

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 5: Want

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The goddess was finding herself more and more puzzled by Harry Potter.

Not by his actions, nor his character, of course. In truth, her confusion came not from Harry himself but from her fascination with him. Never in all her millennia of life, since time first began its journey forward, has she been so enraptured by a mortal. She'd even go so far as to say Harry Potter was the first mortal to ever truly have her rapt attention, though that was perhaps a bit of a stretch. She was a goddess after all; the whole of reality was hers to perceive at all times.

But still—since the moment he struck down Voldemort, Fate has watched her chosen with utter fascination. She was glad he was enjoying himself so inside the futures she crafted for him. Part of her yearned for a closer look. To wrap her essence around him as the former Malfoy matriarch worshipped his flesh.

The goddess sighed wistfully, the sound strumming along the strings of reality, causing stars and distant nebulae to quiver.

Nothing was truly stopping her from doing so. This was her domain after all, she could do as she wished. Revel in the throes of Harry's pleasure right alongside him if she so chose, but should she? The goddess hummed, idly brushing her hand through the threads before as if they were a divine instrument of her making.

They were. The destiny of all was the music of her symphony.

She was no fool. The goddess knew her...obsession with Harry Potter was not proper for a being such as herself. He was a mortal. His existence would barely be a blip in the eternity of her sire's creation. To allow herself to get close to her champion would only end regretfully. She was determined to keep her distance. This was nothing more than a transaction—a reward for being such a useful tool in her machinations.

...Yet Harry wasn't a tool, was he?

The word itself made the goddess's essence bristle with anger. Distantly, a young quasar roared as it devoured star system after star system. In time, a new galaxy would collect around the vicious well of gravity. A creation born from the goddess's anger.

No, Harry was no tool, and it disgusted her to even consider him such.

Fortuna turned her gaze back towards the scene before her, though truthfully, they had never left. Harry lay with the woman now, their bodies pressed together as the sweat from their coupling dried against their skin. The goddess frowned at the curious stirring in her gut as she looked over such a scene. It was not jealousy that she knew. Envy was a mortal emotion, fleeting and vulgar. A deity such as her could not possibly feel such primitive emotions. Yet the stirring remained nonethesame. If not envy, then perhaps it was...longing?

The goddess's frown deepened. Her essence flowed forth, absentmindedly combing through Harry's hair as she sank deeper into thought.

Did she wish to be in Narcissa Malfoy's place? She'd hardly argue if she was. Her first foray into mortal sex was pleasant enough, though in truth, it was more the sounds of pleasure from Harry than any real physical sensations that she enjoyed. She could see the appeal a being limited to a fleshy physical body would have for sex, but for one such as her who could peer into every dimensional plane and hear the secrets of the universe as they were sung forth from the veil, it was—well—boring. Needless to say, it was not the feeling of Harry's seed dripping from her loins that she longed for, though she did not begrudge Narcissa her enjoyment.

No, it was the love she could *feel* emanating from the two in waves that she wanted. She wanted to feel that love wrapped around her just as surely as Harry wrapped his arms around the blonde witch's waist. Her being yearned for the security and reassurance. The goddess couldn't help but huff out a laugh at that—her, a goddess, wishing for the security a *mortal's* arms could bring. It was ridiculous, but she yearned for it all the same.

If she were anything less than the personification of fate itself, the goddess would almost believe these strange feelings in her chest to be the work of her sister, but her dearest sister could not affect her just as Fortuna could not weave the threads of her sister's fate. This...was something more.

She wished to ponder the strange feelings further, but as it was, time marches on even for her. The seconds ticked by, marking the end of Harry's week in this future, and so she must call him back to her. The goddess swiped her hand through the isolated thread, coaxing her chosen back to her as his vision faded. She ignored the small coo of her heart as she cradled his soul in her hands. Creator almighty, it was *beautiful!* It was not perfect of course. Her chosen's soul was scarred and marked by toil and hardships as all other mortal souls were, albeit with a fair few more fractures than the average mortal, but that's why it was so beautiful in the first place. Every scar—Every crack—Every *imperfection* was another testament to his victory over that accursed heir of Slytherin. Perfect it may not be, but to her, Harry's soul was the epitome of beauty.

