

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 6:

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Harry had experienced many bewildering situations since these forays into his future began. Waking up to Pansy Parkinson's mouth wrapped around his cock sprang to mind for starters. Some were more shocking than others, of course. He'd been far more surprised by his future marriage to Narcissa Malfoy of all people than he was by Susan Bones' apparent love of shower sex. By now, however, he'd experienced enough of such surprises to feel confidently prepared for anything Fortuna had to throw at him.

...At least until now.

Similar to his future with Gabrielle, Harry hadn't woken from a listless sleep into this new world. Instead, as he closed his eyes with Fortuna cuddled into his side, the darkness shifted. The sensation of falling overtook him for a moment, and it was only his lightning-fast reflexes that allowed him to catch onto the broom handle that suddenly appeared below him.

The screams of a crowd met his ears before the world itself ever appeared. It was a cacophony of roars and cheers that stabbed his ears before the darkness faded away, replaced by dozens of bright stadium lights and the neatly trimmed green grass of a professional Quidditch pitch. Harry barely had time to take in the *thousands* of faces filling the towering arena like stands before the sound of a whistle shrieked through the air.

It took all of half a second for him to make up his mind. He could figure out what the hell was going on later. Right now, the only things he knew for sure were that he was on a broom and floating above a Quidditch pitch. He didn't have to be a genius to parse what was expected of him.

Thankfully, even though it'd been over a year since he last flew, his instincts came back to him sharp as ever. The second the whistle sounded, he shot off, nearly colliding with a witch in a white, green, and red jersey who'd been reaching for the quaffle. The near hit forced her to dodge out of the way while another wizard in a blue and red jersey that matched Harry's own snatched the quaffle right from under her nose. Harry smirked to himself, not looking back as he rocketed upwards.

He still had it.

The screams of the onlookers nearly drowned out the announcer's voice. Harry was mildly surprised to hear the familiar rushing words of Lee Jordan pierce through the roar of the crowd.

*“AND MALCOLM’S UP FIRST WITH THE QUAFFLE THANKS TO A FANTASTIC ASSIST FROM POTTER. MALCOLM PASSES TO DARCY! DARCY DIVES—”*

Harry shook his head, tuning Lee's voice out along with the wild cheers of the crowd. Years of seeker experience took control, eyes tearing across the horizon with precision, searching for that familiar glint of gold. Seeing nothing after scanning twice, Harry turned his attention back to the other players. The chasers from both teams were in a wild scuffle, ruthlessly fighting for the quaffle as they dipped and rolled through the air. Off to the side, one of the beaters on the other team, whom he now recognised as the Wrexham Wyverns, was lining up a shot with his bat as the bludger came sailing towards him. A quick glance was all it took for Harry to see where he was aiming: At the back of one of his teammates' skulls.

That wouldn't do.

Pitching forward, Harry let his broom take a nose dive, the wind whipping by his face so fast that the world around him was nothing more than a giant blur as he rocketed towards the opposing

beater. The red and white clad wizard was none the wiser to Harry's speedy approach, his arm pulling back as he prepared to send the bludger careening towards Harry's teammate.

With a yank, Harry pulled his broom up *inches* before he collided with the other player. The sudden change in g-force made his stomach spin as his broom shot upwards and twisted back around in a steep barrel roll. He was just barely able to hear the beater's yelp of surprise through the roar of the wind. Looking back, he watched with a victorious smirk as the bludger sailed past, missing the beater's bat by a wide margin.

He kept up a steady rhythm after that, falling back onto his old training under Wood. He swapped between scanning for the snitch and running interference against the other team, along with the occasional baiting manoeuvre to fool the other seeker.

He barely paid any mind to the crowd, only noticing when their screams would reach a wild crescendo after one of his particularly dangerous stunts that he pulled off with ease.

It was perhaps one of the best games of Harry's life. Certainly, the best he's ever *played* at the very least. The broom beneath him made it easy. Though different from his trusty firebolt, it was more than capable of handling every one of Harry's death-defying stunts with ease. He'd have to make a note of the brand after the game so he could keep tabs on the company when he went back to his old time. Ron would *love* a broom like this.

