

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 3: Breath & Honey

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Time slipped by like water through their fingers, disappearing in the blink of an eye between rumpled sheets and tangled limbs. Hours spent trading gasping breaths like conversation gave way to gentle silence, two bodies melded together as one. The early morning twilight greeted them through the windows. Sweat dried their skin, clinging to them like a blanket made of their passion as the fire faded to a comfortable smoulder nestled between each other's arms.

Conversation passed. Harry pressed her with questions, his lust finally giving way for his curiosity and love of myths. Aphrodite humoured every whispered word, a lazy smile on her face as she spoke about ancient history and struggles between cosmic powers as if they were fond childhood memories. Perhaps they were. A goddess's life was long after all.

Some questions brought forth words of depth and ground-shaking revelations, others less so.

"Were you really born from the sea foam of Ouranus's genitals falling into the ocean?"

Aphrodite had laughed, her giggles entrancing the very air in his lungs despite the blush dusting his cheeks. The goddess did not answer, simply placing a fond kiss against his lips while her eyes danced through dozens of pigments.

Yet still, they spoke. Many truths were revealed to him freely, the goddess showing no shame in spilling the secrets of the gods to a mere mortal like him.

"I am Venus, just as Venus is me," she explained, lazily stretching her back like a cat with her arse poised high in the air. Harry forgot what it was like to breathe at such a mesmerising display. "However, that was not always the case. Venus was a separate entity entirely, a minor goddess of the Latins known as Vanas, before Rome dominated the Mediterranean. However, when my son Aeneas led the exiled Trojans west, founding the city of Lavinium alongside his wife Lavinia, princess of the Latins, my name was brought forth into these new lands, and with it so too did the power of my domains. When next the Latins spoke of Vanas, it was my essence that was drawn forth. Eventually, the old Vanas faded, her essence melding with mine until *Alma Venus* was born."

"That's...wow," he had breathed, his mind racing at the unspoken possibilities. "So does that mean—The other Pantheons—"

Aphrodite had only nodded, her smile light as she twirled a strand of his hair around her finger. Harry had lain back, more than a bit speechless as he worked through the sudden revelation. Other pantheons...it raised more questions than he had the breath to ask, especially since Aphrodite's mouth was on his not a moment later. Those questions quickly drifted away as he slipped inside the goddess once more. When he surfaced later, lips swollen and cock twitching in the pool of seed he had spilt inside her velvety folds, those questions were long gone.

Dawn faded to dusk between shuddered breaths and fisted sheets. They ordered room service, intending to take a break from each other's body over food. That was the intention at least. In reality, they had taken three bites before Harry found himself licking Tiramisu off of Aphrodite's breasts, and the fire was ignited once more.

Softer moments still existed. Ones where they basked in the evening light, curled atop a pile of blankets on the floor.

"Do you have children?" he had asked, the words curious.

Aphrodite had giggled. "I have many. You studied the myths, did you not?"

Harry rolled his eyes and gave the goddess a pinch on her bum, eliciting another giggle.

“*Mortal* children obviously. You mentioned Aeneas, but do you have any alive today?”

The love deity nodded, her smile growing fond. “I do. There’s Silena, my oldest. She’s a kind girl, sweet and caring, perhaps *too* caring, but then again, that is her nature. Drew is a bit more jaded, a touch prideful, but still a loving girl underneath it all. Mitchell, my son, is a shy thing, though he tries to hide it by acting aloof. It’s adorable, really. Lacy also—”

On she went, sharing names and little tidbits about each of her children, voice thick with a type of loving reverence that Harry has only ever heard from mothers whose hearts beat a special rhythm just for their kids.

He listened, smiling with each tale and shared name. Aphrodite adored her children. That was easy to see, and it brought a warmth to his heart to see her eyes shining with such pride.

But pride was not alone in her eyes. There was something else.

Guilt.

Sadness.

Longing.

“You don’t get to see them much, do you?” he asked.

