

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

Poll Winner

Themes: Fucked Silly, Marathon Sex, Dom/Sub

Summary: After graduating Hogwarts and becoming an Auror, an adult Harry is invited to a Veela Enclave to relax as a guest and have a bit of a vacation after helping them with a Dark Wizard problem. While there, Harry learns a lot about the secrets of the Veela Race when a local Veela winds up forming a mating bond with him and begs him to dominate her thoroughly.

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“So... let me see if I’ve got this correct...”

Even as those words leave his lips, Harry has to resist the urge to comfort the woman across from him. With raven-black hair, big expressive eyes, pillowy lips and pale skin and massive breasts, Olivia is... well, she’s very much his type to say the least. And that’s an understatement... really, she’s the most gorgeous woman that Harry has ever laid eyes on. A beautiful face, a perfect hourglass figure, legs for days and a body that just won’t quit.

Of course... she’s also a veela. A full veela at that, not a part veela like Harry has dealt with in the distant past with the likes of Fleur Delacour and her family.

No, Olivia is all veela and all woman and... he has to admit, he’s very, very tempted to just take her up on her offer here and now. However, he at least needs to make sure he has all of the facts straight before he does anything. It wouldn’t be fair to him or Olivia to rush in without making sure his eyes are wide open... after all, that might make it so he comes to resent her or something down the line.

Essentially, Harry had found himself on the mainland, a bit outside of his jurisdiction as a British Auror, handling a number of Dark Wizards. The reason that he left the British Isles behind was because the Dark Wizards in question originated from Britain too, making them a blight on the Ministry's reputation.

And considering that Shacklebolt's Ministry still hadn't fully recovered from the numerous hits to Magical Britain's reputation during Voldemort's Second Rise, it was deemed prudent to try and nip this in the bud before it could make things worse for them on the International Stage.

So yes, Harry had been sent... and he'd done a whole lot of nipping. He'd dealt with the Dark Wizards and saved their prisoners from being used as sacrifices in some dark ritual designed to summon demons into the world. Among those prisoners was Olivia as well as half a dozen more of her fellow veela.

As a result, before Harry could leave and return home to Britain, he'd received an invitation from the nearby Veela Enclave who wanted to celebrate him and his actions. In the end, Harry had gone ahead and accepted the invitation, and he had to admit... the ensuing party had been amazing.

However, it wasn't long before Olivia had approached him and peeled him away for a private chat... the same private chat they were having right now. Harry had just learned a lot of secrets about the veela, if she were to be believed... and even now he was still processing.

"You... have bonded to me at least partially. You've formed half of a mate bond with me and now you need me to help you finish the other half?"

Olivia bites her lower lip and nods demurely.

"... And the rumor that I always thought was just horny wizard talk was true? Veela are pretty much universally sex-crazed, but they mate for life and are only actually attracted to their mates?"

Again, Olivia nods.

“Y-Yes... you... you are my mate. You can of course still reject me... but I will never mate with anyone else. You are the only one for me.”

Harry would be tempted to claim Olivia was talking nonsense and that this was just him saving her life that was making her feel this way. The only problem with that theory was that he'd saved more veela than just her, and while the others had all thanked him profusely, not a single one had propositioned him like this.

“And finally, in order to finish the bond... I must dominate you and bring you to submission beneath me?”

Olivia blushes but also looks extremely excited by the mere possibility.

“Mm... y-yes. It's the only way to... to tame me properly, my mate.”

Harry lets out a shuddering breath as he considers that. On the one hand, Olivia really was perfect in every way. On the other hand, was he taking advantage of her? Then again, on the third ephemeral hand, if he didn't do this, then she would apparently never find love because he was her 'one and only'.

When he put it that way, then really... it was Harry who was sort of being taken advantage of and pressured here. The only question was, did he really care if he was?

... No, not really. His only potential love interests throughout his entire life had all moved on without him. Hermione had married Ron, Ginny had decided to become a Professional Quidditch player so they'd broken things off, and Cho was... well, he didn't know what Cho was doing these days and that was perhaps evidence enough.

So really, there was nothing stopping him from taking Olivia up on her offer, was there? And if she wanted dominance... he could do dominance.

“Stand up.”

Injecting a bit of command into his voice, Harry doesn't quite bark but he does order. Olivia immediately jolts to her feet, her eyes widening in surprised delight and her pillowy lips parting in an excited manner. He doesn't give her the chance to speak though.

"Strip."

This command is also followed instantly, with her pulling her dress down off her shoulders and letting it fall along her hourglass figure to pool at her feet. She's not wearing anything underneath, leaving her to step out of the dress and stand there in nothing but her birthday suit as she lets him see all of her, right then and there.

Harry moves to her then and caresses one of her breasts while leaning in to gently kiss her lips. Olivia moans, arching her back and pressing her lips back into his hungrily. In response, Harry firms up his hold on her tit, giving it a harder, more domineering squeeze, while at the same time grabbing hold of her hair and deepening the kiss into something far more controlling and demanding.

She responds beautifully, making it abundantly clear that this veela woman wants nothing more than to submit to him in every way possible. That's why Harry doesn't waste any more time... he pushes Olivia down to her knees right then and there and she goes without a whisper of complaint.