The competition was equally fierce. These were no Hogwarts students he was facing, but proper *professional* athletes. Their skill was nearly equal to his own, and their ferocity to win even more so, but Harry didn't let that deter him. In fact, the sheer intensity with which the other team played only made the blood in his ear roar louder with glee. This game was proving to be a challenge he didn't even know he needed.

*"DARCY PASSES TO MALCOLM! MALCOLM TO HARPER! HARPER TAKES THE SHOT ANNNND--! OOF! BLOCKED BY MORGAN, LEAVING THIS A TIED GAME OF 70 TO 70, POSSESSION WYVERNS!"*

Harry listened to Lee's words as the very scene played out before his eyes. The other team's keeper was good. *Really good*. Enough that, despite their team possessing the quaffle nearly twice as much as the other, they were barely keeping up with the rate at which the Wyverns scored. Something would need to change soon if they had any hope of winning this game.

Just as Harry was going to pitch his broom forward to run interference once more, a glint of gold streaked across the periphery of his vision. Harry didn't hesitate, knowing that if he saw it, there was a good chance the other seeker saw it as well. Like a rocket, he shot off, careening towards one of the tall stadium lights where the snitch was zipping around in fast, jarring flashes of gold. He could sense more than actually see the Wyvern's seeker on his tail. The other team probably had the same broom as he did, which meant that he couldn't rely on speed to avoid the other seeker.

The snitch darted like a living fiery spark, disappearing in the glare of the stadium lights, then reappearing with a taunting shimmer. Harry leaned into his broom, his fingers white-knuckled around the handle. Every muscle in his body tensed as he dove, cutting through the air in a vertical plunge that sent a rush of adrenaline searing through his veins.

The telltale hiss of another broomstick grew closer as the distance between him and the other seeker shrank. Harry pushed his broom even harder, the wood practically groaning beneath his fingers. As if noticing their approach, the snitch dove without warning, veering sharply down toward the heart of the stadium. Harry cursed under his breath, twisting his broom back before rocketing back down to follow the snitch's path. A sudden gust caught him, and for a fraction of a second he wobbled—just enough for the rival seeker to close the gap. They were neck and neck now, hands outstretched, both tearing through the air like arrows loosed from the same bow. A bludger, unseen until the last second, screamed between them. Harry ducked, the iron ball missing him by inches—but it forced the other Seeker to swerve wide, giving Harry the slimmest of leads once more.

The Snitch vanished into a thick knot of players mid-field, and Harry plunged into the chaos without hesitation. Elbows grazed his ribs, a boot nearly caught his shoulder, but he didn't blink. The other Seeker followed close behind, weaving through bodies and broomsticks, daring the same madness Harry embraced. The Snitch emerged just below the centre hoop and shot straight up, hugging the towering frame. Harry followed, rising in a near-vertical climb, heart pounding, the air so thin and sharp it burned in his lungs.

*'Merlin, I've missed this!'* he couldn't help but think, a manic smile gracing his lips.

The snitch zigzagged into a tight spiral around the hoop, so close that it nearly slammed into the Wyvern keeper's face as it emerged through the ringed rim at the very top. Harry didn't so much as blink as he barreled past the other player, nearly knocking them from their broom in the process, as he gave chase.

Behind him, the rival seeker was gaining again, inches away now, their fingers reaching past the tail of Harry's broom. The snitch veered one last time—toward open sky.

With a growl of effort, Harry yanked the broom into a savage arc, rolling hard beneath the other seeker and blasting forward in one last desperate burst. The world blurred. His hand shot out—Gold metal met his fingers as he clasped his hand tightly around the writhing ball's outer shell. The roar of the crowd was deafening; only the magically enhanced voice of Lee Jordan was able to pierce through the thunderous screams.

*"AND HE'S DONE IT AGAIN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! HARRY POTTER HAS CAUGHT THE SNITCH! PUDDLEMORE WINS 230 TO 80!"*

Harry smiled, throwing his hand up with the snitch held high. The crowd's roars only grew, his name chanted with fervent cheers as his teammates swarmed him with cheers of their own.