Aphrodite’s throat immediately tightened, her smile faltering into a pained grimace that looked so out of place on her perfect features.

“No. No, I do not,” she replied, voice a whisper. “They pray to me. Sometimes. And I watch over them when I can, but I—I...” she trailed off.

Harry brought a hand up to cup her face. “Hey, it’s okay. You don’t have to explain,” he leaned down, brushing his lips against hers briefly, just enough to let the warmth of the kiss be known as if to say *‘I’m here. I’m with you.’*

Aphrodite nodded, pinpricks of golden tears glistening in the corner of her eyes. “I love my children. You must understand, Harry, I love them beyond what any mortal—*any god*—is capable of comprehending. It is who I am at the very centre of my being, and yet still I am kept

from them. Gods are forbidden from meddling in mortal affairs, and this includes our children's lives."

Harry pulled the goddess closer, allowing her to bury her face in the crook of his neck as he rubbed soothing circles against her back.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "I can only imagine how much it must hurt."

"It's unbearable," she breathed, her voice thick with emotion against his neck. "But they are safe, and that is all that truly matters."

She told him then, about the special camp in the US where demigods can go and live, train, and be happy, for a time at least. He didn't ask what happens to those who never make it to the camp. The sadness in her eyes told him all he needed to know.

They moved on to more light-hearted matters. Harry told her about his adventures at Hogwarts. He spoke of his friends—Ron, Hermione, Hagrid, Neville, and the others. Aphrodite listened with rapt attention, giggling at the escapades he and his friends got up to and teasing him relentlessly for some of his more foolish choices.

("You had the chance to sleep with a set of twins and you instead chose to sulk the evening away?!"

"What? No, only Parvati went as my date! Padma went to the ball with Ron!"

"That hardly matters, my sweet. Did you not think it strange that two of the prettiest girls in your year did not have dates mere days before the ball? They were waiting for *you*, silly. Take it from the goddess of sexual desire, both of those girls were more than ready to jump into bed with you the moment you asked."

"...Fuck.")

They spoke of lovers past. He told her of Ginny and the special place the fiery chaser still held in his heart. She told him of Adonis and the anger she still harboured against Ares for sending the boar that killed her lover.

“And to think, history almost repeated itself last night,” she had growled, her voice dripping with a trembling anger that seemed to pull at the shadows around the room. “He tried to take you away from me.”

Harry ignored the way the shadows seemed to shift, growing claws and teeth of darkness, and instead pulled Aphrodite close to his chest.

“I’m not Adonis,” he whispered, grazing a kiss against her cheek. “It’ll take much more than a jealous war god to kill me.”

Aphrodite huffed but met his lips with her own regardless. “You, Harry Potter, are too willing to play such dangerous games.” The shadows calmed, their claws fading with a low growl.

He answered her by digging his fingers into her sides, earning him a surprised shriek. Even goddesses, it seemed, were ticklish.

A few minutes passed, filled with loud shrieks and deep rumbling laughter as the two wrestled on the floor. They rolled off their blanket pile, coming to a stop a few feet away, with Harry flat on his back on the carpeted floor and Aphrodite smirking down from above, his arms firmly trapped in her grasp by her natural divine strength. Harry was not ashamed to admit defeat, though, not when, only half a minute later, he was being treated to the breathtaking sight of a goddess’s pussy as she sat atop his face. The taste of her folds was enough to drive him wild with lust, but it was when her mouth descended upon his cock that he truly lost all control, devouring the goddess’s pussy with all the restraint of a wild beast.

“Speaking of Ares...” he spoke later, after bringing the love deity to a squealing finish atop his face while she eagerly drank up every drop of his spent load.

Aphrodite looked up at him, an unimpressed look sitting affixed to her face beneath a hooded gaze. “Nothing good comes from a sentence that starts with *‘Speaking of Ares’*.”

Harry gave her bum a pinch. “Hush you. I’m just wondering if you and him are...y’know...”

