and let your magic do the rest.”

Nodding, Delphini turned back to the fist-sized stone and aimed her wand at it.

“Wingardium Leviosa,” she incanted.

“Relax,” Harry repeated when he saw her shoulders tense.

Blowing out a breath, Delphini relaxed just as the stone began shaking lightly. A second later, the rock stilled and slowly lifted off the ground. An excited gasp left her lips as she watched the rock rise higher and higher until her concentration slipped and it fell to the ground with a dull thud.

“I did it!” Delphini cheered.

Spinning around she surprised Harry by practically leaping at him and hugging him tightly.

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” she squealed.

“Er, you’re welcome,” Harry said, desperately trying to not enjoy the way her breasts rubbed against his chest as she bounced on the balls of her feet.

Pulling back, he cleared his throat awkwardly while Bella smirked at him knowingly.

“There’s someone I want you to meet,” Harry said, gesturing to Narcissa. “This is Narcissa Malfoy, she’s going to do a lineage test to see if figure out who your parents are.”

Delphini’s excitement at learning a new spell died quickly as she looked over at Narcissa with a mixture of trepidation and hopefulness.

“Perhaps we should take this inside,” Narcissa suggested with a small, nervous smile.

Nodding, Harry led the group back into the manor and into the living room. As everyone took seats, Narcissa pulled a thick, yellowed sheaf of parchment out of her bag and set it down on the low coffee table. Reaching into her pocket, she took out a small, elaborately decorated knife. Pricking her index finger with a wince, she pushed on the cut with her thumb until three drops of blood fell onto the parchment. Delphini watched with trepidation, her eyes wide as Narcissa tapped her finger with her wand and healed the cut.

“You’ll need to put three drops of blood on the parchment, but make sure that they don’t touch mine,” Narcissa instructed.

Delphini looked over at Harry questioningly. When he nodded encouragingly, she knelt down next to the table, picked up the knife, and pricked her finger with a grimace. After she put three drops of blood on the parchment, Hermione took her hand and healed the cut.

“Can you teach me to do that?” she asked, marveling at her unblemished skin.

"We'll get to it," Hermione assured her with a smile.

Narcissa, meanwhile, tapped her wand to the parchment and muttered a long, complex incantation. Slowly, the blood on the parchment turned black and began to form lines. Everyone leaned forward and watched with bated breath as a family tree formed. At the top, Delphini's name sat connected by clear, black lines to the names Bellatrix Lestrange and Tom Riddle. Delphini gasped and covered her mouth, her eyes glittering with unshed tears as more and more names began to form, including Narcissa and Draco Malfoy, along with Andromeda and Nymphadora Tonks.

Delphini finally looked up and stared at Narcissa who smiled softly.

"Hello, niece," she said.

After a brief pause, Delphini leaped forward and hugged Narcissa tightly. Harry and the girls smiled at the tearful reunion.

"What, no hug for your cousin?" Tonks teased.

With a tearful laugh, Delphini moved over and hugged her as well. When she pulled back with a bright smile, she looked back over at the parchment and stared at the names. Slowly, her smile dimmed when she traced her fingers over the names.

"My parents - are they...?" she asked hesitantly.

"I'm sorry, but your parents passed away many years ago," Narcissa told her.

Delphini sniffled as she nodded, clearly having expected it.

“Draco... why didn’t he tell me we were related?” she asked.

“We’re not entirely convinced that was him,” Narcissa answered, giving Harry a pointed look.

He sighed, but let it go for now. They could talk about that later when Delphini wasn’t in the room.

“Can you tell me about my parents?” Delphini asked hopefully.

Narcissa hesitated, giving Harry a chance to answer.

“Delphini, there’s something you need to know,” Harry said slowly.

“Harry –”

“I’m not hiding it from her,” Harry interrupted Narcissa firmly before turning back to Delphini.

Taking a deep breath, Harry told her everything he knew about Tom Riddle and Bellatrix Lestrage. He held nothing back, even admitting to being the one to kill her father. His heart broke as he watched her face pale and tears streak down her cheeks. He hated it, but he knew if he was in her place, he would want to know the truth, no matter how terrible it was.

“Bellatrix wasn’t always that way,” Narcissa said when he finished. “She was actually quite nice as a child. It wasn’t until she joined the Dark Lord that she began to lose her grip on sanity.”

“The Dark Lord?” Delphini asked, her brow furrowed.

“That’s what some people called Voldemort,” Hermione explained.

Nodding, she tucked her knees up to her chest from her spot on the floor and hugged them with her arms. Slipping down next to her, Tonks wrapped an arm around her shoulders and rubbed her back soothingly.

“Delphini,” Harry called out softly. “Until we figure out exactly what’s going on, I think it would be best if you stayed someplace safe. You can stay here, with us, if you want, or you can go back to England and stay with Narcissa.”

Delphini looked torn as she looked between Tonks and Narcissa.

“Would it be alright if I stayed here?” Narcissa asked.

Delphini turned to Harry and looked at him hopefully. He suspected Narcissa, in addition to spending time with Delphini, wanted to stay to try and get in contact with Draco to find out just what he was up to. In fact, he expected she would do that whether she stayed there or not. At least this way, he had the means to keep a better eye on her.

“I’ll ask Apolline, but I don’t think she’ll have a problem with it,” Harry said.

Delphini smiled at him brightly as he stood and walked over to the other wing of the manor, where Apolline was working. She happily agreed to let Narcissa stay when he asked. While he was there, he also asked about a way to teach Delphini magic. She suggested the school they had at the Enclave, something Harry had missed despite staying there for several weeks now. She would have to take classes with younger students, but since the school was small, they would be able to move her around as needed.

Delphini was ecstatic at the news, jumping up to hug Harry tightly. After getting Narcissa set up in one of the many bedrooms, he left Delphini to talk with Narcissa and Tonks while he went to talk about what to do next with Hermione and Bella.

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“We need to keep an eye on Narcissa,” Harry said quietly. “She’ll try to contact Draco at some point.”

“Do you think she knows anything?” Bella asked.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “She wouldn’t get involved with something like this after the war. She will try to talk him out of whatever he’s doing, though.”

“Assuming it’s not another imposter,” Hermione added.

Harry nodded, acknowledging her point.

“So, what do we do while waiting for Malfoy to turn up?” Bella asked.

“We keep looking for those missing Veela, they’re the priority,” Harry said. “We’ll start by looking at Rêves Brises tomorrow. Tonks and I will go in for a quick look while you and Hermione wait close by in case there’s trouble.”

Getting nods of agreement, the three of them got up and rejoined the others.

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Delphini felt completely emotionally exhausted as she finished getting ready for bed. In one day, she’d gotten her own wand, learned her first spells, and discovered a family she thought she’d never find. Finding out the truth about her parents hurt, but it was a relief to finally know the truth.

She wasn’t sure how she felt about Narcissa or Tonks yet, but both of them seemed genuine when she talked to them. It was shocking just how different they were. Where Tonks was brash and laid back, Narcissa was more still and formal. The person who had made the biggest

impression on her, however, was Harry. Delphini could tell how honest he was being just by looking in his eyes. When he told her about her parents, he looked almost pained, as if he understood how she felt all too well.

She wished Harry had been the one to find her first instead of Draco. Delphini knew he'd been using her, but the draw of magic, of finally understanding all of the odd things that happened to her, was too strong for her to ignore. It was even enough to make her do things she had a strong feeling were illegal.

But that didn't matter now, she thought, shaking her head.

Even after getting all the information he could out of her, Harry still had his wife and friends get her a wand and teach her magic while he went out of his way to find her family. There was just something about him that told her she could trust him.

Washing her face, Delphini picked her wand up off the sink and left the bathroom. As she stepped into the hall, she smiled when she spotted the man she'd just been thinking about.

"Hi, Harry," she said with a smile, suddenly feeling like a schoolgirl with a crush.

"Hey, you holding up okay?" he asked with genuine concern.

"I think so," Delphini replied. "Honestly, it doesn't even feel real yet."

"It will," Harry said, smiling kindly.

"Did you ever feel that way?" she asked.

"Constantly," he admitted. "I grew up with my aunt and uncle who hated magic. Every summer I worried I'd wake up and it would have been a dream."

Delphini nodded, knowing exactly what he was talking about.