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The celebration on the pitch was cut short by a gaggle of staff members all wearing Puddlemore United ensemble. They ushered the team off the pitch as quickly as possible, doing their best to corral them away from the horde of journalists waiting by the exit.

“Harry over here!”

“Mr Potter, any thoughts on your placement as Witch Weekly’s hottest bachelor of the week for the thirty-second week in a row?!”

“Harry what do you think of your performance tonight?!”

“Harry!”

He ignored them all, muttering a few select curses under his breath that had his teammate, Darcy, snickering with a teasing smile on her lips.

A few of the journalists, realising Harry was a lost cause, turned their attention to the other team members, much to Harry’s relief. Thankfully, they were soon led inside away from the vulturistic reporters and into an expansive locker room. Another team of staff members waited by the entrance to collect their brooms and hand them towels. One, however, approached Harry directly with a bow of his head.

“Madame Brown and Patil wish to speak with you sir.”

Harry furrowed his brow. “Who?”

“Your...publicists, sir,” the man replied, with an equally bewildered look on his face.

Schooling his features, Harry quickly nodded.

“Right, yeah. Sorry, intense game. They want to see me now?”

The man thankfully shook his head. “After you’ve changed, sir.”

Harry nodded in relief and rejoined his teammates as he stripped himself of his gear. He winced at the purpled bruise along his ribs as he took off his undershirt, a gift from one of the Wyvern’s chasers when he was racing after the snitch. He took as quick a shower as he could, feeling somewhat uncomfortable showering around six other people he barely knew. Thankfully, everyone else seemed just as tired as he was, and so spoke very little and simply focused on washing themselves.

It was a dozen or so minutes later that saw Harry finally dressed and pocketing his wand as he followed the same unnamed staff member out of the locker room.

The trip through the dizzying arena tunnels was done in silence, the young staff member remaining professional and poised as he led Harry through the winding hallways. Soon enough, they arrived at a singular bronze elevator protected by a gruff-looking wizard with the word “SECURITY” emblazoned on his robes. The burly man said nothing as they passed, only nodding to Harry with a grunt as the other man pressed the call button.

The elevator doors dinged open, and the young staff member gestured for Harry to step inside. “Here you are sir. And congratulations on a hard-won victory once again.”

Harry gave the man a nod in thanks and stepped inside. The doors closed quickly, and Harry was forced to brace against the wall as the elevator suddenly lurched and shot upwards at an even quicker rate.

When the doors finally opened again, Harry stepped out stiffly, throwing a glare at the accursed elevator car before its doors closed once more.

He really fucking hated magical transportation. Brooms being the exception, of course.

The office he found himself in was a stark contrast to the somewhat barren halls he’d been surrounded by just a few moments prior.

Large, enchanted glass panes offered a commanding, one-way view of the entire Quidditch pitch below. From this lofty vantage point, the chaos of the game would almost seem like theatre—something to be shaped, spun, and sold. The office itself was styled with effortless sophistication. A sleek, dark walnut desk, polished to a mirror shine, sat in the centre, facing the pitch, while a myriad of self-writing quills wrote furiously over heaps of parchment above.

Floating lanterns provided warm, golden light that bathed the entire room. Rich velvet curtains, the colour of deep wine, framed the enchanted windows, though something told Harry they were rarely ever drawn. A large cream coloured couch sat between him and the desk, curled in a wide semi-circle with enough space to fit practically the entire Quidditch team. Along the walls, discreetly charmed frames displayed rotating headlines from The Daily Prophet, Witch Weekly, and The Quibbler, each featuring Harry’s name in varying degrees.

*'Potter Triumphs Over The Harpies!'*

*'Harry Potter Selected For World Cup Lineup!'*

*'The Man Who Won, Wins Again!'*

He rolled his eyes at the ridiculous phrases and made to turn his attention elsewhere.

Like to the blonde missile currently slamming into his chest.