“Shagging?” she finished for him, one eyebrow raised.

“Not how I was gonna phrase it, but yeah.”

Aphrodite rolled her eyes and pinched his bum in return. “You’re lucky you are cute,” she grumbled. “No, Ares and I are no longer...compatible. We haven’t been for—oh...half a century now? It matters little; I shall never make the mistake of suffering his affections again.”

“My opinion may be a little biased, considering the whole ‘*trying to kill me*’ thing, but that’s probably for the best,” he offered. “Your relationship with him never seemed all that healthy to begin with in the myths. I can’t imagine the real story was much better.”

“It was not.”

Harry hummed, staring up at the ceiling in thought as he lightly scratched the goddess’s back. Aphrodite leaned into his touch, a soft cooing rippling from her chest.

“What about Hephaestus? What’s the truth there?” he asked after a few moments of silence. This time it was Aphrodite’s turn to hum.

“The myths paint our marriage as far worse than it was. In truth, neither I nor Hephaestus wished for the match. Zeus used me as a means to appease his son, but ‘Phaestus never wanted a bride; he only ever wished for his family’s love,” she explained. “Still, the god-king’s word is law. Our marriage was not ideal by any means, but where it was devoid of passion, it more than made up for in camaraderie. We found in each other a confidante, and over the millennia we’ve become dear friends.”

“Huh...but what about all the traps for you and Ares?”

Aphrodite laughed, “Oh, those were just harmless fun. His traps were always aimed more towards Ares than me, anyhow. In fact, I even helped him design one or two over the years.”

She leaned in close, her lips a breath away from his ear as she whispered. “In truth, Zeus finally granted us a divorce three centuries ago; we merely keep up the charade to mess with the other gods.”

Harry nodded, allowing silence to descend once more as he digested her words. At least he didn’t have to worry about *another* god vying for his blood. Though he would still be sure to keep an eye out for any golden nets in the future.

He was glad that she was no longer stuck in a marriage she never wanted. Her friendship with Hephaestus aside, no one deserved to be trapped in a marriage against their will.

Harry allowed his thoughts to wander as he enjoyed the warmth of the goddess's body pressed against him. Being with her was extraordinary. Not just the sex, but her very presence alone. It had been years since Harry could talk so freely with someone as he had with her. In just a couple of dozen hours, he had told her more about his life—his pains, triumphs, and all the moments in between—that he had dared share with anyone else. It felt...healing in a way. As if a wound inside him was finally allowed to scar over with every word spoken.

It was a shame it couldn't last.

"You are thinking much too hard, my love," Aphrodite murmured, her voice raspy with sleep as the goddess dozed on his shoulder.

Harry hummed but said nothing, not wishing to dampen the mood with his thoughts.

It was the truth, though, wasn't it? As much as Aphrodite seemed to enjoy his company, she was still a goddess. The myths painted a very clear picture of the gods' wandering interests.

Their favour waxed and waned like the phases of the moon. Mortals were amusements to them, nothing more, and Harry was not foolish enough to think himself an exception to that rule.

No, his time with Aphrodite couldn't last...right?

Before he could descend further in his thoughts, the love goddess beside him sighed. She shifted, tilting her head up from where she lay against his chest, her eyes questioning as he reached up to cup his cheek.

"What troubles are you allowing to fill your head now, hmm?" she hummed, her lips quirking upwards into a lazy smile.

Harry pursed his lips, feeling somewhat caught on the back foot.

"It's nothing," he said, shaking his head. "Just...wondering how much time we have."

Aphrodite furrowed her brow. "How much time?"

Harry sighed, running a hand through his sex-mussed hair. “You know—You and me, *together*,” he said, putting emphasis on the last word. “I know that this can’t last, no matter how much I want it to. You—*gods* ‘Dite, you’re incredible. Every second with you brings just a little bit more light back into my life. I’m thankful for the time we’ve had together, more than I could ever express, but I can’t help but dread the moment you walk out that door.”

