

Mallorca, one of the most beautiful places in Europe, is a very popular travel destination for people throughout Britain. With its majestic mountains, beautiful beaches, crystal clear waters, and gorgeous towns, it isn't hard to see why. Being in the Mediterranean Sea, the Spanish island is nothing short of a paradise in summer, and it isn't hard to see at a glance just why tourism is such a big part of their local economy. One would be hard-pressed normally to find anyone who couldn't enjoy themselves in the idyllic spot.

"Merlin's sodding balls, this place is hot," Harry grumbled mentally as he walked through the streets of Palma.

He reached into the wand holster carefully hidden in his slacks and cast a subtle cooling charm on himself, sighing in relief as the effects of the blaring sun lessened. When this vacation was all but forced on him by his boss, he hadn't given much thought to where he'd go. He didn't want to take time off of work at all, being most comfortable either in the office or, even better, out in the field, but after a number of complaints following a few less-than-gentle arrests, Kingsley made it clear that he'd have to actually use up some of his long-accumulated vacation time if he wanted to remain an auror.

"You'd think Saint Mungo's didn't manage to reattach the prick's wand arm the way his lawyer went on about it," he thought to himself.

He had been walking through the beautiful town for nearly an hour at that point, figuring that looking around and taking in the scenery would be a fine way to start this little trip. His things were secured in his hotel room, which he'd warded extensively, too paranoid after years of being an auror to trust the muggle security. Just as he considered perhaps going back and asking around about a well-regarded restaurant, he noticed the brightly lit signs on what had to be a club of some sort across the street and stopped for a moment.

Figuring that a drink wouldn't be the worst thing in the world, he stepped inside and quickly made his way to the bar. It wasn't quite evening yet, and the place wasn't as packed or as loud as he imagined that it would be later on, but even if it was, his attention would have been piqued anyway by what he spotted sitting at the bar. The sight of bright red hair made his heart clench unpleasantly, and he shook his head.

"It's not her," he thought to himself, but even knowing that the woman wasn't Ginny didn't stop his eyes from narrowing as a clearly drunk man sat next to her.

Whatever he said didn't appear to go over well with her, but the drunk didn't seem to notice and slipped his hand onto her thigh. Feeling a surge of magical power so intense that he imagined even a first-year Hogwarts student could have noticed it, he acted on instinct and rushed over to them.

"It's pretty at least," Wanda thought to herself, sighing despondently as she looked around the capital of the island she'd landed on a few days ago.

Her initial reaction had been all-consuming rage as she realized that she'd been outmaneuvered and stranded on a world she couldn't escape. With her copy of the Darkhold destroyed and her having been hurled through the multiverse to this strange world before she could reach Mount Wundagore, she was trapped and without recourse.

“The great Scarlet Witch outsmarted by a child,” she thought to herself, scoffing at the absurdity of it. *“I’d find it funny if it hadn’t been so costly.”*

Her children were lost to her for good now, as she had no hope of returning to her own world, much less finding one where they existed. The longer she spent away from the influence of the book, though, the more she’d come to wonder if its terrible promise had ever been real. Perhaps there never was any hope for her; it would fit how her life had gone so far. She was pulled away from her dark musing as she came across a sign that, though it wasn’t written in a language she knew, clearly promised alcohol, something that sounded marvelous just then, and she stepped inside the establishment.

It was dark, and the thrum of rather annoying music echoed through it, but it wasn’t intolerable, and the bar at the end of it looked inviting enough to lure her in. She took the nearest seat and got the bartender’s attention, smiling slightly as he approached.

“English?” she asked.

“Yes, miss,” the man replied, his Spanish accent thick but understandable.

“I’ll take an old fashioned,” Wanda said and he nodded before turning to make her drink.

“Enjoy,” the bartender smiled as he placed her drink in front of her, and she thanked him before taking a sip.

“At least this much exists in this strange world,” she thought to herself as she savored the pleasant burn of the whiskey.

The Earth she’d been sent to had many similarities to her own but it had more than a few differences as well. There were no Avengers here; no heroes of any kind from what she’d seen. There was no hint that Thanos or any aliens had ever come to it, and most bizarrely, there was no hint that there had ever been a country called Sokovia. It did have Old Fashioneds, though, and that she could enjoy. Alas, the world also had its share of drunken assholes, as she learned a moment later when one sidled up next to her at the bar.

“You are far too beautiful to be drinking alone, luv,” the dark-haired, well-tanned man said as a greeting.

“Alone is precisely what I want to be,” Wanda replied, bristling as he dared to place his hand on her thigh.

“Come now, pet, don’t be like that,” the soon-to-be dead man grinned. “Why don’t we…”

The man’s hand was forcibly yanked off of her, and he went to yell at the person who had grabbed him when he looked up at the new man and went silent. Wanda turned to regard the newcomer and immediately noticed his eyes. She’d never seen any eyes that were that vibrant a shade of green before, and she smirked at the obvious power that radiated in them. He was tall and handsome, she noted, with a sharp, square jaw, prominent cheekbones, and a scared face.

“The fuck…” the drunk went to protest only to go silent again as the other man peered into his eyes and did something that Wanda sensed but couldn’t immediately place.

“Don’t speak,” the green-eyed man commanded, his voice low and rumbling, “just look frightened and walk away.”

Wanda sensed genuine terror in the drunk and watched with amusement as he nearly ran out of the club.

“I could have handled him,” she commented, curious how her rescuer would react, and she smiled when he just grinned.

“I don’t doubt it,” he replied, and her smile grew as she realized that he had sensed her power as she’d sensed his. “In fact, I imagine that I rescued him far more than I did you just now.”

Wanda laughed at that and said, “You’re not wrong. I’m Wanda Maximoff.”

“Harry Potter,” the man replied. “Mind if I join you?”

“Not at all,” Wanda replied, gesturing to the seat next to her.

