

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...

-

Chapter 2: Inanna

-

Harry had borne witness to many incomprehensible sights in his time. Dark lords returning from the dead, horcruxes born from the most terrible and twisted magics, rituals that tore through every foundational law of physics in an instant and made them its playthings—but those all paled in comparison to the woman—*no. The goddess*, standing before him now.

Where before there stood a regular woman, her beauty spellbinding and dripping with an elegance that captured every eye around her, now there was something else. *Someone else*. The air smelled of roses. A strange thing to notice, but then again his mind was reeling already and the sweet scent lingering in the air seemed the best thing to ground himself with. Harry blinked, shaking his head from side to side to clear the fuzziness in his vision as the golden light finally subsided. When he finally opened his eyes, he had to force himself not to gasp in surprise.

The woman before him stood wearing the same strapless red dress she'd worn not moments before, but everything else about her kept...*shifting*.

One second, her eyes would be blue, then amber, then green. With every blink of his eyes, she changed, her hair shifting through a myriad of colours and styles, from curly and brown to sleek red. Even her skin colour and body type changed, never settling on one for more than a breath before passing to another. It was as if she were a million different people all at once.

But it wasn't just her appearance that changed.

It took Harry a moment. He had to force himself to look through the rapid shifting in order to peer closer. The scent of roses in the air seemed to grow heavier the deeper he looked, settling on his tongue with a tingling weight.

It wasn't just her appearance that changed, but the essence of her as well. In his travels, one of the many abstract forms of magic Harry studied was the magic of the soul. Not the dark and twisted lineage of soul knowledge that Voldemort studied to gain immortality, of course, but the natural magic of the soul and how to glimpse into the aura that one's soul produced from the magic within themselves.

Normally, these auras remained the same, unchanging, unless a jarring or dramatic change forced a person's very soul to change as well. To him, auras were represented as colours, though they could manifest to others in all manner of ways, from smells to temperature and so on. Where at first, 'Helen' as she called herself then, had a muted if slightly strong for a muggle pink aura, now she was practically shining with a kaleidoscope of colours. A whirlwind of rainbow as her aura shifted and phased from one hue to the next. It was...beautiful...

It was...

"Possibilities," he breathed, eyes widening in amazement. "You are possibilities. That's—*Gods*, you're lovely."

The ethereal...essence before him seemed to swirl in surprise. She smelled of roses and a million other flowers Harry couldn't hope to name, though the distinct scent of the ocean cut through the haze of floral if only for a second. For a moment, her form shifted even more, no longer a woman. She was a blazing fire. *Blink*. A whirlpool of seafoam. *Blink*. A wall of honeysuckles.

Blink.

"Thank you," she said, her voice echoing across as if spoken from a dozen mouths, varying in pitch and cadence, light and soft, dark and hard, playful, serious, powerful, breathy, full before

finally settling back into the smooth and melodic purr she first greeted him with. Harry blinked again, and her form had settled as well, no longer shifting into different people or concepts, but back into the gorgeous blonde shell, albeit with the guise of mortality pulled away.

The woma—*goddess* considered him for a moment, her lips pursed as if she was desperately trying to find the right words to say.

“You have questions.”

“More than a few, yeah,” Harry replied, still trying desperately to catch his brain up with the current situation. Part of him wanted to reach for his wand once more, but he stamped that urge deep down. Despite the bewildering circumstances, something told him that ‘Helen’ wasn’t going to harm him.

‘Helen’ nodded. “I suppose I should start with my name, yes? My real one, that is,” she murmured, glancing down at a tear in the carpet from Harry’s battle with the creature. She took a breath, steeling herself as she shifted her gaze back up to Harry with eyes dancing with a thousand different colours.

“I am no mortal, my sweet. Nor is the form you see before you now my true self. You caught a glimpse of that moments ago. I am a goddess of Olympus. I am—”

“Aphrodite,” Harry finished for her. “I kinda figured that part out, yeah.”