“Why did your family hate magic?” she asked curiously.

“That’s a long story, and we need to get to bed,” Harry said with a small smile. “I have a lot of work to do tomorrow, and you have your first real magic lessons.”

Delphini nodded while smiling excitedly.

“Alright, good night, Harry,” she said. “And thanks, for everything.”

“You’re welcome,” he said. “Night.”

Harry walked into his bedroom as Delphini continued on to her own. Glancing inside, hoping to say good night to Hermione, she froze at what she saw. Hermione and Tonks were on the bed, topless as they kissed each other heatedly. Just before Harry closed the door, she saw Bella walk up and kiss him on the lips.

Was that normal in the magical world, Delphini wondered.

Biting her lip, she walked quickly down the hall to her room, hoping to relieve the pleasant ache between her legs before she went to sleep.

Chapter 9

Harry and Tonks walked in the front door of Apolline’s family manor at the Veela enclave with frowns.

“Nothing,” Tonks grumbled.

They had just returned from Rêves Brises, where they found nothing but a normal strip club. Untying her trench coat, Tonks tossed it off frustratedly. The only thing she wore underneath was an outfit of inch wide leather strips that crossed over her chest, exposing her breasts. A single strip led down to two more, one that covered her mound and one that circled her waist.

While they were working, Harry couldn't really appreciate how sexy she looked, but now he could look to his heart's content. He especially liked the way her large, perky breasts bounced and jiggled alluringly with every step. And he wasn't the only one that liked the outfit.

“Oh la la,” Gabrielle said. “Where did you get zat?”

“Paris,” Tonks replied, looking down at herself. “It does look good, doesn't it?”

“Maybe we could go shopping togezher?” Gabrielle asked.

“We could make it a girl's day out,” Bella smiled. “I'd love to see Hermione in something like that.”

Hermione shrugged, and then all of them turned as one to look at Harry.

“Fine with me,” he shrugged and grinned. “Why don't you go tomorrow while I head over to the Ministry and see what I can find out.”

Harry planned to see what he could find out about Malfoy's times in France, but he didn't want to say anything with Narcissa in the room.

“Narcissa, Delphini, do you want to come with us?” Hermione asked.

"No, thank you," Narcissa replied, then went back to her book.

"I'll come," Delphini said.

"How did your first day of classes go?" Harry asked as he sat between his wife and Tonks on the couch.

Delphini's face lit up with a bright smile.

"It was a little weird taking classes with eleven year olds, but I learned a lot," she said. "It feels like I found something I've been missing for all of my life."

Harry smiled, having felt the same when he first set foot in Hogwarts.

"Madame Monette said she is learning quickly," Apolline smiled. "If Delphini works 'ard, Madame Monette thinks she can be moved to second year by Christmas."

"That's great!" Harry grinned, slinging his arms over Hermione and Tonks' shoulders. "Did you learn any new spells today?"

"Yeah," Delphini smiled.

Reaching into the pocket of her ripped jeans, she pulled out a match and set it on the coffee table. With a wave of her wand and a muttered incantation, she turned into a perfect needle.

"Impressive," Hermione smiled.

"Kind of a weird spell, though," Delphini said. "Does anyone actually use it?"

“Well-” Hermione started.

“No,” Harry, Tonks, and Bella said in unison.

As they laughed, Hermione huffed playfully and crossed her arms over her chest.

“That exact spell, no,” she admitted. “But, it helps teach the basics of transfiguration. In fact, I used a variation of that spell just this morning when I couldn’t find my hairbrush.”

“Oh, I left it on the dresser,” Tonks said, then continued when Hermione looked at her in question. “Remember, I used it last night to spank Bella?”

“Is this sort of thing normal in the magical world?” Delphini asked suddenly, looking between Harry, Hermione, Tonks, and Bella.

“Not really,” Hermione said blushing.

“Eet ees rare,” Apolline added. “But eet sometimes ‘appens wiz very powerful wizards.”

“A big cock helps, too,” Tonks smirked.

“Must you be so crude?” Narcissa asked.

“Yes,” Tonks nodded.

Sighing and shaking her head, Narcissa closed her book and stood.

“I’m going to bed,” she said.

After everyone bid her goodnight, Harry and the girls decided to go to bed as well.

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As Delphini headed to her bedroom, she heard footsteps running up behind her. When she turned around to see who it was, she found Gabrielle grinning as she rushed to catch up with her.

“You learned the Finite Charm today, oui?” Gabrielle asked.

“Yeah, why?” Delphini asked.

The blonde Veela smiled brightly, “You’ll see. Sweet dreams.”

Delphini frowned in confusion as Gabrielle skipped down the hall. Shaking her head, she opened the door to her bedroom and walked inside. As she closed the door behind her, movement caught her attention, and her jaw dropped when she turned to look.

The wall separating her room from Harry’s was completely transparent. Tonks was straddling Harry’s waist and bouncing up and down vigorously, her head thrown back in a silent moan. Delphini suddenly understood what Gabrielle was hinting at. If she wanted to make the charm stop, she just needed to cast the Finite Charm on the wall. Even with that knowledge, however, she never even considered reaching for her wand.

Sitting down on her bed, Delphini watched as Hermione and Bella crawled onto the bed on either side of Harry. Each of them took turns kissing him and each other while Harry’s hand squeezed Tonks’s bouncing breasts. Though she could see their mouths moving, Delphini couldn’t hear anything from the other room and assumed they’d used a charm. With how feverishly Tonks was bouncing on Harry, she should have been able to hear something.

Biting her lips thoughtfully, Delphini debated with herself for a few moments before reaching down to the hem of her shirt. Pulling her shirt up and over her head, she then opened the clasp of her bra and tossed it to the floor. She took a moment to rub the red, indented skin under her breasts while glancing back at the wall.

In the brief time she'd looked away, Tonks had now moved to her hands and knees while Harry took her from behind. The new position gave Delphini her first glimpse of Harry's long, thick shaft, glistening as it hammered in and out of the metamorphs pink folds. Without taking her eyes off the scene, she stripped out of her jeans and panties. Propping herself up on the pillows, Delphini rubbed her damp mound as she watched Tonks' thick bum ripple from the impact of Harry's thighs.

She was so glad to have been caught by Harry, and not just for the show she was currently watching. Draco had shown her little and promised a lot, but only if she was willing to help him. Harry and his wife and friends were the complete opposite. They gave her everything she'd hoped for and more without expecting anything in return. They'd even kindly ignored her part in whatever scheme Draco was running and reconnected her with her family.

For the first time since she was a young girl, Delphini felt hope. And it was all thanks to the man she was currently watching fuck his Auror partner while his wife ate out another witch enthusiastically. She didn't know if what Apolline said about powerful wizards was true, but she could definitely understand why women would want to be with Harry.

Suddenly, Tonks clawed at the pillow her head rested on, and her legs spasmed wildly. Harry caressed her back and smiled, but not in the smug, self-satisfied way Delphini had grown used to seeing. It was a happy, caring smile as he let the witch under him ride out her climax. As Tonks collapsed onto her stomach, she finally got her first, unobstructed look at his cock.

A pulse of excitement and desire washed over Delphini as she slipped two fingers inside of herself. Before she had a chance to look at it for long, the Italian woman, Bella, crawled over the top of Tonks and stretched her lips around his girth. Impressively, she managed to swallow nearly three-quarters of his length before her shoulders heaved as she gagged. Bella pulled back about half an inch before Harry's hands gripped her head and held it in place while his hips began to saw back and forth.

Hermione crawled over from the side and kissed Bella on the cheek. Her lips moved, and Delphini wished again that she could hear what was happening. A moment later, the mystery was at least partially solved. Harry grew progressively more aggressive until Bella was visibly gagging with every thrust. A line of drool leaked out around her lips and dripped onto Tonks' lush ass.

Hermione's lips moved again, and Delphini imagined she was giving the other woman words of encouragement because, the next moment, Harry was pulling her lips closer and closer to the base of his cock. Delphini added a third finger and jerked her hand rapidly as she watched Bella's nose pressed against his groin. Harry held her there briefly before letting her yank herself off of his with a cough. Hermione was smiling brightly as she hugged and kissed her in celebration.