Harry grunted as the excitable missile collided with his chest, slender arms wrapping tightly around his midsection while something soft pressed against his sternum.

"That. Was. Incredible!" the blonde mass squealed, her high-pitched shriek of joy plucking a familiar string in Harry's mind.

"Lav'?" Harry asked, gazing down at the witch wrapped around his midsection.

Lavender Brown looked up at him with a wide smile. She'd grown much since Hogwarts, the vision standing before him showcasing a woman who could halt conversation mid-sentence. Her golden hair fell in wild, romantic ringlets, each curl catching the light like spun sugar, cascading down her shoulders with effortless grace. Her eyes—wide, light blue, and impossibly clear—held a dreamy intensity. Faint, silvery scars traced one side of her face, courtesy of Fenrir Greyback during the Battle of Hogwarts. He felt a strange twinge of relief knowing she didn't try to hide them away. They stood out for all to see, beautiful in their defiance, a reminder that even the wounds of the past could not steal her softness.

The blonde didn't seem as haunted now as she had been whilst Madame Pomfrey had attended to her wounds in the ruins of the Hogwarts Hospital Wing. He could still remember her quiet sobs while the aged Healer whispered words of comfort in her ear. Harry felt something twist painfully in his gut at the memory.

No, the Lavender before him now definitely wasn't the one he knew from after the battle. Her eyes were gleaming with sparkles of joy, her frame loose and carefree as she hugged him tightly with another squeal of delight.



“You’ve practically guaranteed your spot on the front page of every major newspaper and tabloid in the country! *The Prophet* included, of course! Seriously, that was *fantastic!*”

Harry opened his mouth to reply, but before he could, another voice spoke up instead.

“I still think his performance against the Harpies last year was better, but yes, tonight most certainly will be one to remember.”

Where Lavender had grown into a vision of brightness and joy, Parvati Patil, by contrast, was a symphony of midnight warmth and divine symmetry. Her long, dark hair shimmered like liquid obsidian, falling in smooth waves that framed a face kissed by moonlight. Her skin, rich and radiant like the most divine caramel, glowed as though lit from within. Her dark eyes smouldered with a kind of bold hypnotic fire that Harry couldn't help but lose his breath to. She carried herself with the poise of a goddess who knew exactly what she was—her figure sculpted like fine art. Sinuous, powerful in its elegance, and impossible to overlook as she sauntered forward step by step.

“True,” Lavender hummed, loosening her hold on him yet keeping her arms firmly wrapped around his waist. “I’m like ninety percent sure the stunts he pulled in that game are the reason for all those new safety regulations the league put into place at the beginning of the season.”

Parvati giggled, “Indeed. You can’t help but cause a stir every now and again, can you darling?”

Harry shrugged. A good majority of his ‘stirs’ in the past hadn’t exactly been his fault. He wasn’t foolish enough to think that wouldn’t be the case in his future either.

“Guess that’s why I’ve got you two,” he teased, shooting Parvati a playful wink. “I’m sure my public image wouldn’t be nearly as good without your combined expertise.”

Parvati rolled her eyes, but the smile on her lips betrayed her real amusement. “Please, Harry, if it weren’t for us, your public image would be nonexistent.”

“We both know if you had your way, you’d show up, play Quidditch, and then go hide away in that draughty old manor of yours without so much as a single word to anyone,” Lavender added, finally extracting her arms from around his waist to pointedly tap his chest with her finger.

Harry rolled his eyes but didn't argue. That would indeed be exactly what he'd do.

"Alright, alright, fine. I'm completely hopeless without the two of you and owe you all my success," he chuckled, playfully flicking a strand of Lavender's golden hair. "Now what did you need to speak with me about?"

The girls shared a look, one that Harry couldn't hope to decipher, before Parvati suddenly stepped closer and ran a single manicured nail down the length of his jaw.

"Well...we were talking earlier after you won and..." Parvati trailed off with Lavender stepping forward to pick back up for her, the blonde reaching forward to play with the hem of Harry's shirt. Harry felt the shift in the air as Lavender and Parvati both peered up at him, eyes dancing with sinful intent. "We think your fantastic performance in the game deserves a reward." Parvati curled her sharpened nail beneath his jaw, her eyes narrowing. "But just this once! You're still sleeping on the couch tonight for your stunt last week at the Carington's art gala!"

