

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 7:

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“It is almost time, my sweet.”

The breeze of Fortuna’s voice swept past his ears, barely a whisper, but still loud enough to send golden warmth blooming in his chest. Harry blinked his eyes open, expecting to see the goddess’s smiling face or at least feel her slender arms wrapped around his waist as she had taken a liking to doing.

Instead, for the first time since his foray into the future began, he found himself alone.

He was in the same plain, darkened room. The same golden sheets, tangled and wrinkled from the last time he was here, clung to the large circular bed.

Yet the goddess was nowhere to be found. It was oddly...eerie.

“Fortuna?” he called, pushing the silken sheets off of him and swinging his legs over the edge of the bed.

No answer.

“Fortuna?” he called again, standing as he took a step into the darkness. “Are you there?”

His only answer was silence.

Harry frowned and reached for his wand unconsciously before remembering he didn't have it.

Suddenly feeling very naked (and not because *he* was naked), Harry stepped back, perring around the room with a cautiousness born from months on the run.

This wasn't right. Not only because Fortuna was missing, but her *presence* was as well. Ever since he appeared in this realm with her, the air itself carried a warmth that soothed down to his very soul, as if the goddess herself was wrapping him in her essence. But now? It was *cold*. Not just cold — *freezing*. The kind that crept into your flesh without notice, burrowing itself bone deep where it took hold of your heart and refused to ease its iron-like grip. It was a primal cold. An ancient one.

Harry narrowed his eyes. Something drew his eyes to the darkened corner of the room. The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end as he peered into the black shadows.

Something was peering back.

"Who are you?" he asked aloud, his voice firm without betraying the uneasiness he felt settling deep in his gut.

A sensation like no other washed over him. It felt like a dozen clawed hands grazed against him, threading through his hair, raking down his spine, and prodding curiously at every inch of his flesh. It would be a curious sensation if it weren't so *heart-clenchingly* cold. Like the chill of a graveyard — lifeless and still.

'Curious...'

Harry clenched his jaw as the single word swept out from the shadows. It sounded hollow and taut—like plucking a violin's string that was wound far too tight. It took an immense amount of effort to move his mouth, the primal fear he felt gripping his heart, nearly choking his voice.

"What's curious?"

A chilling breeze ruffled his hair, frost appearing on the rim of his glasses.

A laugh.

It was *laughing*.

'Many things... You most of all, Harry Potter...'

Harry opened his mouth to reply. He wanted to demand answers from the voice, but before he could voice his questions, the shadows in the room receded, revealing what lay hidden within.

A woman stood, her form cloaked in black robes that clung to her like shadows made flesh. The fabric devoured the light around her, bleeding the colour from the world until all that remained was a hush of greys and aching stillness. Where the robes fell past her knees, they began to shift — no longer cloth, but a slow, endless cascade of darkened water. Within that current drifted pinpricks of light, pale and flickering like distant stars. One of them caught his eye, and at once the air around him thickened with voices, pleading.

'Help us...'

Harry swallowed and forced his eyes away from the lights, finding purchase on the woman's face.

She was beautiful, *divine* in fact. But it was not the kind of beauty that soothed or invited. No, hers was a beauty carved from inevitability. Her skin bore the tone of ash, glowing faintly with a spectral luminescence. Much like the frost that clung to his glasses. Black markings spiralled across her face, forming a faint imprint of a skull across her flawless flesh. The swirled across her cheeks and lips, forcing Harry's eyes to follow them up until he met her eyes.

Her eyes.

Two orbs of white light stared back at him. They shone like a beacon that pierced through the night. Where the rest of the woman permeated the air with a primal uncertainty and stillness that forced one's breath to catch and heart to stutter with fear—her eyes were the complete opposite.

They were not warm, but they were comforting, like the release of a long-held breath that burned in your lungs, like the first glimpse of snow falling gently to the ground. Peering into them, Harry felt his terror ease and his breath return to a normal pace.

"Who—Who are you?" he asked again, finding his voice once more. She was a goddess, that much was *painfully* clear, and he had a sneaking suspicion just what she was a goddess of.