Like the drunk, this man was clearly English, but she found his accent far more pleasing, despite the memories it dredged up for her.

“Gin and tonic, use the Tanqueray,” Harry ordered as the bartender drew close. As the man started working on his drink, he turned back to Wanda and asked, “So, Maximoff; is that Russian?”

“Close enough,” Wanda replied. “What did you do to that drunken fool?”

“What do you mean?” Harry asked, tensing slightly just as his drink arrived. “Oh, thank you.”

“Come now, Harry, we both know what the other is,” Wanda replied quietly, leaning in. “You’re a sorcerer, no?”

“Generally called wizards in English,” Harry replied, looking at her curiously, “and yes. To answer your other question, I used legilimency to break into his mind and make him terrified of me. Given the state he was in, I expected him to be belligerent even in the face of danger and didn’t want to cause a scene.”

“Effective,” Wanda smiled, “and thank you for that. I likely wouldn’t have been as subtle, and I really don’t need attention just now.”

“I hope you’re not on the run from the law or anything,” Harry chuckled, and she just sighed.

“Not from the law, no,” Wanda replied, and his demeanor shifted instantly.

“Wanda, if you’re in trouble...” Harry went to say.

“I am trouble,” Wanda replied, “and that’s not something I can run from.”

Unsure of how to respond to that, Harry sipped his drink and sighed at the pleasant, fresh taste. Firewhiskey was nice and all, but he’d developed quite a taste for gin over the years, something that led to numerous jokes he wished he could still find funny.

“So what brings you here?” Wanda asked.

“My boss insisted that I take a vacation, and a friend recommended this place,” Harry replied.

“Your boss insisted that you take time off?” Wanda asked. “Why?”

“I was letting my vacation days pile up,” Harry replied, lying with the truth. “What made you pick Mallorca?”

“I didn’t,” Wanda replied, her face falling. When Harry cocked an eyebrow at her, she sighed and added, “Let’s just say it was a bit of a mix up.”

“You get on the wrong flight?” Harry asked, intrigued.

“Something like that,” Wanda muttered. “So, did you come alone?”

“Yes,” Harry replied, taking a big swig of his gin and tonic. “I got out of a long-term relationship a few months ago. That may or may not have been a factor in my boss ordering me to take time off. I’ve not been the most pleasant bloke to be around lately.”

“I have no complaints so far,” Wanda murmured, signaling to the bartender to get her another as Harry smiled.

“You’re one of few who can say that,” Harry sighed. “She was the only girlfriend I’ve ever had, we’d been together since we were in school, and to be honest, I think I’ve been a little lost since.”

“Why did you break up?” Wanda asked. “If you don’t mind me asking.”

“We wanted different things,” Harry muttered. Lowering his voice, he added, “She’s a major Quidditch star, and I had started to realize that she fully intends to keep playing for as long as she can, which I understand, but I want kids, and that was something that we just kept putting off. It became a major source of tension between us and, well...”

“That I can understand,” Wanda sighed sadly. “My husband and I, we...we dreamed of having children together.”

“Husband?” Harry asked, his eyes darting to her left hand.

“He died,” Wanda replied. “*Repeatedly, in front of me, by my own hand once.*”

“Fuck, I’m sorry,” Harry muttered, signaling to the bartender for another drink.

“Thank you,” Wanda replied, staring down at her drink. “It was some time ago now, but...”

“I know better than most that time doesn’t actually heal all wounds,” Harry muttered. When Wanda looked at him curiously, he sighed and added, “Let’s just say that I’ve had more than my share of losses.”

“You have, haven’t you?” Wanda asked, sensing the pain in him. It felt familiar and relatable, and she wondered just how much this man had been through to make him feel anything like she did.

“You know, we could sit here and discuss loss, or we could dance,” Harry commented, standing up and signaling towards the sparsely filled dance floor. “I know which one I’d prefer.”

Standing up, he was a far more imposing figure, tall and very well-built from what she could see through his tight-fitting white shirt. She downed the rest of her drink before getting out of her seat and smiling up at him.

“Dancing sounds great,” she said, her breath hitching as he took her hand, and a spark formed between them.

“This place is beautiful,” Wanda sighed days later, looking out at Mallorca from the boat Harry had rented for the day.

“I can’t complain about the view myself,” Harry grinned, looking at her, and Wanda returned the look.

Dressed in a black bikini she’d conjured for herself, she knew that she looked good, but it had been a long time since anyone had looked at her the way he did, and longer still since she’d wanted anyone to. He looked pretty amazing himself, his powerful physique on full display as he stood in nothing but a pair of swim trunks. Even with all the time she’d spent around some of the strongest men in her world, the sight of a very well-built man still delighted her, and Harry was nothing if not strong.

“Though, this, you’ll be able to spot Menorca just over there,” Harry said, handing her a small telescope he’d been tinkering with and pointing off to the right.

“Could you show me where?” Wanda asked, amusement clear in her voice, and Harry grinned, realizing what she wanted as she took the telescope.

Putting it up to her eye, she shivered as he wrapped his arms around her and repositioned her until she was pointed in the right direction. Being this close to him, she could feel just how powerful the magic within him was, and though it didn’t hold a candle next to her own power, he was still easily the most dangerous person she’d come across in this world, not that she’d traveled far. Sure enough, she spotted the smaller, though no less beautiful, island where he’d pointed to and sighed happily as she took in the sight.

“I enchanted the telescope to work better than it would have normally,” Harry explained.

“So talented,” Wanda commented, setting it down and leaning her head back against his muscular chest.

Harry breathed in her alluring scent and tried to calm his cock, thankful that his swim trunks were black and would help obscure things a little. It had been days since he met the strange witch, and he found himself more captivated by her than he’d been by anyone in years. His breakup with Ginny had been a long time coming, and it had still been a shock to him. In the end they just weren’t as compatible as either of them wanted, for more reasons than just the difference in their life plans. It had still hurt terribly, though, and he hadn’t thought about dating since, choosing to throw himself into his work to distract from the feeling of loss.

