

Harry deftly twisted out of the way of Athena's slash and riposted towards her shoulder, grunting when she brought her aegis up to block him. He quickly stepped backwards, bringing his own shield up as she responded with a flurry of blows. Catching her downward slash on it, he felt the sheer strength of her reverberate through his arm and couldn't help but smile at how he barely reacted to it. Even with Atlas' domain, Athena's strength had been a terrible thing to endure when they started this, but after the past few weeks, he was more than capable of taking it.

He sidestepped her follow-up thrust and redirected her blade away effortlessly when she slashed at his legs. She fainted towards his right shoulder then, and before she could attack him as she truly meant to, he slammed his shoulder into her, forcing her back. Taking to the air, she zoomed back and lobbed a ball of pure, raw divine power at him, smirking when he batted it away with the flat of his blade.

"Well done," Athena said as she returned to the ground. "I think you're ready for the trial to come."

"Really?" Harry asked. "I still haven't bested you."

"No, but I didn't expect you to," Athena replied. "I'm ancient and exceedingly powerful. I emerged from my father's skull fully armed and armored, and I've been a born warrior ever since."

"That must have been the mother of all migraines," Luna commented, making Hedone snort.

"It wasn't the most pleasant of things," Athena replied. "My point is that I'm one of the most capable warriors among the gods, and I did not expect you to exceed me in a month of serious training even with the power you took on in your ascension. The fact that you can match me, though, that you can spar with me while I'm not holding back and hold your own, that is proof enough that you'll give my brother the sort of fight you wish to."

"I still don't see 'ow fighting 'im is supposed to make 'im stop wanting to kill you," Fleur sighed. "We know zat 'e can't, given what you are, but..."

"It's not about Harry; it's about Eros," Aphrodite replied. "I'll admit that I didn't think this would work either, but Ares did always wish that Eros were more of a warrior. Some of our other sons were, so it didn't bother him too much, but...every man with sons wants them to be just like him, and Eros was more like me. He is a part of you, though, and you were a warrior before we ever met. Show him that Eros lives on within you, that you carry a part of our son with you, and that through you he has got what he wanted, and that might well get him to relent entirely. He can't kill you any more than we could kill him, but if I were forced to choose between having the god of war furious with you or not furious with you..."

"Ze choice would be obvious," Fleur nodded. "I guess I just don't understand why it would make such a difference now. He had to sense Eros inside 'Arry before, and even if 'e did not, 'e is aware of what 'appened now."

"My brother can be quite singularly focused at times, especially when his rage has overtaken him," Athena replied. "That singular focus is unlikely to have changed at all in the past month, but he has always cared for his children, and that is an angle you could use to get him to finally let his ridiculous feud with Adonis go."

Aphrodite and Persephone shared a look at that, both still plotting their revenge against Ares. It wouldn't be fatal, and it wouldn't happen anytime soon, but neither one of them was about to let what he'd done and how long he'd lied to them about it go.

“We’ll give it a century at least and then pay him back for that somehow,” Aphrodite thought to herself.

“Do you know whether or not Phobos and Deimos will be there?” Hermione asked, and she nodded.

“They will,” she replied. “They’re Ares’ attendants and would have accompanied him in his invasion attempts here if it weren’t my island. They’ll definitely be with him for a formal duel on Mount Olympus.”

“I still can’t believe we’re being allowed to attend,” Cosette gushed, and Aphrodite furrowed her brow.

“I’m surprised too,” she said. “Zeus is being oddly accommodating.”

“Father spent the whole last millennium in a bored funk,” Athena muttered. “It’s entirely possible that he just appreciates the sudden excitement that a new god and a god feud have brought.”

“He didn’t seem excited when he came here,” Harry scoffed. “I half-believed he was going to fry everyone.”

“He was mediating a dispute, and he’s always gruffest and most irritable-seeming in moments like that,” Athena replied. “I know him very well, though, and I recognized the interest in his stormy eyes.”

“So how exactly did you grow inside his head?” Luna asked.

“The accounts about that are rather...varied,” Hermione added.

“They’re also not entirely correct,” Athena replied. “My mother was Metis, and she was an Oceanid who helped my father free my aunts and uncles and overthrow Cronos and the titans. The two grew quite close over the course of the war, and when she was fatally wounded, he absorbed her, being unable to save her and wanting her to live on in him. He wasn’t aware that she was pregnant, however, and quite some time later, was struck with a terrible headache.”

“Is it true that one of the other gods took an axe to his head to get you out?” Hermione asked, having always found that story of Athena’s birth fascinating.

“No, and the ass who came up with that was making an axe wound joke,” Athena grumbled. “He opened his own head, I emerged, and he healed himself.”

Aphrodite and Hedone both giggled at that, earning a glare from their fellow goddess.

“Sorry, I just got that,” the goddess of hedonism said, and Athena just rolled her eyes.

“Getting back to the topic at hand, you will not defeat Ares, Harry, not as you are, but you will give him quite the fight and, perhaps, enough of one to earn his respect,” Athena murmured. “Loathe you as he does, my brother has always loved a good fight, and even if you didn’t carry the essence of one of his sons within you, that could still have had an effect with it, my nephew’s plan might just work.”

“He always was such a brilliant boy,” Aphrodite sighed, and Harry was at her side at once, pulling her into a hug. Her demeanor changed immediately, and she purred, saying, “Fuck, I love it when you’re all sweaty from battle like this.”

