

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 2: Anniversary

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Consciousness returned to him slowly, almost sluggishly, as he came to.

The first thing he noticed was the softness of the sheets that greeted him. A far cry from the stiff and rugged cot he fell into the night before. Blinking his eyes open, his confusion only increased when unfamiliar walls of wood and earthy green greeted him. The bed he found himself in was a veritable mountain of thick duvets and soft blankets. Its wooden frame was adorned with enchanted vines that gave it a sort of wood nymph cottage feel. The rest of the room was similarly decorated. He eyed the tall bookshelves adorned with heavy tomes and the odd plant or two on the other side of the room. Next to it sat a small desk covered with a foray of parchment and old quills.

He studied the room further, other bits of furniture here and there, as well as a healthy amount of plants and books.

Where the *hell* was he?

He racked his mind, trying to recall what had happened the night before. He remembered being exhausted. He remembered climbing into his cot, desperate for the bliss of sleep after the battle. And then...

Then golden eyes. A sweet, melodic voice. A pair of soft lips kissing their way down his chest until...

Harry sucked in a gasp. His memories of his night with the goddess of fate returned at full force. He remembers the divine beauty of her body, not a scar or freckle in sight atop her delectable, perfect flesh, from her toes all the way up to her plump red lips.

He remembers how those said lips wrapped around his cock. How it *felt* to have a goddess's mouth swallowing his length over and over again. Her skills were unmatched, able to coax the most staggering pleasure he'd ever felt from the barest of touches.

He remembers it all from her whispers of gifts and promises to the soft, satisfied humming as she drank down every drop of his release.

He remembers her wink before sending him off with a humorous "Good luck~"

Then darkness...and he woke up.

Here of all places, wherever here was at the very least.

This was supposed to be his future if what Fortuna said was true. One of them, anyhow.

Harry pushed the blankets aside, uncaring that he still had not a stitch of clothing on.

Curiosity took control now, urging him forth to explore this new world. Now that his mind was fully awake, he was able to take in more than just the details of the room. The sound of running water met his ears. He quickly traced the sound to a mahogany door nestled against the side wall. Stepping forward, he found the door to be slightly ajar. A small push was all it needed to swing open, the sound of running water louder and now joined by a woman's voice lightly humming.

The door led into a spacious bathroom, with white tiled walls throughout and a spacious bathtub filling the far right corner. He ignored the tub in favour of the glass-panelled

shower adjacent to it. Its glass fogged with steam, Harry could just barely make out the shape of someone moving within, humming as the hot water sprayed down from above. "Hello?" he called out cautiously. Though this may be his future, he still spent the last few months fighting in a war. Those instincts would take time to taper down.

A small "Eep!" emanated from the shower just before a hand appeared on the glass and wiped the condensation away. A red-haired woman came into view, her heart-shaped face freckled and pale but holding an almost breathtaking beauty. A beauty that he recognised.

"Susan?" he asked, a note of disbelief in his voice.

"Harry!" she replied, eyes widened in shock. "God don't scare me like that! I thought you were still asleep!"

"I..." he trailed off, eyes lowering as more of the condensation faded, revealing Susan's bare figure behind the clear glass. The redhead made no move to cover herself or berate him for perving on her. Instead, she stood there as if being naked in front of him was the most natural thing in the world. "I just woke up."

Susan rolled her eyes and turned around, showing off her curvaceous backside to him without a second thought. "Well then, don't just stand there and gawk. Get in, silly."

Harry moved on autopilot. The shock of seeing Susan Bones's naked arse all but fried his brain at the moment, leaving him to step into the shower in an almost hypnotic-like trance.

Susan turned to face him, a relaxed smile on her face as she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him close. Harry fought the urge to look down. Susan always had the biggest rack among the female populace of Hogwarts, and that fact certainly held up

to this day. He could feel her mountainous mammaries pressed against his chest, slick with water and soap. His eyes betrayed him in the end, pulling his gaze down to the swell of the redhead's breasts. A smattering of freckles covered the pale flesh. Her nipples were obscured from view from where her globes were pressed against him, but he could feel the small nubs digging into his flesh. He feasted on the sight, from the way her tits rose and fell with every breath to the water that pooled in her cleavage, dripping down onto his rapidly hardening cock.

Pressed against him as she was, it was no wonder that Susan could feel his reaction to her naked body pressed against his. Her smile transformed into an impish grin.

"Sleep well?" she hummed, reaching down nonchalantly to brush her fingers across his cock.

Harry suppressed a groan, his hips jerking in surprise. Susan giggled and brought her hand back up to thread through his hair.