The goddess froze, her mouth open in slight shock before she quickly brushed it off. “I see,” her lips pursed, twisting into a light smirk as she looked his way once more. “You know its quite rude to interrupt a goddess.”

Surprisingly, Harry huffed out a laugh and shrugged, feeling far calmer than he had any right to be in this sort of situation.

“My track record with authority has never been the best. Hope you weren’t expecting me to start bowing or anything.”

It was Aphrodite’s turn to laugh now, the sound tinkling and light, like windchimes in the evening breeze, warm and ethereal. It was a sound that sent a shiver down Harry’s spine.

“Certainly not, though perhaps I can have you on your knees later in another way, hmm?” the goddess’s smile turned teasing, a light of something thick like excitement glinting in her eyes with a pink flash as she stepped forward, her hips swaying to a music of their own as she trailed a finger down the length of Harry’s jaw.

Harry froze, suddenly recalling the exact position he’d been in with the goddess just a few minutes ago before the undead warrior interrupted. He remembered the small little noises she made as he pressed her against the wall, her gasps as he sank his teeth into her flesh, and the low cooing whisper of his name as his hands sank into the flesh of her arse.

The blood in his veins picked up speed at the memories, and he found himself taking in the goddess once more.

“Is that a promise?”

Aphrodite laughed, the sound once more filling his very soul with warmth.

“Indeed, it is.”

Calling her beautiful would be a crime. *She was beauty*. What a goddess wanted with *him* of all people, Harry couldn’t fathom. He still had a million questions, a million truths to coax from the goddess’s lips. The fact that the very proof he’d been searching for was standing before him now was still something he had yet to come to terms with, but in that moment, whether from the alcohol, or the adrenaline in battle flowing through his veins, or perhaps because of the goddess’s very *presence*, Harry found himself with his hands upon the goddess’s waist as he pulled her in close.

“Oh!” Aphrodite breathed, her cheeks flushed, not from bashfulness but from excitement as her hands landed upon Harry’s chest. “No questions then?”

“Later,” he replied, his voice deep and husky as he trailed his right hand down to the swell of the goddess’s arse.

Aphrodite made a noise of approval and tilted her head upwards, her mouth seeking as she searched for purchase upon his lips. Harry gave it willingly, nearly gasping himself at the electric

tingle that emanated from the goddess's lips. Harry surrendered to Aphrodite's lips, allowing the love deity to take control for a moment as he adjusted his hands. She allowed no quarter; her lips were wild, rough, searching. Aphrodite was a thief, a pirate out for plunder. Each nip, each swipe across his teeth was fuelled by the goddess's hungry desire that clouded the very air around them.

His grip adjusted, Harry surprised the goddess by *hauling* her up. The gasp of surprise she let out was quickly swallowed by his lips. The goddess smiled then, wrapping her legs tightly around his waist as he carried her towards his intended destination.

The bedroom was dark, though that was hardly a hindrance for him. Aphrodite was a spectre of lust, a ghost of endless attraction, supernatural and yet so physically real all at once. Harry found himself appreciating the way her ears reddened with her blush. He painstakingly traced each flutter of her lacy eyelashes, committed to memory the feeling of her body in his hands. He layed her gently on the bed. The goddess looked up at him, lips parted and red from their hunger fuelled kiss, her hair mused and yet never before had he seen a more perfect sight. Harry wasn't sure who kissed whom next. All he knew was that his mouth was occupied once again, Aphrodite's lips devouring his own once more. The goddess's hands sought purchase in his shirt, tugging it into two fistfuls, and the next thing Harry knew, he was falling forward, the world shifting until it was he who was now with his back against the bed and the weight of the love goddess stradling his lap.

"Long have I waited for this," the goddess purred, her hands dancing across his chest. "*Months* spent fantasising about this exact moment. Daydreaming about what it would be like to have you in my grasp," she breathed the words out like a prayer, her eyes wide and filled with an intensity that he could almost *feel* bearing down on him. Her legs tightened like a sprung bear trap, thighs encasing him on either side. The goddess's hands raked at his face, at his hair, down his neck. "I have waited enough."