The woman smiled, her black lips moving softly. For a moment, her face shimmered, her flesh becoming transparent, revealing the white of bones beneath, but the image was gone in the blink of an eye.

'There are many answers to that question, and none of which we have the time for. You, however, may call me Hel.'

Her lips did not move as she spoke; instead, her voice seemed to come from everywhere at once, though it no longer carried the dreadful chill it had moments prior.

'My sister is otherwise preoccupied at the moment, but she will return shortly,' she continued. ***'Which means we must be quick.'***

Harry felt confusion over taking his wariness. "Quick? Quick with what?"

The woman's smile widened, and she took a step forward. It was then that Harry realised just how tall she was. Where Fortuna was short—barely reaching his shoulders really—the goddess before him was easily a head and a half taller than him, his eyes just barely reaching the top of her bust.

He took a step back as she approached, only stopping when the back of his legs bumped against the bedframe behind him. The goddess caught him by the wrist before he could tumble back, her fingers ice cold against his flesh as she pulled him forward with a giggle.

Her arms wrapped themselves around his midsection, pulling him flush against her while she smiled down at him with an almost knowing expression.

Harry swallowed down his surprise. Being so close to this woman felt almost the same as when he faced down hoards of dementors — the cold and fear, the despair and terror, but also the adrenaline and the rush of bittersweet happiness of hearing his mum's voice. Yet even then, looking into her eyes, that feeling faded, replaced by a serene bliss that he could only describe as finality. She was a swath of contradictions, much like Fortuna.

'My sister and I are indeed alike in many ways,' she spoke as if reading his very thoughts.

'Our choice in champions being one of them'

Harry gasped as memories were pulled to the surface of his mind by an outside force. Visions of his final battle with Voldemort. He could see it flash before his mind. The Elder Wand's song calling out for him, its allegiance sworn through battle and trickery. He could feel Voldemort's fury, the monster's twisted anger, but hidden beneath it, *fear*. A desperate, selfish fear that rattled around in the shattered remnants of Tom Riddle's soul.

Yet through all of that—through the elder wand's cries and Tom Riddle's fear and Harry's own righteous will to protect his friends—was her. The very woman who embraced him now, her presence hovering above and watching in glee as Voldemort was struck down once and for all.

'My sister deemed you to be the one who would cut the vile monster down. Only I, of all the other deities, knew this. And so I chose. Tom Riddle was an abomination to the natural order, an order I fiercely protect. By slaying him, you have done me a great service, and so, a reward I have for you.'

Hel stepped back, her smile lighter now. She clasped her hands together, pulling them apart a moment later to reveal a trio of items floating in the air.

A wand.

A stone

A cloak.

'There is always some truth in legends, but there are also many falsities. These items artefacts—' she waved her hands towards the Hallows, ***'—are indeed powerful. However, it was not I who gave them to man, nor do they give man the dominion over me, as the legend claims.'***

The wand snapped.

The stone crumbled to dust.

The cloak remained.

Hel plucked his invisibility cloak from the air, her graceful fingers tracing the shimmering thread almost wistfully.

'Death cannot be mastered, my champion. Tom Riddle is an example of this fact, but that does not mean my favour cannot be won.'

The cloak began to glow with the same ethereal cold glow of the goddess before him. When the light subsided, the cloak was still clutched within her hands, but it was different. Its material flowed like the water of the goddess's robes, sans the motes of light. Small trails of cold fog wafted from the cloak, chilled by the goddess's blessing. It floated from her hands, gliding down where Harry caught it. It was indeed cold to the touch, yet even more than that, he could feel it *hum* with an essence that matched the goddess before him. Just what the goddess's blessing did, he knew not as of yet, but the power radiating from it now told him it would be *extremely* useful.

"Thank you," Harry said with genuine appreciation.

Hel laughed, her lips remaining unmoving as the sounds of her humour echoed out all around him.