Delphini's mouth hung open as she panted, and her eyes closed for a moment as she imagined being in Bella's place. When she opened them again, the scene in front of her had changed. A gasp left her lips as she watched Harry pick up his wife and carried her over to the wall that separated their rooms. Hermione's round cheeks flattened like they were squashed against a plate of glass when Harry pinned her against the wall.

Hermione's head went back while Harry's hips snapped forward. As erotic as the sight was, Delphini found herself looking at Harry's face over and over again. She imagined that it was her he was looking at with such desire as he fucked her. Unconsciously, Delphini found herself moving her fingers in time with his thrusts, matching him thrust for thrust.

Behind them on the bed, Tonks had rolled over and buried her face between Bella's legs, but Delphini barely spared them a glance. Her entire focus was on the way Harry was pounding Hermione just feet away. At least it was, until the door opened.

Delphini froze as Apolline stood in the doorway with a sultry grin on her breathtaking face. As the tall, curvaceous blonde sauntered into the room, she dropped her light blue silk robe to the floor. Delphini had thought she and the other girls with busty, but they had nothing on Apolline's massive, unbelievably perky tits. She was so engrossed in watching the inhumanly beautiful blonde that she nearly missed when a nearly identical, though younger, woman entered the room.

“That sneaky little bitch,” Delphini muttered with a smile.

Gabrielle looked directly at the wall and smiled as she dropped her robe to the floor. Her breasts and figure weren’t quite as impressive as Apolline’s, but she was still incredibly alluring. While Delphini was looking at Gabrielle, Apolline had walked over to Hermione and kissed her over Harry’s shoulder. Harry looked briefly surprised before he smiled.

Suddenly, Apolline seemed to glow, and a wave of arousal unlike anything Delphini had ever felt before washed over her. As she moaned and shivered, Hermione bucked wildly in what she could only assume was a massive climax, much like her own. She bucked so hard that Harry’s cock fell out of her, and he came all over the wall before Gabrielle slipped under Hermione and took him into her mouth.

Once she had sucked him dry, Harry took Hermione over to the bed and laid her down gently with a kiss on the forehead. He was already getting hard again when he turned back to face the two waiting Veela with a grin.

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“Bonjour,” A familiar voice called out as Harry, and the others sat at the kitchen table.

“Fleur!” Gabrielle exclaimed with a grin.

Harry just had time to smile at Fleur as she entered the kitchen before Gabrielle darted over to her sister and hugged her tightly. Slowly, everyone else got up and said hello, with Harry receiving the customary kisses on his cheeks before introductions were made.

“Fleur, all of us girls are going shopping in Paris today. Do you want to join us?” Apolline asked.

“Oui,” Fleur grinned.

Sitting down across the table from Harry, she gave him a hungry look that left no doubt that either Apolline or Gabrielle had been talking to her.

Or both, Harry thought after a moment.

Unfortunately, that would have to wait until later. Once everyone had finished their breakfast, the girls all left for Paris, smiling and laughing together. Meanwhile, Harry took the Floo to the French Ministry and made his way to the records office. He spent hours looking for any mention of Malfoy. He found evidence of Malfoy taking several international Portkeys to France over the last three years. According to the records, he would arrive, stay for a week or two, and then leave without doing much of anything.

There was nothing that would lead him to another name or place like Harry had hoped. Just as he was starting to put away the files, he felt a tingle running down his spine and grinned. Narcissa had set off the Tracking Charm he'd placed on her by leaving the Enclave. Racing to put things away, Harry jogged toward the Floo and Disapparated.

When he reappeared in a busy city, though he wasn't sure which one, he spotted Narcissa's long blonde hair and followed after her. Tailing her through the crowd was easy, but getting close when she sat down at a small café was harder.

Dipping into an alley, Harry put on his invisibility cloak and carefully made his way back across the street. Finding a quiet corner to stand in near her table, he waited and watched as she ordered a cup of coffee and some pastries. After nearly twenty minutes, Harry spotted a familiar face approaching. Malfoy gave his mother a brief smile and a short hug before sitting down at her table.

"What brings you to France, mother?" Draco asked.

"You know very well why I'm here," Narcissa said. "Why didn't you tell me about Delphini?"

Malfoy's eyes widened briefly, and he leaned forward nervously.

“Who told you about her?” he demanded.

Narcissa apparently didn’t like his tone and narrowed her eyes.

“Harry found her and told me,” she said.

“Potter,” Draco growled.

“Draco, I don’t know what you’re involved in, but you need to get out. Now,” Narcissa warned. “Harry and the Aurors are on to you. I’ve already lost your father to Azkaban. Please, don’t make me lose you too.”

“I can handle Potter,” Draco said dismissively.

Harry smirked, thinking about the look on his face if he were to take off his cloak.

“At least tell me what you’re doing so I can help,” Narcissa said.

“No, it’s better if you don’t know anything,” Draco replied. “All you need to know is that things will be changing soon. With any luck, I’ll have father out before the year is out.”

“Draco,” Narcissa said sternly. “Our family barely survived the last war. If you get caught again, nothing we can do will stop them from coming down on us.”

Suddenly, Malfoy’s nervousness vanished, and he sat up with an arrogant smirk. His eyes glowed gold before he snapped his fingers, causing everyone and everything around them to stop. People froze mid-stride, birds hovered in the air, and even the light breeze came to a stop. Harry felt the magic grip him and had to resist the instinct to fight back. Breaking the spell

would have alerted Malfoy to his presence. It wasn't just a physical grip, though. There was a mental aspect to it as well. One that Harry shook off after a brief struggle.

Harry gripped his wand as he stared at a smirking Malfoy. This was far beyond any power he'd shown before. It felt unnatural. In fact, looking at him more closely, he even looked different. The way he sat, the way he smirked, and the look in his eyes all seemed slightly off.

"Draco, what have you done?" Narcissa said, horrified.

"Finally achieved the power our family deserves," Draco said, his voice reverberating with power.

With another snap of his fingers, everyone started moving again without showing any signs that something strange had happened. The pressure holding Harry and the magic trying to affect his mind vanished. Draco's eyes stopped glowing, and his confident air vanished with it.

"I should go," Draco said as he stood abruptly.

"Draco--"

"Go home, mother," he interrupted. "I don't want you getting involved in this."

Before Narcissa could stop him, Draco Disapparated. Harry looked around to make sure no one had noticed and was surprised when no one did. Turning back to Narcissa, he saw her with her head in her hands as she sobbed. Feeling bad for the woman, Harry slipped off his cloak, sat down next to her, and wrapped his arms around her shoulder.

"Please, don't kill him," Narcissa begged tearfully.

"I'll do everything I can not to," Harry promised.

As he rubbed Narcissa's back soothingly and her head rested on his shoulder, Harry's thoughts turned to Malfoy's glowing eyes. Something was seriously wrong.

Chapter 10

After returning to the Veela enclave, Narcissa immediately retreated to her room and closed the door while Harry gathered Hermione, Tonks, and Bella in the room he and Hermione were staying in. Quickly, he recounted following Narcissa and Malfoy's odd appearance.

"Do you think he performed a ritual?" Hermione asked.

"That doesn't sound like any ritual I've ever heard of," Bella said.

"What else could it be?" Tonks asked.

"Well, he could be under the influence of a magical artifact," Hermione said thoughtfully. "Or it might be possession. Either of those would explain the sudden mood swings. It would really help if I could see it for myself. Do you think Apolline has a Pensieve?"

"If she doesn't, I'll buy one," Harry said. "We need to find out what he's up to."

"So, Hermione's on research, obviously. What about us?" Tonks asked, pointing between herself and Bella.

"Bella and I are going to go through every bit of paperwork we can find that even mentions Malfoy," Harry said. "He must have left behind some kind of paper trail we can follow. I need you to follow him the best you can for the next few days."

"Alright," she nodded.

“Just be careful and keep a safe distance,” he told her. “I’ve never seen magic like this before. We have no idea what he might be capable of.”

“I’ll be fine,” Tonks replied, rolling her eyes. “Do we know where he’s staying?”

“There’s a hotel near the café where he met Narcissa in magical Paris,” Harry said. “I can’t remember the name. I think it started with a B.”

“Bettencourt,” Hermione said. “Ginny stayed there on her honeymoon.”

“That’s it,” he agreed. “Bettencourt. Check there and see what you can come up with. If we can connect him to one of the kidnappers, we might be able to get a warrant to surveil the Floo connected to his room. Make your job a bit easier.”