"Wash my back for me?" She didn't bother waiting for a response, turning her back to him and flicking her auburn hair over one shoulder with a smouldering gaze.

A million questions raced through his mind. How far in his future was this? Where were his friends—Hermione, Ron, Ginny? Who was Susan to him? Lover, girlfriend, or more?

Did they live together? How did...*this*...even happen between them?

Each one only brought with it more questions that he so desperately wanted to ask, at least until a voice whispered at the edges of his mind.

'All in good time, my sweet. For now, enjoy what my gift has to offer. I'll be watching~'

Fotuna's voice drifted in like the graze of a lover's lips against his cheek. Subtle yet electric. He smiled, sending a mental 'thank you' to the goddess as he turned his

attention back to Susan. The redhead waited patiently, her bottom lip between her teeth as she wiggled her arse back and forth suggestively.

Taking the goddess's words to heart, Harry threw his questions to the wind and gripped his destiny by the waist...literally.

Susan giggled as he sank two handfuls into her plush arse cheeks. She wiggled them once more, egging him on as he groped and massaged the supple flesh. He took his time, enjoying the way he could spread her arse cheeks apart before he'd let go and they'd bounce back together. Her pussy quim and pink arsehole quivered back at him every time he spread her cheeks apart — practically begging for attention, which Harry was happy to provide.

He pressed his thumb against her arsehole first, teasing it with the pad of his largest digit in slow circles. Susan whimpered and leaned back against him, her hot, horny breath blowing against his ear with every mewl. Chuckling to himself, Harry moved on, using one hand to hold up her left leg while the other slid around to slip between her thick thighs.

"Oh!" Susan gasped, his fingers having finally found purchase against her quivering clit.

"You're very handsy this morning love!"

Harry hummed and dipped his head down to suck lightly on her porcelain neck. Susan moaned and tilted her head further back to give him more access.

"Why shouldn't I be handsy?" he murmured, a playful grin spreading across his lips and he began to circle the woman's needy nub. "After all, you're mine to touch and tease all I like."

“Harry!” Susan whimpered. A blush bloomed in her cheeks, but she did nothing to stop his fingers from working her clit. Her moans only increased with every second, making the redhead wiggle her arse back and forth against his throbbing cock.

Feeling just as worked up, Harry removed his hand. Susan sensed his intentions and shifted, slipping her leg from his grasp to step forward and lean against the glass shower wall with her arse out and legs spread. Seeing the read head all but bend over for him without question, Harry decided right then and there he’d never seen a more beautiful sight. Her grey eyes stared back at him, shining with lust and all but pleading with him to take her. Quick as he could, he lined himself up with her dripping entrance, marvelling at the way her outer lips seemed to almost suck him in. Before he knew it, Harry was sinking into Susan’s soaking hot depths, a long, drawn-out moan slipping from both their mouths.

Contrary to some people’s belief, Harry had some experience with sex. He and Ginny had experimented a few times during sixth year and the summer between. But their small rendezvous had always been quick. Hasty due to necessity. They never took their time to explore each other's bodies and marvel at how the other felt. Every one of their romps was fucking for the sake of fucking. Their release was a goal to achieve rather than a celebration of their coupling. It was fun if a bit...lacking. He’d feared then that perhaps that was all sex was. A means to an end without any sort of drive or point behind the frantic thrusts and loud grunts. Yet twice in the last few hours, Harry has seen that belief be torn asunder and burned to ash. First, when Fortuna had wrapped her divine lips around his cock, tasting every inch of his member as if he were a meal to

be savoured, and now with Susan, whimpering as he slowly sank deeper and deeper inside her velvety, tight walls.

“Oh Morgana~” Susan slurred. She pressed her forehead against the glass, whimpering as Harry finally bottomed out inside her sweltering, hot core. Pushing her arse back, she urged Harry to keep going.

He gripped her hips, fingers sinking into the soft, pillowy flesh of her arse as he began to rock his hips back and forth. Her pussy gripped him like a vice, desperately clawing at his shaft with every inch he pulled back. As the air grew steamier from the hot water, so too did the blood in their veins, boiling with a lust that could only be satiated by the other.

Harry lost his breath as he sank into her euphoric embrace, his feet shuffling forward to push even deeper as he buried his face in the crook of her neck. Susan moaned and reached back to run her fingers gently through the hair at the back of his head. Their lips met a moment later, tongues drinking down the other’s gasps of pleasure as Harry increased the power of his thrusts.

