

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 1: Goddesses and Gifts

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Omniscience was a fickle thing. To be privy to everything that was, is, or ever will be was a great boon indeed, yet for the goddess of Fate, being all-knowing was a bit more complex.

Fate. Destiny. Future. It was a tapestry of which she was the weaver. Providence in its purest form. Since humanity first drew breath in the universe, she was there—watching, guiding, weaving. Like threads of silk, their reality was born beneath her skilful hands.

Cause and effect, a creation of her very being, birthed a universe of possibilities.

Timelines that never saw the light, branches of probability that were created and destroyed in the blink of an eye, the very history of creation itself—all stemming from one point, one source, one being.

Her.

Since the beginning, she has been the power that has shepherded humanity along its true path. There were mistakes along the way, of course. As all-knowing as she was, Fate was a guiding hand only. The crux of the issue was free will. She could pave as

many paths for them as she could, create an endless stream of possibilities for them to follow, but in the end, the choice was theirs.

That was the true folly of omniscience. Well, perhaps omniscience was a stretch even for her. She was not the creator, after all. She possessed the knowledge of what *could* be—what was *meant* to be—but yet could do nothing as humanity erred from those paths.

It was quite a headache, which is a feat considering she possessed no real physical form nor a head to ache. Odd.

Still, contradictory pains aside, everything usually worked out in the end. The goddess was, after all, extremely good at her job. When the wrong path was chosen, Fate would weave anew, folding events together—one reality over another, two destinies melded into one—until the path was set right once more. An annoyance? Perhaps, but ones that required trivial fixes.

Unfortunately, not all deviations were so easily repaired.

Tom Marvolo Riddle. Oh, what a disappointment he had been.

Fate had foreseen his fall to darkness before the child had even so much as drawn breath. She had worked to prevent it, of course, but the insidious little boy had been determined to subvert her at every turn. She'd mend one cursed path only for three more to spring forth. Voldemort had never meant to rise. Tom Riddle was never meant to tear the Wizarding World further apart. He was supposed to be the one who mended it, the one who tore down the centuries of bigotry and corruption. Him, the half-blood heir to the house of Slytherin, powerful in both mind and magic. A testament to how very wrong the Pureblooded doctrine truly was.

And yet he strayed.

It was when he created his first abomination that the goddess truly washed her hands of Tom Riddle. A Horcrux was the vilest of all creations. For a mortal to mutilate their own soul in such a way was unforgivable—to do so at the cost of another's life, even more so, and Tom Riddle would not stop at just one.

She foresaw it all. His creation of five more twisted, *disgusting*, soul philacteries. His further rise to power, using the purebloods' hate for muggles and muggle-borns alike to fuel his thirst to rule. She saw the insurmountable deaths. Countless lives being snuffed out like stars smothered in the sky, their threads withering away in her very hands.

It was unacceptable.

And so she weaved.

If Tom Riddle was so keen to reject the path she made for him, then so be it. Another would take his place. One who would be all that Riddle was not. Kind, compassionate, brave—a hero to slay the monster Riddle made himself to be.

From the moment she first laid eyes on Harry Potter's soul, she knew he was the one. Every pathway, every thread that led from the little human beheld greatness. He would not fall to darkness as Riddle had before him.

It would be a tough life, that was undeniable. Her heart broke with every trial and tribulation she was forced to weave into Harry Potter's life, but she had no choice. A monumental task was placed upon his shoulders, one that no ordinary wizard could bear the burden of. The pain he faced today would only serve to make him strong enough to defeat the evil that came tomorrow.

Yet even then, the future was still uncertain. Time was always in flux. Changes made cascaded throughout the entirety of her weave, branching out endlessly. She could see them all, every possibility, but she could change so much. The laws binding her, set into the very foundation of the universe by the Creator, decreed true divine interference as forbidden. As the goddess of Fate, she was given more leeway than her brothers and sisters, but even then, she could only lay the groundwork, so to speak. It was up to humanity—to *Harry*—to make the final leap.