“And that’s my cue to leave,” Athena muttered. “See you all tomorrow.”

With that, she disappeared through a portal, returning to her own domain. As she did, Apolline and Aurelie emerged from the temple and made a beeline for the training yard.

“You’re back,” Fleur beamed, pulling her mother into a tight hug. “How did it go?”

“The Veela communes are all in agreement,” Apolline replied. “They’ll begin moving to Atlantis in the coming months.”

“Excellent,” Aphrodite beamed. “The reconstruction is nearly done and, provided they don’t all come here at once, we should be more than capable of accommodating everyone by the time the last of them arrive.”

“All the world’s Veela in one place,” Hermione chuckled. “Every man on Earth would kill to visit.” “There will be men among them,” Aurelie pointed out. “Some of them have mates or even communal lovers that they’re bringing with them. All will be coming to worship the goddess and live in the peace and prosperity of her land.”

“Most will be seeking the odd audience with ‘Arry as well,” Cosette purred. “I do ‘ope you’re up to ze task, mon amour.”

“You know perfectly well that I will be,” Harry grinned, “though if you need a reminder...”

Cosette licked her lips, flaring her allure as he stared into her eyes, only to gasp when he replied in kind. A wave of pure desire washed over her, making her instantly hot and wet and desperate for his touch, and as she took a step towards him, her knees nearly buckled.

“Cosette,” Aphrodite said, cutting through Harry’s allure with a flick of her wrist. “Tonight we’re going to revel as we’ve seldom reveled before, this being the night before the duel, but before we do that, there’s something I need to take care of.”

“As you wish, my goddess,” Cosette replied, knowing full well that she would not deny her for long.

“Harry,” Aphrodite whispered, leaning in until her lips were nearly touching his ear, “There’s a certain goddess here who is clearly not going to make the first move, and I think it’s high time you finally gave her what she so clearly desires.”

“Persephone,” Harry rumbled, and the other goddess went still, feeling heat pool in her core as he gave her a heated look.

“Harry,” Persephone breathed. “I...”

“It’s been a while, hasn’t it?” Harry asked, cupping her cheek and brushing her auburn hair behind her shoulder.

“It has,” Persephone replied. “I...I would have come to you sooner but...”

“You were waiting for me to come to you,” Harry murmured, brushing a thumb over her cheek and grinning when he saw her pupils dilate.

“Oh, merde,” Apolline muttered as she checked the time. “It’s later zan I zought.”

“I’ve been keeping an eye on the time, Mama,” Fleur assured her, taking her eyes away from Harry and the goddess of the underworld for a moment. “If your meeting ran long, I’d have gone to get her anyway.”

“Will you be bringing Gabrielle here?” Hermione asked. “The last time we spoke, you weren’t sure.”

“I will,” Apolline nodded. “She wanted ‘Arry desperately before all of zis and now, with ‘is powers, I know she will adore every moment of it. She’s going to lose her mind when she finds out what we ‘ave planned.”

“I still say you shouldn’t tell ‘er,” Fleur grinned. “We’ve kept ‘er in ze dark for so long now, why not make it a surprise zat she’s going to get ‘er ‘eart’s desire sooner zan she zought?”

“She’s going to be so happy,” Luna beamed.

“I can’t believe I’m going to watch my best friend and lover seduce his wife’s little sister soon,” Hermione chuckled, shaking her head. “My life has changed so much in the last little while.”

“Take me,” Persephone breathed. “I’ve wanted you to all this time and…”

Harry kissed her hungrily, capturing her full, pouty lips with his own, and she melted into his embrace at once. His tongue slipped between them a moment later, and she moaned into his mouth, meeting with hers almost immediately. He was so much like Adonis, and she had desired him desperately since she laid eyes on him because of that, but it wasn’t the only reason that she did by that point. She’d watched him grow and evolve, going from an already rather impressive young man to a god capable of holding his own against some of the most capable among them, and her desire for him had only grown in the past several weeks.

“This won’t be like it was with Adonis,” she thought to herself. “I’ll be sharing him but not with the schedule that I did last time, and with Hades still lost in dream, I can throw myself into the debauchery I’ve been denying myself fully.”

Hermione watched Harry make out passionately with yet another goddess and rubbed her thighs together, feeling her pussy flood at the sight. It was just as sinfully hot as it had been the first time she stumbled across him and Fleur, and she was reminded again just why she’d been willing to tender her resignation with the ministry a couple weeks earlier. This island was going to need administration of some sort, and Harry and Aphrodite had spoken to her repeatedly about taking on a significant role in that. It was her stated reason, that she’d found another opportunity that she was quite keen on exploring, but it was far from the only one.

She’d adored Harry Potter ever since he was a boy, and as she watched the hulking, incredibly masculine figure he was now make a goddess swoon, she knew that a boy was the last thing anyone could call him now. The idea of quitting her job to run off and join what was essentially a sex cult would have been laughable if not insulting to her just a few months ago, but that was pretty much what she’d done, and she couldn’t even begin to regret it.

“It’s so beautiful watching Harry make so many women happy, isn’t it?” Luna asked, resting her head on her shoulder, and Hermione chuckled, wrapping an arm around the blonde’s waist.

“It is,” she murmured.

