

Witness Protection

“Harry!” Tonks yelled as she jogged into the Auror offices stumbling as she stubbed her toe on the door frame.

Harry set down his quill and stood up, looking over the wall of his small, cluttered cubicle.

“Yeah, what’s up?” He asked.

“Shack needs to see you, he said it’s urgent.” She told him.

Harry frowned, wondering what was happening that Kingsley, the new Minister for Magic, would call for him like this. Nodding at Tonks, he quickly made his way out of the offices and to the elevator down the hall. Once inside, he pressed the button for the first floor and waited at the back of the elevator as he made his way up. Fortunately, it was only one floor up, so the trip didn’t take long.

“Level one, Minister for Magic and support staff.” Came the disembodied female voice of the elevator informant.

The golden doors of the elevator opened and Harry stepped out into a whirlwind of activity. Dozens of witches and wizards ran around the room, talking loudly as they read, gathered and passed around pieces of parchment. Harry ducked as a flock of inter-departmental memos flew overhead, breaking off simultaneously to head to their respective recipients. Carefully making his way through the madness, he opened the door to the Minister’s outer office.

The door closed behind him, cutting off the buzz from the staff offices and leaving him in a sudden silence. Inside the outer office sat the Minister’s personal secretary, Joanne, and two Aurors who were assigned to be the Minister’s personal bodyguards. Joanne was a thin, middle-aged witch with dark brown hair, streaked with grey, a thin, pointed nose, and sharp, hawk-like eyes. Her normal kind smile was replaced with a stern, serious expression, and the Aurors that

stood on either side of the door to the Minister's inner office looked tensed, their wand held at their sides, ready to be used.

"He's waiting for you." Joanne said, forgoing any kind of greeting.

Growing more worried by the moment, Harry nodded and strode quickly to the door, nodding to the Aurors standing guard as one of them opened the door for him. Entering the Minister's office, he saw Kingsley standing behind his desk, his back to Harry, looking out of the large window overlooking the Atrium. There were two other people in the office, sitting in front of the Minister's desk. The one on the left was Connie Hammer, an older witch with black hair, a strong jaw, and a long scar over one cheek. She was the current Head Auror, and many compared her to the late Amelia Bones, both in terms of skill and her steadfast adherence to the law.

Harry was quite surprised to notice the person on the right was Penelope Clearwater, a girl he hadn't seen since she graduated Hogwarts in his third year. Penelope was tall and curvy, with dirty blonde hair, hazel eyes and a beautiful, sharp featured face. Harry had always had a bit of a crush on Penelope, or Penny as they had called her at school. Even as she sat, nervously staring at her lap as her finger fidgeted with the hem of her light blue robe, he couldn't help but glance at the curves of her large breasts and wide hips.

"Ah, good. You're here, we can get started." Came Kingsley's deep, rumbling voice.

Harry jerked his head up to look at the him, hoping his staring at Penny would be put down to surprise. Straightening his back, he walked up to the desk and stood between the two chairs, anxious to learn what was happening.

"Earlier this morning, the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot, Tiberius Ogden, was attacked in Diagon Alley, on his way to Gringotts." He continued. "He'll recover, but he wasn't able to identify his attacker. However, Ms. Clearwater saw the attack and identified the attacker as Marcus Hopkirk, the Senior Undersecretary."

Harry's eyes widened, staring at Kingsley in shock.

“What!?” Harry yelled. “But, why? Why would he attack Ogden?”

“After the attack, Ms. Clearwater, who works at the book store owned by Hopkirk, grabbed some files from his office and brought them to us when she reported the attack. It seems, that he was selling information to the Death Eaters on the whereabouts of Muggleborns that he got from his records of owl deliveries.” Kingsley explained.

Harry’s expression went from shock, to a mixture of horror and anger remembering the mock trials led by Umbridge and the hundreds of Muggleborn witches and wizards that had been kissed by the Dementors.

“I didn’t know, I swear!” Penelope burst out desperately, her eyes welling with tear as she gazed helplessly from one face to the next. “I knew he did something illegal with all the extra money that was on the books, but I thought he was just selling illegal books or something and I really needed the work. I’m a Muggleborn! I *never* would have taken the job if I had known-”

“I believe you, Penelope.” Kingsley said in his calming voice.

Harry reached out and placed his hand on her shoulder, giving it a reassuring squeeze as he smiled at her. Penelope sank back into the chair, looking calmer, but still upset.

“But that still doesn’t explain why.” Harry said, looking back at Kingsley. “Why attack Ogden? No one knew he had done anything. Why take the risk of exposing himself now?”

“Later today, the Wizengamot planned to vote on a new law that would give the Ministry access to all Ministry and Wizengamot employee banking records, including the Minister, without the need for a warrant.” Kingsley explained. “We did this in the hope that it would prevent the overt bribes that happened in the past. My guess is, when Hopkirk found out about it, he got scared that we would find out about what he did and panicked. When he ran into Ogden in Diagon Alley he attacked him, hoping that it would stop, or at least postpone, the law from passing.”

“How do you want my department to handle it?” Connie asked, startling Harry as he had almost forgotten she was there.

“I want to keep things as quiet as possible.” He told her. “No one outside this room knows Hopkirk is even a suspect right now, and I want to keep it that way until we have an air tight case against him.”

Kingsley reached into his robes, pulling out a thick, brown folder filled with sheets of parchment and handed it to Connie.

“These are the files Ms. Clearwater took from his office. Get everything you can from them and then report back directly to me.” Kingsley instructed her, then turned back to Penelope. “In the meantime, it’s too dangerous for you to go back to your job. If Hopkirk is willing to attack the Chief Warlock in Diagon Alley, there’s no telling what he would do if he thought you were helping us. Auror Tonks has already been briefed. She will be going undercover to pose as you until the situation is resolved.”

Kingsley turned to look at Harry.

“Harry, I need you to take Ms. Clearwater into witness protection. She’s the only one that can tie Hopkirk to the attack until we gather more evidence. I need you to take her to your place and protect her around the clock, it should only be for a few days.”

“Of course.” Harry said, more than willing to help an old friend.

“Ms. Clearwater.” Kingsley said, looking down at her as she slouched in the chair, looking miserable. “I know this isn’t ideal, but it’s very important that we keep you safe. I need you to listen to Auror Potter and do everything he says, do you understand?”

“I understand.” Penelope said quietly.