He turned away from her gaze. He didn't have the strength to see the pity in her eyes that would confirm his words. Instead, he looked out the window, staring off into the Venetian skyline while he stubbornly tried to wrestle the pit of emotions in his chest back closed.

A hand cupped his face once more. Part of him wanted to push it away, to not give in to her lest his resolve falter, but he had no resolve against her in the first place. Unbidden, Harry found his head turning, his eyes sweeping up to once more meet her rainbow irises.

But it was not pity he found in her eyes.

“Silly man,” she clicked her tongue. “Do you believe you are a conquest for me? A passing fancy, perhaps? I meant the words I spoke last night, Harry. You are *mine*.” A ripple of power travelled out on the breath of her words. It rattled the windows and shook the very floor beneath them, but more than that, the power nestled somewhere deep in Harry’s chest. Somewhere, he hadn’t even known existed until he felt it pulse within him, coating his tongue with the strong taste of apples and honey.

“I—”

Aphrodite silenced him with a kiss. The force with which she launched herself at him had them both falling back against the bed, their lips entwined and breaths stolen by the other. Harry groaned against the goddess’s tongue, instinctively grabbing hold of her arse as she began to grind her slickened heat over his cock.

“You belong—” she breathed, nipping at his lower jaw, “—to me now, Harry Potter, and I—” her tongue traced a path down his chest, “—keep what is *mine*.”

That same power washed over him once more. Harry bit back a strangled groan, half from the sheer intensity of the goddess's claim covering him like a blanket of electricity, and half more from the sensation of her unbelievably *wet* pussy enveloping his cock.

"Dite," he whispered, breath like a prayer to the very goddess riding him.

Aphrodite moaned, her hands tangling in her own hair as she reached up to the sky. The evening light silhouetted her body perfectly, casting a halo of golden pinks and oranges around her that took Harry's breath away. His hands traced their way up her sides, worshipping the very flesh beneath them as he brought them up to the cusp of her breasts.

Aphrodite met his gaze. Her eyes themselves were gone, replaced entirely with a glowing pink energy that swirled like whirlpools beneath her eyelids. Her flesh rippled beneath his fingers.

One moment, it was Ginny who was there, her lithe form rocking back and forth atop his cock while he cradled her petite mounds. Next, it was Hermione, her brown ringlets swaying back and forth as she bounced on his member.

Again and again, she changed, morphing between forms between the gasps of her moans.

She was Luna, her radish earrings shining in the evening light as she squeaked and whimpered atop him.

She was one of the Patils, her caramel flesh slicked with sweat as she pushed his face between her tits.

Her many forms did not keep to just his former classmates either. There were far too many for him to truly count, nor did they stay long enough to comprehend.

She was a red-skinned succubus, her pointed tail wrapping itself around her own throat as she reached her first climax. Harry was not long behind her, his hands gripping her horns as he took control, pistoning his hips upwards into her tight, red-hued cunt. Her flesh rippled just as he found his release, her inner folds changing as he seeded her cunt. Her skin turned blue, her fingers becoming webbed, and her teeth sharpening into a dozen points as she squealed into his ear.

But even as his climax faded, the end was nowhere in sight.

He wasn't sure who moved, only that he found himself pressing the goddess against the window, her tits pushed almost flat against the glass for all the world to see as he pounded into her from behind. Her form shifted again, the blue of her scales fading as her flesh returned with two feline-like ears adorning her head and a thick, white, furry tail that curled around his waist. His hand found her throat, wrapping around it tightly as he increased the speed of his thrust. Aphrodite let her moans flow out freely, screaming against the clear glass until his grip cut off her airway. Where mortal women would need reprieve after a few moments, the goddess had no such limitations. The goddess smiled, her mouth opened wide as she stared back at him from the window's reflection. Harry answered her smile by hooking two fingers from his other hand on the inside of her cheek, using the goddess's mouth as leverage to slam into her soaking wet quim with reckless abandon.