“Well, we make each other pretty ‘appy as well,” Cosette grinned, hugging them both from behind. Looking at Aphrodite, she asked, “I’m guessing zat you wish for ‘Arry and Persephone to enjoy a little private time before ze larger party tonight, oui?”

“Well, relatively private,” Aphrodite grinned. “Fleur, care to join me in yours and Harry’s chambers while Hedone starts the orgy in mine?”

“I knew you’d want to watch,” Persephone chuckled, and Aphrodite merely smirked.

“Well, it has been a while for you, and I’m always more than happy to advise in matters of love,” she teased, earning a mock glare from the auburn-haired goddess.

“Now now, ladies, play nice,” Harry rumbled, and they both shivered, looking at him hungrily.

“If we don’t, will you take us over your knee?” Aphrodite purred.

“I might anyway,” Harry replied, making her grin.

“When Apolline returns with Gabby, she’ll be able to sense at once where we are, so we can begin without ‘er,” Aurelie purred, pulling Hedone in close and kissing her deeply. “Shall we?”

Without a word, the goddess opened a portal to her grandmother’s chambers, and she, Aurelie, Cosette, Hermione, and Luna all rushed through it while Harry teleported Persephone to his own, grinning when, a moment later, Aphrodite appeared with Fleur. He undressed them all with a wave of his hand and stepped back, taking a moment to truly appreciate Persephone’s beauty. Every goddess he’d ever seen had been beautiful, but each had their own very unique beauty. Aphrodite was, simply put, perfect; her fair skin utterly flawless, her heart-shaped face a thing of wonder, her long golden hair enchanting, and her body divine. Hedone was much like her grandmother, albeit with brown hair, and Athena was a born warrior, fierce and deadly, with a beauty that she clearly put little effort into enhancing.

Persephone’s was a softer beauty; she wasn’t sex incarnate like Aphrodite and Hedone, and she didn’t have the physique of Athena or even Artemis. Her soft, porcelain skin was just as flawless as the others’, her curves, while not as insane as those of the goddess of love, were still very generous, and her round face was simply adorable. He gazed into her amber eyes, nearly black with lust, and snaked a hand around her waist, pulling her in close as he pressed his palm against her lower back.

“You’re stunning, Persephone,” he whispered, smiling as her breath hitched. “Given everything, I thought you simply wanted to wait longer, and I’m sorry I didn’t do this sooner.”

“It’s alright,” Persephone whispered. “I’m not like Aphrodite and Hedone, and immersing myself in the lust and debauchery here for a while before joining in was probably for the best.”

“I’ve always said you could stand to have more fun in life,” Aphrodite teased, and Persephone rolled her eyes.

“Is there anyone in existence you don’t think should have more fun?” she snarked, making the other goddess chuckle.

“I don’t think it’s possible to have too much fun, so no,” Aphrodite grinned, gasping as Fleur cupped one of her heavy, impossibly perky breasts and began to knead it.

“I couldn’t agree more, my goddess,” the Veela purred, capturing her lips with her own.

Harry walked Persephone towards the bed, continuing to kiss her passionately, and when she fell back onto it, he started trailing kisses down along her jaw and neck, making her gasp and moan. She wrapped her arms around him more tightly, tracing her fingers over the muscles of his back and smiling widely. The sheer passion he was exuding as he explored her with his lips and hands was something she hadn’t felt in ages, at least not personally, and she was surprised by just how she’d forgotten what a distinct pleasure it was to just be so openly desired.

“Having fun?” Aphrodite asked as she and Fleur joined them, and the other goddess just laughed.

“You’re so tense,” Harry rumbled, looking up at her from between her breasts as he reached them. “I’m a god of love, and I don’t think even I realized how much you needed this.”

“I need it so badly!” Persephone cried, holding his head to her chest as he captured one of her pebbled pink nipples with his lips. “By Olympus, it’s been so long.”

“You could have...mmm, fuck, you’re good at that...come to me at any time,” Aphrodite sighed, moaning as Fleur teased her slick nether lips with the tip of her tongue, starting out slowly just the way she knew she loved.

“I think you have the right idea, my love,” Harry grinned, kissing his way down along Persephone’s flat, soft stomach. “Let’s worship our goddesses together.”

“I’d suggest a contest, but I zink poor Persephone ‘ere might cum is just blow on ‘er pretty little pussy,” Fleur grinned, and the goddess squeaked, blushing at that.

“I thought about it, but for the first century I figured that Hades was going to wake back up any minute, and after that, well...” Persephone replied. “I guess I just got into a bit of RUT!”

“*Man, even just one lick made her scream,*” Harry thought to himself with a grin. “*I’m going to destroy her.*”

He had parted her forest of auburn curls with his fingers while she spoke, making sure not to touch her fleshy nether lips as he did so, because he wanted to see how she’d react to the first direct touch, but he’d not expected her to be quite that vocal. As he started exploring her folds with his tongue, tasting her tangy, slightly salt fluids eagerly, she began to squirm on the bed, grabbing his head and moaning in pleasure.

“Oh, fuck, that’s so good,” Persephone babbled, throwing her head back as he ghosted his tongue over her clit and crying out sharply. “Eat me out, baby; I need it so badly.”

“You have no idea what a treat you’re in for,” Aphrodite grinned, shaking and gasping when Fleur sucked on her clit. “He’s even better at this than Adonis was, and I used to swear he was born to eat pussy.”