'Oh my sweet champion!' she giggled. ***'That was not your reward. Simply a small trinket. A promise. This—'***

Hel stepped forward, once more forcing Harry to take a step back. This time, when his legs hit the bed, the goddess did not stop him from falling back onto the mattress. Harry hardly noticed the fall, though, far too focused on the goddess before him as her robes seemed to melt away in wisps of black smoke, revealing the naked flesh beneath.

'—is your reward,' she finished, her smile turning wolfish as she crawled over his prone form.

Harry's mind went haywire, firing through a million thoughts at once. It was when the goddess settled onto his lap—her skin cool to the touch against his own, yet still effective to stoke the flame of his arousal—that he finally regained his wits.

"Wait! We can't just— Fortuna!" he stammered.

The goddess on his lap tilted her head to the side, confusion etched across her face, making her seem far more adorable than the personification of death had any right to be. Harry made to speak again and explain his objection, yet a look of understanding passed over Hel's face first.

'You believe laying with me would be a betrayal of my sister, yes?' Hel hummed, her cold fingers running up and down the length of Harry's ribs. Harry did his best not to shiver from the chill, just as he forced himself not to stare at the goddess's breasts that jutted out above him with the same flawless, grey-hued flesh as the rest of her.

He could not, however, stop his cock from hardening as the goddess absentmindedly rocked her hips, the sticky wetness of her slit coating his cock and sending jolts of pleasure up his spine.

'A noble notion,' the goddess continued. **'If a bit limited by mortal comprehension. However, they are unfounded. I assure you, my sister is aware of my presence and my intentions with you.'**

"But you said—" Harry began, but Hel cut him off with a kiss.

Any argument died right then and there as the feeling of *another* goddess's lips pressed against his. She tasted sweet, like pomegranates. It was an addictive flavour, one he found himself missing as she pulled away.

'I said we must be quick because my sister is an impatient being when it comes to what is hers. She has allowed me only but a short while with you,' she explained, using one of her hands to cup his cheek. **'But only if you wish to spend it with me.'**

Harry swallowed thickly, finally allowing his eyes to rake down the goddess's form. She was, of course, perfect. Her figure was framed with *divine* curves that made his cock lurch. From her jutting breasts that were capped with darkened nipples to her wide, pillowy hips. There was not a single blemish or stretch mark in sight. Even the unnatural coolness of her skin felt heavenly against his flushed flesh.

And still...

Part of his mind could not help but doubt the goddess's words. This was different from the realities Fortuna sent him to. This was no mortal witch he *could* have, but another goddess. Her own sister, in fact. Was Fortuna really okay with this?

The smell of hyacinths and bay laurels filled the air. Its presence floated past his senses with a tinkling of amused laughter that only he could hear.

Fortuna's laughter.

Well...that answered that then.

Sensing his acceptance, Hel leaned down with a smile. This time, she kissed him slow, the chill of her lips almost electrifying in a way that sent tingles throughout his mouth. It was a surprisingly delightful sensation, and one that had Harry groaning softly against the goddess's lips as he pulled her closer.

Hel's amusement hung in the air, mixing with the building arousal between them. He could feel her essence flow around him as she relaxed, the chill of her body receding even more and replaced with the scent of asphodels. The scent hung heavy, coating his tongue and eyes. It only grew thicker as the goddess herself grew more excited. Pomegranates and subtle tones of mint joined in with the asphodels, building towards a crescendo as Hel lifted her hips and— Harry cursed beneath his breath as he entered the goddess's folds for the first time. Hel let out a coo herself, the sound seeming to reverberate through Harry's very own soul.

Like Fortuna, Hel's inner walls were silken smooth and positively *dripping* with her essence. Part of him expected the goddess's pussy to feel cold as the rest of her, yet while she was not a blazing heat as Fortuna had been, she was definitely *warm*.

Goddess of death, she may be, but from his position, she was indeed very much alive and *wanting*.

Hel moved her hips in a slow rhythm, methodically pumping his cock in and out of her cunt. Her cheeks were flushed, a deep blue hue, her breath coming out in sharp pants that fogged the air

as she worked her hips. It was a mesmerising sight to watch as a goddess slowly lost herself to pleasure atop him, but that was not the only scene that caught Harry's eye.