“Good.” He said, sitting down in his chair with a sigh. “This couldn’t have come at a worse time.”

Everyone looked at him attentively, waiting to see what other problems there were.

“The public is already having a hard time trusting the Ministry again after the war. If they find out that the new Senior Undersecretary was involved with the Death Eaters...”

“Kingsley, we can’t just sweep this under the rug.” Harry said incredulously.

“It’s not that simple, Harry. The public barely trusts us. If they find out that someone who helped the Death Eaters was put in such a high position there could be riots.” He told him, the lines on his face showing the stress he was under.

“And what happens when they find out we kept it from them?” Harry asked rhetorically. “You need to show them that the Ministry has changed. Just be honest about it, there was no way we could have known. When people see that you’re being open and honest, and that you’re trying to fix things, they’ll be more willing to trust you.”

Kingsley sighed, staring down at his hands for a few moments before he looked back up.

“What do you think, Connie?” He asked.

Connie raised an eyebrow at him, as if surprised that he was seeking her opinion. She took a moment to gather her thoughts before she answered.

“I think Auror Potter is right.” She said finally. “Nothing is going to change around here until we start changing it.”

“Alright.” Kingsley said after a moment, giving in. “You’re right. We’ll make an announcement once we have enough to press charges. Until then, Harry, you take care of Ms. Clearwater, and Connie, you start looking through those files.”

Recognizing the dismissal, Harry and Connie stood up. Connie turned and left the room quickly, while Harry held out his hand, helping Penny up from the chair.

“Use the Floo, Harry. I don’t want anyone to know she was here.” Kingsley told him. “If anyone asks, you’re on special assignment until further notice. You report directly to Connie or me.”

Harry nodded and waved goodbye to Kingsley as he grabbed Penny gently by the arm and led her over to the fireplace.

Leaning down, he whispered into her ear. “The home of Harry and Fleur Potter can be found at Shell Cottage, just South of Tinworth, Cornwall.”

Penny looked at him curiously, prompting him to explain.

“Our house is under the Fidelius charm.” He told her, grabbing the pot of Floo powder and holding it out to her. “Just Floo to Shell Cottage.”

Penny grabbed a small handful of the powder and threw it into the fire, turning the flames emerald green.

“Shell Cottage!” She called out as she stepped into the fireplace and disappearing in a flash of bright green flames.

As soon as she was gone, Harry grabbed a handful for himself and set the pot back on the mantle. Throwing the powder into the fireplace, he stepped into the flames and gave one last nod to Connie and Kingsley.

“Shell Cottage!”

The room spun out of view as grates began flashing by as he whirled through the Floo network. Harry felt as if his stomach was in his throat by the time he got to his grate and stepped out, only to end up stumbling to the hard, wooden floor of Shell Cottage as his feet slammed to an abrupt stop, grunting in pain as he landed on his knees and elbows.

Hearing a tinkling laugh, Harry looked up to see his beautiful wife, Fleur, covering her mouth as she giggled at him, her bright blue eyes sparkling with amusement. Despite himself, Harry couldn't help but smile back at her, dusting off his robes as he stood up.

“Bonjour, mon amour.” Fleur said, gliding gracefully across the room to give him a hug and a peck on the lips. “What brings you ‘ome so early?”

Fleur's eyes darted over to Penelope, who was standing awkwardly off to one side, looking around the house curiously. Looking back at him, she raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow and give him a suggestive smirk. Harry shook his head at her antics, chuckling quietly. One thing he learn about Veela early on was that they were always thinking about sex. Not that he was complaining, of course. His wife, in particular, enjoyed bringing other women into their bed. She once explained it to him as the Veela in her wanting to show off how skilled and powerful her man was.

“Fleur, this is Penelope Clearwater. Penny, this is my wife, Fleur.” He said by way of introduction.

For the next few minutes, Harry explained to Fleur how he knew Penny, and why she would be staying with them for a few days. Fleur grew more serious at his explanation and moved over to reassure Penny.

“Don't worry, ‘Arry won't let anyzhing ‘appen to you.” Fleur assured her with a welcoming smile. “Make yourself at ‘ome. You can stay in zhe guest room.”

Fleur glanced around the room searchingly for a moment, a frown coming over her face.

“Where are your zhings?” Fleur asked.

“I didn’t have time to grab anything.” Penny told her, looking a bit more comfortable.

“I’ll send an owl to Connie and have them grab some things. Is there anything specific you want?” Harry asked, grabbing a quill and parchment from a nearby table.

Writing down the small list of belongings she listed off to him, he tied the letter to an owl and sent it off to the Ministry. While he was sending off the letter, Fleur had looped her arm through Penny’s and began leading her through the house.

“Don’t worry, you can borrow some of my clothes unteel yours get ‘ere. I zhink we are about zhe same size.” She said, looking up and down Penny’s curvaceous figure. “Come. I’ll show you to zhe guest room.”

With that, she dragged Peeny off to get settled. Two hours later, the girls came into the kitchen just as Harry was finished making dinner, talking and laughing like they had been friends for years. Harry was glad to see that Penny looked much calmer and more comfortable as they ate. Penny also caught Harry up on what she had been doing since leaving Hogwarts.

Even before the war, Penny had found it difficult to find a good job at the Ministry. Getting a good job there had been much more about who you knew, and what family you were from, than it was about how good your grades were, or how well you could do the job. After struggling to find a position there for months, she finally landed a job as the secretary to the Goblin Laison Office. She had been excited at first, and work long hours to prove herself. However, it quickly became clear to her that it was a dead-end job, with virtually no chance of promotion.

Eventually, Penny decided to leave the Ministry and try to find work elsewhere. Around the same time, she ended her relationship with Percy, who was worried about how her leaving her

job would affect his career. Fortunately, she found a good job working at a store in Diagon Alley called Maria's Marvels, which made and sold a variety of enchanted objects. Not only did the job pay well, but she was also learning to become an Enchantress from the owner, Maria Montgomery. Things were finally starting to look up for Penny.

Then, the war started in earnest. Once the Death Eaters took over the Ministry, Penny fled back to the Muggle world and stayed there until Harry had defeated Voldemort at the Battle of Hogwarts. Despite her family's wish for her to stay, Penny returned to the Magical world. Upon her return, she had learned that her former boss and teacher, Maria, had been killed by the Death Eaters just days before Voldemort's defeat for helping Muggleborns flee the country. The store itself was left to Maria's grandson, who had no interest in keeping the business, and had it up for sale.