“We should get started now,” Bella said, glancing at her watch. “There’s still a few hours before the Ministry closes for the day.”

“We’ll meet back here at six,” Harry said.

With a nod from the girls, they all got up and went about their tasks. The next few hours didn’t reveal much. Tonks was able to confirm Malfoy was staying at the hotel, but she never saw him come or go. Harry and Bella didn’t find anything of use, but a full search of the records would take time, even with Hermione’s helpful charm.

Apolline didn’t have a Pensieve they could use, but she was happy to grant Hermione full access to their formidable library. While it wasn’t the best library in the world, it did contain the largest Veela-related collections in the world. If whatever magic Malfoy was using had anything to do with Veela, they would find it in there.

The next morning, Harry went out and bought a Pensieve and left it at the enclave so Hermione could watch his memory. She didn't know what kind of magic he was using, but she told him it would narrow down her search. While he was back at the Ministry pouring over records with Bella and Tonks was tailing Malfoy, Hermione sat surrounded by stacks of books in the enclave library. That's where she was when Fleur entered around noon.

"Bonjour, 'Ermione," Fleur said. "Lunch is almost ready. Would you like me to bring you a plate?"

"Please," Hermione sighed, setting another interesting but unhelpful book off to the side.

"Still no luck?" she asked, glancing at the cover curiously.

"No, nothing yet," Hermione replied. "I really don't have that much to go on. I feel like I'm trying to find a needle in a haystack."

"Is zere anything I can do to 'elp?" Fleur offered.

"You don't happen to know of a ritual or artifact that would cause a person's eyes to turn gold, give them powerful wandless abilities, and lead to brief changes in personality, do you?" Hermione asked.

"Non," Fleur smiled. "But I can 'elp you look."

"I'd appreciate that," Hermione smiled back.

"Patrice," Fleur called.

A House Elf appeared next to her, and she quickly spoke to it in French. Hermione frowned disapprovingly as it disappeared.

"Zey are free and paid," Fleur assured her. "Ze enclave 'as different laws zan ze rest of France."

"Oh," Hermione said, surprised. "Well... good."

Fleur smiled as Patrice returned, set two plates of sandwiches on the table, and then vanished again without a word. Taking a seat, Fleur grabbed one and took a delicate bite. She sat silently for a few moments until Hermione pushed her book aside and grabbed one for herself.

"I was surprised when maman told me about you and 'Arry," Fleur said. "I did not expect you and 'Arry to be so... open."

"It's relatively new for us," Hermione told her.

"Does 'Arry share you wiz ozzer men?" Fleur asked.

"No," Hermione said, shaking her head. "And I have no interest in it. Honestly, if it wasn't for Harry, I think I'd have ended up a lesbian."

Fleur laughed.

"What about you and Bill?"

"Oh, we 'ave been open since we started dating," Fleur said. "Beel likes to watch me wiz ozzer men."

"Really?" Hermione asked curiously. "Why?"

“‘E enjoys it,” Fleur shrugged, then smirked. “And I enjoy ze variety. I love teasing a man until ‘e begs.”

“Of course you do,” Hermione said, rolling her eyes and smiling teasingly.

Fleur smiled unrepentantly.

“I doubt you’ll get Harry to beg, though.”

“That’s alright. I ‘ave always wanted to push a man until ‘e snaps and ravishes me,” Fleur stared off into space and rubbed her thighs together.

“Now that can be arranged,” Hermione smiled.

Fleur blinked and focused on her with an intense gaze.

“You want to watch your ‘usband use me?” she asked huskily. “Rip my clothes off and take me when and ‘ow he pleases?”

Biting her lip, Hermione nodded, and Fleur smirked.

“I ‘ave an idea.”

The rest of the week crawled by. Even with Fleur’s help, Hermione had yet to find anything useful. Harry and Bella had combed through all the files the French Ministry had on Malfoy and came up empty-handed. He had several business dealings in France but nothing that connected him to the kidnappings. Following him also yielded nothing. He barely left the hotel, and when he did, it was to eat at one of the many restaurants in magical Paris. They knew he was probably using the Floo in his room to come and go, but until they had enough for a warrant, they couldn’t see where he was going.

For Harry, there was an added frustration. By the end of the day, the girls were always so tired that they all simply crawled into bed and fell asleep. After weeks of nightly sex, to suddenly go without was difficult. To make matters worse, it felt like Fleur was teasing him every chance she got. Every time they were in a room together, she found some reason to bend over, giving him a glimpse at her smooth, firm cleavage or presenting him with her thick, round bum.

It was all unintentional, he was sure, but after a week-long dry spell, everything she did felt that much more enticing.

It wasn't until Sunday that they could finally take a break. It was a French holiday, and the Ministry had actually made it illegal to work with a permit. Harry thought that was a bit excessive, even for the French, but he agreed that they could all use a rest.

They ended up spending the morning and part of the afternoon lounging on the beach. Seeing so much bare skin on display left Harry aroused and hopeful that at least one of the girls would be up for some fun later that night. Seeing Fleur topless for the first time, especially, had excited him. Her breasts were perfection. They were the perfect size for her frame and sat like perfectly shaped teardrops, bouncing on her chest with even the slightest movement. He hadn't been able to stop himself from staring as she applied tanning oil, leaving them glistening in the bright sunlight.

Eventually, they packed up and headed back to the enclave for dinner. As they gathered around the table to eat, Harry noticed that Fleur, Gabrielle, and Apolline had relaxed their Allures. That, combined with the silk robes that barely covered their bodies, only made his eyes wander more. And he wasn't the only one affected. Hermione, Tonks, and Bella were all overly affectionate with their Veela hosts. Their girlish laughter, lingering caresses, and teasing banter left Harry dealing with a straining erection under the table for most of the meal.

After dinner, they moved into the living room. Harry sat on the couch between Hermione and Tonks while Fleur opened a bottle of wine. As she bent over to pour herself a glass, the front of her robe fell forward, revealing the entirety of her right breast. His eyes trailed over her supple flesh when she suddenly looked up and caught him staring. Smirking, she straightened up and brought the glass to her lips.

“Maman, could you get ze mirror?” she asked.

Apolline left the room while Fleur brandished her wand and levitated the coffee table off to the side. Curious, Harry glanced at Hermione. He could tell just by looking at her that something was planned, and she knew what it was. Before he could question her, Apolline returned, levitating a full-length mirror and set it in the middle of the living room.

“Merci,” Fleur smiled.

“What’s the mirror for?” Harry asked.

“Beel will be calling soon,” she replied.

“It works like that mirror Sirius gave you,” Hermione explained.

“Oh,” Harry said.

As he turned back to Fleur, the reflection of Fleur’s bum shimmered and turned into a man’s knee. Harry looked up as Bill smiled and waved. He was seated in a chair in a small but comfortable room.

“Hello everyone,” he said.

“Bonjour, mon amour,” Fleur replied, turning to face the mirror as everyone else greeted him.
“Ermione ‘as a question for you.”

“Sure,” Bill shrugged.

Hermione leaned forward and cleared her throat.

“We’re looking for a ritual or an artifact that makes a person’s eyes turn gold, alters their personality, and gives them powerful magic,” she said. “We think it’s linked to the Veela disappearances that have been happening, so it might involve them somehow.”

“Huh,” Bill grunted, furrowing his brow in thought. “Well, most any ritual or artifact that increases magical power results in some form of altered personality, so that doesn’t really help. The gold eyes, though. Now, that is unusual. Do you have anything else to go on?”

As Hermione described the powers Malfoy had exhibited in careful detail, Fleur walked over to the coffee table, sat down her half-empty glass of wine, and made her way over to the couch. Pausing in front of Harry, she flashed him a smile and then suddenly turned around and sat down on his lap.

Out of nowhere, her Allure hit him like a sledgehammer. His erection from dinner returned with a vengeance, pressing insistently against her bum. Glancing over her shoulder, Fleur smirked before leaning back against his chest. With her head resting next to his, she arched her back, thrusting her breasts so far forward that the sash of her robe came undone. He watched as if it were in slow motion as the opening parted, sliding smoothly against her skin until her glorious body was bared to the room. Harry’s fingers flexed as he resisted the urge to grab her breasts.

