

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

Summary: Weary from battle and wishing a respite from the losses of war, Harry absconds from Wizarding Britain, leaving everything he knew behind. Armed with the Hallows, Harry travels the Magical World, learning secrets long forgotten and breaking the boundaries of magic itself. However, it's when he stumbles upon an abandoned temple that his life truly begins to change, drawing the eyes of beings long thought to have faded into history and myth...

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Chapter 1: Venus Fly Trap

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Aphrodite was many things.

Goddess. The eldest of the Olympians—though the others would never admit it aloud. She was the embodiment of Love itself, the radiant ideal of Beauty in all its forms, the whisper of Pleasure, the heat of Desire. She was seduction and softness, the pulse that quickened hearts and the ache of longing written in poetry and song.

But most importantly...

Aphrodite was bored.

No, bored didn't even begin to cover it. She was apathetic. Disinterested. Utterly and maddeningly unfulfilled.

She'd already watched every reality TV show humans had to offer—twice. She'd devoured thousands of romance novels and shamelessly indulgent smut, even penned a few dozen of them herself under various pseudonyms (some of which hit the bestseller list). She'd stirred up a handful of dramatic celebrity breakups just to spice things up—nothing catastrophic, just enough scandal to keep the tabloids foaming.

At one point, she modelled for several of the world's most expensive fashion houses—Gucci, Dior, Chanel, and even a surprise turn in a Prada campaign. Many of her faces graced

billboards, runways, and perfume ads, though mortals never recognised her for who she truly was. They only knew she made them feel something.

From time to time, she even checked in on her demigod children at Chiron's camp, quietly and from a distance, careful not to draw too much divine attention. The other gods were tiresome when they were suspicious. Ancient laws and all that boorish nonsense.

Yet in all the monotony, through all her wandering distractions, Aphrodite had never once allowed her domains to falter.

Love still flowed because she made it so. It was a force, subtle, consuming, and sacred of which she tended like the holiest of gardens. She guided soulmates into each other's paths with the gentlest of nudges. She cradled the delicate beginnings of new romance, fanned the flames of long-burning passion, and soothed the hearts of those shattered by love lost. She was mercy and tenderness, but she was also justice.

Those who betrayed love in its purest forms faced her wrath. Parents who willfully harmed their children. Spouses who cheated and lied with cruel intentions. Friends who twisted trust into knives behind backs. Aphrodite saw them all—and she made sure the pain they sowed returned to them tenfold.

The other gods didn't see it.

To them, she was little more than a vapid beauty, a gossipy airhead obsessed with mortals and their fleeting dramas. Aphrodite let them believe it. It was easier that way. Let them scoff, let them whisper. Their underestimation was her shield that gave her the freedom to tend to her work without their tiresome interference.

Not that they would ever understand the *weight* of her responsibilities.

What did the other gods know of love?

Athena could strategise a thousand wars but couldn't navigate a single tender confession.

Artemis preached purity and isolation as if vulnerability were weakness. None of them knew what it meant to hold the beating heart of the world in their hands.

No, they wouldn't understand. Not like she did.

She was Love. Not a feeling. A force. A cosmic truth. A power in and of itself, no matter how much the others scoffed.

And yet lately, even that truth brought her little comfort.

Aphrodite found herself... frustrated.

Her grip on her domains hadn't slipped, not even close. Her control was absolute, eternal, unshaken so long as the ichor in her veins still ran gold. But the work that once brought her joy, once moved her like music, now felt like an obligation.

Even immersing herself within her domains gave little satisfaction. She couldn't remember the last time she even bothered to do so. When was the last time she'd taken a lover again? It had been years since she last lay with Ares—decades, if she was being honest. Not that the brutish war god took the hint. He still tried to woo her from time to time, with all the tact of a drunken gladiator. His most recent attempt forty years ago nearly sparked a war between the U.S. and the USSR.

Zeus had to intervene before Ares' dimwitted show of affection kicked off World War III.

Romantic, truly.

What had she even *seen* in him?

She scarcely remembered now. The passion, maybe. The novelty. Or perhaps it had been boredom even then.