Which brings us to the present. The goddess watched with baited breath (another contradiction, considering she still did not possess a mortal form from which to breathe) as Harry and the abomination met in battle for the final time. The stage was set. Riddle's Horcruxes were destroyed, including the one that clung to her champion for so very long (An unavoidable circumstance. One she could not prevent, no matter how much it enraged her), and the monster was mortal once more. It was up to Harry now; it had always been up to Harry, no matter the changes she made. The timeline roared in agony around her. Millions upon millions of fractured threads spanned out, convulsing, twisting, and reforming themselves around her as the future remained in constant flux. For the first time since time began, the goddess ignored the threads. For the first time, she didn't want to know what happened next.

A spell fired. A wand's allegiance revealed. A body collapses to the ground.

She blinked. Then again.

And then the goddess *cheered*. Shouted out into the cosmos with manic joy. The stars sang back, echoing out her happiness through the very fabric of the universe.

Tom Riddle was dead.

Harry Potter was victorious.

One tapestry complete and a future of pain and darkness that would never come to pass.

She smiled, watching with glee as the threads that foretold Voldemort's victory shrivelled away and died. Her smile grew to loud cackles as she watched her dear sweet brother snatch Tom Riddle's disgusting, broken soul from his charred corpse. Riddle owed a debt to Death as well, one her dear brother would no doubt spend centuries taking from the insipid mortal's flesh.

Retribution.

It was an exquisite feeling. The goddess sighed happily. She would revel in this victory for decades to come, and who else did she have to thank for that other than her dear champion?

The goddess hummed to herself as she studied Harry Potter. Though he was victorious, she knew it would be some time before her champion truly healed. Even now, with Voldemort dead at his feet, he did not rejoice. The losses from the war were still too fresh, and for a moment, the goddess's happiness faded, replaced instead by sorrow for her champion.

This would not do.

He deserves to rejoice in his triumph as she did. He deserves to be celebrated — to feel the love of those he saved and allow it to envelop him. Surely this sorrow would not persist?

The goddess frowned and peered into her champion's threads. What she found was...bittersweet at most. In time, her champion would learn to be happy, but he would never truly accept his victory, nor would he receive the just reward that he deserved. No, this would not do at all.

With a flick of her wrist, the threads realigned themselves. Eventualities birthed into existence, each one a different reality where her champion truly prospers. She mulled over each one, discarding some and studying others. What is it that most mortals desire again? They had such fickle interests that it was hard to keep track sometimes. Money? Her champion already had it in spades, though she supposed more couldn't hurt. Each of his possible futures would ensure Harry would never have to work a day in his life.

What else? Companionship was another. If she remembered correctly, mortal relationships more often than not centred around a physical attraction, yes? She hummed again. Well, that was simple enough. Another flick and each future changed once more, featuring a slew of beautiful witches across the different realities.

Hmm...Oh, what the hell! As the goddess studied the new futures, she changed them once more. Her champion deserved to be rewarded — to live a life where he was *worshipped*, as was befitting of someone she blessed.

She watched the new futures play out, a smile once more breaking out across her face as each one featured more and more scenes of her champion in the throes of passion with the true beauties of the wizarding world.

It was *perfect!*

Though...as she studied the new realities, content with her work, the goddess could only frown once more. Even then, it would take time for her dear Harry to learn how to

be happy once again. It was unavoidable, unfortunately. Human minds needed time to process such jarring changes...but that didn't mean he couldn't get a sneak peek right?

Oh yes...

What would be the harm? She's gifted mortals with small tastes of her foresight before. Countless seers and oracles received her blessing through history; what was one more?

It would just be a one-time thing. Harry had no interest in being a true seer, nor did she wish to burden him with such a responsibility, not after all he's shouldered thus far. She could even personally bestow the gift upon him, to ensure he saw the complete picture and was not left with any unintended side effects. Plus, it was only proper she thank her champion personally, yes?

The goddess pursed her lips, throwing one last glance down to her champion as he limped towards his friends. Yes, her mind was made up. Her champion deserved a reward, and what was better than knowing how blissfully *sensual* his future would be?

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Harry groaned as he slipped into bed. The stiff cot beneath his back wasn't the most comfortable thing he's ever slept on, but after the last few days, it felt like heaven to his weary bones.

It had been a long day indeed. After Voldemort fell and the initial...shock that followed, Harry had done all he could to help, whether by clearing out debris to...burying the bodies.