“Harry, if you don’t do something, I will,” Tonks growled. “I’ve been waiting all week for this.”

Her words acted like a splash of cold water, instantly focusing his mind.

“Wait, you’re the reason I haven’t had sex this week?” he asked, turning to look at Fleur.

Her bright blue eyes glittered as she smirked.

“Oui,” she said. “Are you angry with me, ‘Arry? Do you wish to punish me?”

Growling, Harry grasped her breasts and squeezed them harshly. Fleur gasped and moaned, grinding her bum against his erection.

“Mmh,” she moaned. “You’ve wanted me since the Tournament, non? ‘Ow many times ‘ave you imagined getting me in your bed?”

“A lot,” Harry admitted, kneading her breasts and toying with her pink nipples.

Another wave of her Allure washed over him, and his cock lurched.

“Maman was right. You are so strong,” Fleur whispered huskily. “Any other man would ‘ave fucked me by now. Even Beel still gives in. He’s not as strong as you.”

Harry glanced up at the mirror. Bill did his best to maintain his conversation with Hermione, but he continually glanced at them. His view was blocked when Fleur sat up, spun around, and knelt over his lap. Shrugging her shoulders, her robe slid off her body and fell to the floor.

“Let go, ‘Arry,” she said, caressing his shoulders. “I ‘ave been a bitch, non? Telling your lovers to ignore you. Teasing you wiz a body you ‘ave always wanted. Take me. Use me while my ‘usband watches.”

Harry glanced over at his wife, and she nodded. That was all the permission he needed. His hand shot out and grabbed a handful of Fleur’s silvery hair. She gasped, her eyes widening at his sudden aggression. For the first time in his life, he gave into the Allure, allowing it to guide him. He was confident the other girls would keep him from going too far.

With his hand in her hair, he pushed Fleur’s face down towards his crotch. She started to fold herself in half before she scooted back and knelt between his legs. Her eyes excitedly locked on the throbbing bulge in his shorts. Without direction, she grabbed the waistband and pulled them down his legs, revealing his straining, swollen cock. The thick, purpled head pulsed with the beat of his heart, and Fleur licked her lips eagerly.

Leaning forward, she opened her mouth and extended her tongue. Just as she was about to make contact, Harry grabbed his shaft and lifted it away. Holding her head firmly in place, he raised his formidable length and slapped it on her upturned face. Fleur gasped as he dragged his cock across her pretty face, leaving a glistening trail of precum on her forehead.

Scooting his hips forward, Harry tugged her head down until her lips pressed against his balls. Fleur didn't hesitate to take them into her mouth. She moved back and forth, from one to the other, while his cock slid across her face. Her bright blue eyes smoldered as she stared up at and lovingly bathed his balls with her tongue. The sight was so alluring that Harry couldn't hold himself back any longer. Giving her hair a tug, he guided her lips to his engorged head and pushed.

Fleur obediently opened her mouth and wrapped her plump lips around his shaft. Three-quarters of the way down, she gagged, but Harry kept pushing until her cute, angular nose touched his abdomen. Closing her eyes, she choked, her throat spasming around his length for several seconds before he relented and let her pull back for a breath. Immediately after, he hilted himself in her throat once more.

"Hey, Bill, you want a... drink?"

A pretty brunette had entered Bill's room with a bottle of mead in her hand. Staring at the Harry and Fleur, she blinked, nonplussed. Everyone in both rooms froze for a long moment except for Fleur—who continued to gag—until the woman snorted and closed the door behind her.

"I see your wife found a new cock," she said.

Fleur tapped on Harry's thigh, and it took a second for him to realize he was still holding her down. Relaxing his grip, she pulled back, sucked in a sharp breath, and glanced over her shoulder.

"Bonjour, Elise," she said, stroking Harry's length.

“Fleur,” Elise nodded. “That’s a big one. He’s at least twice the size of Bill. Wait. Is that Harry Potter?”

“Oui,” Fleur smirked before turning to Harry. “Don’t worry, Elise won’t tell anyone.”

“I don’t really care,” Harry growled.

Tugging her head forward, he fed his cock between her lips and plunged into her throat.

“Wow, I’ve never seen someone treat your wife like that before,” Elise said, taking a seat on the arm of Bill’s chair. “Normally, they’re so addled she has to remind them to breathe. Hey, Fleur, you mind if I have a bit of fun with Bill while we watch?”

Harry was too busy thrusting in and out of her mouth for her to answer, so she raised a hand and waved it in an impatient, uncaring motion. Reaching over, Elise opened Bill’s trousers and pulled out his erection. He wasn’t small, but he wasn’t anywhere near Harry’s size, either. With a sigh, she wrapped her hand around his length and started lazily stroking him.

“Pity you’re not as big as Potter,” Elise said. “Think I can talk him into fucking me when we get back to England?”

“Maybe,” Bill panted.

Elise snorted and smirked.

Harry tuned out their conversation as he pulled Fleur off his cock and lifted her onto his lap. Grabbing her bum, he pulled her close and sucked a nipple into his mouth. She moaned and ran her fingers through his hair while he grabbed his length with his free hand and teased his head between her folds. He found her dripping wet and burning hot. Fleur let out a whine and flexed

her hips, trying to position him at her entrance, but his hand held her in place. Letting her nipple slip from his lips, he gazed up at her.

“Beg,” he demanded.

Fleur licked her lips and met his gaze but said nothing. Pressing his engorged head against her clit, Harry shook himself back and forth, drawing a gasp from her lips.

“Arry,” she whined, arching her back.

“Beg.”

She let out another gasp and trembled before looking down at his face.

“Arry, please, fuck me.”

Placing himself at her entrance, Harry grabbed her hips and speared into her depths. Fleur cried out and dug her nails into his back as he used his grip to raise and lower her roughly on his cock. A moment later, she trembled through a brief but intense climax, and he switched his grip to her bum. He used his muscular arms to move her on top of him until she recovered enough to move herself.

“So big,” she gasped, rolling her hips.

Spanking her harshly, Harry dropped his face between her breasts to suck and nip at her pale, tender flesh. Fleur groaned and rode him harder, her thighs clapping loudly against his.

Harry took a moment to close his eyes and savor the fact that he was finally deep inside Fleur Delacour, something that he had fantasized about for two decades. Thankfully, reality didn't

disappoint. Even compared to the other Veela he'd slept with, Fleur was unique. Her depths were unbelievably hot.

After a week without sex, it was a struggle not to let go and finish as fast as he could. It was only the thought of utterly ravaging her, using her perfect body to make up for twenty years of teasing and a haughty attitude, that held him back.

He was going to make this the greatest experience of her life.

As that thought crossed his mind, Fleur moaned and shook her way through another climax. Her face scrunched up beautifully as she worked her hips back and forth, grunts and groans leaving her lips.

When she finally relaxed and collapsed against his chest, Harry wrapped his arms around her and carried her off the couch. He slid forward to his knees and laid her down on her back on the fluffy white carpet. Laying down on top of her, he pressed himself as deeply as possible and kissed her passionately. Fleur moaned into his mouth, her arms and legs wrapping tightly around him as he began to work his hips.

He moved at a deliberately slow and steady pace. She wordlessly begged him to go faster by rolling her hips and flexing her legs, but Harry held firm. His deliberate, lengthy thrusts built her climax slowly. Ripping her lips away from his with a gasp, she writhed under him as it continued to build torturously.

"Arry," she panted, her nails raking his back. "Please, s'il te plait. So close. So close."

Harry waited until she was teetering on the edge, her breaths coming in stuttering gasps, before he suddenly started fucking her hard and fast. She tensed under him, shivering like a string ready to snap, and then she broke. Clinging to his body, she screamed so loudly it hurt his ear. Her toes curled as her muscles flexed so hard she trembled. His cock was bathed in her arousal as she shook, eyes rolling into the back of her head.

Slowing his thrusts, Harry continued to rock back and forth, grinding against her clit and extending her peak. Fleur writhed under him for a full minute before letting out a shuddering breath and going limp.

“Mon Dieu,” she breathed. “I ‘ave never cum like zat.”

“I’m not done with you yet,” Harry whispered.

He fucked Fleur in every position imaginable for the next hour until he left her exhausted, sweaty, and dripping with cum. Both of them had been so absorbed with each other that they’d forgotten anyone else was watching until he pulled out of her, and Tonks immediately dove between her legs.