But the truth was undeniable: she was bored, and a bored goddess was a dangerous thing. The last time she felt this stagnant, she accidentally set the Trojan War in motion. Apollo still hadn't stopped whining about it. As if she hadn't already apologised half a thousand times, for Chaos' sake!

It was only thanks to her boredom that she noticed it—the shift in one of the other gods.

Normally, Aphrodite couldn't be bothered to give her divine kin the time of day. Millennia spent watching their petty feuds play out like badly written soap operas had long since drained her of interest. Jealous squabbles, fragile egos, endless posturing. It was exhausting.

But lately—perhaps because she had nothing better to do—Aphrodite had been paying attention. Just a little. Enough to notice something strange.

It was subtle, but she felt it nonetheless: a change in the daughter of Perses.

Hecate.

The goddess of Magic was not known for her warmth. Stoic, reserved, and fiercely independent, Hecate rarely bothered with the politics of Olympus. She spoke in clipped sentences, rarely raised her voice, and seemed to glide through the world with the quiet gravity of a storm on the horizon. Some called her jaded. Others called her dangerous. Most simply avoided her.

Aphrodite had never spared Hecate much thought. Their paths rarely crossed, and when they did, they exchanged only the barest of courtesies. Still, Aphrodite had always harboured a modest amount of respect for her.

Hecate, like herself, bore a heavy burden from her domains. Magic was not a tame thing. It was chaos barely leashed, wild and ancient, pulsing beneath the surface of the world like a second heartbeat. The veil that cloaked it was delicate, and the forces it concealed were always testing the boundaries, always looking for cracks. Without a firm, disciplined hand, it could unravel and take the mortal world, and possibly the divine, down with it.

That kind of responsibility didn't leave much room for joy.

Which is precisely why the change caught Aphrodite's eye.

Hecate was... different.

Not dramatically so. There was no sudden laughter or tearful confessions. But there was a spark in her. A shimmer in her aura. A softness, subtle and new. Something had shifted.

Something had stirred in the depths of the goddess of sorcery, and Aphrodite, as the goddess of love, knew exactly what it was.

She had seen that light before.

It was the first flicker of *want*. The kind that reached deep and refused to let go. Not lust. Not fleeting pleasure. Not the shallow desire that burned fast and died faster. No, this was the beginning of longing.

Her interest piqued, the goddess of Love allowed herself a closer look.

It took all her subtlety to avoid the other goddess's notice. Hecate was no fool, and her senses were razor-sharp. But fortunately, in her rare burst of delight, the goddess of Magic seemed too distracted to notice the soft pressure of Aphrodite's attention turning her way.

And what Aphrodite saw...

Well. *That* was unexpected.

It was a man.

Tall. Raven-haired. Eyes the colour of emeralds and fresh spring leaves, dazzling green, so vivid they even took her breath away. There was something ancient that stirred within him. Something potent.

Even she had to admit he was striking enough to catch a goddess's eye. He was *beautiful*.

Not that it was merely his looks that held her.

Hecate's joy radiated from her like sunlight filtered through moonlight, and it clung to the mortal like silk to skin. It coalesced around him, laced through his very soul like a woven thread. Divine joy, pure, bright, and unmistakably possessive.

It was an unintentional message. One that said '*Look! Look upon what is mine!*'

Aphrodite tilted her head, intrigued.

He wasn't a demigod, that much was clear. No divine ichor ran in his veins. But he was not fully ordinary either.

A wizard.

A mortal descendant of those blessed by Hecate in ages past—carriers of ancient bloodlines infused with raw, unstable magic. There were tens of thousands of such mortals across the

world. Zeus had decreed long ago that no other god could interfere with the Wizarding World. A gift to Hecate for her continuous work maintaining the Mist that hid the godly world from the mortal one. Witches and wizards walked every continent, hidden from the larger human world by the Mist and their own fiercely guarded secrecy. Most were talented. Some were powerful. But this one... this one was *chosen*.

And Aphrodite could not, for the life of her, understand why.

