(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Fucked Silly, Marathon Sex, Orgy

Summary: Part 3 of Bonded. Harry and Olivia are asked to help the French Veela enclave with a ritual that boosts their magical protection. Bonded couples, 7 sets of 7 pairs, are put into one area while the strongest spellcasters surround them. The Veela must have every part of them filled with their mate's seed. After that they must be completely covered in it. Of course, the Veela are happy to do so but the mates are given a bit of a "loosening potion" to help overcome any nervousness. The ritual approaches its usual length of time but because of Harry's power fueling the others it goes on until all couples are truly exhausted.

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In the ancient past, Veela were sometimes hunted by wizards for obvious reasons. This led to the rise of the first Veela Covens, but even that didn't offer total protection. After all, the wizards could simply band together in even greater numbers, creating larger hunting parties and still overwhelm the covens.

And so the Veela Covens had turned to learning as much protective magic as they could, aiming to defend themselves and their homes to the best of their abilities. With the help of a few wizards who saw the Veela as people rather than potential 'merchandise', they were able to develop protection rituals that put some of the best wizard wards to shame.

These protection rituals were tantric in nature, involving Veela and their mates having sex and giving of themselves willingly to fuel the ritual of protection for a certain amount of time.

Ultimately, the rituals were a massive success. No amount of wizard hunters could possibly break in and all raids on established Veela Covens stopped. The

ability for wizards to exploit Veela as a ‘resource’ dried up pretty much overnight, starting centuries of careful diplomacy and slow cultural change.

Now in the modern day, Veela were more protected by politics and Wizarding Law than anything else. In most cases, a Veela could travel by themselves through any of the various Wizarding Worlds and be just fine, kept safe by the laws of those lands.

However, tradition was hard to let go of and the Veela Covens still held a concern that one day the wizards might turn on them again. This was why every seven years they gathered together to perform the ritual again. Seven sets of seven pairs, forty-nine pairs in total, of bonded couples. Veela and their mates, coming together to feed their magic into the ritual of protection.

“Thank you for doing this, Harry.”

Harry chuckles as Olivia leads him by the hand to their place. The ritual chamber is a massive, underground stadium-sized place capable of fitting not just the ninety-eight people having sex, but also everyone else helping the ritual go right.

In the end, was it a little bit stressful having all those people watching him about to have sex? Perhaps… but Harry didn’t really mind all that much. He didn’t have any insecurity when it came to his body after all, and while part of him did balk a little bit at the idea of everyone else getting to see HIS mate naked… it wasn’t like Olivia would be the only woman in the nude. No, she would be one of forty-nine Veela who were completely naked and being fucked by their mates, a sea of flesh where he and her could get lost among it.

“I’m happy to do it, Olivia. For you AND for your people.”

Olivia blushes and smiles at him for that, clearly pleased with his words. They don’t get the chance to say anything else to each other, because it all starts off a few moments later. People on the perimeter of the chamber begin to chant, connecting the magic of the protection ritual to the forty-nine bonded pairs arrayed throughout the chamber’s central area.

Harry looks to Olivia and Olivia looks back to him before sinking to her knees right then and there with a bright smile on her lips. All around them, similar activities are taking place, though not everyone is starting with oral like Olivia does.

Even as she slides her breasts along his cock and takes the head of his member between her pillowy lips, Harry notes others on their backs or on all fours, some being taken in their cunts while others are being fucked in the ass. Put simply… its all sorts of debauchery and depravity happening all around him.

But to be fair, none of it is without purpose. The ritual has been explained very clearly to all of them. Every Veela must have every part of themselves filled with their mate's seed. Pussy, ass, mouth. Then, they must be completely covered in his cum. Only then will the ritual be complete.

For some men, they were saving the oral for last because then they could split their last load between their mate's mouth and body, essentially killing two birds with one stone. But Olivia knew that Harry could handle more than just three loads easily, so she starts off with wrapping her lips around his cock and swirling her tongue along his glans.

Harry groans in enjoyment, placing a hand atop her head and carding his fingers through her raven locks. He shudders in pleasure and lets her do her work, knowing full well that he'll be going just as hard in just a little bit once it's time to fuck her other holes.

All around them, the sounds of debauchery fill the air. Flesh slapping against flesh, feminine moans and masculine groans. At the same time, Harry also feels the magic filling the air as well. They're making good progress here, pumping lots of power into the ritual already. But none of it will mean anything if all of the conditions are not met.

With that in mind, Harry doesn't hold back. He doesn't try to prolong the blowjob or anything like that. When Olivia's mouth, tits, and tongue all working together

bring him right up to the precipice, Harry lets himself tip over it with a loud groan, cumming in her mouth and down her throat right then and there.

His Veela Mate swallows every last drop, gulping down his seed like it's no big deal, and then promptly pulls back and drops onto her back before him, spreading her legs wide and framing her tits as she reaches down to splay open her pussy lips.