He swallowed thickly, pressing the palms of his hands against his eyes. He pushed those memories away in favour of closing his eyes tight and wishing for the dreamless sleep potion to kick in already.

Thankfully, he didn't have to wait long. The darkness of Gryffindor Tower, plus the potion and bone-deep exhaustion, culminated in a relatively quick slip into slumber.

Yet it wasn't the blissful darkness of sleep that awaited him.

"Awaken my sweet..."

Harry stirred at the voice. The words met his ears like the whisper of the wind — light and feathered, they roused him slowly from darkness. The first thing he noticed was the warmth. It was all around him, warmth that comforted and soothed. It seeped into his flesh, gently dulling the aches of the previous battle in his muscles.

The second thing he noticed was that he definitely wasn't at Hogwarts anymore. The room around him was dimly lit and plain. The floor was covered with a cream coloured carpet, while the few candles lit within the room cast a yellow glow on the walls. The bed was the biggest change, where before he'd gone to sleep on a dingy cot, he now lay on a large, round mattress topped with silky gold sheets. Which, of course, is when he noticed the third thing.

He was very much naked.

Before he could contemplate where he was or where the bloody hell his clothes had gone, that same voice whispered through the air.

"Fret not, my sweet. I will return you to Hogwarts soon. I only wish to thank you first." It was a woman's voice, but not one belonging to anyone he recognised.

Harry looked around the room suspiciously.

“And uh...who the hell *are* you?” he asked aloud after a moment’s hesitation.

A musical giggle filled the air, seeming to echo out from everywhere all at once. It too was like a whisper, low and silken smooth. The laughter ebbed away just as quickly as it had begun, and for a moment, Harry thought that the strange voice had left. That was, until two feminine hands wrapped themselves around his midsection.

Harry froze immediately. His instincts roared at him to react, to treat the stranger as a threat, but his limbs would not react to that instinctual plea.

“Shhh,” the mysterious woman soothed. Harry could feel her breath on his neck, could feel the heat radiating from her lips and the softness of her flesh pressed against his.

“Do not be afraid, my sweet. I am not here to harm you. No — You are special to me.”

The strange woman hugged him tighter as she spoke. Harry didn’t know why, but every word seemed to ring with truth. She truly did not mean to harm him, nor did he sense any other malicious intentions from her. Slowly, he relaxed into her arms, craning his head back to get a glimpse of brilliant honey-gold ringlets that almost seemed to glow. Actually, they didn’t *seem* to glow. They *did* glow. Harry blinked in confusion, glancing down to follow the long trail of glowing golden hair, until he was met with the sight of two brilliant golden orbs staring back up at him while a gentle smile clung to a pair of plump red lips.

“I—Uh—” he licked his lips nervously. “Who are you?”

The strange woman giggled again, this time the sound coming only from her mouth.

Harry watched as she extracted one of her hands and snapped her fingers, disappearing before his very eyes in a flash of gold. Harry blinked in confusion, yet

before he could call out for the woman, she appeared once more, settling atop his lap in another flash of light.

It was then that Harry noticed the fourth and final thing. The strange woman was also *very very* naked. His eyes moved of their own accord, roaming down the nameless woman's body. Her shimmering blonde ringlets fell down past her shoulders, ending just above the swell of her breasts. Harry swallowed thickly as he took in the sight of the two pillowy mounds. They were not overly large, yet neither were they small. Shapely and perky, her breasts fit her petite frame perfectly, capped by two pale pink nipples.

His gaze dropped even lower, down past her flat stomach to the junction of her hips, where he received his first peek at her hairless mound. Her womanhood was almost completely pressed against his own sex, the thin sheet covering his lower half acting as the only barrier. Realising this, Harry quickly wrenched his eyes back up to the woman's face, fighting down the rising blush in his cheeks.

"You're umm—" he cleared his throat.

The strange woman frowned and looked down. "Naked? Yes." She said it so succinctly, as if she were answering a question about the weather. "I always found the human concept of clothing most odd." She leaned forward, seemingly uncaring that the action only served to press her breasts closer to Harry's face. "Does it bother you?"