With Wanda, though, he found himself wanting things that he hadn’t let himself want in a long time. He had yet to actually make a move, the many years that it had been since he was single leaving him a little timid, but he was certain that she wanted him too. She was an enigma, and part of what

was staying his hand was his equal certainty that there was a lot that she wasn't telling him, but the beautiful redhead with what he assumed was a Russian accent had intrigued him enough that he wanted to get to know all that there was to know about her.

"What's your favorite dish?" Harry asked, and she turned around in his arms, looking up at him in surprise. "I'm actually a pretty good cook."

"As I said, so talented," Wanda grinned. "I don't honestly know what I'd consider my favorite dish, but there is one thing that I would absolutely adore having again."

"Oh?" Harry asked.

"Goulash," Wanda replied. "My family, we weren't well off by any stretch of the imagination when I was growing up, and it wasn't often that we managed to have beef. When my parents could afford it, though, we'd do goulash. God, it has been so long."

"I guess you grew up during the last years of the Soviet Union, right?" Harry asked, and she nodded.

"It wasn't pleasant," Wanda replied, looking away.

One of the stranger things she'd learned over the past few days was that, not only had she ended up on an Earth quite different from her own, but she'd ended up nearly twenty years in the past compared to her own timeline. She wasn't entirely sure how.

"I actually have a recipe for beef goulash," Harry said, and she took a step back, looking up at him and wondering just what he was going to offer.

"We could hardly cook it in your hotel," Wanda commented.

"Mallorca's been lovely, but the best part of this vacation has been you," Harry continued, and she smiled. "I'd love to show you England."

She'd made it clear to him that she didn't really have a home worth returning to, but she didn't expect him to invite her over to his.

"Where would I stay?" Wanda asked, grinning impishly.

"I own a few properties," Harry replied, and she chuckled.

"He might not be Stark rich, but he's clearly quite well off and, from what he's said, old money," Wanda thought to herself.

"Well, as I said, it has been some time since I've had goulash," she replied, feeling her heart flutter at the way his gorgeous eyes lit up.

"Great," Harry beamed. "It won't take me long to settle up with the hotel and pack my things, so..."

"I can leave whenever," Wanda cut him off. "I'd love to see your home."

Harry took his wand out, and Wanda watched him whisper something before sending what looked like a stag made of light out into the world. One thing that she'd been intrigued by was how he

needed a medium to channel his magic, something that she'd never needed, nor had Strange. It was a glaring weakness, as he could be disarmed far more easily than she could be, but that aside, his magic did seem to be as powerful and versatile as most that she'd witnessed.

Harry turned the boat back towards Mallorca and brought it into dock before grabbing his things and checking out of his hotel. Wanda wondered how exactly they'd be traveling and was surprised when, after taking her hand and ducking into an empty alley, he pulled out his wand, and suddenly she felt like her entire being was sucked into her navel. Gasping for air, Wanda clung to him as the acute nausea she'd felt passed as quickly as it had come.

"What in the world?" she asked, glaring at him, and he chuckled nervously, rubbing the back of his neck.

"I can apparate further than most," Harry said, as if that explained everything. "I should have asked if you generally had trouble with it, though."

Wanda closed her eyes and breathed in and out through her nose slowly, letting the unpleasant sensation pass. She had yet to mention to him that she was from another world, mostly choosing to let him believe whatever assumptions he made from the limited information that she was able to give him without getting into that.

Part of what had made it possible to avoid that conversation was her ability to just accept things that she didn't recognize without looking confused. The ability to not react to things was something that Natasha had taught her, and she'd become rather good at it, but she still had her limits, and Harry's particular method of teleportation was something that briefly exceeded them.

"Impressive," she murmured, forcing herself to look pleased rather than annoyed. "*Give me portals any day.*"

"Please, come in," Harry said, relaxing the moment she did, and opening the door to what looked like an ordinary townhouse.

The second they entered the house, the smell of deeply caramelized onions hit her, and she smiled.

"You got it started already?" she asked, wondering how he'd done that.

"I sent instructions," Harry replied and before Wanda could ask to whom he'd sent them, a tiny, pink, long-eared creature appeared before them and spoke.

"Master Harry," the strange creature, whom Wanda just barely forced herself not to react to, said in greeting. "The onions are done, and Kreacher was just about to cut up the beef."

"I can take it from here, Kreacher," Harry replied, smiling and nodding. "Thank you."

"As you wish," Kreacher replied.

"Kreacher?" Wanda asked, hoping he'd give her some hint of what the hell that had been without her having to outright ask.

"The Blacks, the family that owned him at first, weren't the best bunch," Harry replied, leaving her even more confused. "There wasn't a single house elf they owned that they didn't give a demeaning name to, at least from what I've seen in the journals I've read."

“How awful,” Wanda replied, hoping that he had some book around here that might tell her what a house elf was. “You sent him the message with that stag?”

“Yes,” Harry replied as he led her into the kitchen and stirred the onions. “Albus Dumbledore came up with a way to send messages with patroni. Damn useful it is.”

“I can’t imagine,” Wanda replied. “That smells wonderful.”

“I was sure that it was a misprint the first time I read the recipe and saw that it called for a kilo of onions,” Harry chuckled, summoning the book with a wave of his wand.

Wanda plucked it out of the air, noting that he’d opened it to the right page, and she smiled nostalgically as she read the recipe.

“This was how my mother always did it,” she murmured. “By using an equal weight of beef and onion, you ensure that the stew thickens without having to add anything else to it. A quarter cup of paprika and tomato paste, teaspoon of caraway seeds and marjoram, six cups of beef stock, and four bay leaves. My mother always went a little heavier on the caraway than this, but other than that, man, this brings me back.”