“E’s always been zat talented,” Fleur sighed, pushing three of her narrow fingers inside Aphrodite as she looked over at Harry lovingly. “Ze first time you made me cum with your serpent’s tongue, I zought I was going to die.”

“Serpent’s tongue?” Persephone asked, only to squeal in ecstasy a moment later as her orgasm hit her like a truck.

She squirted all over Harry’s face, making the parselmouth chuckle as he continued to speak love sonnets against her throbbing clit in the language of the snakes. Fleur grinned at the writhing goddess, convinced that she’d truly never tire of watching her husband make other women cum, and sucked Aphrodite’s clit into her mouth.

“FUCK!” Persephone shrieked, barely able to fathom the mind-melting pleasure thundering through her entire body in wave after endless wave. “Don’t stop, don’t stop, oh, YES!”

Aphrodite snaked her fingers into Fleur’s silver-gold locks and ground her dripping slit up against her mouth as she soared towards her own peak, the combination of the Veela’s oral skills and how hot it was to finally watch Harry get Persephone off making her feel like she was on fire in the best way. She curled her fingers upward against the goddess’ g-spot as she continued to suck on and lap at her taut little pearl, her eyes never leaving her purple orbs, save for a single moment as she felt Persephone collapse in a heap on the bed.

“That was...divine,” Persephone panted, draping an arm over her forehead as she gazed up the ceiling with glassy, unfocused eyes.

“Well...oh, fuck, don’t stop...he is a god,” Aphrodite panted, smiling widely when Persephone started giggling like that was the funniest thing she’d ever heard. “I think you broke her.”

“Not yet I haven’t,” Harry grinned, moving into position between Persephone’s legs and kissing the other goddess softly. “Feel better?”

“I don’t think I’ve felt this weightless in flight before,” the goddess sighed, stretching her arms over her head and shuddering when Harry slapped his cock down onto her belly. “Fuck me, you’re massive. I mean, I’ve seen you inside some of the others, and I knew that, but seeing it and feeling it are two different things.”

“He’s going to feel so...oh, fuck...so fucking...GOOD!” Aphrodite babbled, screaming as she came before she could finish that thought.

Fleur grinned, continuing to pump her fingers in and out of her goddess’ spasming tunnel as she kissed her way up along her belly and buried her face in her jiggling breasts. Persephone watched Aphrodite cum, something she’d seen countless times over the eons and never failed to find entrancing, and Harry took full advantage of her distraction, lining himself up with her dripping slit and pushing inside.

“Ahh!” Persephone gasped, looking up at him in wonder as she felt the bulbous head of his cock pop inside her.

Being one to generally just rub herself when she wanted to masturbate, she hadn’t actually felt much of anything inside her in ages and certainly not something as frightfully thick as his cock. It spread her inner walls wide, stretching her out deliciously, and she shivered when she realized that he’d only pushed the head inside her.

“I’ve been terribly negligent going so long without seducing you,” Harry groaned as he felt her hot, wet, tight depths cling to his glans. “I should have realized sooner just how badly you needed me to fuck you.”

“I do,” Persephone whimpered, reaching up and grasping his thick biceps as she stared into his eyes. “Fuck me, Harry, fuck me like I should have asked you to ages ago.”

“As my goddess commands,” Harry rumbled, pushing forward, and she dug her nails into his skin so hard she nearly drew ichor.

He was so fucking thick and hard, and as he pushed his length inside her, inch by inch, she swore it felt like she was being split in two. She didn’t know if he was just really that much bigger than she remembered or if it just felt that way because she’d gone without sex for so long, but either way, he felt incredible inside her and she already didn’t want him to ever stop.

“I could worship at your altar every day, Aphrodite,” Fleur purred, kissing the goddess softly as she wrapped her arms around her. “You taste so good.”

“You pretty much do,” Aphrodite sighed happily, cupping her cheek. “My most loyal worshiper. Get on your hands and knees.”

“Yes, my goddess,” Fleur breathed, scrambling to get into position as she heard Cosette squeal down the hall. “She’s ‘aving fun.”

“I do appreciate that you let me enjoy my first time with Harry in relative privacy, but once we finish here, we’re absolutely joining them,” Persephone grinned, gasping as she felt him bottom out inside her. “By Olympus, you feel like you’re in my stomach.”

“You’re so tight,” Harry groaned, pulling a few inches of his cock from her clinging depths before thrusting back inside her.

Persephone gasped and sighed, her underused inner muscles still not entirely used to his size. She didn’t dare tell him to stop, though, not minding in the slightest that her insides were burning a little. That hint of soreness only seemed to enhance the pleasure that was already driving her wild, and she already knew that she was going to be an even more frequent guest at Atlantis going forward.

“Holy shit, yes,” Fleur moaned as she felt Aphrodite start lapping at her slit, the tip of her nose tickling her asshole as she ate her from behind. “I still can’t believe I actually live a life in which I’m regularly pleased by goddesses.”

“Well, we do owe you,” Aphrodite purred. “It is your husband that we’ve all come to adore so, and you let us have him, not only without complaint, but with glee.”

“It might ‘ave been different if I were not bisexual, but as things stand, ‘ow could I not enjoy bringing such beautiful women into our bed?” Fleur asked, grabbing the sheets in front of her hard as Aphrodite started swirling the tip of her tongue around her clit “Best religion ever.”