What made him special? What set him apart from the rest of his kind? Why would the goddess of Magic, who rarely spared more than a passing glance to her own followers, suddenly anchor her emotions so clearly to this one soul?

It was more than patronage. It was personal.

Aphrodite narrowed her eyes, her interest sharpening to a fine edge. She hadn't felt this level of curiosity in decades. Centuries, even.

She studied the mortal with greater care. Raven hair like smoke and storm clouds. A faint scar beneath the fringe. Old, magical, cursed. His aura flickered with restrained power, tempered by pain and sharpened by experience. He'd suffered, this one. Lived through something that should have broken him. Perhaps had.

And yet... he stood.

Who was he?

The answer came not in a voice, but as a whisper—low and resonant, pulled from the threads of his very soul. It vibrated against her divine senses like a chord struck too close to the heart.

A name.

Harry Potter.

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It had started as nothing more than a distraction.

A way to pass the time. She'd only meant to watch. To peek. To alleviate the dull, grinding monotony of eternity with something novel. But days turned into weeks. Weeks became months.

And now?

Now she watched him constantly.

She watched as he wandered from place to place, drifting like a ghost through the world, seeking... something. Knowledge, perhaps. Escape. Or maybe peace, though he wore sorrow like a second skin. There was a weight to him that intrigued her—one not born of divine legacy or foolish ambition, but of survival.

What fascinated her most, however, wasn't his magic—though it was formidable—or the way he carried himself like a man who had seen the edge of the abyss and dared it to take him.

No.

It was the love.

It pulsed from him like a heartbeat. Quiet. Steady. Unshakable. A love not rooted in romance or desire, but something far more ancient—selfless, stubborn, human. He loved without needing to be loved in return. He held space in his heart for the dead, for the broken, for those he had saved and those he had failed. He carried *everyone*.

And that... that was what enraptured her.

At first, she had assumed it was boredom. A new fixation, a mortal oddity. She'd obsessed over many men before—Achilles, Adonis, even that tragic fool Orpheus—but this was different. She understood him. Or rather, she saw in him a reflection of what she herself once was. Love, not as pleasure or passion, but as duty. As a weight. As something worth hurting for.

That scared her more than she cared to admit.

Aphrodite, goddess of Love, moved across the world like a whisper, hidden in shifting faces and borrowed names, following the path of a single mortal man. She saw the way he treated strangers, the quiet kindness in his touch, the exhaustion behind his smile. She saw all the moments he kept to himself. The vulnerable ones where he mourned for the dead, his tears falling quiet and unheard. She saw his unyielding resolve waver when the weight of his past became too much in those quiet nights where he believed no eyes perceived his sorrow.

But Aphrodite's did.

And she realised, in that moment, that she had fallen deeply into something she didn't understand.

Not boredom.

Compassion.

Even after everything... after all of it... this man still chose to love.

So she watched. And waited. And wondered what it would feel like to speak to him. To be near him. To see if the strange pull she felt was truly real.

She knew she was being foolish. The others would mock her—*Hermes* most of all. And Ares...

Ares would do more than mock. He already suspected her interest. He did not know who had caught her eye. Aphrodite ensured that, shielding Harry from the god of War's gaze whenever the blood thirsty dimwit tried to look. It worked, but it also only made Ares' jealousy grow.

His temper over the last few months had only grown stormier. Her continued rebuttal of his advances did not help things. The god of War was not someone who was oft denied what he wanted, but Aphrodite was no minor goddess he could bully into giving him what he wished for.

She was an Olympian. Her strength matched his, and his brutish anger would not cow her.

Harry, however, was mortal. If Ares did find out about him...

Aphrodite could not take such a risk.

Still, she waited. Waited for tonight. Ares was distracted. A mortal woman had caught his fancy—blonde with large chest and plump arse, a poor imitation of Aphrodite, but the goddess hardly cared. The brute's attention was firmly on the bimbo for the foreseeable future. It was time

She didn't have a plan, not exactly.

But as she stood on the threshold of the Venetian nightclub, wrapped in a body tailored from starlight and sea-foam, every part of her thrummed with something electric. Excitement. Nerves. The strange thrill of a first meeting.