Once again, Penny had to find a new job. After weeks of searching, she found a job working at a book store owned by the current Senior Undersecretary, Marcus Hopkirk. She had hoped that if she could show Hopkirk how good of a worker she was, that he might be willing to help her get a better job at the Ministry. When Harry asked her why she didn't just go to the Ministry to get a job now that the Death Eaters were gone, he was dismayed to learn things at the Ministry hadn't changed despite the war.

Penny had been offered her old job in the Goblin Laison Office, but turned it down. As Penny told him how Marcus Hopkirk had no interest in helping her get a better job at the Ministry, he became increasingly frustrated with the way people refused to change. He made a mental note to talk to Hermione to find a way to start changing the hiring practices at the Ministry and he also planned to find a job at the Ministry for Penny where her talents could be properly utilized.

After dinner Fleur and Penny retreated to the living room with a bottle of wine, while Harry went to the study that he and Fleur used as an office to write a few letters. Half an hour later, he watched as the large brown barn owl Fleur had bought for him winged its way off into the night. Standing up, he stretched and made his way back to the living room, pausing to lean against the door frame as he looked inside.

Fleur and Penny were standing in front of the fireplace, both side on to him, facing each other as they talked. Fleur was doing her best to seduce Penny, smiling flirtatiously and touching Penny's arm as they talked quietly. He knew it would be considered quite unprofessional to sleep with a woman he was supposed to be protecting, but frankly, he didn't really care. Fleur

had taught him that it didn't make him a bad person to be a little selfish and enjoy life sometimes. Besides, even if he was caught, there was no way they would fire him.

It had taken Fleur some time to get him used to the idea of bringing other women into their bed. Now though, after years of being together, he was much more comfortable with the idea. As Fleur continued to flirt with Penny, he took a moment to appreciate their wonderful figures. Silhouetted by the fire, they looked quite similar. Both were tall and blonde, with full figures and large breasts. There were some noticeable differences between them though.

While Penny wore light blue robes, Fleur's were a pale silver. Penny's hair was a few shades darker than Fleur's, and her breasts were a bit bigger. They both had thin waists and large hips, but Fleur's ass was larger, jutting out much more than Penny's. Though, that's not to say that Penny didn't have a nice ass, far from it. As he watched, they moved closer to one another, their large breasts pressing together. Looking up, he saw that Fleur had made her move, pressing her lips to Penny's. Penny seemed to freeze for a moment in surprise. Fleur kissed her gently, her lips moving slowly as Penny began to kiss her back hesitantly.

Fleur's hand moved up, gently stroking Penny's cheek and brushing her hair behind her ear, giving Harry a clear view of their soft, pink lips moving together. Penny started to relax and he could see Fleur slip her tongue into her open mouth. Harry felt himself growing hard as he watched Penny slide her tongue against Fleur's, dancing together between their moist, pink lips.

They pulled apart a few moments later, panting lightly, their faces still close together. Fleur gave a sexy smile as she ran her fingers over Penny's cheek and down her slender neck to her collar bone. Penny blinked as if coming out of a daze, her eyes going wide as she realized what she was doing, but still, she didn't try to move away.

"But, what about Harry?" Penny asked in a whisper.

"Oh, I don't think 'e will mind." Fleur said, looking over at him where he leaned against the door frame.

Penny's gaze followed Fleur's and she let out a gasp when she saw him. She looked frightened, like she might bolt out of the room any moment. Harry gave her a reassuring smile as Fleur slid behind her, wrapping her arms around her waist. Fleur moved her hair out of the way and pressed her lips to her neck, just below the ear, kissing and sucking at the smooth delicate skin.

"Harry, I..." Penny trailed off, unsure what to say.

Harry walked up to her slowly, worried that any quick movement might scare her off. When he reached her, he placed one hand on her waist, the other hand reaching up to gently caress her cheek with a feather light touch.

"We're not going to make you do anything you don't want to do, Penny." He told her in a soft, caring voice. "If you say stop, we'll stop, okay?"

Penny swallowed nervously and nodded, but his words seemed to calm her a bit. She no longer looked like she was going to run from the room in fright. Leaning forward, Harry gave her a slow sensual kiss that Penny happily returned.

"We're going to 'ave so much fun togezher." Fleur whispered into her ear.

Harry felt Penny shiver as Fleur's warm breath ghosted over her delicate skin, causing goosebumps to rise on the smooth, pale flesh of her neck. Stepping back, Fleur quickly turned Penny to face her, capturing her lips heatedly while she ran her hands along her sides. Running her hands up her sides and over the generous swell of her breasts, Fleur's nimble fingers began undoing the clasp of Penny's light blue robes. It wasn't long before she had them open, leaving Penny's robes parted about an inch in the middle, giving him a glimpse of her lacy white bra.

With Penny's robe open, Fleur reached up and started undoing her own robes, swiftly undoing the clasps, and shrugging it off her shoulders to land in a pool around her feet. Her lacy, see-through black bra looked a size too small, the smooth, pale flesh of her large breasts protruding from the tops of the cups. He could clearly see her hard, pink nipple peeking through the gaps in the lacy design of the material. Her panties seemed as if they were made from as little fabric

as possible and the waistband was pulled up high, following the curve of her hip bone. This left all of Fleur's luscious thighs and pert round cheeks exposed to his hungry gaze.

Fleur slipped her hands inside of Penny's open robe, parting it further to show her flat stomach, and ran them up her body and around the sides of her breasts to rest on her shoulder's. Slowly, she moved her hands outward, pushing the heavy fabric off of Penny's shoulder until it too fell to the floor. Penny's solid, white bra and plain panties may not have shown as much skin as Fleur's, but he found the view no less tantalizing as his eyes raked over her body.

The contrast of black and white lingerie, and the way Fleur's mouth was devouring Penny's as her hands began to explore her curvaceous figure was striking. Like a seductive devil was corrupting an innocent angel.

Reaching behind Penny's back, Fleur undid the clasp of her bra pulling it off of her and her large, pale breasts bounced into view. Unlike Fleur's impossibly perky mounds, Penny's breasts sagged slightly under their substantial weight, though not in an unattractive way. Her areolas and nipples were a darker tan color and crinkled, as compared to Fleur's which were light pink and puffy. When they moved closer to each other and their breasts squashed together, it was easy to see that Penny's breasts were about a cup size bigger than his wife's. Although, Fleur's breasts seemed to be firmer as Penny's softer mounds gave way as they pressed together.