Harry wastes no time in 'accepting' Olivia's invitation. Dropping down to the ground as well, he moves over his beautiful Veela Mate and slides into her sopping wet cunt with ease. She's so slippery for him, so aroused, that its all too easy to push into her.

At the same time, Harry leans forward and captures one of Olivia's breasts in his mouth while groping the other with his hand. He sucks on her nipples, one and then and the other as Olivia cries out beneath him, shuddering and shivering in delight.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The sounds of their lovemaking, of the heavy pounding that Harry is delivering to Olivia's pussy, are in turn echoed all over the chamber. Everyone is going at it all around them, the other forty-eight bonded pairs as focused on their own stuff as Harry is focused on Olivia.

It's a massive orgy of flesh and fucking, but everyone stays to their own mates, remaining close by and connected by the magic, but also physically apart at the same time. That's good because Harry isn't sure he could ever share Olivia with anyone. He's not sure he has it in him.

Regardless, even with all of the debauchery taking place around them, Harry still only has eyes for Olivia in this moment. He only has attention for his Veela Mate, who writhes beneath him and cums repeatedly upon his cock. She orgasms again and again, her inner walls flexing and clenching on his dick as Harry groans in satisfaction, his body shuddering all the while.

Eventually though, his second release approaches and once again Harry wastes no time. He lets himself tip over and cums deep inside of Olivia's womb, filling her pussy to the brim with his jizz as she shudders under him in sheer ecstasy.

Though she's not so mindless that she can't continue to do what needs to be done. As soon as Harry pulls out of her, in fact, Olivia instantly rolls over onto her front, prone for a moment before pushing herself up onto her knees to lift her ass and hips into the air.

Reaching back behind her, the Veela pulls her ass cheeks apart, offering him her anus while giving him a decent view of her leaking pussy.

Harry stands up and moves over her, crouching down to bring his messy cock to her asshole. He slides in with a little more difficulty than her pussy, but not too much. He's lubricated from their previous activities really, with Olivia's cunt juices supplying ample slickness to allow him to invade her anus right then and there.

It's not the first time they've done anal sex or anything like that, but there's something special about doing it as part of a ritualistic pursuit to fuck all of Olivia's holes one after the other. He pounds away at her bowels hard and fast, slamming home as she squeals and cries out and shudders her way through a few anal orgasms over the next while.

Similar depravity continues to take place all around them, but it's difficult for Harry to want to focus on any of that. Sure the other Veela in the chamber are technically as beautiful as Olivia. Objectively speaking, every Veela is beautiful. But suffice to say, Harry would much rather focus on fucking his own beautiful, perfect Veela mate then he would prefer to focus on other men fucking theirs.

He gives Olivia his cock long and hard, plowing away at her anus just as hard as he did her pussy. In turn, her eyes roll back in her skull and her tongue lolls out of her mouth as she cums again and again. But while Harry personally appreciates every time he makes her cum on his cock, anally or otherwise, the ritual itself only requires him to cum repeatedly.

And so, after fucking her senseless for a bit longer, Harry finally tips over the edge and fills Olivia's bowels the same as he's filled her pussy and her belly. But that leaves one last load that they still need to extract for their part of the ritual.

Fortunately, they're making decent time. Everyone else is needing to take breaks, meaning that by the time Harry pulls out of Olivia's ass and she swings around to get back on her knees before him, they're basically in line with everyone else despite the other pairs saving oral for last in order to split the third load.

Harry jacks himself off into Olivia's face as she poses for him, pushing her tits together and moaning while sticking out her tongue in his direction. He strokes his thick cock harder and faster by the moment, focusing on her presentation, loving every bit of how she's framing her gorgeous body for him, her beloved mate.

Finally, he cums a fourth time, coating Olivia in his seed. He covers her from forehead down to her crotch, plastering her with his jizz all the while.

Olivia moans in response, rubbing his cum into her tits and licking around her mouth as she shudders in ecstasy. Meanwhile, Harry feels the power of the ritual taking effect as more and more of the forty-nine bonded pairs reach the same position he and Olivia are in.

However… the magic continues to build after that and Harry blinks as he realizes that his own power is fueling it beyond anything any of the others can possibly hope to do.

When Olivia tackles him, pins him down, and begins to ride him cowgirl style in a frenzy, Harry just shrugs and goes along with it.

What follows is hours more of sex as the ritual goes far past its usual length of time, empowered by the sheer amount of magic in the air that Harry has personally given off. Everyone continues to go at it, fucking like rabbits, pushed to their limits and then brought back from the brink again by Harry's magic flowing through them.

When all is said and done, Harry finds out that this one ritual has provided more power to the magical protections over Olivia's Veela Coven than every other ritual every performed in the past several centuries.

Suffice to say, they won't be needing to worry about running out of juice any time soon…