

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

Poll Winner

Themes: Bondage, Monster Girl Sex, Dom/Sub

Summary: Part 4 of [Bonded](#). Harry can tell Olivia is preoccupied when he gets home. After some prompting (and kissing her to distraction) she tells him. She fears he thinks less of her and may not truly respect her since he sees her pleased into a drooling mess at least twice a day as her Veela nature demands. She also fears he can't love her since he's seen her true form. Harry sets out to prove her wrong on all counts.

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"Now will you tell me what's wrong?"

"I just... I just worry about how you see me... now that you've seen my true form... and everything you have to do for me each day. Am I just a burden for you, Harry?"

He'd known something was 'up' when he'd gotten home to find Olivia in a bit of a fretting state, but as she explains her fears after Harry has kissed her into submission, he can only frown a little bit. Taking her chin in hand, he tilts her head back so he can look her right in her eyes.

"Olivia... I love you. Every bit of you. Always. I will never think less of you nor consider you a burden, no matter what."

The beautiful raven-haired veela whimpers at that, clearly not convinced by mere words. Alright then, Harry will just have to show her through his actions instead.

"Come with me."

His domineering voice causes her to follow him all the way to the bedroom wordlessly. Once they're there, Harry turns to her with an imperious gaze.

"Strip."

His beloved does so without hesitation, submitting to him completely and utterly. As soon as she's entirely naked, he steps forward and reaches out, hefting one of her sizable tits up, giving it a good fondle.

"Do you think that you could ever be a burden to me, when you're the best thing that's ever happened to me? This body... it belongs to me, does it not?"

"A-Ah... yes~"

Olivia moans as he touches her, moving his hand from her chest to the rest of her body, sliding his fingers all over her.

"These tits, these hips, this ass, this pussy... it's all mine."

"All yours, H-Harry..."

"Good. Now transform for me."

Olivia freezes at that, but any protest she might have had dies in her throat when she sees the seriousness in his eyes. Under his command, she takes on her true form, the form that most non-veela never see, though admittedly it's not too much of a secret. Everyone sort of knows that the veela have a bird-like transformation complete with feathers and talons and even a beak, but it's not talked about very much.

When she's done, Harry doesn't hesitate to step forward and run a hand along her feathered face, his thumb brushing over her beak tenderly. Olivia's breath hitches as he smiles at her.

"You're just as beautiful as ever, Olivia."

He's not lying either. Sure, she's a bit more monstrous like this, but there's beauty in the monster in Harry's opinion. He doesn't mind one bit, even if that does make him slightly kinkier than your average human man. Indeed, he knows exactly where Olivia's insecurity and fear comes from, given that plenty of wizards in the past have been disgusted by the veela's true form and done everything in their power to demand that veela remain in their 'more beautiful' human forms as much as possible.

But for Harry... he loves Olivia no matter what form he takes. And he finds her absolutely gorgeous in each one. With that said, he doesn't hesitate to pull on his magic and lift Olivia into the air. His veela mate lets out a squawk of surprise at this, followed by a moan as the magically conjured rope he's just manifested begins to slide over her body.

Soon he has her laid out on the bed, spread eagle, her body bound for his pleasure and looking absolutely delicious. Grinning, Harry vanishes his own clothing and strokes his cock, even as he climbs onto the bed between her spread legs.

"How could you ever be a burden for me? No... you are the light of my life, Olivia. And if you are worried about me respecting you enough, let me be perfectly clear... I don't just respect you; I adore you. I *worship* you."

With that, Harry leans down between Olivia's legs, his hands grabbing her by her feathered thighs, and plants his mouth right on her pussy mound. The transformed veela cries out at this, shuddering and arching her back as she strains a bit against her bonds.

"H-Harry!"

Harry smiles at his lover's cry. But he does not let up. He doesn't hesitate, not even for a moment. He goes down on Olivia right then and there, putting all of his heart, all of his love, all of his effort into pleasuring her. His tongue slides across her slit and clit before pushing deeper into her folds. He writhes it around like nothing else, working away at her cunt as he eats her out.

In response, Olivia cries out and shudders beneath him, moaning and mewling all the while. She writhes against her restraints but doesn't try to break free or anything like that, instead happy to submit to him and happy to be worshipped by him in turn.

With his tongue, Harry shows Olivia just how important she is to him. He worships every inch of her pussy with his mouth, making sure she knows just how much he loves and respects her. Yes, he's the dominant in their relationship and she's the submissive. But above all else, they're a team... and Harry isn't about to let Olivia ever forget that.