Fleur broke the kiss, a seductive smile on her lips as she looked at Penny. Backing up half a step, she gave Penny body an appreciative glance before grabbing her hand, and leading her over to the couch. Once there, she guided Penny into laying down so that her head was resting on the arm of the couch. Fleur then climbed over the top of her and knelt over her hips, leaning down to kiss her passionately on the lips, her breasts brushing against Penny's as they dangled beneath her.

Harry pulled off his Auror robes and tossed them aside. Grabbing one of the chairs, he sat down as he started to undo the buttons of his shirt. Fleur pulled back from Penny's lips, kissing her way down her jaw and neck. When she got to her chest, Fleur grabbed two handful of her soft mounds, a large amount of her tits spilling out around her hands, and pressed them together. Fleur licked her pink lips, making them glisten, and opened her mouth, sealing her lips around one of Penny's nipples and sucked lightly. Letting go, she started kissing and licking Penny's hard, thick nipples.

Fleur began switching between breasts, playing with each nipple for a few moments before switching to the other. Harry pulled off his pants and boxers, leaving him naked as his eyes stayed riveted to the two beautiful women on the couch. As he watched, Fleur took one of Penny's nipples into her mouth and sucked hard, pulling her head up and stretching her breast upward until the nipple fell out of her mouth with a loud *pop*. Penny's breast jiggled as it dropped back onto her chest, her nipple sticking up red and swollen for Fleur's attention.

Harry stroked his cock slowly as Fleur switched back and forth between Penny's nipples, sucking hard until the popped out of her mouth, leaving both nubs swollen, red, and glistening with his spit. Penny moaned at the attention she was getting, running her hands through Fleur's hair and pulling her closer to her chest. After a few more moments, Fleur let go of Penny's breasts and kissed her way down her stomach, grabbing her panties and pulling them down her legs.

Harry was only given a brief glimpse of Penny's bald, wet pussy before it was covered by Fleur's hand as she gently played with her delicate folds. Penny moaned loudly, thrust her hips towards Fleur's hand. Fleur maneuvered herself so that she was laying on her side along the length of Penny's body, with her back resting against the back of the couch. She leaned down and kissed Penny passionately, their tongues sliding against each other sensuously as Fleur slid her middle finger between her moist lips, grinding the palm of her hand against her sensitive clit.

"Oh god." Penny moaned, thrusting her pussy against Fleur's hand as she panted wildly.

Fleur added a second fingers, her hand pumping faster and harder as Penny writhed on the couch. Grabbing her hand, Penny's body went taught and her head fell back, eyes closed and mouth open in a silent scream as she came. Fleur kissed her neck, sucking and nipping at the skin as Penny convulsed beneath her from her sudden climax. Penny collapsed against the couch as her orgasm ended, breathing heavily as Fleur continued to kiss and caress her body.

Turning her head to look at him, Fleur mad a come-hither motion with her hand, beckoning him over to them. Harry stood up and walked over to the couch, while Fleur sat up and helped Penny to do the same. Fleur was sitting right behind Penny, her arms wrapped around her waist as Harry approached, his rock-hard cock bobbing in front of him. Penny's wide eyes were locked

on to his impressive erection as he came to stand in front of her, his swollen, throbbing head aimed right at her mouth.

Fleur giggled at her reaction and kissed her on the cheek as she reached out and grabbed his cock, stroking it gently.

“You can touch eet.” Fleur whispered into her ear. “I know you want to.”

Penny reached up, her hand trembling nervously as she ran her fingers down his hard shaft. Tentatively, she wrapped her hand around the base of his length, just below Fleur’s hand. Fleur let go of his cock and grabbed him by the hips, pulling him closer so that his rigid shaft was close enough to their faces that he could feel their warm breath washing over his skin. Moving so that she was sitting next to Penny, instead of behind her, Fleur leaned forward and licked the head of his cock.

Harry hissed in pleasure as her moist tongue flicked across his sensitive tip. Parting her plump lips, she wrapped them around the head, sucking lightly as she pulled back, her tongue swirling around the tip as she did. As her mouth left his cock, she turned to Penny who was watching her with rapt attention. Smiling at her, she placed her hand on the back of Penny’s head and gently guided her forward until her lips grazed the tip of his cock.

Looking up at him, Penny opened her mouth and wrapped her pink lips around the head of his cock. Unlike Fleur, she just held his cock in her mouth, her tongue resting against the bottom of his engorged tip. Fleur turned to her, whispering encouragement and instruction into her ear. With Fleur’s help, Penny quickly relaxed and began to work his cock, bobbing her head up and down the top half of his cock as her tongue slithered around his solid length.

Harry groaned in pleasure as her hot, wet mouth surrounded his cock as she sucked hard. While her mouth felt fantastic, the most erotic part was the constant eye contact she kept with him, staring into his eyes as her lips stretched around his girth. When she pulled back for a moment to take a breath, Fleur reached over and grabbed his cock, pulling it over to her mouth. She didn’t waste any time, opening her mouth wide and swallowing the entire length in a single push. His cock plunged into her mouth and straight down her throat, making Harry moan and Penny stare at her wide eyed.

She held him deep in her throat for a long moment, her nose nestled in his curly pubes, before she pulled back slowly, sucking hard as her lips dragged up the length of his shaft. With a *pop*, she pulled off the head of his cock, smirking up at him as he panted from the intense feeling she had given him. Turning to Penny, she giggled at the stunned look on her face and then leaned forward to whisper in her ear. Penny smiled at her and nodded, leaving Harry curious as to what they had in store for him.

Fleur and Penny both leaned forward, holding his rigid cock in place as they met in an opened mouth kiss with the head of his cock trapped between them. Harry gasped in pleasure as their lips and tongues met over his sensitive tip as they danced against each other. Harry groaned at the incredibly sexy scene in front of him and placed a hand on each of their head, massaging their scalps. After a couple minutes kissing around him, they went back to taking turns sucking cock. When Penny took him back into her mouth, Fleur moved her head to the side and sucked on the lower part of his shaft, her lips and tongue wrapping around his girth and brushing against Penny's lips when she descended down his length.

