

## 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 towards the counter with his chin held high. In the dim light of the store, the large, bulging eyes of several House Elves shown 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.

"Wha'dya 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 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 down 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 was six beautiful, blonde women, completely naked, dirt, grim, and faint scratches and 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.

“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 looking 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 was 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 angrily 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.



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 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 surrounded 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 hilding 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 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 passage way, 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 in 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 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.