She saw him instantly.

Sitting alone at the far end of the bar, shoulders slumped, drink in hand. The air around him was heavy with memory—tonight was significant, she could feel it in the tension of his spine. A wound reopened, quietly, without ceremony.

The anniversary.

She took a breath—not that she needed to—and stepped forward.

The room seemed to hush around her, the music softening, the lights bending just so. Mortals turned to look, eyes caught by the echo of divinity they couldn't name. She walked slowly, each step deliberate, her presence a song the world couldn't help but hear.

And then his eyes found hers.

It hit her like lightning. The pull between them wasn't imagined—it was real. His soul saw her, even if his mind did not yet know her name.

She could've smiled then, triumphant in the way gods are when fate bends in their favour. But instead, she felt something entirely unfamiliar. Something she couldn't name.

It vexed her, the way in which this unnamed feeling stirred in her bosom, but Aphrodite pushed it down.

Instead, as she neared, she smiled, the curve of her lips gentle, carefully chosen, designed not to seduce, but to open a door.

And when he looked at her, truly looked...

She almost forgot what she had come for.

He didn't flinch when she sat beside him. That, more than anything, intrigued her.

Men often stammered, fumbled, and became lesser versions of themselves in her presence. But Harry—he looked at her. Really looked. His eyes didn't linger on her curves. Though he was *aware* of them. She could feel his attraction for her whisper in the air between them. She felt a small bit of vindication at that. He didn't gawk, though. Instead, he studied her with the kind of quiet, unflinching gaze only those who had seen too much could manage.

It made something in her chest stir.

With more effort than it should have, Aphrodite found her voice and spoke.

“Apple Martini, *per favore*.”

There. A demand veiled as a request. A way for her to take control of the conversation from the start. It helped ease some of the fluttery feelings in her chest.

He did not rush to fulfil her request. Instead, he smiled, the curve of his lips amused as he gave the bartender a single slow nod, his *breathtaking* green eyes never leaving her for a moment.

“You know,” she said, low with a purr that she knew made most mortals quiver at the sound, “they say it’s rude to stare at a girl without buying her a drink first.” The bartender reappeared, sliding the bright red cocktail towards her. Aphrodite took it, her eyes locked onto Harry as she brought the sweet mixture to her lips and took a slow sip. “But it seems like we already skipped to that part, hmm?”

He smiled. Not lecherously. Not in awe.

Just... a smile.

A weary one, laced with more amusement. She caught the flicker of hesitation behind it, a heartbeat of suspicion, the cautious pause of a man who’d learned not to trust beautiful things.

Good.

She didn’t want blind devotion. She wanted *him*.

“Seems so,” he replied, voice low, warm with just a touch of rasp. “I’m Harry.”

He offered his hand. His fingers were calloused, his grip steady—not tight, not eager. Grounded.

Real.

Her smile curved with genuine pleasure.

“Hello Harry,” she said. His name felt wonderful on her lips. She had to force down a shiver of delight, pausing to nibble at the inside of her cheek. “You may call me Helen.”

A lie, yes, but a necessary one. The truth would come soon enough. For now, she wanted him to meet her without the weight of who she was. Not as *Aphrodite*, but simply as someone curious. Helen was the first name she thought of, an ironic choice considering well...y'know. Pushing away the distant memories of Ilium, Aphrodite let her fingers linger as they touched his. His magic brushed against hers in a brief, electric whisper, and she almost gasped at the taste of it. Raw, complex, laced with ancient power and unbearable grief. It felt like the ocean during a storm—violent and deep, yet still so full of life.

They sat in comfortable silence for a moment, his presence grounding in a way she hadn't felt in centuries. Millennia, maybe. She wasn't sure.

"You don't seem like you're from around here," he said after a beat, eyeing her with mild curiosity.

She tilted her head, a soft chuckle escaping her. "Neither do you, Harry."

He smiled again, just a flicker. "Touché."

"I travel," she offered, playing with the stem of her glass. "The world is a rather dull place if you stay in one corner of it too long."

