

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

Summary: Fate was a hard cosmic being to please, yet when Harry Potter stood victorious over the corpse of Voldemort, the divine goddess couldn't help but jump for joy. Deciding her champion deserves a bit of a reward, she appears before him one night and offers Harry a chance—a chance to look through the threads of time as she does and gain a glimpse of his perfect future. Will he accept?

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Chapter 3: Beach Vacation

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His week with Susan passed by in the blink of an eye. He'd like to say he learned a lot about his potential future in that time, but in truth, he spent much of the week enjoying his wife's body pressed against his. Susan was vivacious, that much he *had* learned. How such a shy and meek girl could turn into an absolute vixen of a woman was beyond him, but more often than not, it was Susan who coaxed them back into their bed with just a few suggestive words and a wiggle of her hips. Her eyes would turn smoky, a glint of otherworldly *hunger* growing within, and the next thing Harry knew, his wife's legs were wrapped around him, her pussy writhing around him while they both shouted out with pleasure.

In short, it was one of the best weeks of Harry's life, at least his current one anyhow.

Still, it was a temporary trip, and sure enough, as the seventh day faded so too did the cosy cottage and the auburn red of Susan's hair. He awoke from one blink to the next, back atop the round bed with golden sheets and a familiar set of golden glowing eyes peering up at him.

"Did you enjoy yourself my sweet?" Fortuna smiled from where her head rested against his chest.

Harry wrapped an arm around the goddess's waist and pulled her close. "Definitely, but you already knew that, didn't you? Were you watching the entire time?"

“Of course,” she giggled, absentmindedly running her fingers up and down his chest. “Mainly to ensure there were no major deviations as I do with every timeline, but I won’t deny I received a certain pleasure watching you taste the sweetness of the Bones girl’s body.”

She spoke without an inch of embarrassment, calmly explaining herself unblinkingly. It occurred to Harry that it was perhaps an aspect of her being a literal goddess. He forgot sometimes that the seductive body pressed against him wasn’t human at all, but an avatar for her divinity to speak through. Human concepts such as embarrassment or bashfulness probably didn’t even register in her mind.

Some people might find that unnerving. Harry decided to instead take it at face value and accept it as a quirk of the woman/deity whose favour he earned. Laughing, he leaned down and placed a quick peck against the golden-eyed beauty’s nose.

“So what now?” he asked after a few minutes of comfortable silence.

The goddess hummed against his side. “That’s up to you. We can either continue on pursuing your different futures, or you can wish for the one you just lived through, and I will make it so.”

“Can I see the others and still be able to choose that one?” he asked.

“Of course,” she nodded, her fingers dancing lower across his abdomen as they spoke. “As I said, this is a gift, my sweet. I am not so cruel as to put conditions upon the fate you choose.”

Harry chuckled and stared up at the darkened white ceiling. He had definitely enjoyed his future with Susan. He wouldn’t exactly have any regrets if he did choose that life with her, but his curiosity couldn’t help but want to learn what the other timelines had in store for him as well.

There wouldn’t be any harm in fully weighing his options, as Fortuna had said. So really, what was there for him to even think about?

At some point, Fortuna’s hand had drifted down to wrap around his cock. She used long teasing strokes as she waited for his answer. The goddess’s eyes glittered knowingly, more than likely already knowing his decision before he spoke it.

“I’m ready to see the others,” he finally spoke.

The goddess smiled, releasing his cock to reach up and cup his cheek. Her lips met his as the world faded once more.

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When the world faded back in around him, it wasn't through the waking from sleep as it had the last time. Instead, he was fully conscious, watching as the darkness gave way to light. A gust of wind rushed passed him, carrying the scent of the sea, before he blinked and suddenly he was stood atop a small cliff staring down at a familiar headstone.

HERE LIES DOBBY

A FREE ELF

Harry forced his eyes shut, a fresh wave of guilt washing over him. It hadn't been too long ago, from his perspective at least, that he had carved those words into that very headstone. The letters before him now looked weathered with age. Some moss grew along the edges of the stone, whispering with it the years since he laid his friend to rest.

How long had it been for this version of him?

Why was he here now?

Risking another glance, Harry was a little relieved to see that though the headstone was weathered, the grave itself was pristine. A circle of white lillies surrounded Dobby's resting place and for the first time, Harry noticed the pair of mismatched fuzzy socks placed carefully atop the headstone.