“I’m glad,” Harry said softly. “Would you mind cutting up the beef? The onions are further along than I realized.”

“Sure,” Wanda replied, looking at the sizable piece of what she assumed was beef shoulder waiting on the counter. Her mother had usually used shin because it was a cheaper cut, but this would work just as well. Without thinking, she waved her hand over it, cutting it into perfect inch-and-a-half cubes, and winced as she saw Harry freeze.

“You...” he went to say. “You did that wandlessly.”

“I’ve always had...a talent for wandless magic,” Wanda replied, glad that he hadn’t been looking at the moment and hadn’t seen the red light, which would have been even harder to explain. “We should add the beef.”

“Feel free,” Harry replied, looking at her curiously.

Sighing, she picked up the cutting board and pushed the cubes of beef into the pot as Harry turned the heat up. She knew that she’d have to tell him eventually, if they continued to get to know each other, but it would be a long and likely difficult conversation that she was happy to put off for the time being, so letting him think that she was just a strange witch from somewhere in Eastern Europe worked for the time being.

The two of them worked together quietly after that, adding the other ingredients as the time came. It was a nice, domestic moment that might have felt strange to have with someone she’d only known for a few days, but Wanda had been lonely for so long that she welcomed it eagerly, and she got the sense that he felt the same way. Once the stock was added and the whole thing was stirred well, Harry brought it to a gentle simmer and put the lid on.

“There, that should be good in a couple hours,” he smiled. “In the meantime, I’d be happy to give you a tour.”

“That sounds good,” Wanda replied. “This is the place you inherited from your godfather, right? It’s nice.”

“It is, and it certainly wasn’t when I first got here,” Harry chuckled, leading her out of the kitchen. “His family were less than pleasant people, and some of the decorative choices were...disturbing to put it mildly. Beyond that, though, this place was abandoned for over a decade, and though Sirius did what he could and my ex-girlfriend’s mother helped out too, there was still a lot of work to do when I moved in.”

“You lived here with your ex for years, yes?” Wanda asked.

“She spent a lot of time away,” Harry replied. “It was one of the things that started out difficult and only got worse over time. There were a fair few things like that, really.”

Wanda just nodded at that, and Harry continued the tour, showing her around and telling her stories about various issues that they needed to deal with when he first moved in.

“My friends and I managed to get the place cleaned up, and we renovated here and there as needed,” Harry replied, leading her upstairs, “but none were as great as this.”

Wanda furrowed her brow as he opened one of the doors and let her in. The moment she entered the room, she felt something draining, and she tensed. She flared her magic slightly, proving to herself that she still could, and she saw Harry step inside.

“The runic barrier we just passed is woven into the walls of this room,” Harry explained. “Inside here, magic is harder to use, but the tradeoff is that electricity works just fine.”

Grabbing the remote, he turned the large, bulky TV on, and Wanda smiled as she saw it turn on, though the smile froze on her face as she saw just what was on the screen.

“At the age of eighty years old, most of us would have been long retired, but not Dick Van Dyke, who will be returning to Broadway next year for...”

“Wanda?” Harry asked, shocking her out of her reverie, and she looked over at him in surprise.

“How does this world have Dick Van Dyke but not Sokovia?” she wondered to herself. *“Do all worlds have a Dick Van Dyke?”*

“Sorry,” she muttered, shaking her head. “As a child, my family used to watch old reruns of The Dick Van Dyke Show often. I...really liked it.”

“I’ve never seen it,” Harry admitted.

“That is a tragedy,” Wanda chuckled. “It’s one of the all-time great sitcoms.”

“The Dursleys weren’t bit on sitcoms, or fun, really,” Harry replied dryly. “I found a few older shows on DVD a few years ago that I find hilarious, though. Have you ever seen Fawlty Towers?”

“No, I haven’t,” Wanda replied. “It’s funny?”

“You’re in for a treat,” Harry chuckled, grabbing it and putting in the first disk.

“That scream,” Wanda laughed a while later, falling towards an also laughing Harry on the sofa as she did.

“The sheer terror that man manages to convey in a single second,” Harry chuckled. “The whole episode builds up to that one brilliant moment.”

“It’s weird seeing an episode where Basil isn’t the biggest asshole,” Wanda giggled, and Harry joined in, only to pause as he looked over and saw just how close their faces were.

Her pale green eyes were beautiful, he realized, unable to look away as she stared into his own. They were wet from how hard she’d been laughing, and as he saw a tear leak along the side of her nose, he moved without thinking to cup her cheek and wipe it away with his thumb.

“Harry,” Wanda breathed, moving in closer.

Neither could say who kissed the other, and as their lips met, neither cared. They leaned into each other’s touch, kissing gently as they tentatively felt out what the other wanted. Harry deepened it first, seeking entrance to her mouth with his tongue, and she moaned as it slipped between her lips, meeting her own. The sound made his pants grow tight, his cock throbbing as he grew rapidly hard, and that throbbing grew almost painful when she grazed his lower lip with her teeth.

“Glad to know I wasn’t going mad,” Harry chuckled, and she snorted.

“I wouldn’t have traveled the span of Europe with you if I didn’t want you, Harry,” Wanda breathed, “no matter how good the goulash sounded.”

As if set off by her very words, the alarm he’d left downstairs dinged at that moment, and he sighed.

“Looks like it’s ready,” Wanda smiled. “We’ll just have to continue this...very promising conversation after dinner.”

She stood up then, intentionally brushing a hand against his cock as she did, and grinned, purring, “Very promising indeed.”

“You’re a wicked woman, Wanda Maximoff,” Harry teased, and she laughed.

“I’ve been called worse,” Wanda replied before turning to leave.

He watched her walk away and stifled a groan at the sight of her arse in the tight black leggings she was wearing. After taking a moment to calm down, he joined her, finding that Kreacher had already dished out two servings of it and opened a bottle of red wine for them.

“Mmm, this smells divine,” Wanda moaned. “When did we add carrots?”