Without any preamble, Aphrodite reached down and literally tore Harry's shirt open right down the middle. He was given little time to process the sudden change before the goddess's fingers were pulling at the hem of her own dress. A flash of fabric found the garment flying far enough away to literally hit the window.

Bare now from the waist up, the goddess was sensuality given form. There was only so much his eyes could take in at once. Where was he supposed to linger? The way her sides tapered from her hips up to her bust in a perfect hourglass? The planes of her abs? Aphrodite was somehow soft enough to bite yet defined enough to make him want to lick each one individually. That wasn't even counting Aphrodite's chest. Both of her tits were the perfect just-above-a-handful amount. She was smooth, perky in a way that gave a middle finger to gravity. The darkening shade Harry had spied on her skin captured his attention, leading his eyes right to two perfectly symmetrical and perfectly erect nipples. At the sight, saliva rushed back into his mouth fast enough that he had to swallow to keep it down.

And then, as if the picture-worthy sight of her generous bust wasn't enough to drive Harry insane, the love deity decided to show off.

The same hands that had ripped open his own shirt ran sensually down Aphrodite's neck. Her fingers danced right over the top of her breasts, stopping just to linger on her peaks, before sliding over her toned abdomen and repeating the journey back up. The goddess cupped herself as she went, pushing her bust up and together before dropping it back down. It was clear that she knew exactly what she was doing with each motion. The arch of her spine, the tilt of her chin, even the circular motion of her hips were all precisely calculated.

Somehow, that was actually more alluring than her mind-boggling body—the fearlessness. The confidence to flaunt, the security to dare him to stare and enjoy it when he did. This was a goddess in her *element*.

"Fucking *hell*."

The Chosen One could barely choke the words out through the stranglehold of his own flaring hormones. He was so hard it was physically painful. Aphrodite kept sliding her hips up and down, up and down, purposefully grinding across his entire clothed length.

"I take it you like what you see?" Aphrodite giggled, her hands straying down to tease the waistband of his trousers. "Good. Because I most certainly love what I can *feel* beneath me," the goddess gasped, a sparkle of pink flashing in her eyes. "You can feel me too, my sweet. Touch me all you like."

Harry obeyed without a word, lifting his hands up to cup the goddess's two perfect, perky orbs. "So beautiful," he murmured, entranced by the feeling of the supple flesh beneath his fingertips. Aphrodite whined, low and throaty as his thumbs brushed over her nipples. The goddess's hands flew back to his waistband, eagerly working to now free the clasp of his belt. With her next inhale, Aphrodite leaned forward, directly over his chest. Her tongue snaked out, wet and dark and long in the starlight. Where the muscle went, her aura followed.

Before Harry's eyes, a glowing, pink afterimage trailed behind on his skin. The feeling was as if someone had taped electrodes to each individual nerve ending, sparking and buzzing all the thoughts right out of his brain. The love deity kept her head up the entire time, eyes bright. Challenging.

Soon, there wasn't a single inch of Harry's bare torso Aphrodite wasn't touching, with tongue or aura or hand or hips. Even her hair seemed alive, possessive, draping over his body in silken sheets that sought out every untouched plane of hard muscle. She explored him thoroughly, giving the body honed by years of training her full attention. It was the most wonderfully torturous sensation Harry's ever felt, and part of him wished nothing more than to lose himself under her touch.

But another part, the one that never backed away from a challenge nor allowed itself defeat, rose up instead.

With a growl, Harry's hands found the goddess's hips. It took more of his strength than he expected, but soon enough, he had them flipped over once more, Aphrodite beneath him with her legs still dutifully wrapped around his waist and Harry bearing down above her with the roar of lust in his veins.