Had he brought those? Something told him he had, and it was not the first time either. A fitting tradition to honour his eccentric friend.

Before he could allow himself to sink into his grief, a pair of arms wrapped themselves around his waist.

"You've been up here for hours, *mon amour*," a familiar voice whispered gently.

He allowed the mystery woman to turn him around, already having a suspicion about who it might be.

“Gabrielle?” he asked, a little taken aback by the stunning beauty before him.

Gabrielle Delacour giggled and pulled him into a light embrace. The last he’d seen her, she was dancing with her father at Fleur and Bill’s wedding. Her appearance then had shocked him as well, having grown up from the young girl he pulled from the lake to a breathtaking young woman in the span of just a few years. Now though? Now, the Gabrielle that stood before him was a fully matured woman. From her platinum blonde hair that fell like a river of silver down her back to her long legs that gave way to a jaw-dropping figure.

The quarter-veela smiled. “Who else? Come, husband, the children wish to show you their sand castles.”

Harry could do nothing as she all but dragged him away. “Children?” he asked with a whispered breath.

Gabrielle nodded, leading him down the familiar pathway to Shell Cottage. She stopped only briefly to point out towards the beach where two tiny figures were playing in the sand.

“They have been working on them all afternoon. Lilliana has demanded we be the judges,” she explained, pulling him along once more.

Harry nodded, feeling just a tad bit overwhelmed from the rollercoaster of information. He had children. A part of him couldn’t help but soar with joy at the idea. He had children—two by the looks of it, and one who was named for his mother.

His steps quickened, and soon he was walking hand-in-hand with Gabrielle as they drew closer to the little laughing figures. They were soon close enough for Harry to make out the details of both, and what he saw took his breath away. A young girl, perhaps 9 or 10, giggled as she threw sand at her brother. Her raven black hair was pulled back in a pristine ponytail, seemingly far more tameable than his own. The boy, on the other hand, was younger. If Harry had to guess, he’d say about 7 years old, and he laughed just as fiercely as he continuously fought to brush his messy blonde hair from his eyes. Both looked his way as he and Gabrielle approached, two sets of emerald green eyes lighting up with excitement as they spotted him.

“PAPA!” they cried with beaming smiles, rushing over so fast that Harry barely had time to prepare himself before he was knocked to the ground by the two eager tykes as they chattered excitedly.

“Lilliana! Jean Luc! Go easy on your father!” Gabrielle chastised with a poorly hidden grin.

Both children pulled away with bashful expressions.

“Sorry *maman*,” they said in unison. Gabrielle shook her head with amusement while Lilliana turned back to him.

“Did you have a nice time visiting Dobby, *papa*?”

Harry smiled and pulled his daughter into a side-hug.

“I did, sweetheart. Thank you for asking. Did you two have a fun time playing in the sand with your mum?”

Both children nodded with bright smiles. “We built sand castles and *maman* used her wand to make us flags to put on the top!” Jean Luc announced.

“Is that so?” Harry hummed, reaching forth to ruffle the boy’s hair. “Well then, I’d really like to see these sand castles. They sound impressive.”

Again, the children perked up, grabbing him quickly by the hands as they attempted to yank him along. Harry laughed brightly and stood, allowing his kids to pull him along as they both chattered excitedly about the various details of their respective sand castles.

The sand castles themselves weren’t much to look at. They were little more than piles of sand with a few poorly constructed spires adorning each one, but to Harry, they were the best damn sand castles he’s ever seen.

“Sooooo?” Lilliana asked, bouncing from foot to foot. “Which one do you like better?”

“Hmm,” Harry voiced, pretending to stroke his chin in thought. The kids leaned forward eager to hear which of their creations was the best before Harry finally spoke. “I think their both the best.”

“Papa...” Jean Luc whined. “You have to pick one! They can’t both be the best!”

“Why not?” Harry asked.

The young boy blinked. “Because—Uhm—Because...”

“Because Aunt Hermione said that ‘best’ means something is the most excellent! And you can’t have two somethings be the most excellent!” Lilliana argued for her younger brother with a no-nonsense tone.

“Oh,” Harry said. “Why not?”

Again this seemed to dumbfound both children as they furrowed their brows, stumped. Behind him, the sound of Gabrielle’s tinkling laughter met his ears as she reached up to pat his shoulder.

“Do not antagonise the children, *mon amour*,” she giggled.

Harry chuckled but nodded in acquiescence.