Her hands move towards his crotch, only to go still as she looks up at him for permission. Smirking, Harry nods.

"Take it out. Pleasure me. Show me how badly you want to be my mate, Olivia."

Letting out a shuddering breath of excitement, the veela eagerly does as she's told. His cock comes out half-hard and is quickly brought to full mast by her efforts as she proceeds to wrap her tits around his member for a moment before dipping down to take the head of his shaft into her mouth.

Sliding her pillowy lips down his cock, moving her massive breasts up and down his shaft, Olivia moans happily, sending reverberations up through Harry's body that make him groan appreciatively.

She's certainly something else; he has to admit. He's far from a virgin these days, but none of Harry's sexual partners could possibly compare to the sex bomb currently fellating him for all she's worth. Not even the likes of Fleur, who admittedly he'd never slept with, holds a candle to Olivia.

Or maybe that's just the bond talking... Harry thinks he can feel it with his magic, reaching out from Olivia's end and tentatively asking for permission to connect to him.

As she descends further down his cock, swallowing continuously to repress her gag reflex and letting her breasts fall away from his shaft so she can deep-throat him... Harry allows it. Smiling down at Olivia's big, beautiful eyes, he accepts the connection trying to form, allowing her magic to tie to his magic.

He can see the moment that she feels it on her end from the way her eyes widen even further and her pupils dilate like she's a cat or something. A gurgling muffled moan leaves Olivia's throat and she shudders in ecstasy, like she's just cum on the spot or something.

Pulling back off of his cock, Olivia pants heavily and stares at him hungrily.

"You are... so powerful, my mate. So strong. You have more magic than I ever could have imagined. It is an ocean... it will drown me, but I think I will enjoy every moment of it all the same."

Crawling back to her feet, she moves back to the bed and climbs onto it on all fours, looking back over her shoulder at him as she presents herself for the taking.

"Please Harry... I need you inside of me. Please fuck me, please use me, please dominate me!"

With such a request, how can Harry do anything but acquiesce? Chuckling, he steps forward and grabs Olivia by her wide hips, holding her steady as he lines up with her cunt. Panting needily, Olivia watches all the while from over her shoulder, her massive breasts swinging ponderously, her pale body jiggling as it trembles and quivers in anticipation.

Finally, he finds purchase on her slippery wet slit... and slams forward, thrusting into his veela mate for the first time. Olivia lets out the most delightful of squeals as he does so, creaming herself upon penetration and impalement and cumming HARD from his big, fat cock.

Harry, for his part, just grunts as he holds onto her, riding out the ensuing orgasm for a good bit. Then, once she's done cumming for him... he starts to actually fuck her. And he doesn't hold anything back.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

"Oh! OH HARRY! Yes! H-Harder! Fuck me! Tame me! Make me your BITCH!"

Olivia is not at all quiet about what she wants from him. That's okay because Harry is all too happy to give her everything she needs. The best part is, the bond they have between them is telepathic in nature. It allows him to anticipate her needs, to sense her emotions... and he's pretty sure she's getting the same right back.

This creates a bit of a pleasure feedback loop on account of the pair of them being just so damn perfect for each other. Olivia wants to be dominated, wants to submit... and Harry wants to dominate, wants to push for her submission.

The more they fuck, the happier both of them become, the more enthusiastic they become, the more they fuck. It goes around and around in a circle... and most of all, the bond is capable of using their magic to rejuvenate them both constantly, so long as the purpose is for more sex.

And as Olivia previously mentioned, Harry is far from weak when it comes to the magical power department. In fact, he's just as powerful as Dumbledore or

Voldemort ever were, swimming in an ocean of innate magical power that his veela mate is now connected to.

They fuck once, of course, with Harry creampieing Olivia from behind as she cums screaming his name. Then they fuck again, this time with her on her back and him pinning her down as he pounds into her from above in a consummate mating press. THEN, they fuck a third time, this time with her in his lap and him sitting on the edge of the bed, bouncing her up and down on his cock.

Then they fuck again. And again. And again. Time passes of course, but neither of them pays much mind to that fact. And neither are they disturbed nor interrupted either. After all, those of the Veela Enclave had known what they were doing when they invited Harry over to celebrate him and the rescue. They knew Olivia would try to bond with him, that she would offer him one of the greatest gifts a veela could give to a wizard.

Of course, even the rest of the Veela Enclave didn't know just how powerful Harry was. Even the most generous among them figured that he would probably take a day or two at most to run out of magical power.

... Instead, it takes an entire week. Harry and Olivia, sustained purely by magic and their connection to one another, fuck for an entire week straight. Their bodies become nothing but mere instruments for their coupling, Olivia's holes becoming receptacles for Harry's seed as he dominates his veela mate to no end.

When it's finally over, some of the other veela in the enclave peek in on them to find Harry and Olivia curled up together in the middle of the destroyed room, cuddling and sleeping off the pleasure high to end all pleasure highs. And though none of them would ever think of getting between a fellow veela and her chosen mate... there's certainly some casual jealousy that Olivia bagged perhaps the perfect wizard she possibly could.

The lucky bitch...