Harry moved, drunk on the pleasurable whines of the goddess beneath him as his teeth found purchase on one of her nipples. A flick of his tongue and a soft scraping of his canines against the sensitive flesh was enough to draw even more keening whines from the love deity's lips. Aphrodite's hands pulled him closer by the locks of his raven hair. She tugged relentlessly at the strands, gasping out in a dialect so ancient not even Harry knew the words. Heat pooled between her legs, blazing against the fabric of his boxers. The scent of something mixed with the smell of roses hung in the air, so thick that he could taste it. It tasted like apples and honey, of cherries and chocolates.

It tasted of her.

Harry pulled away from the goddess's chest at the realisation. His eyes raked down her form, over her abs and thin waist, where her figure tapered outwards just beneath a small, trimmed patch of golden curls, was her centre. She was a stunning colour mixture of tan and chocolate, and pink. Where had her knickers gone again?

The goddess smirked up at him knowingly, a lacey pink thong pinched between her fingers as she held it up.

Ah, right. *Magic.*

No sooner had the thought entered his mind than did the goddess snap her fingers. The constriction of his own boxers disappeared, leaving him hanging freely in the cool night air.

"*Oh my~*," Aphrodite breathed, her eyes alight with pink flame as she stared down hungrily at his hardened cock. "Every time I think you cannot get better, for me, my darling, I am proven so very, *very* wrong." The breathless way she spoke those words, paired with the cheshire-like pleased smile on the goddess's face, caused a well of smug pride to curl up in his chest.

Of course, the love deity wiped away that smugness with but a single stroke of her hand.

Harry groaned, nearly collapsing forward as she wrapped her *impossibly* soft fingers around his cock and began to pump him. Her touch was fire across his flesh, sending spasms of burning pleasure up his length.

So distracted he was by the lovely sensation, he did not notice as the love goddess shifted atop the bed with a frown. Lying back on the bed as she was, stretching her arm out like so was a somewhat awkward position. Sure, she could guide him forth, bringing his *throbbing* length closer so that she could reach more of him, or perhaps even *taste* him upon her tongue, but where was the fun in that? In her countless years of living, Aphrodite had long learned that though she was a goddess and had the power to compel her lovers to obey her every whim, it was *much more fun* to coax the flames of their desire for her in the most...unexpected ways.

Smiling, the love deity released her grasp on Harry's cock, leaving the *marvel* of a wizard reeling back slightly as he fought to regain his composure.

Aphrodite would not allow him such a reprieve.

Meeting his eyes with her own, filled to the brim with a smoky layer of lust and promises, Aphrodite shifted back, bringing one toned, bronze-skinned leg up until the pads of her physical body's toes brushed against his member.

Harry twitched, his eyes beholding an uncertainty in them.

Cute.

This would be something new for him, then. Oh, how the thought of introducing him to a new method of pleasure made her essence *tingle*.

It took barely a thought for a thick layer of oil to appear, coating the soles of her feet. Aphrodite kept her eyes level with his, gazing sensually into his soul as she began to tease his cock with the soft padding of her foot. Harry's breath hitched, a low rumble breaking past his lips.

Aphrodite took the noise as a sign to continue.

Smirking to herself, the love goddess raised her other leg, trapping her lover's cock between the sole of one foot and the arch of another. The goddess cooed to herself, stroking him slowly at first, a trill of arousal racing through her core with every gasp of pleasure that leaked from his lips. Satisfied that his cock was now sufficiently coated with the sweet-smelling oil she conjured, Aphrodite shifted her position, taking hold of his length now between the soles of both her feet, with the pads of her toes pressed against his sensitive glans,

Harry groaned, loud and uncaring as she began to rapidly stroke him. The sounds of his pleasure brought forth small whining gasps from her lips with every pump of her feet. She did not quicken her pace by much, not wanting to spoil the fun too soon, but she still worked his cock with enough speed to feel him being driven absolutely *wild* with lust.

'Yes! That's it! Give in my sweet~' she cooed to herself, allowing more of her essence to slip free into the air around them.