Aphrodite moaned out approvingly, her lips closing around his fingers to suck on the digits. Her form changed a few more times, each time her flesh rippling as she cried out with yet another whorish moan.

She was Fleur Delacour, silvery blonde hair cascading down her back like a river of moonlight, her soft, bubbly arse rippling with every thrust while a cacophony of French spilt from her lips. She was a nymph, skin tinted green and hair braided together like moss. Every slam of his hips against her arse brought with it the fresh scent of pine and petrichor.

A particularly hard thrust forced Harry to pull out, her inner walls growing impossibly tight as she shuddered around him, the telltale pink lightning arching over her flesh betraying her climax. The goddess would not allow his cock to remain free for long, though. Turning, Aphrodite allowed her legs to buckle, dropping to her knees before him and wrapping her ivy-green lips around his thick cock-head with a muffled moan. He watched as she bobbed a few times over his tip, lathering him in a thick layer of her saliva before pulling back with her tongue still glued to the underside of his cock. Her pale green skin faded, returning to the tanned pink of her

regular form. Her blonde hair returned as well, as did her bust increase in size, no longer the petite breasts of a forest Nymph and instead grew to the large teardrop-shaped globes.

Aphrodite looked up at him, her gaze smouldering with pink fire as she leaned forward, wrapping her pillowy breasts around his cock. A snap of her fingers produced more lube from this air, coating his cock and her tits in a shiny wet sheen.

“Mortal, you may be, my love—” Aphrodite spoke, her hands pushing the sides of her breasts together to form a tight seal around his cock. “—but that does not make you any less extraordinary.”

She began to rock back and forth on her knees, stroking him between the velvety mounds of her tits.

“Your heart, your courage, your strength of character—not to mention your *cock*~” she purred, her voice dripping with reverence even as she quickened her pace, moving her tits faster and faster over his cock. “You, Harry, have done what very few could ever achieve—You’ve *captivated* me.”

“Fuck! Aphrodite—”

“Hush now,” she whispered, cutting him off. “Give yourself to me, my love. Be mine. *Please*.”

“Yes,” Harry groaned, his hand finding its way into Aphrodite’s hair. The pleasure racing through his cock was too intense, forcing Harry to shut his eyes as he struggled to control his breathing. He didn’t see Aphrodite’s blinding white smile, nor the way her form flickered, replaced briefly by a golden-skinned woman with dove wings and a rose-petal laurel adorning her golden hair. He did, however, *feel* when the goddess dipped her head down, wrapping her lips once more around the head of his cock as she bounced her breasts at a blinding speed around his cock. Harry’s release came almost too quickly, his vision hazy as he erupted inside the goddess’s mouth. Aphrodite drank his cum down greedily, lewd moans spilling from her lips as she swallowed nearly every drop. The few drops of cum that did escape quickly found themselves scooped up by the goddess’s fingers and popped back into her mouth.

“*Divine~*” she gasped. “Better than the purest of nectar.”

Harry chuckled, reaching down and scooping the surprisingly light goddess into his arms. “I’ll take your word for it.”

Aphrodite’s laughs joined his as he tossed the goddess onto the bed and pushed his way between her thighs once more. She had meant every word she spoke to him. He was unlike any other she had opened her heart to before. Her domains practically cooed at the sight of him, radiating joy and *want* for the messy-haired wizard. They had practically exploded with happiness when he had told her ‘Yes’, cheering as he gave himself over to her fully. The truth of his devotion would be revealed soon. She would not keep it from him. In fact, Aphrodite was very much looking forward to whispering those sweet, sweet words into his ear and watching his face light up with joy.

He was going to make an excellent father.

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Author’s Note

A bit of a filler chapter before we introduce the next goddess in our lineup. Any guesses who? I wanted to really use this chapter to flesh out Harry and Aphrodite’s relationship while also giving Harry his chance to come to terms that there’s an *actual* goddess in his bed. Let me know what you think!

Thanks for reading!