“Alright, alright.” He turned back to the kids and knelt down. “How about all of us build a sand castle together? That way it’ll definitely be the best.”

“Okay!”

“Yeah!”

Without another word, the children dashed off to collect their pails and plastic trowels. Harry watched them go as he pulled himself back up to his feet. Gabrielle joined him, leaning her head on his shoulder while they watched the children go about collecting sand and twigs.

“Are you alright, *mon amour*?” she whispered.

Harry nodded. He hadn’t expected to feel this happy when faced with a future where he was a father but it made sense. He always wanted a family, and in this life, he’d gotten his wish.

Beside him, Gabrielle tilted her head up to place a chaste kiss against his cheek.

“*Bien*. Then go and play with the children. I shall see about dinner, *oui*?”

As he nodded again, his wife smiled and stepped atop her tiptoes to give him a true kiss. For the barest of moments, Harry was lost in the feeling of the French woman’s mouth on his. Her plump, full lips were soft and warm, tasting of cinnamon spice and cherry wine. Unconsciously,

he moved to deepen the kiss, but Gabrielle danced away, her eyes brimming with mirth as she gave his chest a light slap.

“Later my knight. First, go play with the children. With any luck, they will tire enough to fall into a sound sleep after dinner. Then we can *play* ourselves~” She all but purred the last part, grazing a single manicured nail along the stubble of his jaw. Without waiting for a reply, the Veela vixen whisked herself away, gliding back up the hill to Shell Cottage while her hips swayed back and forth at a tempo of their own. He was only dragged from such a captivating sight when Lilliana loudly called for him to hurry up. Shaking his head free from the visions of just what Gabrielle’s breathless promise would entail, he turned and made to join his children.

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Building sand castles was surprisingly harder than Harry had thought. In the hour he helped the kids in their construction, they had managed to build a somewhat castle-like structure. If he squinted his shoddy mounds of sand somewhat looked like turrets, if only just.

Still, he wouldn’t trade the last hour for the world. Spending time with his son and daughter brought with it a new appreciation for how such simple things could bring such astounding joy. The sounds of their laughter still echoed in his ears long past their return to the cottage and through dinner up until he was tucking them both into bed.

“Night night *papa*...” Jean Luc had whispered, his little eyes already drooping while his sister snored softly in the other bed.

Harry smiled and leaned down to place a kiss atop his son’s head.

“Goodnight, dear heart,” he whispered. “I...I love you.”

And he did. Dear god he loved them both so much despite only just having met them. He had always wondered how his parents were so willing to sacrifice themselves for him. For a long time, he had thought it was just who they were. Their selfless nature was something he tried to emulate every day. But now he knew that wasn’t the case. They had sacrificed themselves because they loved him. They loved him with every fibre of their being just as he loved his

children. Harry knew without a doubt he'd sacrifice *anything* to keep his children safe without a second thought.

Part of his mind argued that he shouldn't grow so attached. It was only temporary after all. He'd be gone in a week—pulled back to his time and forced to take the slow path without a guarantee this future would ever come to fruition. Harry pushed those thoughts down as deep as he could. That was a problem for later. For now...

As he closed the door to his children's bedroom as softly as he could, he was unsurprised to find Gabrielle waiting there for him.

Putting a finger to her mouth, the French witch took his hand and led him down the hall. Arriving in the living room, Gabrielle all but shoved him back onto the sofa before absconding to the kitchen. She returned with two glasses of wine and a not-so-discreet silencing charm flung at the door. In lieu of taking her own seat, she instead settled on his lap, straddling his waist with her bum planted firmly on his groin.

"Comfortable?" he asked, raising a brow.

His wife hummed, handing him a glass before wiggling her arse suggestively against his groin.

"Very," she replied, keeping her eyes locked with his as she tilted her glass back and took a long, healthy drink of the swirling pink wine. Harry followed suit, finding the taste pleasant compared to the cheap fire-whiskey that he used to drink at Gryffindor Quidditch parties.

Gabby sighed in appreciation and set her drink to the side, turning her full attention back to her husband. "Now, are you going to tell me what has been on your mind all day, or must I coax it from you?"

Harry blinked. "What do you mean?"

He watched as his wife rolled her eyes before leaning forward, wrapping her hands around his shoulder, while her arse wiggled pointedly against his growing erection.