Harry slipped his gaze down to the proverbial mountain of flesh as it swayed and rippled with the goddess's movements. Her two jutting tits, large and shapely, bounced freely. Their round forms were capped by two galleon-sized areolae and crinkled dark blue nipples. Harry couldn't help himself, mesmerised by the sight of her mouth-watering tits, he sat up, the goddess's height allowing him to catch one of her hardened nubs in his mouth while he massaged the other breast with his hand.

He let loose a strangled cry, the sound deep and filled with lust as her hands flew up to tangle in his mess of raven locks and push his face deeper into her enveloping bust. Below, he could feel her womanhood quiver around him, squelching with each bounce of her hips as her arousal only increased.

The scent of pomegranates only grew thicker, overpowering the soft taste of asphodels and mint in the air as it built towards...something.

Harry sucked, bit, groped, and pinched—exploring every inch of the goddess's breasts as her pants only grew in volume as too did the speed of her hips.

She was freely bouncing on his cock now, smooth legs trembling against his own as the goddess's essence stained their sexes and drenched the sheets below. Glancing up from where his face was buried in her tits, Harry was able to see as the glow in the goddess's eyes only grew brighter and brighter. Phantom sensations began appearing from nowhere, hands ghosted over his chest, invisible lips peppered kisses down the length of his abs, teeth bit teasingly at his neck and biceps, a tongue lapped greedily at his balls. Each and every one of them belonged to the goddess atop him now. Her essence oozed from every ghostly touch. Her physical body limited her, but her godly soul held no such impediments as it reached out to touch and taste every inch of Harry.

It was heaven and hell at the same time. His skin tingled and his nerves spasmed. Every part of him was being overstimulated by the goddess's caresses. *Every. Part.*

At the same time, her physical body was bouncing on his cock—pussy weeping with her divine juices—so too was one of her spiritual mouths sucking greedily up and down his length. He could feel the dual sensations of her pussy fucking his cock while a ghostly tongue undulated against his swollen glans. It was too *much*.

Hel's nails found purchase in the flesh of his chest. Another of her mouths nipped at the inside of his thighs. The very air itself quivered with a thick tension that *radiated* with the tangy scent of pomegranates.

A snap.

A thread cut.

A cry of a goddess.

And Harry's world was overwhelmed with pleasure. He could barely make a sound. Instead, he wrapped his arms around the goddess's waist tightly, pulling her down flush against him, where he swallowed down her cries of ecstasy with a kiss. All around him, a dozen phantom mouths moaned and gasped. Ghostly hands threaded through his hair and gripped him by his thighs, pulling him deeper inside the goddess as he filled her with his cum.

Hel whispered something in his ear. He could not understand the words; they were spoken in a language that felt ancient, *unfathomable*. His mind seemed to force itself to forget them as soon as he heard, unable to comprehend the words nor their dialect. Yet even then, a weight seemed to settle on his chest as they were spoken. Not heavy like the burden he'd felt under the prophecy, but gentle, grounding. Like the weight of a lover's hand.

With the beginnings of his orgasm fading away, Harry felt his head clear. The smell of pomegranates was gone, as too was the scent of asphodels and mint and the goddess they belonged to. Harry blinked and looked around. Hel was nowhere to be seen; the shadows that had hung thickly in the air since her arrival were no more, bringing the warmth back with it.

As he sat up, his head swimming as he cleared the last of the haze from his mind, two familiar hands appeared, wrapping themselves around his waist.

"I do hope my sister was not too much," Fortuna giggled. "She rarely interacts with mortals so directly and sometimes forgets how intimidating her presence can be."

Harry huffed in amusement. "Intimidating is certainly a word for it," he said with a shake of his head. "She was...intense, but still pleasant after some getting used to."

"Indeed. She was most excited you know? I am not keen to share what is mine, but I've always had a soft spot for my eldest sister," Fortuna whispered. The goddess leaned down and placed a soft kiss on his shoulder. "Thank you for taking care of her."