They all laughed at that, and Harry smiled lovingly at his darling wife’s gorgeous body as he moved Persephone’s legs up onto his shoulders and ran his hands down along her smooth, pale skin.

“After I cum, we can go join the others,” the goddess sighed, the pleased moans and cries coming from the other room having grown so loud and constant that the temptation to join them was becoming too strong to resist.

Harry smirked at that and picked up his pace, fucking the auburn-haired beauty with long, hard strokes. Her sighs and gasps turned to throaty moans as she felt the pressure in her core growing more and more intense. After how hard she’d cum before, she honestly expected it to take a while for her to get anywhere close to another orgasm, and yet as Harry continued to fuck her, spreading her insides wide over and over again with his long, thick cock, she felt herself soaring towards another peak.

“Don’t stop! Don’t fucking stop!” Persephone cried, clawing at the sheets above her head as her whole body started to shake.

Every time he bottomed out inside her, he hit a spot that made her see stars, and she was losing her damn mind over it. This wasn’t the sort of sweet, loving, gentle sex that she’d usually preferred with Adonis, and while she was sure that she’d want that later, for the moment, she didn’t care. Harry was fucking her like he owned her, making her feel like a whore, and she couldn’t get enough of it. The pressure in her core was driving her insane, like there was a spring low in her belly that was being twisted tighter and tighter.

The sounds coming out of her mouth would have shocked her if she could still pay attention to them, raw, desperate, staccato screams of pure bliss. Fleur cried out as she came hard, and Persephone didn’t even notice. The door to their room opened and a shocked gasp drew everyone else’s attention, and she didn’t notice that either. All that she could focus on was the cock inside her and the absolute stud fucking the life out of her, and just as she felt the pressure start to become too much for her to bear, it snapped, and she shrieked, writhing and convulsing in pleasure as she came so hard she flooded the bed under her.

“Do you like your surprise, little dove?” Apolline asked, smirking down at Gabrielle as her youngest daughter stood completely still, taking in the sight of the debauchery she’d been led into with eyes like saucers and her jaw hanging open.

Her mother had told her when she came to pick her up that she had a surprise for her and asked to be allowed to suppress her senses so she wouldn’t spoil it. Figuring that it likely had something to do with Harry, given that she’d been sent a very, very large dildo through the mail a few months ago with a note saying she could have what she desired most in the world if she managed to take the whole thing, but nothing could have prepared her for what she found.

“My my, this must be Gabrielle,” the tall, insanely voluptuous woman who had been eating her sister out when she arrived purred as she spotted her. She flew out of bed, brushing her long blonde hair behind her shoulders and cupping her cheek, adding, “What a beauty you are.”

“Gabrielle, I’d like you to meet Aphrodite,” Apolline smiled. “Oui, zat one.”

“You’re...ze goddess of love?” Gabrielle asked, gasping again as she saw Harry pull out of the auburn-haired woman. “*Holy fuck, he really is that big.*”

“I am indeed,” Aphrodite replied.

“Gabrielle,” Harry smiled. “Welcome to Atlantis.”

“Atlantis?” Gabrielle asked slowly, deeply confused. “Ow much did I miss zis year?”

“Quite a bit,” Fleur sighed, rolling over and sitting up so she could look at her sister. “Ow did you like ze gift zat I sent you a few months ago?”

“Fleur!” Gabrielle exclaimed, flushing scarlet at the thought of admitting in front of her biggest crush that she’d been screwing herself silly night after night with a dildo modeled after his cock.

“‘Arry already knows about ze dildo, mon ange,” Apolline purred, “and ‘e knows about the reward zat you might ‘ave earned.”

“She’s right,” Harry rumbled, grinning down at her as she trembled, her underwear already a sodden ruin. “So did you manage it? Did you manage to take every inch of that dildo?”

“Oui,” Gabrielle breathed, her heart hammering in her chest as she repeatedly looked back and forth between his gorgeous green eyes and the massive, throbbing shaft that she wanted more than anything in the world. “It was ‘ard at first.”

“It’s hard right now,” Aphrodite purred, wrapping a hand around the base of his shaft.

Gabrielle squeaked.

“You were so very good pushing yourself as you did,” Aphrodite grinned. “Gabrielle, I want to make you a deal.”

“A deal?” Gabrielle asked.

“We’re about to go join a much larger orgy, one in which Harry here is going to be at the very center of,” Aphrodite explained. “He’s going to fuck your sister, your mother...”

“What?!” Gabrielle exclaimed, looking at her mother in shock. She probably should have caught onto that sooner, but her entire world had kind of been shaken in the last ten minutes, so her brain wasn’t exactly up to its typical capabilities.

“...your aunt, your cousin, my granddaughter, two of his dearest friends, Persephone over there again, and, of course, me,” Aphrodite continued. “If you can sit and watch the entire thing all night long and not make yourself cum, you’ll get to spend the whole night tomorrow alone with him and Fleur.”

“Oooh, I like zat,” Fleur purred, wrapping her arms around Harry, who looked at her in surprise. “Consider it your reward for giving ze fight tomorrow your all.”

“I was already going to,” Harry whispered in her ear. “You just want to watch me fuck your sweet little sister senseless all night long.”

“You know I do,” Fleur grinned. Looking over at Gabrielle, who looked like she might faint, she smirked and said, “So how about it, mon soeur? Do you zink you can be a good girl and watch ze man you want more zan anyone in ze world fuck ze living ‘ell out of beautiful woman after beautiful woman and keep your hands away from your wet little pussy?”