“I meant to but got distracted, so Kreacher must have,” Harry replied. “He doesn’t like that I enjoy cooking, and if I forget anything, he’s always more willing to do it himself than let me know.”

“Well, I’ll have to thank him when I see him,” Wanda replied as she sat down. With a sultry smile, she added, “Maybe in the morning.”

He poured two glasses of wine and handed her hers before sitting down.

“I went on vacation at all under protest and only went to Mallorca because I wanted to do something other than sit around here being irritated all the time,” Harry said. “Meeting you took a trip that I would have likely wasted and made it more memorable than I could have imagined.”

“I’m glad I met you too,” Wanda smiled. “To unexpected pleasures.”

“I’ll drink to that,” Harry grinned, clinking his glass against hers and taking a sip of the wine.

“Mmm, oh my, this is exactly what I needed,” Wanda moaned as she dug into her meal.

“It turned out really well,” Harry nodded.

“The first time my late husband said he was going to make goulash, I was really excited,” Wanda said, smiling at the memory. “I was more than a little confused when I saw the ground beef and pasta in the pot.”

“Hmm?” Harry asked.

“Oh, right, it’s an American thing,” Wanda clarified. “We lived in New Jersey for a time.”

“I imagine your wandless magic came in handy with the wand restrictions there,” Harry commented. “I’ve had a couple dealings with MACUSA, and I’ve found them bloody annoying more than anything.”

“*Magic congress of the United States of America?*” she wondered, figuring that the USA could only mean one thing. “The government is avoidable if you’re careful.”

“Right,” Harry said. “That would have been bloody nice.”

“Oh?” Wanda asked.

“Let’s just say that our government wasn’t exactly ideal when I was growing up,” Harry muttered before launching into the tale of Fudge’s general incompetence.

The two of them dined together, sharing stories much as they had been all week, with Wanda remaining careful to tell him as much as she could without tipping him off to her otherworldly origins. It was simple and easy in a way that things rarely had been for her. So much had been so wrong since Thanos blew up her life, but things hadn’t exactly been good before that either. The only fleeting moments of happiness she’d had since Pietro died had been the all-too-short times of peace that she’d managed to get with Vision. The fact that spending time with Harry reminded her at all of those times was probably a good sign.

“That was fantastic,” Wanda sighed happily a while later as she finished her dinner and watched Harry divide the balance of the bottle between their glasses.

“I have more great recipes where that came from,” he smiled as he slid her glass back to her.

“Then I guess you’re going to be stuck having me come over,” Wanda replied and he grinned.

“I guess it’s a curse I’ll just have to bear,” Harry sighed, and she squawked in faux outrage, making him laugh.

“You know, in your tour, you never showed me your bedroom,” Wanda commented, leaning in and feeling her heartbeat quicken when his eyes darkened in lust.

“How remiss of me,” Harry rumbled, smirking at her and standing up. “The bed is so comfortable, too.”

Wanda couldn’t think of a witty rejoinder and settled for just standing up and kissing him instead. He deepened it immediately and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her in until she was flush against his powerful frame. He had to crane his neck down to kiss her, standing more than half a foot taller than her, and quickly decided to do something about that. Wanda squeaked when she felt him grab her ass with one of his large hands, and her eyes widened as she felt him pick her up and hold her against him with just the one arm, keeping the other hand cradling the back of her head.

He probably weighed a hundred pounds more than her, and it wasn’t all that shocking that he could carry her, but the ease with which he did made it clear just how strong he really was, and she felt heat pool low in her belly at that. They broke the kiss for air, and she downed the rest of her wine, blushing lightly as she heard him chuckle before doing the same.

“How comfortable are we talking?” Wanda asked, and he grinned.

“I’ll leave you to judge that,” Harry replied, kissing her again as he carried her along to his bedroom.

“Oh fuck!” Wanda cried a moment later as he let her lips go and started trailing hot kisses down along the slender column of her neck.

She grazed her nails against his scalp and captured his earlobe with her teeth, making him groan. She grinned at that and kissed him again just as she heard him kick a door open. The next thing she knew, she was landing on what she had to admit was a very comfortable bed. She stared up at him in lust, her heart hammering in her chest as she felt things that she hadn’t in longer than she cared to think about. Running her nails across his scalp and grinning as he sighed in pleasure, she plucked his glasses off and immediately decided that she needed to restore his vision.

“*Eyes that gorgeous shouldn’t be covered up for anything,*” she purred as she pricked his temples with her nails and channeled her reality-altering power into his eyes, correcting the multiple imperfections in them until he could see clearly.

“What the...how did you...” Harry spluttered, and she just giggled.

“I can answer now or I can answer in the morning,” Wanda purred, reaching down to cup his cock through his pants. “Which would you prefer?”

“Morning,” Harry groaned, and she smirked.

“I thought so,” Wanda replied, only to go still as she realized just what she was feeling. “What in the...”

She spelled his clothes off with a thought and gasped as she felt his heavy cock fill her hand. Looking down, her jaw dropped, and she rolled them over so she could moving, down to get a

better look. She stared at him in muted awe, taking in every inch of the uncut, frightfully thick, veiny shaft, and there were so many inches.

“Holy shit,” Wanda breathed, her accent thickening as she lifted his cock up and got a closer look. “You’re huge!”

“I swear I haven’t engorged it,” Harry sighed.

“I sense no magic at all,” Wanda purred, “which makes it all the more impressive.”

She leaned in and gave the bulbous, swollen head a wet, warm kiss that made him hiss. Grinning at his reaction, she continued to pepper the shaft with kisses, wrapping her hand around the base and shuddering when she realized that her fingers didn’t touch. A normal woman might have worried about whether or not it would fit, and she was hit with a sudden wave of respect for his ex for having managed it. She was no ordinary woman though; she was the Scarlet Witch and reality itself could be her plaything if she so desired.