"Of course," Harry replied, a smirk forming over his lips. "Just a little warning next time, maybe?" He could feel the air quiver with Fortuna's humour, but also something else. A light twinge of melancholy, as if his words triggered something bittersweet.

Harry frowned and turned around, gently extracting himself from the goddess's arms to face her. Fortuna was indeed smiling, but her golden eyes shone with that same bittersweetness he could taste in the air.

"There won't be a next time, will there?"

The goddess shook her head.

"The time is almost upon us, my sweet. I have bent many rules to keep you here as long as I have, but our time together is almost up. A choice must be made soon," she explained, a ripple of golden light drifting forth from the goddess's mouth as if to solidify her words into fact.

Harry nodded. He would have to come to a decision soon, but uncertainty still hung heavy on his shoulders.

It seemed silly, when he looked at it from the outside. He's made much bigger choices than this in a moment's notice—decisions of life and death concluded between one heartbeat and the next—but something as amazing as choosing his own future? His mind refused to be decided.

He let out a huff and stood. Running a hand through his hair, he began to pace the length of the bed, the entire time Fortuna's eyes kept track the entire way.

"Why is this so bloody hard?" he groaned, throwing his hands up in the air. "The lives you've shown me, Fortuna—the possibilities you've gifted me—they are far more than I could ever ask for, and yet like a fool, I cannot find the will to choose. It feels...selfish."

"Selfish?" the goddess asked.

Harry nodded. "Part of me wants them all, and yet another feels like I don't deserve a choice to begin with. No one else gets the privilege. Why should I be any different?"

This time, Fortuna stood, her lips set into a frown as she approached him.

"Because I deem it so. My sweet, you mistake my gifts for justice. I do not give you this reward because it is what is fair. *Fate*, my champion, is not fair. I am giving you this choice because / say you are deserving. Because / am the one who is selfish."

She was cradling his cheek now, her golden eyes shining with a million possibilities and a million different worlds within.

"Allow yourself a bit of selfishness, my sweet. When you do, I think you'll find your desires far more possible than you might think."

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Fortuna smiled down at Harry's sleeping face. After their talk, and a bit more coaxing, she'd finally been able to accept that he was allowed to think only for himself from time to time, an impressive feat, considering his nature.

Leaving part of her consciousness to watch over him, the goddess hummed and turned her attention back to her duties, ever attentive to her responsibilities as the mother of fate.

Though her attention would be demanded by another soon.

'I must say, I did not expect mortal copulation to be so pleasant. Perhaps I may have to try it more often.'

Fortuna giggled as her sister melted from the shadows, her godly essence shining with a sense of satisfaction Fortuna had not seen on her sister in some time.

“I was surprised as well. Orgasms are quite relaxing, aren't they?” Fortuna spoke with a teasing tone.

Her sister hummed in agreement as she glided forward, examining the threads of fate spooled within Fortuna's fingers.

‘Did you accomplish your goal?’

Fortuna hummed in affirmation, idly cutting a thread from existence. No reality where *gogo boots* came back into style shall ever see the light of day under her watch.

“Perhaps. We will have to see what Harry chooses first.”

Hel nodded, falling into an easy silence beside her.

A thought, however, did cross her mind.

“About the cloak—”

Hel's laughter filled the air, cutting her off.

‘You have your schemes sister, and I have mine. Trust that it will aide your goals.’

Fortuna frowned. She never liked when Hel was this mysterious, nor when answers were kept from her. She could always peer into the threads and see for herself what her sister was up to, but...

The goddess hummed. What was a little mystery now and then?

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Author's Note

Little retcon this chapter. Originally, Death was stated as her brother in the first chapter. This has already been changed in the older posts to reflect the change. Originally, it was going to be another goddess that appeared, but I couldn't quite make their connection to Harry seem as satisfying as the one he shared with Death already, thus Hel!

All in all, she was pretty fun to write, and I hope I did her justice.

Thanks for reading!