"I guess...not?" Harry said with clear confusion. Still somewhat caught off guard, he didn't quite know what he was supposed to say in a situation like this.

Surprisingly, the woman giggled and leaned back once more. "Good. I did pick this form to suit your tastes after all. I'd hate for my efforts to go to waste."

“My tastes?” Harry’s confusion only grew with each word the honey-haired woman spoke. What did she mean by his tastes? Or the whole ‘human concept of clothes’ thing? *Who was she?!* Shaking his head, Harry tried his best to extract himself from under the strange girl, but in the end, he only managed to shuffle back a few inches before he gave up. “Look, I don’t know who you are or what this place is, but I’m really not interested in—” he trailed off, gesturing to the woman’s nude form. “whatever this is!” Instead of looking offended, the stranger merely cocked her head to the left. “But you do know me, Harry Potter. I have been with you all your life. I have watched you grow from a gentle babe into the man you are now. Every triumph, every defeat, and every heartbreak. I was there.”

As she spoke, the air around them became charged with a thick blanket of pure, overwhelming *power*. Harry gasped, the air leaving his strangled lungs as the unseen force pressed down upon his chest. Suddenly, images began to flash before his mind. Memories of his adventures. Of his many dangerous exploits and heroic deeds. He saw them not through the perspective of his own eyes, but of another's, watching down upon him throughout his entire life.

‘I am she who ordains the very path upon which the universe walks.’ He heard the woman’s voice echo out in his mind. It was not loud and overbearing, but a whisper once more, like a breeze speaking innocent secrets into his ear. *‘I am the destiny of all things, the mother of prophecy, the Goddess of Fate...and you, my sweet, are my chosen.’*

Harry’s vision cleared, as too did the flood of power in the air, slowly discharging as things returned to normal.

“Y–You’re a goddess?” he asked, his voice still cracking from the sudden absence of air. The woman nodded, a serene smile upon her face. “That is the closest definition of my kind in your tongue. I have no true name. I simply am,” she explained. “But I suppose you may call me Fortuna. She was always my favourite out of all of humanity’s silly little myths.”

Harry nodded, though he truly didn’t understand in the least. Shaking his head, he turned his attention back to the...goddess before him — trying hard not to think about the fact that said *goddess* was currently sitting on his lap naked.

“You said–You said I was your chosen? What does that mean?”

Fortuna smiled. “Why my Chosen One, of course!” Harry’s eyes widened as he caught on to her meaning. “Did you think that silly little seer of mine was the one who created the prophecy?” she laughed. “No, she simply repeated the words I gave her. The ones carved from the very future I worked so diligently to ensure came to pass.”

“I–” Harry snapped his mouth shut. He didn’t quite know what to say. A million emotions rushed through his mind all at once. How many times had he cursed his luck? Raged about the unfairness of having the weight of the prophecy thrust upon him? Every single tragedy in his life, Harry could trace back to that bloody prophecy, and now the very being who set everything into motion was *sitting on his lap!*

“Why?” he finally managed, his throat too constricted with emotion to say much else. For the first time since she arrived, the being before him frowned. Gently, she cupped his face, the flesh of her palm radiating a brilliant warmth Harry hadn’t noticed before. “I am sorry my sweet. Truly. The pain you endured – the dangers you faced I–” It was odd to hear a goddess’s voice crack with emotion, even more so to have that same

goddess wrap her arms tightly around your neck and pull you into a tight hug. “I had no choice. If you hadn’t grown to become the man you are now, the world would have fallen to Voldemort long ago. It needed a saviour, and that was you, Harry.” She pulled back, golden tears streaked down her cheeks as she looked Harry deep in the eyes.

“Forgive me.”

Harry swallowed thickly, his hands moving to rest gently atop the goddess’s bare sides.

“It’s alright.” It wasn’t, not remotely, but he at least could understand her point. Prophecy or not, without someone to stand against Voldemort, the wizarding world would have suffered greatly. It already had in a way. The war had lasted nearly a year, and yet the death toll was high enough to make Harry’s head spin every time he thought about it.

The truth was, if Harry was forced to make the choice himself: A happy life or saving the Wizarding World, he’d choose saving the latter every time, without question. Sighing, he looked the goddess in her eye.