“I am going to take every inch of this even if I have to rearrange my insides to fit him,” she thought to herself, licking him from base to head. His deep groan lit a flame inside her, and she whimpered as she felt her panties rub against her increasingly slick pussy.

Harry held out a hand and summoned his wand, proving that he could do some things without it, and a moment later she felt him try to charm her clothes off of her. Smirking up at him, she undid her own conjurations and started stroking him slowly as she raised herself up on her knees and let him have a good look at her body. He looked her up and down, his eyes darkening further, and she felt his cock throb in her hand.

“You’re beautiful,” Harry breathed. “Fucking hell, I don’t know how I held myself back this long.”

“I feel the same way,” Wanda sighed. “I was miserable when we met but it took only a few hours that first day for me to want to climb you like a tree.”

Harry chuckled and leaned in to capture her lips with his own. Wanda moaned into his mouth and let his cock go, choosing to run a hand over his rock-hard abs instead, and she swore she was going to lick them all later. Pushing him back, she wrapped her hand around his cock again and smirked at him before wrapping her lips around the head of his cock. Harry groaned, and he snaked his fingers into her long red locks, making her go still for a moment, though once she realized that he wasn’t going to push her, she started moving again. Bobbing her head up and down slowly and gently, she took a little more of him each time as she caved in her cheeks and let her tongue dance across the underside of his shaft.

“Holy fuck,” Harry groaned, holding her almost lovingly as she did her best to suck his soul out of his cock.

Wanda giggled around his shaft, making him groan again at the pleasurable reverberations that caused, and then moved down further, swallowing him into her throat. He let her head go and gripped the sheets on either side of him as she deep-throated him, swallowing more of his cock than Ginny ever had. Further and further she went until finally, she managed to bury her nose in his dark, wiry pubic hair. She moved back then, letting him slip from her lips with an audible pop before gasping and grinning at him.

“I wanted to see if I could do that,” she chuckled. “Now, unless you really want me to take you back inside my mouth, I can think of somewhere else I’d much rather you bury this beast.”

Rather than answer her, Harry kissed her again and pulled her onto the bed. She felt his cock, slick with her saliva, brush against her dripping slit, and she moaned into his mouth as he rolled her onto her back. Harry let her lips go and leaned back, cupping her cheek and gazing down at her like she was the precious thing in the world.

“I swear your breasts are perfect,” he murmured, cupping one of her perky mounds, and Wanda gasped.

“They’re not terribly big,” she commented.

“No, but they’re the perkier I’ve ever seen and beautifully shaped,” Harry replied, leaning in to wrap his lips around one of her pebbled pink nipples.

Wanda hissed in pleasure, cradling his head to her chest as he licked, kissed, and sucked on her sensitive peak. She’d not been touched like this in so long and had little desire for pleasure at all while she holed herself away to study the Darkhold, so she was more sensitive than normal and knew that it wouldn’t take much to make her cum. He switched back and forth between her nipples, his skilled hands kneading whichever breast he wasn’t worshipping with his mouth, and she just settled back and luxuriated in the pleasure of his touch, feeling the coil of tension in her core growing tighter and tighter.

“More!” Wanda cried desperately. “Fuck me, Harry.”

“Oh, I will,” Harry rumbled, grinning up at her, “but first, you smell fucking delicious, and I need a taste.”

“Oh, shit,” Wanda gasped as his lips made a hot trail along her flat stomach, inching closer and closer to her sex.

Harry spread her long, beautiful legs wide with his hands and gazed down at her wet, pink pussy. She was completely bare, so much so that he had to assume that she’d done it either with magic or wax, and he pressed his lips against her pubic mound, making her shudder. He had appreciated the neatly trimmed triangle of ginger curls that Ginny had always maintained, but he’d have been lying if he didn’t think that Wanda looked even better so hairless.

“You’re so wet,” Harry grinned, planting hot, teasing kisses all around her pussy, avoiding her folds completely. “Don’t tell me this is just from me worshipping your beautiful tits, or was it sucking my cock?”

“It’s been so long,” Wanda whimpered, and his eyes dimmed slightly.

His own bout of celibacy was because he spent so much time feeling sorry for himself after his breakup, but she’d been alone for as long as she had because her husband died. He’d tried to ask how exactly, but aside from giving him a general sense that it hadn’t been natural, Wanda hadn’t said much. She didn’t seem vengeful, and given how powerful she was, he couldn’t imagine that she wouldn’t have gone after whoever was responsible, something that he figured might have had something to do with how cagey she was in general.

“Given what utter cunts the Yanks are to deal with, if she took out a murderer back in New Jersey, I’m content to leave it at that,” he thought to himself.

Unless the murderer in question was someone important, it wouldn’t be too difficult to get Kingsley to tell the Americans to pound sand if anything ever came of it, which was far from guaranteed as it was. He liked her and he was happy to let her keep her secrets for the time being, deciding that he’d help her however he could if he ended up being right. Putting those thoughts out of his mind, he gave her slick, pink pussy a long, slow lick from hole to clit and grinned as she let out a loud moan.

“Oh, fuck,” Wanda moaned, grabbing his head and holding him to her heated sex as he started lapping at her wet folds.

Harry groaned at her taste and kissed her just under her clit, making her shudder. The engorged nub was a little larger than Ginny’s and poked out of her hood a little more than hers had. Unsure of how sensitive it might be, he slowly traced the tip of his tongue around it and grinned when she bucked against him.

“Right there!” Wanda cried.

Harry pushed two fingers inside her, groaning softly as he felt just how hot, wet; almost gooey, and tight she was, and continued to experiment with her clit, seeing just what kind of pressure she could take. Wanda bucked and writhed under him, feeling like she was on fire as she soared towards her peak, and when Harry curled his fingers inward, finding her g-spot and pressing against it, she howled in pleasure.

“Oh fuck, don’t stop, don’t stop!” she moaned and Harry grinned.