Reluctantly, she tore her gaze from the mesmerising sight. With nary a thought, the space around her transformed back into the darkly lit room with the round bed and golden sheets. Her own form, titanous and incomprehensible to the mortal form, shifted. Flesh and bone and blood formed from nothing, replacing her divine essence with a much more palatable physical body for the mortal eyes. Shifting into the curvaceous body she chose never failed to bring a smile to her lips. She knew first-hand just how much it drove Harry *rabid*.

The air finally settled as she gently guided Harry's head onto her lap. She hummed a soft tune, gently coaxing him from sleep while her fingers threaded soothingly through his hair. Not a moment later, her chosen's eyes finally fluttered open.

"Welcome back my sweet," she giggled, enjoying the small thrill she felt as his eyes washed over her naked breasts. She may not care one way or another for sex, but she could not deny how much she liked the pleasant sensations this limited physical form received from it.

"Fortuna," Harry breathed, his lips curving upwards into a small smile.

The goddess couldn't help but giggle. This mortal body which she wore always, brought with it the unintended side effects of human emotions from time to time—nothing she couldn't control, of course.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked, idly brushing her fingers down across his cheek.

Harry snorted and closed his eyes, shifting to settle his head into a more comfortable position on her lap. "Do you even have to ask that anymore?"

"Perhaps not, but I find enjoyment in watching your cock swell as you recall the sinful acts of the past week," she smirked.

True enough, Harry had indeed begun to harden beneath the sheets. The silken material was wholly inadequate at hiding his girth, tenting around him as he grew to his full stiffness. Fortuna found herself giggling as she reached down to grip him through the sheet. The groan of pleasure Harry expelled at her touch was the purest of music.

"I find myself perplexed, dear one," she began to stroke him slowly through the sheet, her smile widening with every pleased groan from his lips. "You see, as a goddess, I should not wish to touch you as I do. I should not wish to hear the sweet sounds of your pleasure, nor should I revel in every hitch of your breath or pulse of your cock, and yet that is exactly what I find myself doing now." Her voice was lower now, barely more than a purr as she slipped her hand beneath the sheet and began to stroke him with rapid, precise jerks. "What power is this? What hold do

you have over me, my sweet, that not even a goddess can free herself from? I know not, but every bit of my divine essence yearns for you.”

“Fortuna!” Harry gasped, his hips jerking while his hands reached up to grasp her sides.

The goddess mewled softly as his devilish paws slipped down from her ribs and over her breasts—Not from the pleasure, but from the way his cock *pulsed* against her palm.

“I should send you away,” she whispered, her mewls growing in strength as Harry swiped his tongue over one of her caramel coloured nipples. “I should banish you back to the mortal world as punishment for your blasphemous touches. Damn you to the hells for every sinful sensation you subject my divine flesh to—” Her words halted with a gasp as Harry turned, his larger frame now bearing down upon her with his hips pushing her legs apart and her hands trapped by his own above her head.

“Then do it,” Harry whispered, his eyes dancing with mirth and not an ounce of fear. He knew her words were false even more than she.

Instead, the goddess whimpered as the tip of her chosen’s cock brushed against her entrance. The sound only made Harry’s eyes grow brighter with mirth. Steeling herself, the goddess swallowed down her eager breaths and instead forced her features into a look of regal indifference.

“Do you think yourself worthy enough to bed a goddess, Harry Potter?”

Her chosen smirked and leaned in until his lips hovered the barest of inches above hers.

“Do you?” he replied.

Their hips moved as one, leaning in until her folds parted and her chosen’s cock was slipping inside. There was little resistance. Her inner walls were silken smooth and dripping with arousal. She had crafted it to be that way, the perfect tool for her chosen’s pleasure. She hadn’t expected to enjoy the way his cock was stretching her apart. *Gods!* It felt so *fucking* good! She could feel every inch of him, from the ridge of his glans to the crisscrossing veins. She could feel the rushing blood within, the pulses of his nerves as they fired off in pleasure from her silken

walls. True, her own body was surely receiving the same treatment, but she ignored such trivial pleasure for the sake of revelling in her lover's ecstasy. Though as her legs locked around his waist and her hips quivered—she'd forgotten she crafted this body to cum that easily—Fortuna could not deny how sweet the pleasure of her own mortal loins felt as they were ravished by her lover.