“At least it’s over now, right?” God, he hoped so.

As if sensing his thoughts, Fortuna smiled sadly and pressed her forehead against his.

“Yes, it is over,” Harry released a breath he hadn’t known he’d been holding. “All that is left for you to do now is to live a happy life.”

“I’m not sure I know how to do that,” Harry said honestly. The war had taken much from him; the thought of feeling happiness once more was...foreign.

The goddess’s smile brightened. “You will. I brought you here for that very reason, to show you all the joy that awaits you in your life. Or shall I say — *lives*.”

It didn’t take Harry long to catch on to her meaning.

“You’re going to show me my future?”

Fortuna nodded. "I collected some of the best, with my own personal touch added in, of course, for you to peruse. It is my gift to you, the foreknowledge of what could be, and the chance to choose between them."

"I—" Harry began, feeling just a tad bit at a loss for words. "That's very generous."

"No, it is not nearly generous enough." The goddess whispered, running a finger down the edge of his jaw. "Do not be mistaken, my sweet, you've done me a great service. The tyranny Tom Riddle would have condemned the world to would have shaken the threads of fate to their very core. The world would have been cursed to a doomed existence, a future without hope. A future that, because of you, will not come to pass."

Harry was acutely aware of the goddess slowly leaning forward with each word. Her finger paused its tracing of his jawline, coming to rest just below his bottom lip.

"Perhaps—" she whispered. "There are more ways I can show my thanks..."

He had only a moment to prepare himself before a pair of *impossibly* soft lips were upon his own. A noise of surprise bubbled up from his throat before it too was similarly smothered by the hungry lips of the goddess before him.

'The bloody deity of fate is snogging me?!' he thought incredulously.

His mind was abuzz with both confusion and shock at the sudden development, unable to truly comprehend just *what the fuck* was happening.

Suddenly, Fortuna pulled away from him, a melodic giggle flowing forth from her lips.

"I may not be an expert on the physical functions of mortals, but I do believe this—" she smirked, wiggling her hips back and forth against his rapidly hardening cock. "--means you are enjoying the first part of your reward, yes?"

Harry groaned, partly in embarrassment and partly out of pleasure as well. He was only human, after all. There was little he could do to stop his body's natural reaction to having a sexy goddess of fate atop his lap and kissing him. Even less so when she began to grind herself on his cock, with nothing but a thin sheet stopping their sexes from touching.

The golden-haired deity only smirked wider, taking Harry's groan as one of approval. "Good, but this is only the beginning my sweet."

She leaned in, pressing their lips together once more. This time, Harry couldn't stop himself from kissing her back. His body was thrumming with arousal by now. He couldn't deny the want he felt for her, even if he wished to. It'd been too long for him since he last was with a woman like this. Months of being on the run, sleeping in a tent, and fighting a war left little time for sexual relationships. A hastened night of grunting and slapping flesh with Ginny at the Burrow was the last time he had any true release. His night with Ginny was quickly torn from his mind as the golden beauty moved on from his lips, descending down lower. She peppered kisses against his jawline before stopping a moment to suckle gently at his pulse point. Harry let out a groan, unable to stop his sounds of pleasure from escaping as she descended lower.

Eventually, after pockmarking his chest and abdomen with kisses and love-bites, Fortuna reached the edge of the sheet. Shooting him a wink, the goddess smiled widely and gripped the silken cloth.

"Relax, my sweet. Let me take care of you this night," she whispered, slowly pulling the sheet down his waist inch by inch

Harry could only nod, his heart hammering against the inside of his ribcage as she finally pulled the sheet away. At the sight of his stiffened cock, the goddess let out a coo of delight.

“Oh my~” she gasped, reaching up to gently wrap her hands around his thickened length. “My sister did a wonderful job crafting such a marvellous specimen. I will have to thank her.”

Part of him wanted to ask what she meant by ‘sister’, but the moment Fortuna wrapped her *divine* lips around his cock, all thoughts of her mysterious sister promptly flew out the window.

“Fuck!” he gasped, one hand flying to the goddess’s hair as she slowly sank deeper down his length. Fortuna giggled, the founds muffled around his cock, while her golden eyes stared up at him, shining with a mixture of mirth and giddiness.