“I’m not dreaming, am I?” Gabrielle asked, and they all laughed.

“Most assuredly not, Gabrielle,” Apolline replied, hugging her daughter tightly.

“Zis is Mount Olympus?” Gabrielle asked, looking around in awe.

“It actually is a mountain,” Luna murmured.

“It’s a hell of a lot better than Mount Othrys, that’s for sure,” Harry chuckled as he took in the sight of it for the first time.

They looked like they were floating among the clouds, seated on a golden one that Aphrodite had procured for those of them who still couldn’t fly. Out of the middle of that mass of clouds, a single great mountain peak stood tall, reaching towards a sky that seemed to go on without end. The palace built into the side of it was a massive, jutting marvel of white marble and gold. Built in a style that the ancient Greeks either drew inspiration from or inspired, every building in the complex was held up by mighty white columns that gleamed in the sun. Their roofs looked much like that of the temples in Atlantis and the Black family retreat in the Carribean, but the stone tiles used for it all seemed to be actual gold.

“I’m glad you think so,” Apollo chuckled as he joined them. “Good day, mortals. How do you like my nimbus cloud?”

“It’s quite comfy,” Luna replied.

“Nimbus?” Hermione asked.

“A recent invention of mine, one that was inspired by a fascinating work of mortal fiction,” Apollo replied. “Aphrodite here requested the use of one of them today.”

“It was simpler than carrying them,” Aphrodite chuckled. “Thank you. Has everyone else arrived?”

“You’re as fashionably late as ever,” Apollo replied. “Ares hasn’t gotten here yet, but we expected him to spend as little time here as he had to, so that’s not surprising. Come along.”

“I can’t believe we’ve been allowed to come ‘ere,” Cosette murmured. “I wouldn’t ‘ave zought zat any mortal would be allowed to.”

“I convinced Father to make a few exceptions when I devised this little gambit months ago,” Apollo replied, and they all went still.

“What?” Harry asked.

“God of, among other things, prophecy, remember?” Apollo asked. “I foresaw your little spat with my brother and figured out the most efficient way to see it to its end without too much bloodshed.”

“You could have given us some forewarning,” Persephone hissed, glaring at her brother, who just chuckled.

“Not if we wanted your lover here to keep his head; I couldn’t,” Apollo replied. “Things needed to flow exactly as they did to get us all to the least schismatic ending, and besides, you know I like to intervene as little as necessary in any given affair. Talking it out with Artemis and then bringing my proposal to Father was all that I needed to do, and so it’s all I did.”

“So when we came to see you, you already knew everything,” Fleur asked.

“Not everything,” Apollo replied. “I get the bare bones of what’s to come at times, but I’m not omniscient. I actually did have to muck through that dove’s entrails to get more information; I didn’t just do it because I knew it would be delicious.”

“So you can’t give me any clues about how today is going to go, huh?” Harry asked.

“None that would help,” Apollo replied.

They reached the golden gates of Zeus’ palace as they spoke and passed inside to a vast floating garden so beautiful that they couldn’t help but notice.

“I thought that was a Babylonian thing,” Hermione mumbled under her breath.

“I quite liked the idea and shamelessly stole it,” Hera replied, making the other brunette go ramrod straight and look at her fearfully. “Of course, here in Olympus, my garden can hang from nothing at all, so the effect is far better than Babylon’s ever was.”

“It’s beautiful,” Luna sighed. “This one doesn’t have a dragon in it, does it?”

“Ah, so people do still learn about the classics,” Hera sighed. “No, this garden is quite different from my orchard.”

“Queen Hera, I didn’t expect you to greet the mortals in person,” Apollo murmured.

“I just wanted to get a look at our guests before they went inside,” Hera replied. “It’s an exceptionally rare thing for anyone other than a god to be allowed in here, and I trust that each of you appreciates the significance of where you are.”

“We’ll all be on our best behavior if that’s what you mean,” Apolline assured her as Hedone mumbled something about ‘boring’ under her breath.

“Of that, I have no doubt,” Hera said, her gaze falling on Harry. “The past month has been good for you, young man. I think you might actually give my son a duel worth his time.”

“I hope to, my lady,” Harry replied.

“Queen,” Hera corrected him, her expression softening as she gazed into his eyes. “After the duel, I’d like a word. You carry the essence of my grandson in you, and I would like to know you better.”

“Of course,” Harry nodded, and she did as well before vanishing.

“Is she always that intense?” Gabrielle asked Aphrodite quietly.

“Pretty much,” the goddess replied.

Apollo led them into the palace, sending his cloud off into the sky once they all stepped off of it, and they all marveled at how richly decorated everything was. The gold and white marble combination from the exterior continued all the way through, with every banister and door handle being made of gold and every inch of the floor being marble inlaid with the stuff. Harry doubted

there was a single palace on Earth that was quite as elegant as it was, though given that this was the home of the king of the gods, it wasn't like that wasn't quite fitting. The walls were covered in paintings depicting scenes of great battles, including one that he couldn't help but stop and stare at.

"That's Typhon being defeated by Zeus," Aphrodite explained, noticing his interest. "I don't think I've ever seen a man pass through this hall and not stop to look at that one."

"It is undeniably cool," Harry said, making her smile.

