

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

Poll Winner

Themes: Rough Sex, Dom/Sub, Fucked Silly

Summary: Part 2 of [Bonded](#). Harry takes Olivia back to Britain to meet the Weasley's and friends and it goes very well at the Burrow. The one sore spot is Ron drooling all over her. Some friends from Hogwarts start getting a little handsy at the after party at the Leaky Cauldron; she shows her fire magic and her claws. Fleur provides cover for Harry taking Olivia back home before things get bad. She needs to feel safe and protected by her mate. She needs to feel his strength in how he uses her.

-x-X-x-

"I'm sorry..."

Harry immediately shakes his head.

"No, don't apologize. If anyone is at fault save for the perpetrators... than it's me."

Olivia looks shocked by that, but Harry knows he's right. It was at least partially his fault for not realizing what sort of situation he was bringing into being by deciding to introduce his new mate to so many people. After all, Olivia was a veela... he should have taken that into account.

Harry recalled how everyone had reacted to Fleur back at Hogwarts during the Triwizard Tournament. And Fleur was only part veela on her grandmother's side. By comparison, Olivia was a full blooded veela with all that came with that. It wasn't just that she was physically gorgeous, she was also magically alluring... to anyone who didn't have a strong enough will to resist.

He'd really thought better of his friends and loved ones though. The people that he'd known all his life; Harry had truly assumed they could handle a simple meet and greet with Olivia. Alas... he'd been wrong. It had started at the Burrow, with Ron drooling all over Harry's new mate right in front of Hermione, his girlfriend. That was bad enough, though at least Ron had kept it to just staring.

However, after the dinner at the Burrow, they'd heard about a party over at the Leaky Cauldron. Harry should have known that a party like that would be like mixing oil and water, but he hadn't been thinking. The end result? Some wizards he'd thought were his friends, people from his Hogwarts days, had gotten handsy with Olivia to the extent that she'd been forced to use some of her innate fire magic as well as reveal her claws.

Fortunately, Fleur Delacour had actually been at the party as well and at least understood what was happening. She'd provided cover for Harry to get Olivia out of there and take her back home before things could get worse. Even still, that didn't mean they hadn't gotten bad... nor that it wasn't at least partially Harry's fault.

"B-But I... I know it was my allure. They couldn't resist because of me. I shouldn't have..."

Harry silences Olivia with a kiss, taking her face in his hands and pressing his lips to her lips. She makes an 'mm!' noise in the back of her throat as they makeout for a long moment before he finally pulls away and shakes his head with a smile.

"They should have been stronger. They can't just use your allure as an excuse. Wizards have been doing that to justify their actions against veela for centuries... just as men have done the same to justify their actions against human women all over the world. You can't be expected to apologize merely for existing. Nor for defending yourself."

Olivia shivers, biting her lower lip for a moment. Then... she presses herself up against him, her soft curves and bodacious form pressing into his hard chest.

“Please Harry... will you claim me again?”

He blinks in surprise at that. After the evening she'd just had, he would have thought sex was the furthest thing from her mind. And yet, as he stands there indecisive, Olivia lets out a whimpering whine, grinding her crotch against his knee as she presses her tits into his chest.

“Please... I need to be taken. I need to know there's only one man, one mate for me... all of those others... their eyes... their wandering hands... none of them can hold a candle to you.”

Well, Harry would be lying if he said that wasn't a confidence boost and a half. And if that's what Olivia needs... he slowly nods, reaching down and grabbing hold of her by the hips more firmly.

“Come on then. To the bedroom with you, wench.”

Olivia lets out a warbling moan at that, even as he grips down on her and begins leading her to the bedroom. She wriggles in his hands in anticipation, not trying to escape but merely excited for what is to come. When they reach the bedroom in question, Harry takes her right up to the bed... and then brusquely and roughly strips her of her dress, exposing her pale flesh inch by inch.

The raven-haired veela moans in response, quivering and trembling under his efforts. Not out of fear, but rather from sheer lust and happiness. He can tell because her nipples are rock hard before he even exposes them to open air and her pussy is absolutely gushing down between her thighs. The very thought of him claiming and dominating her has his veela mate hopelessly turned on.

Chuckling at that, Harry finishes stripping Olivia naked and then pushes her firmly onto the bed. She lands on her back with a gasp, sitting up on her elbows as she looks at him. Harry's eyes, meanwhile, drink in her flushed appearances, from the slight jiggle of her fat tits to the quivering of her thighs.

He strips slowly, pulling off his robes and then the rest of his clothing piece by piece, letting the anticipation build and watching as she lets out a needy whine

in response. Olivia bites her lower lip, her eyes gravitating down to his cock as soon as its out in the open, her gaze hungry in a way that can't be beat.