"And yet you're in Venice. At a bar. On a Thursday."

She raised a brow. "So are you."

"I'm allowed. I'm brooding."

She laughed then—genuinely. "Are you, now?"

"It's tradition," he said, voice quieter now. "This day... It's not a good one."

She nodded slowly. The Battle of Hogwarts. She could feel the ache in him, even if he didn't say it aloud. How many of his friends died that day? She felt the ghosts of his past pressing against him like old scars that refused to fade.

"I'm sorry," she said, and meant it.

He looked surprised. Not because of what she said—but because of how she said it. She could see it in his eyes, that flicker of *is she actually being sincere?* So few were.

He waved her off. "Don't be. Ancient history and all that." He paused, taking a generous swallow of his own drink. "So," he said after a moment, changing the subject like a man practised in the art of evasion. "What brings you here? Something tells me you don't come to bars looking for sorry fools to save from their sulking."

She tilted her glass to him. "And what if I did?"

Harry chuckled, the rumbling sound squeezing something in Aphrodite's chest that made the goddess want to pounce the man.

"Then I'd say you're probably gonna need another drink," he huffed, waving the bartender over. Aphrodite smiled, accepting the new drink as she studied Harry. Harry's eyes met hers a moment later, and for a single, indiscernible second, they remained locked in a hypnotising embrace of eyes.

She looked away first. That was... new.

"You're not what I expected," she murmured, turning her glass slowly between her fingers.

"Do you often go around expecting things from strangers in bars?"

"Only the interesting ones."

Another silence stretched between them—this one heavier, charged.

She let her gaze drift over him once more—not hungrily, not possessively, but thoughtfully. He was powerful, yes. Mysterious, certainly. But that wasn't what had drawn her in the end.

It was the way he still chose to feel.

In a world that had given him every excuse to harden, Harry Potter still loved. Quietly. Deeply. Without fanfare.

And that, above all else, was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen.

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They talked.

For hours, they talked about nothing and everything. The world, books, quiet grief, silent triumphs. At some point, their drinks had long gone untouched, the conversation intoxicating enough on its own. She found herself laughing more than she had in centuries. Not the polite titter she reserved for flattery or the dulcet hum of manipulation—but laughter, true and full. He didn't treat her like a goddess. He didn't treat her like a fantasy, or a prize, or a figure of worship. He treated her like a woman.

One with thoughts. Questions. Desires.

That was new...and dangerous.

She watched him, *really* watched him as he spoke with that low, thoughtful voice. His lips moved carefully, as though each word deserved to be weighed before release. His hands danced when he was explaining something, always so careful, always so passionate. He had a way of making even silence feel meaningful.

He fascinated her.

And *gods help her*, she wanted him.

It was not just his appearance—though he was undeniably handsome in that unpolished, battle-worn way she found most alluring. It wasn't even his power, though the quiet storm she sensed beneath his skin made her ache to see it unleashed.

It was him. His warmth. His depth. His restraint.

The way he could make her forget she was immortal.

Somewhere along the way, their knees had brushed. Once, twice—then stayed that way. His leg against hers, warm and solid. Her hand had moved slightly closer on the bar. So had his. She hadn't meant to lean in, hadn't meant to let her hair fall across her shoulder just so, hadn't meant to laugh in that low, soft way that always curled a man's spine.

But he didn't retreat.

He leaned in, too.

She wasn't sure who suggested the dance. Maybe it was him. Maybe it was her.

Maybe it didn't matter.

One moment, they were laughing over one of his tales from his travels, and the next, her hand was in his, and they were moving toward the dance floor. The music was low and sultry, a haunting rhythm that felt too old for the bar. It curled around them like smoke.

He was a good dancer. Not polished or rehearsed, but present. His hands found her waist naturally, confidently, pulling her closer without greed. Her arms slipped around his shoulders, and their bodies fell into rhythm as though they'd done this before in a thousand lifetimes.

She could feel every inch of him pressed against her. The strength of his muscles beneath the plain button-up, the heat of his skin radiating against her own. *Fuck* she wanted him. It took all her restraint to stop her arousal from spilling free. One slip up and her natural aura would make the entire bar one giant orgy, a deafening mixture of loud moans and slapping flesh.