"This way," Apollo called out. "We're nearly at the gymnasium now."

They made their way through that hallway, turning at the end of it and taking a flight of stairs up to what appeared, the lowest level of another building in the complex and were met immediately by Athena.

"Welcome to my father's gymnasium," she said. "Thank you, Apollo."

"Always happy to lend a hand," Apollo smiled, flying up into the air.

The gymnasium was a large, square, almost entirely empty room that had obviously been cleared out for the purpose of the duel. A large balcony dominated the far wall, and Harry gulped as he saw every god he'd ever met and quite a few he hadn't seated there. Apollo landed next to Artemis, who smiled and made room for him, and Harry spent a moment trying to piece out who everyone he didn't recognize was when Athena cleared her throat.

"Duels between gods are rare things, but I didn't expect all of the other Olympians to show up," she murmured. "Your armor and sword are in that chest there, and I expect that Ares will be here soon."

"Where are we to sit?" Luna asked.

"You can't see it right now because Apollo loves his spectacles, but there's another cloud sitting under the floor in the corner there," Athena replied, pointing to her right. "Try to look surprised when it raises you up."

"Buzzkill!" Apollo called out half-seriously, having heard her, and the goddess of wisdom just rolled her eyes.

"Good luck," Athena said before flying off.

"Please get a few good hits in for me," Aphrodite smiled, kissing him.

"And me," Persephone added, kissing him as well.

They could practically feel Hera grumbling up on the balcony, and most of the mortal women there decided not to push their luck, simply hugging him instead.

"Really big on monogamy, that one," Fleur whispered as she kissed him. "For once, I don't 'ave to worry about you dying in something like this, so zat is a wonderful change of pace."

"No disagreement here," Harry chuckled. "Don't let it ever be said I never take you anywhere."

Fleur laughed at that.

“It’s going to ‘ard to top Mount Olympus, but I ‘ave faith in you, mon amour,” she smiled. “Zat goes for ze fight as well. Good luck.”

“Thank you,” Harry sighed, kissing her forehead.

As the others finished wishing him luck, the side door swung open and Ares stomped in, already armed and clearly livid. Behind him, two men in almost identical armor followed him in, carrying massive battleaxes that disappeared from their hands almost immediately.

“Phobos, Deimos, you know better than that,” Hera scowled, making them flinch.

“Grandmother, we...” one of them went to say when Zeus chuckled.

“Your grandmother is right, you two; this fight isn’t yours, so you don’t need weapons in here,” he said. “Come join us.”

“I half expected you not to show,” Ares sneered as his sons flew up to join the others, each giving a long, clearly confused look at the group of mortals in the far corner, not that their actual expressions were visible under their helmets.

“No true man ever refuses a worthy fight,” Harry said, quoting something Ares had said to Eros more than once, and the war god went still, staring at him for a moment.

“Arm yourself, boy,” Ares scowled. “I won’t have the pleasure of killing you, so fighting you unarmed would be pointless.”

Harry nodded and opened the chest, smiling as the armor contained within immediately disappeared from within it and reappeared on his form. The classical inspiration of it was plainly clear, and he found himself wondering once again whether the gods had given such ideas to the ancient Greeks, or seen them and found them pleasing like Hera and the hanging garden. It covered more than classical Greek armor had, containing cuisses above the poleyns and greaves. Athena had sworn more than once that armor from back then did sometimes cover the thighs as well, but every image he’d ever seen of ancient Greek armor in Eros’ and Priapus’ memories hadn’t, so he had to wonder how common it actually was.

This suit, forged by Hephaestus after Aphrodite and Athena went to speak to him, honestly looked more like an ancient Greek idea of medieval platemail to him, and yet it was remarkably comfortable and felt significantly lighter than it looked. He’d worn it for nearly every training session he’d had with Athena after it was built and knew that he could move around it as easily as he could naked. Taking one last look in the chest, he pulled out his sword, which he quickly sheathed at the side, as well as his spear and shield.

“Alright,” Zeus called out the moment he was fully armed. “Ares, you need no instructions here, but as our young god hasn’t fought a duel in here before, I will go over them anyway, even though I’m sure Athena already has. This will be a contest of strength and skill at arms; it is not a magical duel, and this is not a venue fit for combat in the air, so you two will remain on the ground and use the weapons you have until such time as one of you surrenders or is no longer able to continue. It is not a fight to the death, and if either of you tries to kill the other, I will be most displeased.”

Even Ares gulped at that, knowing that, regardless of his lasting fury at Adonis, no good could come from angering his father. Many beings have drawn the wrath of Zeus over the eons, and he

couldn't think of many who hadn't come to regret it very quickly. He took his spot in the middle of the room, looking down at the familiar carved ring there. For some duels like this, they'd have been bound to that circle, yet his father hadn't mentioned it, and he was glad. The last thing he needed while being forbidden to end the fight as he wished to was to be restricted further.

"I understand this was a result of your machinations," Aphrodite whispered to Zeus as Harry took his place and the great god merely smiled. "Thank you."

"How is Atlantis treating you?" Poseidon asked and Aphrodite cocked an eyebrow at him.

"I do hope you're not too upset about that," she murmured, and he shook his head.

"I let the island go a long time ago and have no lingering connection to it," Poseidon replied. "You could have asked about the trident, but you put it back in spotless condition, so I can't be too upset about that."