Looking at Bella and Hermione, Harry knew his night was far from over. Just before he got distracted by his eager wife, he spotted Delphini on her back, groping her perky breasts as Gabrielle ate her out. He’d completely forgotten she was there, but the sudden mental image of fucking the daughter of Voldemort and Bellatrix Lestrange had him spearing forcefully into Hermione depths.

Three days later, Harry, Bella, and Hermione were discussing new avenues of investigation when Tonks charged into the room excitedly.

“I think I’ve got something,” she said. “Where’s the Pensieve?”

“In the library,” Hermione said as they all got to their feet. “What happened?”

“I saw Malfoy Disapparate from the street and managed to follow him,” Tonks answered as they quickly made their way toward the library. “He went to an old Roman Amphitheatre in Nimes.”

They reached the library, and Tonks made straight for the Pensieve sitting on one of the tables. Pressing the tip of her wand to her temple, she drew out a long, silvery memory. She deposited it into the Pensieve quickly, and they all shared a brief look before dipping their faces into the surface. After a moment of falling, they landed outside a round amphitheater built of pale stone just as Tonks appeared out of thin air.

She looked around wildly for a moment before hurrying after a tall man in a nice Muggle suit with a familiar head of blonde hair. Harry, Hermione, Bella, and Tonks followed after them. Walking to the entrance, Malfoy met with a short, round-bellied man in casual clothes that were caked in dirt.

“Mr. Black?” the man asked.

“Indeed,” Malfoy drawled.

The man smiled and held out his hand.

“Remi Lemaire,” he said. “It’s a pleasure to finally meet you.”

Malfoy looked at Remi’s dirty hand and sneered.

“I’m sure,” he said. “I’m here to check on my investment. Have you made any progress?”

Remi awkwardly dropped his hand, his smile falling for a moment before he hitched it back in place.

“Yes, yes, of course,” he said. “Follow me.”

Turning around, Remi led Malfoy to a narrow doorway and down a set of carved stone steps. The Memory of Tonks snuck down after them, and Harry and the girls followed, descending beneath the amphitheater.

“Black?” Harry sighed, shaking his head. “I should have thought of that. Of course, he’d use an alias. We’ll have to check the records at the Ministry again.”

“We’ll have to check Muggle records, too,” Tonks said, gesturing to the bottom of the stairs.

They stepped out at the bottom into a large stone room with a low ceiling. It was lit by dozens of floodlights while people dug and sifted through the dirt. Notably, not one of them used a wand, and if Harry knew one thing about magicals, it was that if they could do something with magic, they would.

“They all look young,” Hermione said. “University students?”

“Maybe,” Bella nodded.

Remi led Malfoy over to a long table stacked with plastic bags.

“We’ve made some remarkable discoveries,” he said excitedly, picking up a bag delicately. “This pottery is in a style that predates the amphitheater by almost two hundred years. It suggests that something else stood here before. Given the amount of pottery shards, we think it might have been a temple.”

“Interesting,” Malfoy said unenthusiastically.

Remi looked troubled for a moment and set down the bag before his expression changed and he excitedly grabbed another.

“We found some gold jewelry, as well,” he said, holding it up to the light. “We also found over two hundred denarii so far.”

“I see,” Malfoy said, still looking unimpressed. “Any more tablets?”

Remi grinned excitedly.

“Oh, yes!” he said triumphantly.

Gesturing Malfoy to the end of the table, he carefully lifted up the bottom half of a large stone tablet and set it on the table.

“We still don’t know what language it’s in, but we have the language department working on it,” he said.

Malfoy’s eyes flashed gold briefly before reverting to their natural grey.

“Where’s the other half?” he asked, trailing his finger over the broken edge at the top.

“We’re still looking for it,” Remi said. “But I have high hopes we’ll find it. This end is remarkably intact.”

“Make it your priority,” Malfoy ordered.

“Hey! Be careful!”

“Sorry,” a young woman said, steadying the sifter she’d bumped into.

“That’s me,” Tonks said with a shrug. “I was trying to get closer.”

Malfoy turned back to the tablet and traced his fingers over the letters.

“Good work,” he said. “Let me know immediately if you find anything else.”

“Yes, of course,” Remi nodded.

Picking up the tablet, Malfoy walked back towards the stairs. Remi raised his hand and opened his mouth to protest but suddenly stopped and shook his head just as the memory came to an end, and they found themselves back in the library.

“Those were Runes,” Hermione said. “I’ll have to take a closer look to translate it, but this might be the clue we need to figure out what Malfoy’s up to.”

“Good,” Harry said. “We’ll start looking into this first thing in the morning. Great job, Tonks.”

Tonks grinned as they left the library and headed to the dining room for dinner.

Chapter 11

Cold fear gripped Harry’s heart as he shot up in bed. Sweat trickled down his temple as he fought to get his panicked breathing under control. The adrenaline rapidly began to fade as he gazed down at the bed and took in the sleeping faces of Hermione, Tonks, and Bella. He inhaled deeply as he lay back down against the pillows, let it out slowly, and closed his eyes.

He couldn’t remember anything from the nightmare that had woken him except for a pair of inhuman, glowing gold eyes. They had stared into his soul, filling him with terror, the likes of which he hadn’t felt since the war.

As if she could sense his distress even in her sleep, Hermione rolled over and laid her arm across his abdomen. Harry responded by wrapping an arm around her shoulders and drawing her close.

Sleep alluded Harry for the rest of the night. He lay in bed, watching the sun slowly rise through the edge of the curtain. Once the sun had fully risen, he crawled out of bed, careful not to disturb the girls, and made his way down to the kitchen. The house was completely silent as he made himself a cup of coffee and took a seat at the table.

“You’re up early.”

Harry blinked and looked up from his half-empty mug. Apolline stood in the doorway clad in a light blue Acromantula silk robe and smiled.

“Woke up and couldn’t get back to sleep,” he explained. “You?”

“I am always awake zis early,” she said.

While she walked over to the counter and poured herself a cup of coffee, a House Elf popped in with a tray of croissants, placed them in the oven, and popped away. On her way back to the table, Apolline grabbed a bowl of fresh fruit from the counter and placed it between them.

“You do not look like you slept well,” she noted, popping a grape into her mouth.

Harry sighed, “Nightmare,” he said. “I have them once in a while. It’s no big deal.”

Thankfully, she didn’t prod him any further, and a moment later, two owls flew in through the open window. One flew toward Harry with the morning paper clutched in its talons, while the other landed in front of Apolline with a letter tied to its leg. Placing a couple of Knuts in the pouch, he took the paper and flipped it open when she gasped suddenly.

“What is it?” Harry asked worriedly.

“Zere’s been an attack at ze Enclave een Holland,” Apolline said softly.

“How bad?” he asked.

“Twenty missing,” she replied after a moment.

“Shit,” Harry cursed. “I need to Floo Kingsley.”

Apolline nodded absently as he climbed to his feet and rushed into the sitting room. Grabbing a handful of powder from the vase on the mantle, he tossed it into the fireplace. A bright green fire burst into life.

“Fifty-two Hillside Lane,” he said, thrusting his head into the flames.

His head spun sickeningly through the Floo international system for several long seconds before he finally stopped at a fireplace, looking out at a quiet, quaint living room dominated by a worn blue couch.

“Shack!” Harry yelled. “You here!?”

Kingsley rushed into the room dressed in his work robes and with a piece of buttered toast in his hand.

“Harry,” he said in surprise. “This can’t be good if you’re calling me at home.”

"The Veela enclave in Holland was attacked last night," Harry said. "They lost twenty Veela last night. I think it's connected to our case. Can you get a hold of their Ministry and see if they'll let Bella take a look around?"

"Just Auror Senatore?" he asked curiously.

"Yeah. I need Tonks here for surveillance, and I don't feel comfortable leaving while Malfoy is still here."

"Are you sure he isn't behind this attack?" Kingsley asked.

"As sure as I can be," Harry said. "Markus said they'd notify us if he left the country. Besides, there's no evidence he was involved in any of the other kidnappings. Malfoy isn't the kind to get his hands dirty if he can avoid it."

"Alright," Kingsley nodded. "I'll head into the office early and see what I can do."