Where his hips were busy thrusting against her own with small slaps of flesh, Harry's mouth worked relentlessly as well. He kissed his way down her torso, stopping briefly at her breasts to nip playfully at her nipples, teasing them until they were hard peaks. With her hands still bound by his, the goddess could do nothing as he took one of her hardened nubs between his teeth and bit down *hard*. Again, her body shuddered, her mouth dripping with lewd moans as she climaxed once more. She was immensely thankful that deities did not have to worry about fickle physical limitations like stamina.

Again, he bit down on her nipple, moving to her other breast in short order to ravish it as well. She'd seen him give Susan Bones much the same treatment, the redhead's breasts proving a point of fascination for her lover. Hmm, she wondered...

With barely a thought, her breasts suddenly grew, bursting forth until they were nearly double their size. Harry pulled back with a look of amazement, his cock stilling inside her quim as he marvelled at the sight below.

"Did you forget it was I who crafted this body, my sweet?" the goddess giggled, squeezing her now mountainous tits together with a teasing smile. "Every cell is mine to command. I can do with it whatever I wish."

"I—" Harry began, swallowing thickly as he drank in the new information.

Fortuna didn't need him to speak another word, though. She could see his desire at the forefront of his mind before he could even realise he had such a thought. With a smirk, the goddess snapped her fingers, teleporting them both to the end of the bed in the blink of an eye. Harry was perched on the end, his legs hanging over the side, while she sat atop his lap. However, it

was just her no longer. Knelt on the ground between her lover's legs and with her mouth firmly on his balls was another copy of herself.

Harry sucked in a breath as he realised just what she had done, but Fortuna would not allow him time to adjust. The dual aspects were trivial for her to control. With little effort, she guided her kneeling aspect's hands to guide her hips down until she was fully sheathed around Harry's cock. Only then did she return her tongue to his sack, lapping and sucking on one ball and then the other while her cock-filled aspect began to rock her hips back and forth at a steady pace.

Harry was effectively awestruck beneath her, and Fortuna could hardly blame him. What thoughts must run through his mind with two of her now bathing him in pleasure? She giggled to herself, the sound echoed by her other aspect as she reached her hands up to caress her own arse. Seeing through two sets of eyes gave her a new appreciation for her creation. She ran her hands along her arse, squeezing the supple flesh. This was one of her finer works of art.

Turning her attention back to Harry, the goddess smirked and leaned forward, burying his face between her enlarged tits. The movement caused his cock to pop free from her folds, where it was quickly snatched up by her kneeling form's mouth. She moaned loudly at the taste of her own juices, taking the chance to clean every last drop from her lover's engorged length with the utmost care. Her tongue scoured every inch, lathing him from base to tip before she dutifully returned it to its proper place inside her sweltering core, though not before giving her outer folds a nice, tantalising lick just for show.

Somewhat over his shock now, Harry used his hands to grip two handfuls of her arse, his fingers sinking into the plush flesh of her rear. Despite her all-seeing sight, even Fortuna was surprised when he suddenly thrust his hips upwards, slamming into her wet heat with a mighty clap. She yelped loudly from the sudden spike of pleasure, her other aspect quivering on the floor as her juices soaked into the carpet below.

The goddess could feel the blood racing through her champion beneath her very fingertips. He was close, but that hardly mattered to her. If anything, the approach of his climax only drove the

goddess to move her hips faster, their sexes meeting together with every thrust while her other aspect multitasked between soaking his balls with her tongue and pumping two fingers in and out of her own arsehole above.

"Fuck!" Harry panted in her ear, a whispered announcement of his end that she would not have caught if it weren't for her divine hearing. Smirking, the goddess prepared herself, moaning as she slammed her hips down one final time as his cock began to *pulse*. The first spurt of cum had barely just splashed against her inner walls before she disappeared, reappearing instantly next to her other form on the ground. The two goddesses pressed their faces together with their tongues out, the one on the left using her hand to rapidly stroke her chosen's cock as he released rope after rope of cum over her faces with a shuddering moan.