Soon enough, Olivia's cries take on a different form as he brings her to first one and then a second climax. A third follows shortly after that... but Harry doesn't necessarily want to turn her into a mewling mess just from his tongue. That wouldn't be getting across the message he's trying to convey.

Instead, he limits himself to three oral orgasms before pulling back and looking down at her. His cock, rock hard and ready for more, twitching and spasms as it points at her unerringly. Olivia, meanwhile, shudders as she looks at him, eyes filled with longing, beak parted in a soft, wanton moan.

"Harry... please..."

"Before I do, I want to hear it from you directly."

Blinking, Olivia looks a little caught off guard.

"Ah... h-hear what?"

Grinning crookedly, Harry grabs hold of her thighs, rubbing circles into them with her thumbs.

"Repeat after me. You are respected."

Olivia blushes... but does as she's told all the same.

“I-I am respected...”

“You are valued.”

“I am valued...”

“You are loved.”

“I-I am loved!”

Nodding, Harry leans down and kisses Olivia’s nipples, one and then the other. She moans as he does so, arching her back and offering up her breasts for him to partake in if he wants. At the same time, he places his cockhead against her slit, rubbing it back and forth along her pussy lips.

She’s already absurdly wet for him, of course. Utterly drenched in fact. Harry only teases his beloved for a few moments longer before finally giving her what she’s earned... his cock. With a grunt, he thrusts forward into her, making Olivia cry out as his dick splits her open.

This is not the first time that they’ve fucked in her transformed state, to be fair. However, previously it was completely by accident. Namely, Olivia had gotten caught up in the heat of the moment and became her more monstrous visage in the process of being fucked on Harry’s cock.

She’d been self-conscious then, even as Harry had done his best to reassure her. But obviously his reassurances had not entirely worked, leaving her still uncertain about where they stood.

Well, if nothing else he was making sure she knew now as he thrust into her deeply, working his way up to fucking her silly. There is nothing about Olivia’s true form, more akin to a harpy of sorts than anything else, that disgusts or turns Harry away. She’s still beautiful. She’s still gorgeous. But most importantly of all... she’s still *Olivia*.

With that in mind, Harry holds nothing back any longer. He wants Olivia to understand once and for all just how valued she is to him, so he fucks her as hard and fast as he can, his cock plunging in and out of her depths rapidly with every passing moment.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

In turn, Olivia's pussy walls clench and flex down around his cock. Her moans fill the air as her insides squeeze and grip on his pistoning prick. She can't stop him or hold him in place, but she can certainly massage his thrusting member, giving him no end of pleasure.

Her own pleasure is just as great if not greater though. She cums for him countless more times than she did on his tongue, until she's continuously orgasming upon his cock. Harry can understand where her insecurity deprives from as he fucks her... even transformed, she begins to lose her mind from the pleasure, eyes rolling back in her head and tongue lolling out of her beak.

For his part, Harry finally leans down and properly takes a nipple between his teeth. He sucks and nibbles, pulling on one of her teats and then the other while his hands maul and knead her breasts to their heart's content. He goes to town on Olivia's bound form, making sure to show her with every move he makes just how much he desires her, how much he *needs* her.

Frankly, Harry doesn't know where he would be without her, and truly he doesn't want to know. In the end, all that matters is how good Olivia feels wrapped around his cock, her pussy flexing along every last inch of his thrusting length. And at the same time, how good Harry is making her feel in turn, her climaxes overlapping at this point as she cums again and again and again.

Until finally, Harry can hold back no longer. He seizes upon Olivia, holding her tightly in a lover's embrace as he cums inside of her at long last. He groans as his seed overflows, filling her womb and then some. Olivia trills in response, a melodic sound coming from her beak as the beautiful bird-woman shudders beneath him through one last orgasm.

His veela lover and Harry both come down from their pleasure highs at the same time, their bodies shuddering together as he holds onto Olivia for a moment longer. Then, with a bit of his magic, Harry unties her, doing away with the bondage and allowing Olivia to wrap her own limbs around him in turn.

They hold each other like that and Harry smiles as he rolls onto his back, allowing Olivia to drape herself on her front. He pecks her beak with a kiss, making her go cross-eyed as she stares at where he's kissed her.

"I hope you understand now just how much I love you, Olivia. Just how much I will always love you. No matter what... I'm never letting you go."

Blushing, Olivia slowly nods, the veela snuggling in closer to him.

"Y-Yes... I understand now, Harry."

They fall asleep together like that, resting with one another, joined together physically still. It's the best sleep Harry has ever had.