“Fuck me,” Susan breathed between kisses, her tone pleading and full of desperation. With each breath, Harry could practically taste her arousal as it permeated the humid air. As the speed of his thrusts picked up, and breathing became an issue, he pulled his lips back and buried his head into her neck, pushing Susan harder against the wall as he began to slam into her soaking pussy. Susan’s eyes widened with a gasp as he inner walls were stretched to their limit. On the next thrust, the redhead all but threw her head up, back arching and tits pressed firmly against the clear glass wall as she came with a shudder.

Her cry of pleasure echoed loudly against the tiled bath walls, but not loud enough to drown out the rippling slapping of Harry's thrusts against her arse. Grunting, Harry kept thrusting, prolonging her climax as much as he could while staving off his own. Panting heavily, Susan pushed her arse back even more, meeting his thrusts head-on while she tilted her head back and joined their lips together once more.

"Cum for me, love," Susan whispered in his ear. "I need it. I need to feel my husband filling me up."

As much as he wanted to make this vision of the future last, not even he could withstand the plea of a gorgeous redhead begging him to breed her. He was already close to his peak. The tightening of her depths combined with her sultry pleas ensured he wouldn't last much longer. Tightening his grip on her hips, he reached up, gently wrapping a hand around her throat and pulling her aching back flush against him.

"Yes! Oh, magic above, yes~" Susan panted, the shift in position forcing Harry's cock to sink even deeper inside her.

With frantic movements, Harry slammed into her as fast as he could, groaning from the feeling of her hot, tight walls hugging his length. As he tipped over the edge, he buried his cock as deep into her as he could and let loose with a torrent of cum. Soon enough, the redhead's quim was brimming with a sea of his sticky white seed. Harry bucked his hips with each pulse of his length until his climax came to an end. Susan ran her fingers through his hair as he caught his breath, gently caressing his scalp.

"Mmm~" Susan moaned deeply, taking a chance to tilt her head up and snog the air from his lungs. "Happy Anniversary to you too, babe."

Harry chuckled, burying his nose into her damp red hair. "Happy Anniversary, love."

Susan sighed happily before wiggling in his arms. Getting the hint, Harry released her, allowing the sexy witch to pull away, leaving her folds free to drip his cum onto the floor below. Seeing this, Susan laughed and stepped beneath the water.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you were trying to get pregnant, mister,” she said with a faux chastising look.

Harry chuckled and stepped forward, once more wrapping the auburn-haired beauty in his arms. “That so? And here I was thinking it was you who begged me to cum inside you.”

Blushing, Susan slapped his chest playfully and turned away. “Prat,” She muttered, but the way she pressed her arse against his half-erect cock proved she hardly minded his comment.

Smirking, Harry reached his hands around the redhead’s frame and cupped her slippery breasts. “I think we’ve showered enough,” he murmured, taking a moment to teasingly nip at her earlobe. “What’s say we continue our anniversary morning in bed, hmm?”

Susan moaned as his hands massaged her large mammaries. “Why, Mr Potter, you’ve read my mind~”

Harry chuckled and pulled away, turning the water off with a wave of his hand before giving Susan’s bum a firm slap.

“Lead the way then, Mrs. Potter.”

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‘Fuck I never want to leave!’ Harry mentally groaned.

Susan was currently sat straddling his lap, his cock firmly clamped within her tight walls as she bounced wildly up and down. Her wanton moans bordered on the line between

screams and full-blown wails. Her nails dug gouges into his chest, sinking deeper into his flesh with every clap of their hips meeting. All in all, it was heaven.

‘You’ll never have to if this is the future you so choose...’ Fortuna’s voice whispered from beyond. Harry shuddered as the sweet sound passed gently over his mind — it felt all too similar to someone grazing their fingertips down his spine. Involuntarily, he jerked at the sensation, pushing his cock deeper into Susan’s folds while the girl continued her reckless bouncing.

‘I get to choose? I thought these were possibilities of what could be. What do you mean choose?’

The sound of Fortuna’s laughter, bright and breezy in a way that made everything go warm, filtered in. *‘Why don’t I show you?’*

The lights in the room suddenly dimmed — candles snuffed out, the sunlight through the windows dissipated —leaving the room darkened. Susan didn’t react; she simply kept on, rocking her hips up and down, even as time itself seemed to come to a crawl as if nothing happened. Harry looked around in confusion, his hands still firmly planted on Susan’s hips even as she slowed to a snail's pace, her grey eyes staring down at him with her face frozen in ecstasy.

Suddenly, the room brightened once more, not by sunlight or candles, but by the presence of a familiar blonde goddess, clothless and smiling, where she floated above him.

“Enjoying yourself, my sweet?” Fortuna snickered, reaching down with her hand to caress his bare chest.