The sensation was amazing. Every inch of the goddess’s flesh hummed with an unmistakable power. It felt electric against his skin, from her fingers at the base of his cock to the warm, clever tongue circling around his tip. Harry thought that if he died just then, there would be no regrets.

Slowly, she began to bob her head up and down his length. With each descent, she took him deeper and deeper until she swallowed him entirely. It seemed that not having a gag reflex was one of the many perks of being a goddess. Groaning as she swallowed him fully, he looked down to see her wink up at him with his entire cock still buried to the hilt in her throat, shaking her head back and forth while her tongue peeked out to lap at his balls. It was one of the most incredible sensations Harry had ever felt.

Fortuna stayed with her lips wrapped around his base, his cock buried deep in her throat, for several long seconds before finally lifting her head slowly. Once he was out of her throat, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard all the way up to the tip. Only then did she reverse course, swallowing him whole once again. After several trips up and down his shaft, she pulled off completely, not even panting in the slightest despite seemingly choking herself for several long seconds.

She gave him a smug, playful grin while stroking his slick, spit-covered length.

“Enjoying yourself, my sweet?” she asked with a coy smile.

Harry huffed, running his hand through her curly blonde hair. “More than you know.”

Fortuna’s smile widened before she descended once more. This time, she bobbed her head much quicker than before. Rather than pulling all the way back up to the head, she stopped just as he left her throat, about halfway up his shaft, before driving herself back down. Harry’s hands unconsciously tightened in her hair as the goddess repeatedly throated his cock. Thick, warm spit leaked out from between her lips and drooled down over his shaft and balls with every bob of her head. He was still somewhat in disbelief at the whole situation, his mind unable to comprehend that a literal *goddess* was eagerly sucking his cock. But those thoughts were pushed from his mind as a familiar sensation stirred within his loins.

“Fortuna—” he gasped. “I—I’m close.”

Pulling back up to the head, Fortuna sucked voraciously, adding a twist of her as she stroked his shaft while her tongue lashed at the sensitive underside of his cock.

That was all it took. With a groan, Harry felt himself spill within the goddess’s mouth. As soon as the first spurt hit her tongue, the blonde deity swallowed him completely, forcing

his cum to shoot directly down her gullet. He couldn't stop himself from bucking his hips. While he did, he pulled her head down, driving his cock as deep as possible. Fortuna encouraged it, her hands gripping his sides to pull him deeper into her throat. It was only when his orgasm finally waned and he collapsed bonelessly into the mattress did the goddess finally release him, sucking hard as she pulled slowly back up to the tip. Giving his cock-head one last long suck that sent a shiver up his spine, the goddess pulled off him completely. A dollop of cum remained stuck to the corner of her mouth, but she surprised him by wiping it off with a finger and popping it into her mouth. "Mmm~ Delightful!" Fortuna chirped. She pushed herself up, crawling over Harry until their faces were inches apart. Harry reached out, pulling the goddess flush with him, her breasts pressed against his chest, while his hands reached down to cup her arse. She tilted her head down, pressing a lingering kiss against his lips before pulling away. "I take it my attempt at mortal physical affection was satisfactory?" she giggled. Harry laughed and kissed her again. "It was fucking incredible." "Wonderful," she smiled. "Perhaps we can explore each other a bit more once you return?" Harry frowned in confusion. "Once I return? But—" "Oh you thought I was simply going to let you see your future?" She let out a laugh, loud and tinkling. "Oh no my sweet, I am not so limited. You'll be—shall we say—*experiencing* your different futures first hand." "What does that—" Fortuna shushed him with a kiss, her lips pressing against his firmly while her hand reached down to give his cock a squeeze.

“You’ll have to find out yourself,” she whispered, giving him a small wink. “Good luck~”

Before Harry could open his mouth, the dimly lit room around him suddenly faded as darkness took him. The last thing he saw before everything went completely black was Fortuna’s smiling face as she blew him a kiss goodbye...

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Author’s Note

Soooo...this may or may not be a new 6 chapter fic and not a one-shot...sorry?

All jokes aside I hope you all enjoyed! More to come soon!

Thanks for reading!