It was much longer before Harry felt his climax building. The sight and feeling of two beautiful women working together to suck his cock quickly became too much for him.

"I'm close." Harry warned.

Fleur grabbed his cock and swallowed him whole again, rapidly bobbing her head as she drove him into her throat again and again. Harry tensed up, his hands tightening in their hair and his cock swelling as his orgasm approached. Fleur backed off until just the head was trapped between her succulent lips, jerking his shaft furiously while sucking hard on the head. Harry came with a grunt, his cock pulsing in her mouth as he shot several hard jets of hot, salty cum into her hungry mouth. She collected it all into her mouth, running her thumb up the underside of his cock and continuing to suck hard to get every last drop.

When his climax ended, Harry pulled his cock out of her voracious mouth, his tip too sensitive to take anymore stimulation. As he panted heavily from his intense orgasm, fleur gave in a sultry look and opened her mouth, showing him the large pool of cum she had gathered, swirling it around with her tongue. Closing her mouth, and making sure that he was still looking,

she turned to Penny and put her hands on her cheeks. Slowly, she moved her face closer to Penny's, her intentions clear.

Penny leaned into her, parting her lips as they met in an opened mouthed kiss. Harry felt his spent cock give a jerk as it tried to make itself had again as he watched the two beautiful women swap his cum between them. Some of it dripped out from between their lips, running down Penny's chin with a couple drops landing on her breast. The girls continued to kiss for a few seconds before they broke apart.

Fleur, noticing the cum that had escaped, leaned down to lick it off of her breast, and then moved up to lick the cum that was on her chin, flicking her tongue over Penny's bottom lip. For some reason, this caused them to break into a fit of giggles, once again reminding him that her would never fully understand women.

"Maybe we should take this into the bedroom." Harry suggested, once they calmed.

Fleur's eyes lit up and she gazed at Penny hungrily as she gave a sexy smirk.

"Oui." She said, standing up from the couch.

She grabbed Penny by the hand and pulled her up off the couch and down the hall to the bedroom. Harry trailed behind them with a smile as he watched them go, his eyes locked onto their swaying backsides as they walked ahead of him. By the time he made it to the bedroom, Fleur and Penny had already climbed onto the bed, kneeling in the center of the large, soft mattress and kissing passionately. Wrapping her arms around Penny, Fleur laid down on her back, pulling Penny on top of her. Grabbing Penny's cheeks in her hands, Fleur pulled them apart, letting him know what she wanted him to do.

Climbing onto the bed, Harry moved over until he was behind the two of them and ran his hands over Penny's thighs and up to her round cheeks. With the girls spreading their legs, he had access to both of their leaking pussies. He grabbed the base of his cock, and ran it up and down between their lips, covering the head of his cock in their arousal. When Penny showed no

sign of wanting him to stop, he placed his head at her entrance and slowly sank his cock into her hot, moist depths.

Penny let out a gasp, followed by a long, low moan as he stretched her tight walls as he slowly entered her until he bottomed out, his balls resting against his wife's lips. Harry pulled back until just the head of his cock remained, before thrusting back into her, making Penny moan even louder, her eyes screwed up in bliss. As he fucked her with long, steady strokes, Fleur kissed along her jaw and ear, whispering naughtily to her hands groped her huge breasts.

"You love eet, don't you?" Fleur breathed huskily into her ear. "Harry's cock ees magnifique, oui?"

"It feels some good." Penny moaned.

Fleur kissed Penny heatedly for a moment, before scooting back on the bed until her pussy was right under her face. Surprisingly, Penny didn't show any sign of hesitation as she dipped her head down and licked Fleur's wet pussy, her tongue sliding between her lips. Fleur moaned, and Harry, spurred on by the erotic sight, began fucking Penny harder and faster. Penny pushed herself up onto her hands and knees as she pleased Fleur, her tongue flicking across her clit, and Harry took the opportunity to finally get his hands on her wonderful breasts.

Leaning over her back, he groped her breasts, tweaking the nipples and his hips drove his cock in and out of her tight, wet pussy. As the room filled with the sounds of pleasure from all three of them, Fleur was the first to reach her peak. Grabbing Penny's hair, she pulled her face roughly against her pussy as she threw her head back with a moan. Her body tensed and shook as she was overcome with ecstasy.

After her climax, Fleur collapsed to the bed and Penny pulled her head away from her soaked pussy, moaning loudly as her own climax approached. Penny trembled, pushing her hips back against him. Harry fucked her harder, struggling to hold off until she reached her peak. Finally, after a long build up, Penny came, screaming into the mattress as her pussy clenched around his cock. Harry grunted as he let go, flooding her pussy with his cum.

Penny's walls continued to flutter around his length as he finished, massaging his cock wonderfully for a few moments until she collapsed onto the bed, her face resting on Fleur's stomach. As Harry kneeled on the bed, catching his breath, he saw Fleur giving him a hungry look and knew that she wasn't done yet.

Being married to a Veela wasn't easy, but it was definitely worth it.

Chapter 2

Harry awoke to a familiar weight resting on his chest. Opening his eyes, and blinked several times, wondering why he was seeing double. It took his brain a few seconds to realize that there were two blondes in bed with him. Harry smiled as he remembered the night before and ran his fingers lightly up and down their bare backs. After taking a few moments to wake up, he carefully extracted himself from their grip and climbed out of bed.

Harry took a quick shower and got dressed in his normal clothes. He was planning to stop in at the Auror offices to see what progress had been made on the Hopkirk case. Walking over to the bed, he saw that in his absence Fleur and Penny had cuddled together, with Penny using Fleur's substantial chest as a pillow. Smiling, Harry leaned over and kissed Fleur on the lips and ran his fingers through her hair, gently waking her. She blinked her eyes open and looked at him blearily. Fleur was definitely not a morning person.

"I have to go into the office for a little bit, I'll be back soon." He said quietly.

Fleur mumbled in French and closed her eyes again, cuddling back up to Penny who still slept soundly. Harry chuckled at her and got up from the bed, quietly making his way to the Floo. As he exited the Floo to the Atrium of the Ministry, he stumbled, apologizing as he bumped into a group of wizards that were standing a bit too close. Making his way to the elevator, he climbed inside and pressed the button for the first floor. Arriving at the Minister's office, it was much calmer than it was the day before, and Harry was able to easily make his way to Kingsley's outer office.

"Hello Harry." Joanne greeted him, seeming much more like herself today.