Stopping was the last thing he intended to do. Wrapping his lips around her clit, he sucked gently on the sensitive nub, making her scream, and decided to do the one thing he knew for sure would surprise her. Pressing his tongue against her clit, he envisioned the basilisk in his mind’s eye and began to speak.

“Cum for me, Wanda,” he hissed in Parseltongue, and the powerful witch shrieked at the top of her lungs.

She writhed and convulsed in pleasure, bucking so powerfully that he had to hold her in place as he continued to use the language of the snakes to drive her wild. Wave after soul-searing wave of ecstasy rocked her entire body from head to curling toes, and she could only scream at the sheer intensity of it as she went from one orgasm to another. On and on it went, robbing her of the ability to think, and that might have been the best part of it.

Drowning in an unending wave of pleasure beyond anything she’d ever known in her life, there was no room in her overtaxed mind to focus on the loss or pain that had overwhelmed her for years at that point. When it finally ended, she croaked mournfully and was about to demand more when she opened her eyes and saw Harry’s massive cock resting on her abdomen.

“My...God,” Wanda panted, blinking rapidly to clear the tears from her eyes and ensure that she was really seeing what she thought she was.

“Only mortal, I’m afraid,” Harry chuckled, and she reached out with her magic, enveloping his magnificent dick and making it throb almost painfully with need.

“Fuck me,” Wanda all but commanded, and Harry hissed in pleasure, fisting his cock and lining himself up with her sopping hole.

“You just had to ask, Wanda,” he grinned, brushing the bulbous, incredibly thick head through her folds and making her shiver.

He pushed forward then, and Wanda’s eyes were wide as she was stretched more than she thought possible. Harry groaned at the feeling of her tight pussy enveloping him, delighted by how hot and wet she was. She was like a living furnace, almost too hot, and the slickness of her tight walls felt so incredible that he had to stop himself from driving home in one thrust. Just as he was about to ask her if she needed him to wait, her legs closed around him, and she pulled him toward her.

“Don’t stop!” Wanda cried, feeling like every sensitive spot inside her was being stuck at once as Harry buried inch after thick inch of his cock inside her.

He fit perfectly, stretching her to what had to be her absolute limits, and as his hips came to rest against her ass, she honestly didn’t know if she had unwittingly altered herself with her magic or if they really were just that compatible. She raked her nails across his scalp and kissed him hungrily, wanting nothing more than for him to start fucking her. The chain of orgasms she’d had before had been like nothing else she’d ever known, and she might have expected to be sated by that, but Harry had lit a flame in her that burned hotter than she could have imagined possible, and she needed more.

“Holy shit,” he grunted as he pulled most of his cock from her and thrust back inside hard. “Wanda, I...it’s been a while, and you’re like heaven itself, so I don’t...”

“Look at me,” Wanda purred, cupping his handsome face with her hands and grinning up at him. “Don’t worry about it, or anything else. I’ll take care of everything. I just need you to fuck me, Harry.”

As she spoke, she conjured a ring of energy around the base of his cock, and she almost laughed at the look of shock he developed as he felt it.

“Fuck, where have you been all my life?” Harry asked, chuckling, and Wanda just sighed.

“*In another world,*” she thought to herself. “*A much worse one.*”

Not having to worry about cumming too quickly at all, Harry quickly built up to a steady pace, fucking her with long, hard strokes that made her see stars. He was so big that she felt him reach places she hadn’t known existed, and she doubted it would take long for her to cum again.

“So tight, so perfect,” Harry groaned, almost unable to fathom how good she felt. “I swear you feel like you were made for me.”

“So full!” Wanda wailed, her nails raking down his back, making him hiss at the faint pain that they caused. “More! Harder! Fuck!”

He picked up his pace, pounding her into the bed, and grabbed her arms, pinning them above her head. The look in his eyes was wild, and Wanda clenched around him helplessly as the sheer desire in those emerald orbs made her core throb. She was going to cum already; she was going to cum so hard around him as he speared into her again and again, and she shrieked his name.

“Don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop!” she screamed as he attacked her neck with hot kisses.

Holding both of her hands with one of his, he grasped one of her jiggling breasts with the other and pinched her nipple. Her back arched towards him, her eyes rolling back as the pleasure and pressure inside her mounted rapidly, and just when she thought it was going to drive her insane, keeping her on the edge forever, he struck a spot deep inside her that made her world go white.

“FUCK!” Wanda squealed, her whole body convulsing like she’d been electrocuted as her orgasm thundered through her body.

Wave after mind-melting wave of ecstasy flooded her entire being, robbing her of her senses and making her writhe in Harry’s arms. He groaned in her ear, the feeling of her perfect cunt spasming around him being almost too much to handle, and yet he could not cum. Letting go of her hands, he moved her legs up until her ankles were resting on his shoulders, her feet near his head, and continued to fuck her through the titanic climax.

“Wha...wha...” she panted deliriously, looking up at him through unfocused eyes, when he again struck a spot inside her that made her shake.

“Such a good girl,” Harry grinned down at her. “You came so hard for me.”

“Fuck...fuck,” Wanda panted, laughing as she stretched her arms above her head and tried to come down from her high.

It didn’t help that Harry was still fucking her just as hard and fast as before, splitting her in half over and over again with his long, thick cock.

“Do you...want to cum?” she panted, grinning from ear to ear as she felt more relaxed than she had in years.

“Desperately, but I want to make you cum again first,” Harry replied, brushing a few stray hairs out of her face.

“In that case, pull out for a second,” Wanda said, gasping as he did so and moving her legs down from his shoulders. Rolling over, she tried to push herself up onto her hands and knees only to find her legs completely uncooperative.

“I’ll happily take you just like this,” Harry chuckled, running a hand over her back as she settled on her stomach.

“You might have to,” Wanda laughed, looking back at him. “I can’t feel my legs.”