"Thanks, Shack," Harry smiled and pulled his head from the flames.

Falling back through the international Floo system was even worse than falling forward. He felt physically ill by the time he pulled his head from the fireplace and had to sit with his head between his legs for a moment until his stomach settled. When he returned to the kitchen, he was relieved to find the girls were already up and gathered around the table.

"Good, you're up," he said, retaking the seat next to Hermione. "I just got off the Floo with Kingsley. He's going to talk to the Dutch Ministry and see if they'll let us take a look at the scene. Bella, I'm going to need you to go and take a look."

Bella nodded with a hard look on her face.

“Tonks,” Harry continued. “I need you to check on Malfoy at his hotel. If he’s still there, send me an owl, and then I want you to slip into that archeological site. Use as little magic as you can, but I need you there. Whatever’s on that table is important to Malfoy, and I want to get it before he does. Let me know the second they find it.”

“Fine,” Tonks sighed, taking a bit of yogurt. “I always get the shit jobs.”

“If it makes you feel better, Hermione and I will be in the library trying to translate the tablet from your memory.”

“Oh,” she said, then smiled. “Yeah, that makes me feel a bit better. Thanks.”

Half an hour later, Kingsley Flooed to let them know the Dutch Ministry was willing to accept their help. Bella quickly packed and left for Holland while Tonks headed to Malfoy’s hotel. Harry and Hermione had just finished setting up the Pensieve when they received her owl letting them know he was there and that she was going to slip into the archeological team at the Colosseum.

Grabbing a notepad and a pen, Harry and Hermione dove into Tonks’ memory. When they got to the tablet, they paused it, and Hermione carefully copied it.

“These aren’t like the Runes I studied at Hogwarts,” she said with a frown.

“Is that going to be a problem?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know,” Hermione said, biting her lip. “It would help if I knew what time period it was from. Given Malfoy’s interest in it, I think we should start by looking at the magical runic languages, but we shouldn’t rule out the possibility that it could be Muggle.”

Harry sighed and nodded. Once she had finished copying everything over to her notepad, they left the Pensieve. The process of finding the right runic alphabet to translate the tablet was

simple but time-consuming. They looked through every book they could find for runic alphabets and then tested them one by one until they found a translation that made sense. This was made more difficult by the fact that some of them seemed to make sense in the beginning, only to fall apart later.

It was a long and frustrating process. Magicals had used Runes long before and after Muggles had moved on. There were hundreds of different possible alphabets that could have been used, and it was entirely up to luck if they found the right one. They discussed sending it to Bill, Hogwarts, or even Gringotts for translation since they had much more experience with the language, but because of what had happened to Malfoy and the possible danger involved, they ultimately decided against it.

“Runic languages have a magic of their own,” Hermione warned. “It’s why magicals still use them.”

“So, just reading this thing could be dangerous?” Harry asked incredulously.

“No,” Hermione said, shaking her head. “But reading it under the right circumstances could be. Until we know what we’re dealing with, I think it’s best we keep this to ourselves.”

Harry reluctantly agreed and returned to his work. Over the next three days, they made little progress other than discovering a couple dozen runic alphabets that didn’t work. They worked from early in the morning to late into the evening, only occasionally taking breaks for meals. By the middle of the third day, Harry was nursing a mild but persistent headache, and the Runes began to blend together from so much constant reading.

Taking off his glasses, he rested his elbows on the table and rubbed his eyes tiredly.

“Why don’t you go take a break?” Hermione suggested.

“I’m fine,” Harry said, fixing his glasses.

His wife rolled her eyes and gave him a disbelieving look.

“Harry, I can tell when you’re in pain,” she said. “Go take a break. Maybe get some fresh air. I’ll take a break for dinner soon.”

“Alright,” he said, raising his hands in surrender.

His back ached as he pushed himself to his feet, and he paused to stretch with a groan. Walking over to Hermione, he kissed the top of her head and made his way out of the library. He decided to take her advice and go outside. Making his way to the courtyard just off of the dining room, he looked through the glass doors and spotted Delphini. She was alone, diligently practicing her Charms.

Slipping outside, he silently closed the door and watched. Despite her late introduction to magic, she was progressing in leaps and bounds. Harry wasn’t sure if it was because of her age or a manifestation of an innate gift for magic that both of her parents had possessed, but she showed a remarkable aptitude for spell casting. In just a couple of weeks, she’d progressed to third year material in Charms, Transfigurations, and Defense.

As he watched her banish stones one by one at a tree trunk with impressive skill and accuracy, he wondered if she was ready to try something a little harder.

“Having fun?” he asked with a smile.

Delphini jumped in surprise and spun around.

“Oh, Harry,” she said, holding a hand to her chest. “You scared me.”

“Sorry,” he grinned. “You seem to have the Banishing Charm down pat.”

"Thanks," Delphini smiled. "I struggled a bit when I learned it yesterday, but I'm getting the hang of it."

Harry chuckled.

"When I went to school, it took us two weeks just to get to the point where we didn't accidentally send each other flying across the room."

"Really?"

"Well, most of us," he amended. "Hermione mastered it in about a week. For the rest of us dunderheads, it took a little longer."

"Oh, well, you started a lot younger, didn't you?" she asked.

"True," Harry nodded. "But I think it's more than that. You have a gift. Powerful magic runs on your family on both sides."

Delphini frowned and toyed with her wand.

"I've been trying not to think about them much," she admitted softly.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of," he told her firmly. "Who your parents are and where you come from doesn't dictate who you will be."

She stared down at her wand thoughtfully, but the conversation was going in a direction he didn't want it to. Delphini needed more time to come to terms with the truth about her parents before she would be ready to talk about it.

“Why don’t we put you to the test?” Harry asked, plastering a smile on his face. “Let’s see if you can handle something a bit more advanced.”

“Like what?” she asked curiously.

“The Summoning Charm,” Harry said. “It’s pretty much the opposite of the Banishing Charm. Watch.”

He aimed his wand at one of the stones lying near the tree trunk.

“Accio.”

The stone rose into the air and shot directly into his hand.

“Neat,” Delphini grinned.

“Ready to give it a try?” he asked, then continued when she nodded. “The key to summoning is to have a clear picture of what you want to summon in your mind. Then, just point your wand, give it an upward flick, and say, ‘Accio.’”

With a nod, she turned to face the tree. A look of intense concentration came over her face as she aimed her wand at one of the stones.

“Accio!” she yelled.

One of the stones launched into the air like a bullet. It whizzed between their heads before they had time to react and smashed through one of the windowpanes of the door. A House Elf appeared out of nowhere and stared confusedly at the damage.

"Sorry," Delphini called, her cheeks turning pink.

Harry stifled a laugh as the House Elf repaired the window and vanished the rock with a snap of his fingers.

"Let's try that again, but with a little less exuberance," Harry smiled.

Delphini took a deep breath and leveled her wand at one of the stones.

"Think about what you want to happen, not just about *making* it happen," he instructed.

"Accio," she said.

Another stone flew into the air and shot toward Delphini's head. Thankfully, this one was moving much slower than the last one, and Harry had plenty of time to reach out and catch it before it hit her in the face. She grinned as he opened his hand to show her the stone.

"Nicely done," he smiled. "Now, let's see if you can combine summoning and banishing. I want you to banish this away from you, then summon it back before it hits the ground, then summon it again. And just to make this a bit safer..."

Harry waved his wand over the stone and transfigured it into a red throw pillow.

"Give it a shot."

"Depulso. Acco--"

The pillow hit the ground before she could finish the incantation for the Summoning Charm.

“You have to be really quick,” Harry said.

Delphini struggled with the next several attempts. Sometimes, she stopped focusing on her aim, sending the pillow careening off wildly to one side or another. Other times, she banished it properly but wasn’t focused enough on the Summoning Charm to get it to work. After a dozen tries, each better than the last, something clicked, and she performed it flawlessly.

“Depulso. Accio. Depulso. Accio.”

The pillow bounced back and forth in mid-air like a yo-yo before Delphini banished it one last time.

“I did it!” she exclaimed.

Spinning around, she surprised Harry with a tight hug. Harry chuckled and hugged her back.

“I leave you alone for five minutes, and this is what you get up to.”

He turned and smiled at Hermione, who had her arms folded over her chest in faux irritation.