Harry nodded with widened eyes, more out of surprise than any real chastisement. What the hell did he do at the art gala?

Seemingly satisfied with his nonverbal answer, Parvati's scowl morphed back into a demure smile. Beside her, Lavender giggled lightly.

"She's scarily *hot*, our girl, isn't she, Harry?"

Before he could respond, the blonde stepped back and reached for the thin shoulder straps of her dress. Harry was caught for a breathless moment, watching the dress pool at the bubbly girl's feet. She wore nothing beneath, every inch of pale glowing skin on display for his eyes to drink in.

He felt more than he heard Parvati purr beside him. The caramel-skinned beauty was pressed against him now, her hand stilled upon his chest, while she stared hungrily at Lavender. The blonde's smile only grew as she caught both their devouring gazes. She turned and struck a pose with a lilting giggle, her arse swaying from side to side.

"Well? Are you two just going to stand there, or are you going to join me?"

Harry moved first, pulling Lavender flush against him while the blonde guided them down onto the couch. Her lips met his in a fierce claiming kiss. There was no hesitation from Harry as he met her lips with equal heat and insistence, his hands gripping Lavender by her bubbly arse as he pulled her onto his lap.

Behind them, Parvati let out a soft giggle and settled onto the couch beside them. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see that she had already disposed of her own dress, leaving her dressed in only a lacy black bra and a matching set of knickers. She sat unmoving for a moment, watching in rapt attention as his and Lavender's tongues danced. Harry was too busy palming Lavender's *juicy* arse to notice as the dark-haired witch leaned in. The feeling of her lips on his neck, sucking lightly on his pulse point, sent a shiver of primal excitement down his spine.

"I think someone is still a bit too dressed, don't you Lav'?" Parvati drawled, the red of her lipstick every so slightly smeared.

Lavender hummed, pulling back from him to grip the lapels of his shirt. "Definitely," she growled, yanking the buttons of his shirt open with enough force to pop one completely free.

Both witches descended upon him in a mix of lips and hands as they clawed at his clothes.

Harry helped where he could, lifting his hips for Lavender to pull off his pants while Parvati trailed kisses down his chest. Both girls ended up on their knees between his legs, their eyes glistening with lust as they pulled his boxers down using only their teeth.

The gasp they shared as his cock sprang free quickly devolved into soft, lewd moans as they kissed their way up either side of his shaft. Harry allowed his head to fall back against the head of the couch, a low rumbling moan reverberating in his chest. The girls worked in unison, bathing his cock with their tongues until their lips met around his bulbous tip, tongues intertwining.

Lavender pulled away first, a gasp escaping her lips as Parvati's hands found her breasts.

“Do you wanna go first?” the petite witch asked, her voice soft yet carrying an undercurrent of desire as she squeezed her friend’s voluptuous tits. Lavender nodded in response, her bottom lip caught firmly between her teeth as she trailed her eyes back up to Harry’s cock. Parvati smiled, leaning in to place a chaste kiss against the blonde’s lips as she urged her on. “Go on then.”

Lavender stood and settled quickly onto Harry’s lap without another word, her inner thighs already slick with her arousal as she guided his cock to her dripping entrance. Behind her, Parvati assisted by slipping her hand between her friend’s thighs and spreading Lavender’s pussy open with her fingers.

“Fuck,” Harry cursed quietly as his cock slid inside Lavender’s blazing heat. The blonde stuttered as she took him inside, her breaths hitching with every inch until he was fully hilted inside her. She waited only a moment to press her palms against Harry’s chest and begin rocking her hips. The slow pace she started with felt incredible to Harry, but there was someone who wasn’t too happy with the leisurely speed.

