

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 quick 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.

~~~~~

"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 snuffle. "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 residence 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 from 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 Renaud, liked to buy Veela and use them as strippers. Each time he was arrested, the man somehow managed to weasel his way out 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...”

~~~~~

“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 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 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 kneeled 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 incredible 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 peak,” 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.

~~~~~

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 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.

~~~~~

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 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.