“Sorry,” Delphini said, letting him go and taking a step back. “I just got excited.”

“Oh, is that all?” Hermione asked sternly.

Harry could tell she wasn’t really upset. Her eyes didn’t hold the same fire as they did when she was truly angry. But Delphini couldn’t tell the difference. She looked genuinely worried as Hermione stalked toward them. Before he could think of something to say, his wife stopped next to him, turned, and reached for his belt.

"I know what you're really after," she said, unbuckling his belt and popping open the button of his trousers.

"Hermione," Harry exclaimed.

"Be quiet," she barked.

Turning her back to Delphini, she mouthed the words 'play along' before tugging his trousers down his thighs and exposing him.

"This is what you want, isn't it?" she asked, stroking his limp member lightly.

"I-I don't, uh," Delphini stammered, her wide eyes locked on his groin.

"Don't play games with me," Hermione huffed and turned to Harry. "Did you know this little slut's been spying on us? Gabrielle's been putting a one-way Viewing Charm on her wall for weeks!"

Of course, he knew that. They all did. Gabrielle had asked them if she could do it. He had no idea what game his wife was playing, but he trusted her.

"Er, no. I didn't," he lied.

"Uh. I, uh," Delphini continued to stammer.

"You wanted my husband's cock, well, here it is," Hermione said, waggling his rapidly swelling length.

"I-"

“Shut up and suck it, now, or I swear to god you’ll never get another chance,” Hermione ordered.

Delphini took a large step forward and dropped to her knees so fast that Harry wondered if she’d even had time to fully process the words before she moved. She licked her lips and tentatively raised her hand toward his shaft. Before she could even get close to touching him, Hermione impatiently and roughly grabbed a handful of her black and purple hair and used her grip on his length to shove them together. Harry gasped as he slipped into her warm, wet mouth.

“Go on,” Hermione growled, shoving Delphini’s head down until she gagged. “You want it, take it!”

She roughly forced her lips up and down his length several times before releasing her hair and letting her take over. Delphini bobbed her head slowly a few times and then looked up. Harry only caught a glimpse of her wide, violet eyes before his head was forcibly turned to the side, and Hermione claimed his lips in a steamy, demanding kiss.

Breaking the kiss a few seconds later, she smirked and stepped around Delphini so that she had one leg on either side of her body. Hermione wrapped her arms around Harry’s neck and held his gaze as she rolled her hips. Her pelvis pressed against the back of Delphini’s head and forced her forward. As she gagged, they looked down to see her staring up at them with red, watery eyes.

Hermione pulled her hips back, giving Delphini a brief moment to catch her breath before she pressed forward again. She rolled her hips back and forth, using her hips to fuck him with Delphini’s mouth.

“Yes,” she hissed. “Choke on it, you little bitch.”

Harry blinked and stared at his wife in surprise. He’d never seen her act like this. Her hooded, lust-filled gaze held his as she pressed her hips forward relentlessly, forcing Delphini to take

most of his length. She gagged loudly as a thick string of saliva rolled down her chin and dripped onto her T-shirt. He reached down and stroked her right cheek gently, even as a black, mascara-filled tear streaked down the left.

Hermione finally backed away, and Delphini immediately pulled back to suck in a much-needed breath. As she panted, Hermione knelt down next to her.

“You’ve got a lot to learn if you want to please my husband,” she said condescendingly. “I only give him the best.”

Taking him in hand, she surged forward and swallowed him effortlessly. Harry groaned and tangled a hand in her bushy hair as her nose pressed against his pelvis. She pulled back just a couple of seconds later, smiled smugly at Delphini, and then slipped behind her. Grabbing the bottom of the young woman’s T-shirt, she pulled it over her head, revealing a lacy black bra. Hermione impatiently unclasped the garment and shoved it down her shoulders.

“Oh my,” Hermione smirked. “Look at that.”

She cupped Delphini’s breasts from behind. Each one just slightly overflowed her hands, but both she and Harry were much more focused on the silver bars that pierced each of her small, pink nipples. Hermione slipped her thumb and forefinger behind each of the bars and tugged them forward. With a groan, Delphini closed her eyes and arched her back, unintentionally putting her breasts prominently on display.

“What do you think, love?” Hermione asked.

“They suit her,” Harry said.

“Hmm, they do, don’t they,” she agreed.

Suddenly, Hermione stood, grabbed Delphini by the arm, and marched her over to the picnic table. Sitting on the bench with her back to the table, she pulled Delphini in front of her, unbuttoned her ripped jeans, and yanked them, along with her knickers, down her legs. As soon as she stepped out of them, Hermione grabbed her piercing and tugged her forward. Delphini yelped and bent over with her hands supporting her weight on either side of Hermione.

“Let’s hope you can take a dick better than you can suck one,” Hermione said, twisting her piercings.

Delphini groaned sensually as Harry stepped up behind her, caressed her round bum, and lined himself up with her entrance. Just grazing her folds, he could feel how hot and ready she was for him.

“Fuck her hard,” Hermione ordered, continuing to twist and tug at Delphini’s piercings.

Harry sank into her depths up to the hilt with a single slow thrust. Delphini gasped, and her legs trembled as he bottomed out.

“Fuck!” she exclaimed, her face screwed up in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

“Ever had one that big before?” Hermione asked.

“Noo,” Delphini groaned as Harry worked his length back and forth in her tight folds.

“Well, get used to it,” Hermione said without a shred of sympathy. “My husband gets frustrated doing research. He’s more of a man of action. So, since everyone else is busy working during the day, you’re his new plaything whenever you’re not in class. Got it?”

“Oh, God, yes!” Delphini cried.

She came hard as Harry relentlessly pounded into her from behind. He watched the way her fit bum rippled from the impact of his thighs and gave it a smack, drawing a shuddering moan from her lips. As she arched back, Hermione leaned forward, capturing one of her piercings between her teeth. Slowly, she pulled back, distending her jiggling breast until the metal bar slipped from her grip.

Suddenly, Hermione roughly grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her in for a searing, tongue-filled kiss. The movement of Delphini's body, along with her divided attention, made it extra sloppy. Their mouths met and separated sporadically and sometimes missed entirely. Both of their lips and chins glistened with saliva from their failed attempts. The sight only caused Harry to fuck Delphini harder, making the problem even worse.

"I'm getting close," he warned.

Hermione pulled away from Delphini, slipped under her arm, and stood next to Harry. She shoved him in the chest, and the surprise of the move caused him to take half a step back. As he slipped free of Delphini and regained his balance, Hermione grabbed her by the hair and pushed her down to her knees. Grabbing his shaft, she pulled him forward until the tip was just a couple of inches from Delphini's face and stroked him furiously.

Harry groaned as he reached his peak. His length swelled and throbbed, but nothing could get past his wife's tight grip. When he throbbed for a third time, she relaxed her hold, and a huge wad splattered Delphini's eyes, nose, and lips. The next burst landed a streak that went from the tip of her nose to the crown of her head. The final three weren't as explosive, and Hermione was able to easily direct them into Delphini's open mouth.

Panting, he took a step back and surveyed the beautiful mess he'd just made.

"Tonks was right, that was a lot more fun than I thought it would be," Hermione said. "I wasn't too rough, was I? Gabrielle said this was the kind of thing you fantasize about, but I know I have a tendency to take things a bit too far."

"That was brilliant," Delphini grinned. "I just wish I could see."

“Sorry,” Hermione chuckled. “That happens sometimes.”

Using her finger, she cleared her eyes so that she could open them. As Delphini blinked open her eyes, they met Hermione’s, and they both burst into giggles.

“You’re a mess,” Hermione said. “Come on. Let’s get you cleaned up before that stuff dries in your hair. It’s a nightmare to get out once it does.”

She helped Delphini to her feet and led her toward the house before looking at Harry over her shoulder.

“Can you grab her clothes and bring them to the bedroom?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry said.

He watched them go with a smile and started to do up his trousers when he noticed Narcissa watching him from the kitchen window. Her arms were folded over her chest, her hip cocked to the side, and her left eyebrow was quirked. Her entire being radiated a single word.

‘Really?’

Harry tucked himself away and shrugged helplessly. It really hadn’t been his fault this time.

Narcissa stuck her nose up in the air, turned, and stormed out of sight.

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.

~

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.”

~

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.