“I can carry you if I have to,” Harry whispered, kissing her softly as he lined himself up with her dripping quim.

He sank himself inside her in one long, slow thrust, and they both moaned at the feeling. Nuzzling her neck, he started fucking her again, and Wanda cried out in pleasure at the sheer intensity of it. In her mind’s eye, she could see him stretching her out, spreading her inner walls wide and filling her completely, his cock only avoiding her cervix because of his prior experience.

Her focus shifted to it and her womb behind it as she suddenly realized something, though what it was escaped her as Harry found a spot right next to it a moment later, and the sheer pleasure of having it struck made her mind go blank. She cried out in pleasure as she felt him slip inside a little pocket near the back of her pussy that felt more intense than anything ever had, and she realized after a moment that that was what he'd touched before.

"I'd ask if you like that, but I really don't need to," Harry chuckled as her back arched again.

Reaching under her, he cupped her firm, perky breasts and kneaded them softly as he kissed, licked, and nipped at her pulse point. Wanda clawed at the sheets in front of her, moaning and crying out wildly as she soared towards another peak faster than she thought possible. Everything felt so good, so intense, and she couldn't help thinking that she could get used to what she'd experienced over the past few days. Meeting Harry had been the first unquestionably good thing that had happened to her in a depressingly long time, and she might have dreaded the realization that she was going to have to tell him everything eventually just then if she was still capable of complex thought.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Wanda screamed; his every long, brutal thrust made lights go off behind her eyes.

"Cum for me, Wanda," Harry whispered in her ear, snaking a hand under her belly and moving towards her throbbing clit. "Cum for me, baby."

"HARRY!" Wanda shrieked, writhing in ecstasy as her orgasm consumed her.

Harry picked up his pace, pounding her into the bed so hard that her ass jiggled and rippled each time his hips struck it. She clawed at the sheets in front of her, her whole body shaking as the pleasure coursed through her, and yet, even as her brain was flooded by it, her mind consumed, a single thought did occur to her.

Baby?" she thought, not wondering why Harry had called her that, as she figured it likely slipped out, but because the word reminded her of what she'd very nearly noticed while peering inside herself.

She was ovulating.

Wanda froze, her entire mind consumed by that one realization. She was ovulating; she was fertile, and by coincidence, she could sense that there was more than one developing egg that had been released within her this cycle. If Harry came inside her, she could have twins. They wouldn't be Billy and Tommy, but they'd be her children, and the thought of that made her weep.

She tried to take a moment to wonder what to do, whether to tell Harry to pull out, have the greater conversation with him about what she'd gone through in life, and perhaps beg him to give her what she wanted most, but she was so physically and emotionally exhausted in that moment that her body and magic acted on their own. Before she realized what she was doing, she'd undone the cock ring spell and was stroking his prostate telekinetically.

"Fuck!" Harry exclaimed, falling forward as he came harder than he ever had in his life, filling Wanda to the brim with his seed.

Wanda cried out as a mix of shock, horror, and joy so profound it took her breath away struck her, and though she tried to speak up, the second she felt the first thick rope of cum hit the back of her pussy and realized what had quite possibly just happened, it triggered another orgasm in her. The two of them writhed in pleasure together, with Harry clinging to her like she was the most only

thing keeping him from floating away, and just as quickly as it hit, it ended, leaving the two of them panting for breath. Harry felt giddy and was about to ask what the hell she'd done at the end there when he heard sniffing and moved to look at her in concern.

"Wanda?" he asked, seeing her eyes filled with tears.

"We need...to talk," Wanda panted, and he pulled out of her, stroking her cheek and bracing himself for what he was about to hear.

"At least I don't have to worry about the annoying Americans," he thought to himself wryly as she finished her tale a while later.

It all seemed so insane, and yet she'd let him peer into her mind and see for himself the kind of terrible shit she'd been through in her other life, in her other world. It occurred to him that she could have theoretically faked her memories too, being so powerful that it was surely possible, but he doubted it. The pain felt too real, and he had suffered enough in his life to recognize that.

"So that's all of it," Wanda sighed, her Sokovian accent having thickened progressively as she told the emotional tale. "I'll understand if you want nothing more to do with me, and I won't ask anything of you if so..."

"How do you like your coffee?" Harry asked, cutting her off.

"What?" Wanda asked, looking at him in confusion.

"Your coffee," Harry repeated, and she felt her heart skip a beat at his easy smile.

"Black," Wanda replied. "I thought you English preferred tea."

"Generally, but I developed a taste for it a while ago," Harry replied. "Look, I've done my share of questionable things while defending others, and I also know how all-consuming grief can be. Even after all the shit I've been through, I really can't imagine what you experienced, and I'm not going to hold it against you. I...the past week has been the best I've had in a very, very long time, and I want to see where this can go, if you're willing."

Wanda squeaked and leapt into his arms, kissing him passionately. He returned the kiss with equal passion and let himself consider everything that she'd just told him. There were a fair few things she'd done that were questionable, to put it mildly, but they hadn't been done in his jurisdiction, so he didn't particularly care. The worst of them seemed to have been done while she was under the influence of some book that she'd since been parted from, and fuck if that didn't make him nearly laugh.

"Beautiful redhead who was once enthralled by an evil book, I really have a type, don't I?" he thought to himself wryly.

Even the possibility that he might have knocked her up was something that he was willing to roll with either way. He'd have preferred to know her for more than a week first, and he'd make sure to pull out going forward, but if she did end up pregnant, then that was just a consequence of going to bed with a woman without finding out if she was on birth control of any kind first. Either way, she was the first woman he'd met since Ginny that he was at all interested in and he wanted to see if a

relationship with her could work. She seemed to be stranded here, and frankly, from what she'd said, there wasn't much left for her in her world, anyway. As he pulled on top of him and she sank down onto his cock, all he could think was that he really had to thank Kingsley at some point.