If Harry were a normal mortal, he'd be completely over taken by now with the power of her domain running so freely—nothing more than a slave to her pleasure. Thankfully, whether due to his magical blood or the blessing of Hecate herself, he remained largely unaffected, though Aphrodite was still more than pleased to see the smouldering fire of *primal lust* shining in his eyes.

By Khoas this was going to be fun...

He was growing closer by the second. She could see the inner war fought within his eyes; feel the turmoil of pleasure in the gasps of his breath. He would not relent, though. Aphrodite could see that clearly, the resolve of his will chiselled into his very soul. She had chosen well.

Deciding to offer him a small bit of mercy, Aphrodite slowed her pace, dragging the soft sole of her left foot up and down the underside of his length torturously while her right foot hooked itself around his waist.

"Fuck—" Harry breathed, his eyes slowly regaining a bit of focus. "That was...new."

Aphrodite giggled, teasingly massaging her tits together as she massaged his swollen glans with her toes. “New as in good, I hope?”

“You could say that,” he replied, a light dusting of blush burning in his cheeks. “I didn’t—I haven’t ever—”

Aphrodite smiled at his flustered words. Sitting up, the goddess wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down into a silencing kiss.

“Hush now, φίλτατε θυμέ. You need not explain yourself to me. One’s desires are nothing to be bashful about. There is beauty in the pleasure our bodies crave. Allow yourself to bask in it, not repress it.” Harry took a breath, his blush fading as he nodded. In turn, the goddess allowed her smile to brighten. “Good, now I do believe I told you that I am yours to touch however you like as well, no?”

Once more, she watched her lover’s eyes darken as he took in her meaning. Aphrodite squealed in delight as she was suddenly pushed onto her back once more, the heat of her lover’s body pressed against her own as his tongue and lips assaulted the flesh of her neck. The love deity’s breathing grew heavier the lower his mouth descended, mewling softly as his tongue grazed against her nipples once more before descending lower and lower and lower—
“*Eep!*”

Aphrodite squealed as something warm and *wet* slithered between her folds. Her legs trembled with each prodding lick of Harry’s tongue as he explored her pussy.

For Harry, he had never seen a more divine sight than in that moment. The sight of her core laid before him on something far better than any silver platter was perhaps the most tantalising thing he had ever seen. It seemed Aphrodite, or her body at least, was begging for attention. The darker outer folds wept like petals in the rain. Hot flashes of brighter pink inside fought for his attention as Harry teased her folds.

Her flavour was *addictive*. Aphrodite was some combination of salted caramel and sweet honey against his tongue. He could get lost in the taste.

“More!” Aphrodite gasped, her nails digging into the flesh of his scalp. Harry smirked despite the light stinging pain. Part of him wished to tease her further, but another, larger part wanted nothing more than to hear the goddess’s cry out from the pleasure he gave her.

Pulling back, he placed a few light kisses along the inside of the goddess’s perfectly toned thighs, stopping even once or twice to suck at the tender flesh until a dark spot of a hickey was left behind. Finally, he returned to her folds, Aphrodite letting out a sigh of relief as his tongue split her cunt apart once more, though this time he had a different target.

“Θεοὶ ἄνω!” she cried, her thighs shaking against his ears as he assaulted the pearl of her cunt relentlessly.

His tongue vibrated against her clit, a light hissing sound escaping through the mix of the goddess’s cries and gush of her arousal. Harry was pushing a tiny bit of parsel magic into his tongue as he worked, the language of the snakes proving to be an effective tool when devouring a goddess’s pussy.

A few more minutes was all it took. Ghostly hands clawed at his back, urging him on as the goddess rapidly approached her plateau of pleasure. Her hips moved in tandem with his mouth, grinding her cunt against his face and smearing the lower half of his jaw in a thick layer of her juices. The love deity spasmed, against her control. Her head flew back, mouth dropping wide as her entire body seemed to freeze in time.

