

# Hagrid and the Hippogriff

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Hagrid gets more than he bargains for.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Prompt** Buckbeak, Hagrid and "How could this happen to me?"

**A/N** This was written for Hpchallengefest. What I can say is that this was, indeed, a challenge. Thanks to my team of firstreaders, and ... I apologize to the audience at large. "winces"

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For the first time, he had a name.

He should have been offended. He had wandered through time and now this mortal was condescending to *name* one such as himself? He had been a companion of Charlemagne, of men and kings and had never before been shackled with the restraints of their societal niceties. It burned uncomfortably close to tameness, that moniker, yet for some reason he allowed it.

*He* allowed it, make no mistake.

The gentle giant of a caretaker had earned respect in his eyes. If he wanted to name him Buckbeak, or whatever else made him happy, why should it matter? The fact that another's happiness mattered at all was a bit troubling. This was a new development. The detachment of his heart had always been a source of pride. Why should he now feel it softening, after all these long years, and towards the most curious subject? A hulk of a man, unkempt and rough-hewn? Buckbeak snorted. It was a most disconcerting development, and yet, he could not deny his growing attachment to the caretaker every day.

"Buckbeak, heh!"

At the hailing—far from the proud salutations of which he had been accorded in the past—the very subject of his musings became apparent. Hagrid himself was cresting the last hill, a brace of rabbits on a pike, testament to his prowess as a hunter. Buckbeak's reflexes allowed him to catch the hare mid-air, and he gulped it down before the big man made it to the enclosure.

The pen. That was another thing. It was a blow to his pride that was almost too much. Buckbeak stood it only because he wanted to. He didn't care to question his own motivations too closely. The fact that he wanted was enough.

When Hagrid let himself in and stood before Buckbeak, whistling and nodding in his genial way, Buckbeak suddenly knew *why* he wanted. He had grown attached to this human in a way that he hadn't to any other previously. Buckbeak tilted his head to better view the man.

The giant was appealing in the morning light: the smell of his perspiration was strong and heady, and it excited Buckbeak. He clicked his beak, snapping and testing. His senses sharpened as the man turned to see what had agitated him.

"What's the matter?" Hagrid's voice was a gentle, deep rumble, the timbre vibrating the air and shaking the inner hyoid bone in Buckbeak's gullet. He felt himself stir, his adrenaline releasing into his system, the mating instinct strong. He stamped his forefoot in the universal gesture of arousal, raking the claw along the ground to indicate his need.

Hagrid mistook the signal. Buckbeak could tell, because he scented no answering pheromones from the man. Instead, Hagrid reached up and stroked the feathers of Buckbeak's neck. "Sh ..."

Buckbeak shivered. Hippogriffs didn't have a complicated mating ritual, but he tossed his tail and opened and closed his wings, as per the tradition. He kept them at the higher degree of angle, to signal his intent to dominate his partner, unless he was challenged.

Hagrid's hand stilled on his neck. Good. He was starting to understand. But not to challenge. Buckbeak could move forward unimpeded with his suit.

A rush of hormones secreted from his anterior pituitary gland signaled his readiness for the sex act. Buckbeak hadn't mounted a mare in almost a season, and he was overtaken by the strong urge to mate with something, anything. The uncontested completion of the mating ritual made Hagrid his willing partner by default—and by choice. Buckbeak may not want to acknowledge it, but something about the man had excited him into a frenzy. His excitement was at a fever pitch as the blood poured into his penis. He could feel it turning hot and rigid, and he was ready for coitus. Now.

Buckbeak could sense the sharp tang of Hagrid's fear. The moment the man suspected what was occurring, his scent changed. Buckbeak was unprepared for how little impact the other participant's feelings had on his ardor. In fact, the added musk of fright was a signal of submission, which only heightened Buckbeak's sense of urgency. He let loose a piercing scream—the call that indicated his dominance over his mate.

The shriek echoed into the clear sky and Buckbeak knew it was his declaration of triumph. Hagrid knew it too, for as much as he was surely dreading what was about to happen, there was a change in his demeanor that indicated defeat. Buckbeak was pleased. He felt the thrill of conquest rush through his veins, and the impatience to couple was pulling on him, an age-old impulse to plant his seed in his mate. He stalked his quarry with purpose. There would be no denial now.

Hagrid bowed his head and sucked his breath in. Buckbeak charged him from the short distance that he had been standing, sending them both flying against the stone wall of the hut. Hagrid stumbled backwards and hit his head, but it mattered not to Buckbeak, who was in a haze of lust to mount his chosen mate. He didn't care which way he had him, but it was of paramount importance that he have him now.

Despite their differences in size, Buckbeak was able to rise up and use his talons to grip the wall and grind his hindquarters into the giant. Buckbeak knew that they would not technically be producing offspring, but he still had to complete the act as if they were; the urge to thrust was too strong. He didn't care if he was actually inserted, as long as he was mounted and found friction.

Buckbeak used his wings for leverage, flapping them down and then thrusting himself over and over into the soft, warm giant. His enormous phallus was already overstimulated, and wedged somewhere between his own rocking body and the giant's firm chest, it only took a moment of vigorous movement before he felt his climax approach. Like the stallion he was, he came long and hard all over Hagrid, the semen splattering where it was aimed, all over the giant's face.

Hagrid moaned. "How could this happen to me?" he mumbled.

Buckbeak pulled away. Lethargy was settling through his limbs. This was an expected reaction. He was sated now. After a good meal, he'd be ready for another session. Buckbeak arched his neck and nipped Hagrid on the hand, just hard enough to draw blood.

Hagrid jumped, but didn't startle out of his glassy-eyed stupor that he'd slumped into to do more than stare at the welling of red. The blood dripped onto grass at his feet. Hagrid sniffed, but didn't move.

Buckbeak cocked his head. The giant was rather ... unappealing in this light. If he was going to be so disaffected a lover that he couldn't manage to show a little bit of spunk after a love bite, then Buckbeak didn't know if they would suit. He had standards, after all. He couldn't be seen fraternizing or spilling his mighty seed with just anyone. If Hagrid was going to sit there, limply, after every fucking, then Buckbeak might have to reconsider.

The sound of hooves caught his attention. There had been a mare that he'd dismissed in favor of this suit, but perhaps that had been a mistake. Buckbeak gave a final whiff, and could detect nothing except dejection from the man.

Better to leave him to his thoughts. Mortals were a decidedly unworthy lot. He would consign this escapade to youthful indiscretion; best not to think of it again. Buckbeak caught the odor of the mare over the rise of the hill. *Good, she was in season.*

He didn't spare a glance for the man he had used, who was still slumped, unseeing, against the wall of his hut. Buckbeak galloped off in search of more welcoming pastures and left the giant behind, already a memory.