"You have been working hard lately, *mon amour*. Too hard. I know how important your work is to you, and I'll always support you in your endeavours, but you must allow your mind a reprieve

from time to time. Ease the weight upon your shoulders and use this week to help soothe the worries that have built up over the last few months,” she leaned forward, resting her lips a hairsbreadth away from his. “The Wizengamot will still be there when we get back. So for now, relax...and allow your wife to take care of you, *oui?*”

And then her lips were on his. Harry didn’t have a clue what she was talking about with the Wizengamot nor what work he was spearheading that would cause him such strain, but in that moment, he didn’t care. He supposed he should feel a bit bad. He was technically deceiving his own wife, but the feeling of Gabrielle’s lips drove all such thoughts from his mind.

Harry’s mind was abuzz as he kissed her. Her lips were soft and nimble, easily matching his hunger with a need of her own. The taste of the sweet wine from earlier on her lips prompted him to swipe his tongue along them, seeking entrance. She gave it with a throaty moan, opening her mouth without a thought and lavishing his tongue with her own.

His hands found her hips, but Gabrielle slapped them away. With a gasp, she pulled back, her cheeks flushed and chest heaving for breath.

“*Non,*” she murmured, her hands trailing down his chest, coming to a stop at the buckle of his belt. “Tonight I will be the one in control, my knight.”

Slowly, the vivacious blonde slid her way down onto her knees. Her eyes bore up at him with a sultry expression the entire way, glittering with unspoken promises of pleasure. She did not reach for his belt at first. Instead, Gabrielle reached behind her and untied the laces of her dress, allowing the thin material to fall free.

It was then that Harry discovered just how magical the Veela truly were.

With her breasts now free, Harry eagerly feasted upon the round, pillowy orbs with his eyes. They were not as big as Susan’s but that mattered little to him. Her large mounds stood perky and firm, with not a hint of sag or a single blemish, despite two pregnancies. Whether that was an aspect of magic or her Veela nature was unknown, but Harry certainly wasn’t complaining.

Acutely aware of his staring, Gabrielle giggled and squeezed her perfect breasts together enticingly.

“All these years and you still drool at the sight of my *seins*,” she smirked.

“Can you blame me?” he breathed.

She shook her head, her smirk still firmly in place. “*Non*. Stare all you like, *mon amour*. I am completely and utterly *yours*~”

Her voice drew a husky tone as she leaned forward and unclasped his belt with expert precision. Slowly, she pulled his pants down, her burning eyes never leaving his, even as his cock sprang free and landed on her right cheek with a soft ‘*plap!*’

“Mmm~” she cooed, nuzzling her face against his straining member. “*Je ne me laisserai jamais de cela.*”

Harry didn’t bother to ask for a translation as the blonde pulled back and stared down at his meaty length with a hungry expression. Unconsciously, her tongue slipped free, licking her lips as she leaned forward. Sticking her tongue fully out, the buxom Veela ran her wet muscle along the entire underside of his cock, staring at the base where she caressed his sack and running it all the way up along his straining shaft. Harry groaned out as she whirled her wet tongue around his tip, all the while she stared up at him with a wide grin.

Without warning, Gabrielle halted her teasing lips and wrapped her pouty lips around his shaft.

At first, she was happy with simply suckling on his tip, yet soon she began to slowly rock her head back and forth, taking him deeper into her mouth inch by inch.

When she reached the halfway point down his shaft, the French Veela paused before pulling back. Harry gasped as she began to bob her head up and down his length with quick movements. Her hand came up to stroke the remaining half of his cock in time with her sucks.

Her mouth was a whirlwind on his cock. The woman was using her expertise to give him such intense pleasure while also prolonging his climax. Every time she could feel him get close to the edge, she would draw back off his cock and either lather it with sloppy kisses or dip her head

down and massage his balls with her tongue. It was an excruciating, pleasurable sort of torture, and Harry loved every second of it.

Pressing her face down as far as it would go, Gabrielle held his cock in her throat for a single drawn-out moment, allowing her throat to do the work before finally she pulled back with a gasp. “*Suffit!* I need you, *mon amour!* My flower aches for you~” she gasped, her soft hands still working hard to stroke his spit-soaked shaft.

Harry was of a similar mind. Growling, he lunged forward, grabbing his wife by the waist and hauling her up and over his shoulder. The blonde squealed in delight at the roughhandling, a squeal that morphed into a needy whimper as he gave her bum a sharp slap.

Carrying her to their bedroom, Harry paused for but a moment to silence and lock the door. Gabrielle’s wiggle of impatience was met with another smack to her juicy arse before she was all but tossed onto the bed.