Harry watched mesmerised as pink bolts of lightning-like patterns flashed under her skin. The flashing paths raced from her core up her spine and all the way to her brain in less than the time it took him to blink. Dark-tipped claws nearly tore out portions of his hair before flying to the sheets and cleaving through fabric like a hot knife through butter. Through it all, Aphrodite had one thing to say.

“Gods—I’m cumming!”

A vice clamped down around Harry’s head.

Wetness exploded across Harry's trapped face, splashing across his upper lip and washing into his open mouth. Squirts of warm, clear liquid spat onto the god's bare chest and fell onto his aching erection. The overflow was so fierce it ran backwards along Aphrodite's arched spine, dripping down the crease of her arse cheeks. He could hear the goddess almost sobbing in pleasure, her spasms lasting for what felt like an eternity.

Whether it was due to the lack of breathing or some sort of godly pheromones within the goddess's cum, Harry felt like he was on a high. The goddess's cries made his skin tingle in ecstasy, as if her very climax was bleeding into the air.

Finally, the pressure around his head eased, and Harry was able to pull away, sucking down a much-needed breath as he did so. Below, Aphrodite was splayed out on the bed like something out of a dream, all aesthetic curves and delightful angles. The love deity's bronzed skin was beaded with sweat, the peaks of her nipples standing proud with each stuttering breath. In her bliss, Aphrodite was a different kind of beauty. Soft and human.

Aphrodite's rainbow irises turned slowly beneath her half-shuttered eyelids, a lazy river of colour more than the normal storm. Harry wasn't sure her eyes were actually doing much perceiving, though, at the moment. On either side of the love deity's heaving torso, two five-line gashes split the comforter into ragged sections. Their paths led all the way to Aphrodite's still-black fingers, the ends of which caught the starlight just enough to make their sharpness evident. A part of her more divine form showing through the mortal mirage.

"Harry," the goddess spoke, once more her voice echoing out from dozens of invisible mouths. Her form shifted, returning momentarily to the rapidly flickering features as the goddess sat up. Her features smoothed out once more, though the hue of her blonde curls shifted in intensity every time he blinked. Her claws too remained, but all of these things Harry paid no mind, much too focused on the goddess crawling towards him across the ruined bed.

Her eyes remained locked with his own as she reached own, grasping his cock tightly in the palm of her hand. Harry blinked, and suddenly he was no longer standing by the bed, but

kneeling atop it with the goddess spread out below him. He had all of a second to react before the love deity used a leg to pull him closer, his cock guided by her hand, sinking deep into her folds with little resistance.

Harry's groan of pleasure was met with one of Aphrodite's own. More pink lightning crackled beneath her flesh, her form flickering once more for a few moments before settling with a deep whining coo from the goddess.

"You fit inside me perfectly, my sweet," she moaned, the silhouette of her naked body shining from the starlight bleeding through the windows. Clawed hands grazed against the flesh of his chest, while the heels of her feet dug into his arse. "Go on then, *fuck me~*"

A rush of energy pierced Harry's chest as he took hold of the goddess's hips. His hips stuttered; every minuscule movement pushed him deeper inside the goddess. Her velvety walls were already a heavenly embrace around his cock, and it took every ounce of his self-control not to spill himself right then and there.

A wet slap of skin on skin echoed through the bedroom. Harry clenched his jaw, swallowing down his moan of pleasure as he began to move his hips. Beneath him, Aphrodite had no such qualms, allowing her pleasure to be known with loud, zealous cries of passion.

Each sensation was better than the last. Even just the slap of her flesh against his own felt incredible. His hips moved faster now, dipping down and then back up at the crescendo of his thrust. It was something he learned in his other experiences with the witches of the world, the movement intentional to stimulate a certain region of their inner depths that never failed to leave them screaming. Aphrodite, it seemed, was no different.