“Hey Joanne, can you see if Kingsley has a few minutes for me?” He asked, smiling at her.

Joanne smiled back and picked up what looked like a receiver from a telephone from the early nineteen hundreds, and spoke into it.

“Minister, Auror Potter is here to see you.” She said.

“Send him in.” Kingsley’s deep baritone replied from the device.

“Thanks, Joanne.” He said with a smile.

Harry turned and entered the Minister’s office, closing the door behind him.

“Hey Kingsley.” Harry greeted him.

Kingsley looked up from the parchment he was reading as he sat behind his desk.

“Harry, is everything alright?” He asked in concern.

“Everything’s fine, I just wanted to check in and see if you’d found out anything new.” Harry told him.

“Have a seat.” Kingsley told him.

Harry took a seat across the desk from him, leaning back.

“Connie’s been going through the files that Clearwater brought in and we have enough to charge him for selling information on Muggleborn’s to the Death Eaters, but the numbers still don’t add up. Hopkirk has been making a lot more money than what he should from the shop and the information he sold.” Kingsley explained.

“We don’t know where the extra money he’s getting is coming from yet, so we’re holding off on the arrest until we can find out. To make things worse, the Wizengamot has decided to wait until Ogden has recovered to resume sessions. Connie has Tonks looking for anything she can find at the book store, but since Penny has weekends off, we can’t do anything more until Monday.”

“Do we have any idea where the money is coming from at all?” Harry asked.

“We think he’s selling something, but we don’t know what. Whatever he’s up to, he’s been doing it for years and it’s well hidden.” Kingsley answered.

There was a moment of companionable silence as they were both lost in thought.

“How’s Ms. Clearwater doing?” Kingsley asked eventually.

“She’s fine. Fleur’s been keeping her entertained.” Harry said, trying not to think about how Fleur was doing that.

“Good. Do me a favor. See if she knows about any people that hopkirk meets or places he goes regularly. Usually, with this kind of money there’s usually more than one person involved. She might know something, even if she doesn’t realize it.” Kingsley said.

Harry nodded and opened his mouth to speak when Joanne’s voice came through the strange intercom system.

“Minister, Mr. Anderson is here to see you.” She announced.

Kingsley sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“Sorry Harry, but...”

“No problem, I'll let you get back to work. Hey, do you know if Tonks is here?” He asked.

“I saw her come in this morning. She should be in the Auror offices.” Kingsley told him.

“Thanks, Shack. I'll see you later.” Harry said, waving as he opened the door.

Harry left the office, passing a middle-aged wizard carrying a small cage that held an animal that looked like a kitten, with miniature dragon's wings that spit a small gout of flame at him as he passed. He reflexively patted himself down to make sure he wasn't on fire and hurried to the elevator, waving at Joanne as he passed. Once in the elevator, he went down one floor to the Auror offices.

On a Saturday morning, the office was pretty full with Auror's that were on duty for the day, and many more who had come in to finish reports and paperwork they hadn't finished during the week. Squeezing his way between cubicles, he made his way toward the head of purple hair he could see peaking over one of the dividers.

“Hey, Tonks.” Harry greeted her.

Tonks looked up from the paperwork she was filling out, her face lighting up in a bright smile when she saw who it was.

“Harry!” She greeted him happily. “Please tell me you've come to save me from this paperwork.”

Tonks morphed her eyes to look large and innocent, her bottom lip pouting and quivering as she looked at him pleadingly. Harry chuckled at her, leaning against the wall of her messy cubicle.

"I just came by to see how things were going with the case." He told her.

Tonks put her face back to normal and sighed leaning back in her chair and folding her hands behind her head.

"Do you have any idea how boring it is to work at a *book store*." She said with a grimace. "I haven't been able to find out much. It's even harder when I don't even know where to look. Hammer said she was able to get some evidence though."

Tonks glanced around, looking to see if anyone was in eavesdropping distance.

"Kingsley told me. I saw him before I came here." He told her.

"Oh, good." Tonks said, leaning further back in her chair and putting her feet up on the desk.

Unfortunately, her foot knocked over the ink well on the desk, spilling it all over the sheet of parchment she had been working on.

"Shit!" She yelled, sitting up quickly.

"I got it." Harry said, waving his wand and vanishing the spilled ink.

"Thanks, Harry." She said in relief, sitting normally in her chair and putting the stopper on the inkwell.

“No problem.” He said with a smile.

Looking around, Harry made sure no one was looking at him as he waved his wand again.

Muffliato.

“Listen, do you think it would help if you could talk to Penelope?” Harry asked, leaning close and speaking quietly despite the spell.

“Yeah, probably, why?” She asked.

“Kingsley asked me to keep her at my house, and he asked me to talk to her to see if we could come up with any leads. Why do you come over and talk with her, maybe she can give you an idea of where to look.” He said.

“She’s at your house?” Tonks asked, an amused look coming over her face. “So, how long did it take before Fleur got her into bed?”

“Do you want to talk to her or not?” Harry asked, avoiding the question.

“Alright.” Tonks said, raising her hands in surrender as she giggled. “Let’s go, I need a break for all this paperwork.”

Standing up, Tonks grabbed her robes off the back of chair and put them on, slapping Robards in the face with the sleeve in the process. They made their way to the elevator and to the Atrium where the Flooed to Shell cottage.

Harry stumbled as he stepped out of the Floo, but managed to stay on his feet this time. When he looked up, his eyes widened when he saw Fleur and Penny laid out naked on the living room couch, Fleur’s face buried between Penny’s legs. They were oblivious to his entrance, lost in

their own little world of pleasure. Just as he opened his mouth to warn them that Tonks would be coming through, the Floo flared green and she stepped out. Tonks froze as she stepped into the living room, blinking at the scene before her. Turning she looked at Harry with a raised eyebrow and he could feel his face heating up.

“I knew it!” Tonks crowed in triumph.

The girls on the couch finally noticed their arrival and had two very different reactions. Penny’s eyes widened and she grabbed a pillow to try and cover her chest, scooting back on the couch as she used the other hand to cover her pussy. Fleur, on the other hand, sat up and smiled brightly at them, making no effort to cover herself.

“Tonks!” Fleur exclaimed happily.

Standing up, Fleur bounded over to them, her breasts bouncing wildly as she moved. When she reached Tonks, she hugged her tightly before stepping back to kiss her on the cheeks. Harry could see her lips leaving behind some of Penny’s arousal on her cheeks.