Something told her Harry wouldn't appreciate that too much.

Yet Aphrodite's restraint could only go so far. Where she contained the roar of lust boiling to be unleashed upon the unsuspecting mortals, she could do little to stop it from overtaking her.

Her body responded before she could restrain it—heat coiling low in her belly, a flutter of anticipation in her chest. Her breath caught when his fingers brushed the bare skin of her back.

Her heart stuttered when he looked at her like he knew something she didn't want to admit.

She leaned in, her breath leaving her in flutters. Her hand slid up the back of his neck, pulling him down as her fingers teased the edges of his hair.

The kiss was gentle, yet *electrifying*. Aphrodite could stop herself from whimpering against his lips and tug him closer. Gods she needed him. Her heart hammered against her chest, fire and ice coursing through her very veins as her desire became almost too much to bring to heel.

Not here, she thought.

Not yet.

Pulling back with a gasp, Aphrodite was at least happy to see Harry was just as flustered as she felt, his lips reddened and pupils dilated with lust.

Aphrodite smirked and leaned in again. She couldn't wait any longer.

Her lips brushed the curve of his ear, breath warm and sweet as honeyed wine. She felt the shiver that ran through him, and it made her smile.

"Would you," he whispered, her voice thick with promise, "like to take me back to your hotel?"

She watched as Harry swallowed thickly, his green eyes begging to devour her in every way imaginable that made her pussy *throb* with need.

Then, he nodded.

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The walk back was quiet. Not awkward—just heavy with anticipation. Their fingers brushed once, then laced together without a word. Her heels clicked softly on the marble floor as they entered the hotel, and she barely glanced at the concierge, who seemed too entranced to do more than nod.

His room was simple. Clean. Dimly lit. A blend of scent—cedar, parchment, and something older, wilder. Her heels hit the floor first. Then her shawl.

She turned to Harry, just about to speak—

"*Gyah!*" she gasped, surprise taking her as she found herself suddenly pressed against the wall with Harry's lips savagely attacking her neck. Surprise turned quickly to pleasure as his hungry kisses turned into sucking, then sucking turned into biting, and then the next thing the goddess knew, she was moaning his name like a verdant prayer

"*Harry~*" she whispered, fingers threading through his hair as he nipped at her pulse point. How had this happened? She was the goddess of Lust after all, and yet here she was whimpering like a blushing nymph as a mere mortal tasted her flesh. It was humiliating.

It was *invigorating*.

Like a blooming flower, she opened before him with a tilt of the head, presenting every smooth inch of flesh all the way down to the barely covered tips of her breasts. She hadn't stopped pulling him closer, not since his lips first touched her skin. Though not the one in control, this

was still her domain. Aphrodite guided him gently to where she wanted, gasping his name out when his mouth descended upon those sweet, sweet spots that made her vision swim.

Harry's hands weren't idle either. They slid down her back, coming to a stop on her hips for a brief, hesitating moment before they took the plunge. The goddess audibly moaned when his calloused hands sank into the plush flesh of her ass.

"Ah~" she gasped, her hips rocking forward involuntarily as Harry's fingers brushed the inside of her thighs. "It's rude to tease a lady Harry." Though her tone was teasing, Aphrodite wanted nothing more than to force his hand back where it had been so *fucking* close to her core.

Too bad fate had other plans.

Aphrodite stilled as the air suddenly shifted. The atmosphere grew wrong. Cold, not in temperature, but in feeling. Heavy. An old rot curling beneath the walls like a wound left to fester.

"Helen?" Harry asked, sensing her sudden discomfort. "Are you okay?"

Aphrodite made to open her mouth and speak when she felt it.

Divine energy, masked but unmistakable—reeking of violence and decayed metal. Something Olympian. Before she could speak, a low, unnatural growl echoed from the shadows. From a darkened corner of the room, the air seemed to bubble and ripple before it coalesced into a single, hulking figure.