“Definitely,” he smiled back. “You said you wanted to show me something?”

Fortuna nodded. With a snap of her fingers, the world around him changed. Susan and the cottage bedroom disappeared, leaving him floating in a white void beside the personification of Fate. Yet even then, he could still feel the weight of Susan atop him. Still feel her soaking wetness around him and the slowed motions of her hips.

“Relax. I’ve simply transported part of your consciousness to a more private place. The rest is still down there with your body, enjoying the sweet sensations of your wife’s body,” Fortuna giggled. Grabbing his hand, the goddess began to pull him along through the white void. “Come.”

As they floated forward, the white void around them began to shift. Scenes of Harry’s life, or at least what could be his life, appearing randomly.

“In this future, you and Susan connect shortly after the Battle of Hogwarts. The two of you bond over being the last of your family lines, the responsibility of rebuilding not just your lives but the lives of your forefathers sitting on your shoulders.” Fortuna explained.

As she spoke, more images appeared featuring him and Susan soothing the other in a dimly lit pub. Another showcased them walking down a street, the sun shining, and Susan laughing at something he said. More appeared, each featuring yet another example of their camaraderie, until each and every one disappeared, leaving just one. Harry studied the large image before him, his lips curving into a fond smile at the scene of him and Susan sitting together in front of a fire, their lips joined together in a tentative kiss.

“What began as friendship soon transforms into something more. A union of comfort, trust, and love. You marry two years later and now live happily on the outskirts of Hogsmeade. She spends her time as a research Herbologist and has published a

myriad of books on the subject, while you teach Defence Against the Dark Arts at Hogwarts.”

Harry watched the scenes shift as Fortuna spoke, depicting his life with Susan. Their first date. When they moved in together. When he proposed. Their wedding. On and on, up until the moment he woke in his future self’s body on the morning of their third wedding anniversary.

“This will be my future?” he asked, eyes wide with disbelief. His chest coiled with yearning as he studied each image. The love he and Susan had for each other was...indescribable. He’d always thought the auburn-haired girl was pretty back at Hogwarts, but had never taken the steps to get to know her as anything more than an acquaintance. That obviously changed, though, in a wonderful and unexpected way.

“As I said, it could be,” Fortuna smiled. “If this is the future you choose for yourself. I can even influence reality to ensure it.”

Harry frowned. “Isn’t that a bit...I dunno...manipulative?” As nice as this future was, he didn’t like the thought of taking Susan’s choice away from her.

Fortuna hummed to herself and reached forward to cup his cheek. “You think too narrowly, my sweet. This life—every life I show you—is a possibility that always had the potential to be reality. It is no more false than the life you have already lived. I have simply given them a ‘nudge’ so to speak, coaxing them to the forefront of your timeline. I assure you, Susan’s choice is still her own, and if there was not a very good chance of her falling for you, then you’d not have her currently sitting on your cock.” She giggled, golden eyes twinkling with mirth. “So do not fret over a loss of agency that does not

exist. Instead, rejoice that you are capable of receiving so much love across countless lifetimes.”

Harry nodded, still feeling a bit wary about the whole ‘choosing a reality’ thing, but in the end, he decided not to question the literal all-knowing goddess.

Sensing his acceptance, Fortuna smiled and leaned in, pressing a chaste kiss against his lips.

“Return now my sweet. I shall see you again in a weeks time.”

“Wait a week?” Harry asked, but the goddess was already gone, disappearing with an echoing giggle before he was suddenly thrust back into reality. The sudden change in perspective caused him to jerk in surprise just as time resumed to normal. This had the unintended effect of plunging his cock upwards as deep as possible into Susan’s tight quim. The redhead shrieked. Her back arched, and pussy gushed with her juices as she came. Harry grunted as her folds trembled around him. The jarring shift had him on the back foot, and so he was wholly unprepared for Susan’s sudden climax.

Groaning, he gripped the shapely witch by her hips and released, flooding her shaking cunt with a healthy dose of his cum. Susan whimpered and fell forward against his chest. Her body twitched with every pulse of his cock seeding her womb. Finally, when the last of his load was spent, Harry groaned and wrapped his arms tight around Susan’s waist. Sighing happily, the redhead burrowed her face into his neck, content in the afterglow of their coupling.

Harry, on the other hand, took a moment to summon one of the many blankets over them before relaxing fully back into the bed with his Hufflepuff wife snoozing cutly atop

him. His own eyes closed shortly after, and he drifted off with visions of red hair and gold eyes.

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Author's Note

Hope it met everyone's expectations! More will come soon with plenty of surprises in store!

Thanks for reading!