“Eet’s been too long.” Fleur said, continuing to smile brightly at her.

“You are such a slut.” Tonks said teasingly as she smiled back.

“Oui.” Fleur said unrepentantly. “But you still love me. Are you going to join us?”

As she spoke, Fleur slipped her hands inside of Tonks’ robe and ran her hands up and down her sides.

“Alright.” Tonks said, then held up a finger to stall Fleur’s celebration. “If get Harry first. It’s been months since I’ve had a good fuck.”

“Fine.” Fleur pouted cutely, but couldn’t keep the smile off her face for long. “You need to come veezit us more, we’ve missed you.”

“Sorry, I had a boyfriend.” Tonks said, reminding Fleur of her short, failed relationship with a fellow Auror.

“You don’t need zhem, Harry can be your boyfriend.” Fleur told her, as if the answer was obvious.

“Fleur, he’s your husband.” Tonks explained slowly.

“So?” She said with a shrug that did wonderful things to her breasts.

“I give up.” Tonks said, throwing her hands up in the air.

Fleur giggled at her as she grabbed Harry by the hand and led him further into the living room. Tonks threw off her outer robe and quickly started stripping off her clothes. Harry did the same, though a bit slower as he had difficulty taking his eyes off of her as she revealed more and more of her body to the room. Tonks, as a Metamorphmagus, could change her body at will, which meant that she always looked slightly different every time he saw her. It had been a few months since she had last joined him and Fleur for some fun, and he found her just as attractive and alluring as always.

Today, Tonks had an athletic body, medium sized breasts, and a perky, round ass. Her eyes were a beautiful, deep brown and her hair was short, spikey and purple. As soon as they were both naked, Tonks dropped to her knees and took his half hard cock into her hand. Leaning forward, she too his entire cock into her mouth and sucked hard while bobbing her head back and forth in short, rapid movements. Harry quickly grew hard in her mouth, her plump pink lips stretching around his girth. Tonks was forced to back off of him as he grew too big for her to hold his entire length in her mouth without him going down her throat.

Once he was fully hard, she bobbed on him a few more times before pulling off of him completely. Standing up, she pushed him back until he fell backwards into the large, cushioned chair behind him. Tonks quickly climbed onto the chair with him, kneeling over him with one hand wrapped around his neck for support as the other hand reached down to guide his cock between her lips. The moment he was lined up, Tonks dropped straight down, slamming his hard cock into her tight pussy, her meaty ass landing on his thighs with a loud *slap*.

Harry groaned at the sudden pleasure surrounding his length while Tonks gasped loudly, her eyes shut tight and her mouth open wide as she shook in his lap. The walls of her pussy fluttered around his shaft wildly at the sudden intrusion. Taking a couple steadying breaths, Tonks started gyrating in his lap, swirling his cock around inside of her as she got used to his impressive size again.

“Oh, *fuck* I missed this.” She said, wrapping both arms around his neck and pressing her cheek against his.

As Tonks continued to swirl her hips as she adjusted to his cock, Harry looked over her shoulder to the couch. Penny was sitting, slouched, in the middle of the couch, her eyes riveted to the point where he and Tonks were connected with her mouth halfway open, panting lightly. Fleur knelt on the floor with her face buried between Penny’s spread legs, her hands caressing her smooth thighs. Harry’s cock throbbed in need as he watched his wife pleasure another woman, causing Tonks’ hips to jerk as she hissed in pleasure.

Sitting up straight, Tonks put her hands on his shoulders and began to slowly raise and lower herself on his rigid shaft, moaning loudly. Tonks wasn’t one for slow and gentle for long, and this time was no different as she soon picked up the pace, bouncing up and down on his cock rapidly. Grabbing her muscular cheeks in his hands, Harry used his grip to pull her down on him even harder every time she dropped back down, her tight, moist walls stretching around his girth.

Harry couldn’t help looking over her shoulder on occasion to glance at his wife as she drove Penny to orgasm again and again. Tonks noticed his distraction, and probably heard the loud moans and gasps coming from Penny. She stopped riding him for a moment to look behind her in curiosity, and giggled when she saw what was happening. Giving him a playful look, Tonks raised herself off of his cock and turned around, resting her back against his chest as she sat back down on him. Once she had him back inside of her, she raised her legs and put her feet up

on the seat on the outside of his legs. This spread her legs wide open and gave Penny a perfect view of his thick cock stretching her tight lips around his shaft.

Penny licked her lips and grabbed two handfuls of Fleur's golden blonde hair, pulling her face against her pussy as she stared at their coupling. Tonks started bouncing in his lap again, leaning back against his chest and putting herself on full display to their audience. Harry reached up and grabbed her bouncing breasts in his hands, groping them roughly.

"Merlin, Harry, your wife is such a slut." Tonks said loudly, making sure that Fleur could hear her.

"Yeah." Harry admitted, smiling fondly at Fleur's back. "But she's my slut."

Tonks snorted and shook her head, but Harry could see the smile on her lips.

"Come on, Harry, don't make me do all the work. Fuck me." Tonks demanded.

"Oh, you want it hard?" Harry asked.

Grabbing her hair, he roughly pulled her head back and sucked hard on her neck. The hand that was still holding her breast grabbed her nipple and pulled it hard, stretching it away from her body.

"Yes." Tonks hissed, fucking herself down hard on his rock-hard length.

In a sudden move, Harry wrapped his arms around her, hugging her tightly to his chest as he stood up. Tonks squawked in surprise, making Penny and Fleur look over at them to see what was happening. Fleur smirked at her as Harry carried her over to the couch and bent her over the arm so that she was facing Penny and Fleur. Having never taken his cock out of her, Harry grabbed a handful of her hair with one hand and took her hip in the other. As he slowly drew

his cock back, he could hear Tonks' breath quiver in anticipation as she waited for him to push back in.

Harry hesitated for a second with just the head of his cock between her lips, and Tonks squirmed impatiently under him. Just as she drew in a breath, presumably to tell him to move, Harry slammed his hips forward. The air she had taken in was forced out of her in a pleased scream as he started a hard, rapid pace. Tonks clawed at the cushion, moaning and gasping under him as he roughly fucked her, shaking the couch with the force of his thrusts.