Said figure was massive, decorated head to toe in ancient armour. What little skin could be seen was shredded and grey with rot. The bones of its skeleton peaking out from the creases in its armour, while its eyeless sockets glowed with a burning red light.

An undead warrior.

A spawn of Ares.

Fury burned in Aphrodite's chest. How *dare he?! She'd been so careful*, but it seems even wetting his dick with some blonde bimbo wasn't enough to end his obsession. Ares had found her, and thus Harry, and now her rabid dog of an ex dared to try and harm what was *hers*?

She could not allow this to stand.

She could feel the power radiating off of the warrior. Ares had infused some of his own essence into the accursed thing, meaning no mortal or even demigod could hope to best the undead beast. But Aphrodite was neither. She was an *Olympian*.

Eyes glowing with power, the goddess lifted her hand to smite the lumbering sack of bones right then and there. She was ready to incinerate it—consequences be damned. She could reveal herself. She would. She wouldn't let this creature lay a finger on Harry.

Yet she would never get the chance.

Harry moved first.

Fast. Efficient.

In a blur of motion, he was across the room. A spell—something she didn't recognise—flared from his palm in molten silver. The warrior snarled, lunging. Harry met it head-on, ducking beneath its swing and slamming the crackling ball of energy right into the creature's chest. It staggered back, its armoured chestplate twisted and blackened from the blow, but still standing. The undead servant roared, the sound rattling like cracked bones as it dashed forward, giant claymore sword raised high. Harry didn't retreat, didn't so much as *move* and for a split second, Aphrodite felt genuine fear.

The sword came down...

And shattered.

Harry smirked, eyes glowing green with power as he tossed the shards of the sword aside. He had caught it. He *caught the sword* and shattered it with his hand.

Aphrodite took a step back, stunned.

Power surged from Harry like a whirlwind. Spell after spell, he dismantled the beast, tearing apart its armour with brilliant flashes of light. He moved like a warrior, each move calculated and precise. The undead sentry tried to keep up, but it was clearly outmatched, defenceless as Harry incinerated its left arm before blasting away its lower jaw with a single flick of his wand.

The final blow came in the form of a glowing rune that flared from his fingertips like a dagger of light. It pierced the creature's chest, and with an unholy scream, the undead monstrosity burst into ash and flame.

Silence fell.

Harry stood, his breath slightly quickened as he studied the pile of golden dust at his feet.

Adrenaline still roared in his veins as he turned his attention to the room at large, looking for any other threats. Seeing none, he finally turned his attention back to Aphrodite.

"Are you alright?"

Aphrodite blinked. She barely heard him over the roar of *want* in her ears. That was... Seeing him move like that, dismantling Ares's attack dog with such ease, and by extension, dominating a piece of the God of War's own essence...it was...was...

In the blink of an eye, Aphrodite crossed the room and all but tackled Harry to the ground. He gave a surprise grunt, but the goddess paid him no mind as she smashed her lips against his.

Hungry. Needing. *Wanting*.

She fisted handfuls of his shirt, accidentally tearing the first few buttons apart. *Oops*.

The thick layer of lust infusing her actions made Aphrodite's movements jerky and directionless.

She pulled away from Harry's lips only to pepper kisses down his jawline before circling her tongue around his pulse point. Harry groaned, his hands instinctively coming up to grip her by the rear.

"You're not just Hecate's favourite. You're her *masterpiece*," she spoke, her breath coming out in quiet pants before she nibbled on the lobe of his ear.

She felt Harry still beneath her.

"W-What—" he stammered.

Fuck. Well, she had been ready to reveal her identity anyways...

Pulling back, Aphrodite smiled down at the bewildered man. With a slow, deliberate motion, she raised her hand and pulled away the veil of glamour. Gold spilled across her skin. Her eyes glowed with divine light. Power radiated from her in waves. Beautiful. Terrifying. Eternal.

Aphrodite revealed herself.

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Authors Note

I had a lot of fun writing from Aphrodite's perspective. To me she's a lot more of a complex character than the two-dimensional sex-crazed goddess most fic-authors portray her as.

Thanks for reading!