He wasted no time in removing the remainder of the blonde’s dress, delighted to find that not a stitch of undergarments was to be found beneath. His own clothes came off just as fast, leaving him standing over his lust-hungry wife as she stared needingly at his throbbing erection.

“Please—” she begged, spreading her legs wide as her fingers softly teased her glistening, wet cunt. “Your wife has need of you, *mari~*” Her fingers paused their ministrations and moved to spread her lower lips open, revealing her dripping entrance just waiting to be fucked.

Harry quickly positioned himself without a word. Her folds were so slick with arousal that he met no resistance as he slowly began to sink into her. He groaned out at the feeling of her hot inner walls. Her tightness was exquisite, and he knew if he wasn’t careful, then he very well may spill himself within her all too soon.

Gabby, for her part, relished the feeling of him as well. Her own moans joined his as he began to thrust inside her. She had wrapped her legs over his shoulders without even prompting, allowing him to push her thighs forward in a way that gave him easy access to her cunt. Her moans were mixed with shuddering gasps every time he slammed into her, the tip of his cock brushing

against her G-spot with every thrust. He could already feel her pussy fluttering with impending climax, his wife's moans growing desperate and pleading as she clawed at the sheets.

Wishing to help her along, Harry brushed his thumbs against her clit. A few quick flicks were all it took as the blonde let out a high-pitched squeal as she came. Harry stifled a groan at the feeling of her fluttering walls. He wanted nothing more than to lose himself right then and there, but he was determined to enjoy everything Gabby's body had to offer first.

If Gabrielle was surprised when he flipped her around, then she didn't say so. Instead, now positioned on her hands and knees with her plump arse pushed up in the air, she wiggled her hips enticingly, legs still twitching from her recent climax. He entered her again without a word. Her moan joined his own as his cock was enveloped by her tight walls once more. With a firm swat to her bum, Harry grasped her hips tightly and pushed forward. The loud '*SLAP!*' from skin meeting skin echoed harshly off the walls, followed quickly by another, and another, and another...

The room was soon filled with a cacophony of meaty claps as he hammered into the moaning Veela from behind. Her ass jiggled with such force that from Harry's view it looked like a tidal wave of flesh. The pale cheeks had grown red from his repeated swats and gropes. The welting handprints were a point of pride for him, and from Gabby's loud screams of "*Oui!*" and "More!" they were something she quite enjoyed as well.

Her cunt squelched and gushed with more than one climax. With each one brought a new wave of delightful tightness threatened to tip Harry over the edge. It was only his iron-clad will that allowed him to hold on for so long, but even he had limits. Soon her walls would achieve their goal of milking him for every drop.

Harry pressed on. The sheets below were soaked with her juices. Gabby had long since lost the strength to hold herself up. Her upper body sagged limply against the mattress. The only sounds coming from her mouth now were soft grunts as her pussy was used over and over

again. She let out another pitiful whine as her cunt constricted once more, her body forcing itself to climax despite her lack of strength.

It was too much for him. With a shuddering groan, he finally erupted inside her, the pent-up orgasm forcing his hips to jerk and spasm as he emptied his balls within the Veela's womb.

Gabrielle sighed in content as she felt the molten hot cum fill her sore cunt. The soothing fullness brought a smile to her tired lips as Harry sagged atop her.

"*Putain...*" she groaned beneath him. Harry pushed himself up, allowing her to roll to the side tiredly, her breasts heaving as she fought for breath. Satiated, she wiggled herself against his side, crystal blue eyes staring up at him, glazed over with lust and awe. "A decade of marriage and you still fuck me like an insatiable beast. How lucky a bride I am indeed!" she giggled, running her hand down his chest to paw at his half-hard cock.

Harry groaned, his member a tad oversensitive having just climaxed. "Are you sure you're not the insatiable one?"

Gabrielle said nothing as she smirked, her finger tips brushing his cock, where a gust of purple magic spread out from her hand and enveloped his cock. Almost instantly, he was standing back to full hardness, and Gabrielle wrapped her hand around his newly erect cock with a Cheshire grin. "It is a good thing you married a Veela then, Non?"

Harry could do nothing but groan as his wife began to pump his cock faster.

A good thing indeed. He couldn't help but wonder how the other timelines would possibly be able to live up to *this*...

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Author's Note

Something tells me they'll live up to it easily enough lol. More to come soon so keep an eye out!

Thanks for reading!