Finally, Harry moves forward, climbing onto the bed. His throbbing erection stands straight out from him, pointed unerringly at her. Meanwhile, his veela mate lays back, looking all too ready for him to claim her. Seeing this... Harry can't quite help himself.

He grabs her by the hips and flips her over onto all fours. If she wants to be properly fucked, then he'll pound into her like a beast from behind. Olivia certainly isn't complaining, of course. She immediately gets on her hands and knees for him, arching her back in a seductive manner instinctively and lifting her ass as she presents her pussy for the taking.

And take it he does. Harry grabs hold of her ass cheeks with both hands, lines himself up, and proceeds to slam home into Olivia's cunt from behind with every last inch of his cock. The beautiful raven-haired veela cries out at this, tossing her head back in ecstasy as her entire body shakes and spasms from cumming upon penetration.

Even as her juices gush down his length, Harry doesn't hold anything back. He quickly starts to slam home into Olivia's twat, fucking his veela mate hard and fast doggystyle without a single care in the world.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

The sounds of flesh slapping against flesh as he reddens her pale buttocks with repeated impacts from his hips is like music to Harry's ears. Meanwhile, Olivia's squeals, moans, and cries are actually melodic, making him lose himself in the act of fucking her.

Reaching forward, he grabs a fistful of Olivia's hair with one hand and reaches around to palm one of her tits with the other. Even as he fucks her senseless from behind, he makes sure to use her hair as reins, pulling her head further back while groping and squeezing her breast. Pinching and pulling the nipple

between his fingers, he's able to make her cry out all the more loudly for him in the process.

He gives her exactly what she wants... a long, hard claiming as he barrels forward into her pussy over and over again. It feels like an eternity... it also feels like not enough time at all.

Eventually though, Harry changes his mind. Suddenly, he wants to see her face as he fucks her; to actually look down and know the impact he's having on her mind. Releasing his hold on her hair, Harry lets Olivia's head fall forward. He pulls his other hand back from her bust too... and then slides his cock right out of her cunt.

Before his veela mate can fully register the loss of his cock, Harry is already flipping her over onto her back again, taking the breath from her lungs as she gasps, looking up at him in surprise.

Then, grabbing her ankles, he lifts her legs up into the air and folds them back against either side of her torso, folding her up right on the spot and placing his engorged, throbbing cockhead back against her perfectly framed pussy lips. A moment later he's inside of her again, this time taking Olivia in a consummate mating press as he pounds into her from above.

It's not just her pussy lips that are framed perfectly either. Her large bust, jiggling and bouncing as it is from his thrusting, is also pressed together by her legs, giving him the perfect target as Harry leans down and begins to feast upon her impressively large, perfectly round mammaries.

Olivia cries out, curling her arms around her legs to hold them aloft so Harry can focus all his attention on fucking her folded body with every last bit of his strength. His cock squelches its way in and out of her pussy harder and faster by the second, pounding away at her cunt like there's no tomorrow.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

There are no words exchanged between them at this point. Just Harry's groans and Olivia's moaning cries as they both lose themselves in each other's bodies. Nobody else matters in this moment. Nothing else is important. Just them, just one another... together forever.

Until finally, with one last thrust, Harry comes undone. He groans loudly as he tips over the edge, proceeding to fill Olivia with his seed. The raven-haired veela folded up under him moans throatily in response, shuddering her way through one last orgasm of her own as he cums and cums until his balls are fully emptied.

As soon as he's done, Harry pulls out of Olivia and flops over onto his back, panting heavily as he catches his breath. Meanwhile, Olivia's legs unfold and they lay side by side for a moment, just... being with each other. The world sort of comes rushing back in, but they still have one another all the same, as evident when their fingers find each other and they take ahold of the other's hand.

As they hold hands, Harry looks over to Olivia with a smile on his face.

"I hope you understand now that it wasn't your fault. None of it. You weren't to blame for today, alright?"

Olivia, flushed, slowly nods.

"Y-Yes... I understand."

"Good. I love you."

"I love you too..."

And then, seeming to get a sudden wild hair, Olivia slides down the length of the bed and flips over to lay between Harry's legs. He grunts as she spreads them apart to make room for herself, her massive tits squishing into his thighs for a moment.

They continue to hold hands, even as Olivia wraps her free hand around his cock base and begins to stroke it, getting him nice and hard. Harry groans in appreciation... and then groans even louder when she leans forward and proceeds to wrap her lips around his dick, sucking him into her mouth then and there.

What follows is a gentle, slow, nursing sort of blowjob. She doesn't deep throat him; she doesn't bob up and down on his cock. She just... sucks away quietly while running her thumb along the back of his hand. In response, Harry lays back and stares down the length of his body into his veela mate's eyes.

He winds up falling asleep like that, staring into Olivia's eyes as she suckles his cock, a sense of pure and utter contentment threading through him.