Harry winced as the sharp talons on her hands sliced through the flesh of his back. The stinging pain aided him, though, keeping his threatening climax at bay for the time being as he fucked the goddess into the mattress below. He would not lose himself just yet, not until he showed Aphrodite she was right to choose him.

The entire bedroom was awash with the goddess's essence. Harry could feel it in his lungs and taste it on his lips. Dove feathers floated through the air, appearing from seemingly nowhere.

The scent of apples and flowers clung to his skin. Below, Aphrodite was *glowing*. Pink and gold light dancing across her skin as her cries grew louder and louder and louder—

“FUCK!” Aphrodite cried. “Touch me, Harry! *Please!*”

Harry fell forward, his teeth latching onto her rippling breasts as a pair of his fingers descended upon the goddess's swollen clit. Her pleased cry only made him thrust faster, his fingers moving at a blazing speed against her clit, moving in time with his cock as the sound of wet slapping filled the air.

Harry's vision was going static at the edges. Every few strokes his breath left his lungs. He could feel himself hitting something deep, some hidden spot far inside of Aphrodite that had his entire body tingling. Sharp lines of almost-pain across his back were evidence that his lover felt it too, as her claws found brief purchase once more.

“Yes~! Right there!” Aphrodite squeaked, her form shifting beneath his very lips, her breasts growing and shrinking to every cup size imaginable while her flesh shifted from bronze to dark mocha, to pale snow, to even a scaly blue. Soon enough, she was no longer changing through just human forms. She was an autumn breeze. A harvest of cherries. A blazing sun and a whirlpool of water. She shifted forms so quickly, Harry was forced to shut his eyes lest he grow dizzy from the rapid flickering of his lover's body. Yet through all the changes, the feeling of her pussy tightening around him remained the same, as too did the quivering of her pearl beneath his fingers, only growing in ferocity.

The moment the goddess's end finally came, Harry could hold back no longer. A cry split the night, screaming out in a thousand different voices as the goddess of love finally reached her peak once more. Harry gasped, his eyes flying open as she tightened around him like a vice. Before he could even shout her name, Aphrodite's lips were crashing against his own, her

tongue burying itself deep within his throat as his cock pulsed over and over again, filling the goddess's depths with his seed.

'*You are mine!*' a voice, ancient and laced with power, growled in his mind. '***Mine, mine, mine, MINE!***'

Aphrodite's physical voice joined in with the possessive whispers, her eyes glowing with power as she stared deeply into his very soul.

"You will not be getting rid of me anytime soon, Harry Potter. We gods are greedy creatures, after all."

Harry groaned, his cock twitching back to life at Aphrodite's words, hardening once more before it even had the chance to slacken inside her. He did not know the true meaning of her words, nor the power they contained once spoken. All Harry knew was that he had somehow ended up on his back with the mouth of a very hungry goddess eagerly sucking his cock.

Yet where Harry was oblivious to the power of the goddess's words, another was acutely aware as the love deity's claim took hold.

Some 5,300 miles away, nestled between aged brick and mortar buildings on the corner of Toulouse and Bourbon, sat the darkened windows of one of many nondescript voodoo shops that dotted New Orleans. Yet where others harboured only tricks and false fortunes, this one beheld a power more ancient than human minds could comprehend.

As the power of Aphrodite's whispered greed rippled through the weave of magic, the ancient force within the silent shop stilled.

Three sets of purple eyes snapped open, slowly morphing into one as a set of sharpened teeth gleamed within a ruthless grin.

"So you wish to take what is mine *Inanna?*" the force whispered, mist flowing from her robes in thick clouds of purple and darkness. "Then you'd best prove yourself capable of defending your claim. Especially when it comes to claiming *him.*"

Author's Note

Again, I don't think I was all that subtle with who the woman at the end is, but kudos to those who guess first. I took some inspiration from the PJO fic series "A Family Built on the Weary" by DustShattersLikeGlass on Ao3 for Aphrodite's more eldritch forms. It's definitely worth the read if you're a fan of PJO or HoO.

Thanks for reading!