“Oh, c’mon! You can do better than that, babe!” Parvati huffed. The other witch took hold of her friend’s hips without another word. Lavender squeaked as she was forcibly made to bounce faster on his cock by the devilish brunette, but the pleasure soon outweighed any indignation. In a handful of moments, Lavender was moving her hips at a blinding speed of her own volition. The sound of slapping flesh filled the room while Parvati giggled victoriously.

“Now that’s more like it! You were made to take a big fat cock Lav’!”

Lavender let out an indignant moan but said nothing as she continued to bounce wildly atop Harry’s cock. Her pussy squelched with her arousal, soaking the expensive cream coloured upholstery below. Harry was in no better state. With one arm wrapped around Lavender’s waist, he used the other to grip one of the blonde’s jiggling breasts, latching onto her pale, stiffened nipple with his teeth.

“Oh fuck,” Lavender groaned, her hands threading through his hair to pull him further into her chest. “D—Don’t stop!”

Harry had no intention to. He was completely at the whims of his lust, fueled by the one desire to taste every inch of the blonde’s delectable body. It was a sentiment Parvati shared as the caramel-skinned beauty leaned her face in between their rippling sexes and ran her tongue across his pussy-soaked cock.

The sensation of Parvati’s tongue exploring his cock while Lavender rode him only forced Harry to bite down harder on the blonde’s breast, leaving behind a prupled love-bite that had her quivering around him. All Lavender could do was take it, her gasps becoming more tense and strangled with every nip of his teeth and bounce of her hips. Harry could practically feel the coil of the blonde’s arousal tightening beneath her skin until, with a choked gasp, Lavender suddenly went rigid against him. He barely registered the gush of her arousal coating his balls, too focused on the feeling of Parvati pulling his cock free a moment later to swallow him down her tight throat.

Harry cursed under his breath as Parvati blew him. As gently as he could, he helped Lavender off his lap when she melted into the couch with ragged breaths. Parvati hummed around his cock, pulling away with a slurp as she stared up at him with a face full of excitement.

“As much as I’d love to suck your cock all night—” she murmured, placing a single sloppy kiss against his shaft, “I really fucking need you inside me right about now,” she finished breathlessly.

Harry nodded, following Parvati’s lead as she turned and sank down on all fours on the thick carpeted floor. She was open and ready for him as he settled on his knees behind her. He ghosted his hands over the curve of her arse, enjoying the firmness of it while Parvati shivered beneath him.

“Harrrryy!” she whined. “Don’t tease.”

Harry smirked and leaned forward, “I don;t think you’re in a position to make demands, love,” he whispered in her ear.

Parvati's retort was cut off as Harry pressed the pad of his thumb against her taut arsehole. Involuntarily, she rocked her hips back, grinding her pussy against his cock. He felt her quiver beneath his thumb at the contact.

With no warning, Harry slid his cock inside Parvati all the way down to the hilt. Her cry of pleasure was shouted into the carpet. Harry leaned down and put his hand around the brunette's neck, tightening his grip there while he thrust his hips. Parvati whimpered and tilted her head back as far as it would go, back arching down under her. Their lips met, wet and needy as Harry pounded into the caramel beauty from behind. Every time she gasped, he would tighten his grip around her neck ever so slightly until she was screaming out in near constant, silent cries.

Harry came undone first, too pent up from Lavender's wild ride atop him, but that didn't mean Parvati was far behind him. As the first pulse of his cum splashed against her walls, Parvati went statue still below him, her hands clawing at the carpet as she *wailed* in climax against his lips.

He pulled out of her a few minutes later, rolling onto the floor while Parvati's pussy dripped with his cum.

This future hadn't given him much time to think about the possible life he could live here. It was overstimulating in a way, but in a good way. His mind wasn't constantly abuzz with the worries he normally had with the other realities, nor did he feel himself drifting back to that night with Fortuna, no matter how much he desperately wanted to remember every vivid detail of his time with the goddess.

He still had much to consider. He couldn't escape the decision that was looming over him, though what he would choose was growing more uncertain every day.

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Author's Note

Two more chapters left! This one was purely meant to be just a little bit of fun before the more emotionally intense chapters coming up.

Thanks for reading!