By the time the final drop leaked out from his tip, her two forms were all but streaked with cum from head to breast. It wasn't over just yet, though. She knew Harry was watching, and so with a bite of her lips, she turned her two faces towards one another and leaned in. Kissing oneself was an odd sensation, but wholly worth it. Her tongues wrapped together, twin moans drank down by the other's lips as she cleaned Harry's cum from her face drop by drop. She could almost *feel* him shudder with arousal above her as she slipped one aspect's tongue free to run up the length of the other's neck. By the time her faces were fully clean, her champion was rock hard once more.

Good, she purred out into the cosmos. She was beginning to appreciate the mortals' way of having sex more and more.

The next few hours, or perhaps days (she certainly wasn't keeping count) were spent in much the same fashion. Harry was eager to explore more of what having a goddess as a lover had to offer, from laying one aspect atop the other and switching between each of their holes every other thrust to having her shift her body to a plethora of forms. Her personal favourite had been the red-skinned succubus one she'd chosen herself. The two horns curled above her head were

the perfect handhold for him to grip her as he slammed into her weeping cunt over and over again, bringing her over the edge with deafening screams.

Not once did she allow him to tire. The goddess was experiencing the most excitement she's felt in centuries and she wished for it to last. Luckily, reenergizing her lover was a trivial matter. All it took was a single touch and his body was completely revitalised and ready for more, something she usually preferred to do with her lips wrapped around his cock.

Still, even with her newfound appreciation for physical intimacy, the goddess could still hardly care less for such acts. Her mind belonged to a higher plane. Pleasures of the flesh was a...novelty to say the least. It was merely who she experienced that pleasure with that made it so enjoyable in her mind.

She knew it was foolish to allow herself a taste such as this, though. It could not last. Beings such as her and mortals did not belong together, nor would she be so cruel as to keep Harry all to herself when there were a multitude of realities out there where his happiness was ensured. Some of which she crafted herself. She would take her enjoyment, but she would not horde him like a greed-stricken miser.

In the end, she took her final climax from him on her back with her legs locked tightly around his waist. The goddess kept her eyes locked with his, gold peering beyond the green and into that perfectly imperfect soul she cradled in her hands mere hours ago. As she stared in wonder at the scarred and beautiful soul before her, Harry slammed his hips forward, releasing a final spray of his cum inside her while his soul shone with pleasure. The goddess gasped at the sight, feeling a true spike of pleasure transcend her mortal form and strike in the very essence of her being through the connection to her champion's soul.

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"So does this count as a future I can choose?" Harry asked her sometime later.

They were curled together on the floor, having fallen off the bed at some point or another during their lovemaking. The golden sheets were strewn about, haphazardly wrapped around their naked bodies.

Fortuna hummed from where she rested her head against his chest, tracing long-forgotten eldritch letters into his chest without thought. "It would be a truly lovely one, wouldn't it? You'd be by my side forever—as immortal as our love, while time marches on for the rest of the universe. I think I'd quite like that." The goddess sighed, her fingers finally going limp against his chest as she curled closer against him. "I never thought of myself as lonely before, but now, after spending this time with you here, I realise how truly *empty* eternity is. What I wouldn't give to keep you with me here in this moment forever, my sweet..."

"But you can't," Harry finished for her.

Fortuna shook her head. "No. It would be unfair to you. Life is the greatest gift that we deities cannot partake. The creator himself deemed humanity as the favoured child—the ones to inherit that which we cannot. It is not my place to take that from you, dearest one. You deserve that gift. You deserve...*everything*." She spoke the last word like a breath, the whisper echoing out along time itself, where realities of the past shivered and coiled around their goddess.

"I don't know about that," Harry spoke after a few long moments. "You've given me a great deal already, Fortuna."

"No, my sweet. I haven't given you enough."

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Author's Note

This chapter was a bit of an interlude so to speak. The original timeline for this fic was 6 chapters or so but I think now it'll be more like 7-8, maybe more. We'll see!

Thanks for reading!