Catching movement out of the corner of his eye, Harry looked up. Fleur climbed onto the couch and laid down on her back, sliding her legs under Tonks' arms so that her glistening slit was right under her face. Fleur swatted his hand away from Tonks' hair and grabbed her head, pressing her lips to her dripping core.

"Oo's zhe slut now, hmm?" Fleur asked, breaking off into a moan as Tonks ran her tongue of her clit.

While this was going on, Penny stood up and moved around behind Harry, her hands resting on his shoulders as she watched, enraptured at the sight of his cock plowing Tonks' tight pussy. Reaching up and behind his head, he grabbed the back of Penny's head and pulled him in for a demanding kiss. Harry broke off a few moments later as he felt Tonks' walls tighten even more around him as she started to squirm un him. Letting go of Penny, he grabbed Tonks' hip in a tight get and fucked her even harder, driving her face into Fleur's pussy, her face and lips smeared with her arousal.

Tonks pulled her face away from Fleur's pussy, gasping and screaming as she came hard around his thrusting cock. With her legs trembling wildly she came explosively, jets of cum spraying out around his shaft and soaking his stomach and thighs. Using his tight grip on her hips, Harry fucked her with short, sharp thrusts, trying to prolong her climax for as long as possible. Sonn, it became too much for her to handle and she pushed back against his stomach with her hands while trying to move as far forward as possible. With the position she was in, she was completely at his mercy, the couch kept her from moving forward and her hands had no leverage to push against him.

Harry kept fucking her, pushing her from one powerful orgasm and straight into a second, making her entire body squirm as she was overwhelmed with intense pleasure. Finally, after her second climax had ended, Harry stopped. Tonks was left a moaning gasping mess, collapsed over the arm of the couch with Fleur gently stroking her face. Harry pulled his dripping, throbbing cock out of her quivering cunt, feeling a sense of smug pride as he looked at her.

Fleur stood up and kissed him passionately, the taste of Penny's excitement still on her plump lips. Her eyes burned with desire as she pulled back and looked at him, greatly aroused by the show he had put on with Tonks. Grabbing him and Penny by the hand, she led them over to the couch. She pushed Harry so that he was sitting on the couch and then turned to Penny, whispering something to her that had her nodding excitedly. With her back to him, Fleur bent forward and squatted down while holding his cock straight up.

"Holy shit." Harry said, seeing what she had planned.

Fleur lined his cock up with her smallest hole, pushing down hard and moaning loudly when the swollen head of his cock popped into her suddenly. Harry grabbed her hips, helping to support her weight as she dropped down, her pink, puckered hole stretching wide around his girth as it slowly swallowed his length. Fleur panted, an occasional whine leaving her throat as she dropped down on to his shaft until her full cushiony cheeks came to rest on his muscular thighs.

Fleur took several deep breaths as she adjusted to having him deep in her back door while Harry ran his hands soothingly over her back. Once she was ready, she leaned back against his chest and raised her legs to plant her feet on the couch, exactly like the way Tonks had done in the chair earlier. With her legs bent and spread so wide, Penny, who was standing in front of them, had a perfect view of Fleur's tight little ass impaled on his fleshy spear. Penny knelt on the floor and crawled forward, sticking out her tongue and licking Fleur's exposed pussy.

With a long, low moan, Fleur started moving up and down on his throbbing cock. Harry hissed in pleasure as her incredibly hot, tight walls slide up and down his length. Reaching around Fleur, he grabbed her large, pillowy breasts, massaging them firmly in his hands.

"Fuck, that's hot." Tonks said to his left.

Looking over, he saw she had climbed onto the couch, and was laying back against the arm of the couch with her legs spread, fingering herself as she watched them. Tonks smirked when she saw him looking at her and reached up to play with her breast as he watched. Her smirk turned into a frown when she did, and she looked down at her chest, then back up to Fleur, and over to Penny. Her face screwed up in concentration and he watched in fascination as her breasts expanded, growing in size until they were about the same size as Penny's.

"Should I go blonde, too?" She asked, pulling a lock of purple hair down over her forehead and crossing her eyes to look at it.

Harry smiled at her and shook his head.

"I like your hair colorful." He told her.

Tonks smiled brightly at him, turning her hair a bright pink, though he wasn't sure if it was a conscious change. When Fleur dropped down a bit faster than before and moaned loudly, Harry hissed in pleasure, but Tonks smiled playfully as she stood up. She stood over top of Penny and bent over her to grab Fleur by the cheeks and kissed her passionately. Fleur moaned into her mouth as she bounced up and down on his cock faster and harder. She was moving so much that Penny was dislodged and had to abandon her attempts to lick her pussy, and resorted to sticking two fingers into her slit with her thumb rubbing her clit.

Harry closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of Fleur hot walls hugging his cock as they massaged his length. He could even feel Penny's fingers rubbing against his shaft on occasion. His climax began to rapidly build up for the stimulation, as well as the sights and sounds of the three beautiful women surrounding him. Harry grabbed Fleur's hips and drove his cock up into her as he chased his end, his powerful thrusts send Fleur's tits bouncing wildly in all directions. Tonks broke off from her kiss with Fleur and reached down to grab her breasts, pinching and squeezing her nipples.

Being assaulted with pleasure from three different directions, Fleur moaned in a way that Harry knew meant she was close. The room was filled with the sound of heavy breathing and pleased moans as both of them focused on reaching their peaks. Harry came first, his climax crashing over him suddenly and sending his cum flooding into her puckered hole as his cock

throbbled and jerked. The feeling of Harry's hot cum shooting forcefully against her walls pushed Fleur over the edge a moment later. Harry grunted as he drove his spewing cock into her as deep as he could while Fleur gasped and moaned, her body quivering in his lap.

As she came down from her climax, Fleur pushed Penny's hand away from her overly sensitive pussy. She collapsed against Harry's chest, panting heavily and twitching every now and then. After a little while, Fleur lifted herself off of his lap and tried to sit next to him. She failed because Tonks shoved her over the arm of the couch and spread her cheeks apart. Fleur looked behind her in surprise as Tonks leaned forward, licking up the cum that had started leaking from her stretched hole.

As Harry watched to incredibly erotic display, Penny curled up against his side, resting her head on his shoulder as she played with his deflated cock. Between the view of Tonks burying her tongue in Fleur's ass and Penny's voluptuous body pressed against his while she played with his cock, Harry didn't think he would be soft for long.