"I didn't want to bother you unnecessarily," Aphrodite said, swallowing thickly as Harry and Ares started to circle each other.

"I must admit, boy, I didn't think when I learned you were a wizard; I expected you to be skinny as a rail and useless without your wand," Ares muttered. "You must have had some experience fighting for your life, though. I know the eyes of someone who's fought, bled, and killed before."

"You're not the first person to want me dead," Harry replied, studying Ares' stance as they continued to circle each other.

He looked slightly less tense than he did the last time he saw him, looking more like a warrior primed for a fight than a bloodthirsty-looking desperate to kill, and it made him wonder if his foe had actually calmed at all over the last month or if he was just restraining himself for the sake of the audience. Ares struck first as he was pondering that, jabbing his spear towards his chest. Harry twisted out of the way of that, and the war god moved back immediately, effortlessly catching his foe's riposte on his shield.

"*He's testing me,*" Harry thought to himself as Ares struck again with a few more probing thrusts, never fully committing to them as he sought to study him.

He moved constantly, his footwork unpredictable as he tried to find an opening, and Harry moved with him, more than used to how he fought. Ducking under Ares' spear, he swung it around to try and force him back; he struck before the god of war could reposition, thrusting at his legs and then, as he danced out of the way of that, jumping up and striking at his chest. He caught that blow on his shield, the thunderous crack of the strike echoing through the room, and let out a laugh as he hopped closer and managed to swing his shield right at Harry's head.

"Athena's a better teacher than I realized," Ares rumbled as Harry just barely managed to get his own shield up in time to block that. "We should have our soldiers spar more often; clearly, she could teach you to fight this quickly."

He shifted stances, holding his shield in front of him and bringing his spear around so he could place it in the groove at the top of it. Pursuing Harry as he stepped backward, he jabbed it forward repeatedly, taking advantage of the cover his shield gave him and putting him on the defensive. It was something the new god had seen him do in just about every sparring session he lived through that contained spears anyway, and he knew at once what Ares was trying to see how he'd respond.

“I’ve made him curious already,” he thought to himself, moving backward and leading him around the room.

Ares thrust his spear at Harry again and again, still probing his defenses, still trying to get an idea of just what he was dealing with. If he was at all frustrated by how his foe continued to block and dodge his flurry of attacks, he didn’t show it, neither speeding up nor striking more forcefully as Harry continued to lead him around the room. When he managed to catch the war god’s spear between his arm and his chest, he heard nearly a dozen gasps ring out at once and quickly brought his shield down onto it, shattering the haft.

Ares’ only response was a grunt, and as Harry pressed his own attack, thrusting his spear again and again towards him, he defended himself with almost insulting ease, twisting out of the way of every thrust that he couldn’t just bat aside with his shield arm. When he managed to redirect one particular thrust towards the ground, he kicked clean through the spear, breaking off the head, and drew his sword.

“My sister vexes me at every turn,” the war god hissed, feinting towards Harry’s head and slashing low at his thighs, grunting when he managed to parry that with his own blade. *“Given her instruction, I would have expected you to fight like her, and yet she chose to teach you to fight like me instead.”*

“Athena did teach me a lot,” Harry replied, jumping over Ares’ low slash and bringing his blade down towards his shoulder, *“but she wasn’t my primary teacher.”*

Ares sidestepped his blow and bashed his shield into his shoulder, forcing him back a step.

“Who else did Aphrodite enlist?” he demanded, his rage starting to show at how long the fight was taking. *“Did Persephone bring you to Elysium and get warriors like Achilles and Theseus to train you?”*

“Damn it!” Persephone exclaimed, wishing she’d thought of that.

“It wasn’t their doing, actually,” Harry replied, hissing as Ares’ blade grazed his shoulder. *“I learned most of this from you.”*

“What the hell are you talking about?” the war god demanded, taking a step back and holding his blade out at his side.

“You said the last time we spoke that my domains as a god were love and erections,” Harry replied. *“You know that Eros and Priapus are as much a part of me as Adonis.”*

“A gift she had no right to give you,” Ares hissed, leaping forward and thrusting towards Harry’s throat.

“It wasn’t...intentional,” he muttered, redirecting his blade away and twisting around to slam his elbow into Ares’ helmeted head.

He growled at the hit, the first one Harry had managed to score, and unleashed a flurry of slashes and thrusts against him. Back on the defensive, the new god focused on dodging and parrying his foes’ attacks, hoping to find some kind of opening he could use.

“Adonis wasn’t intentional either,” he muttered, parrying Ares’ upward thrust and riposting towards his chest. “This whole thing was an accident.”

“If your defense is really that you didn’t ask to be born, you’re not going to find me terribly sympathetic,” Ares smirked, sidestepping Harry’s thrust and trying to grab his arm.

“Bo...I wasn’t born with Adonis’ essence, Ares,” he said, and the war god blinked in confusion.

“You’re his incarnation, though,” Ares muttered. “I figured this was Persphone’s doing.”

“No, I...I have a hole in my soul that lets me absorb others,” Harry replied, taking advantage of the lull in fighting to put a little more distance between them and catch his breath. “This all started because I slept with Aphrodite and didn’t realize that I could do that. It’s how I ended up with Eros’ and Priapus’ essences too. The only one I took on intentionally was Atlas.”

“My brother’s machinations, I know,” Ares scowled, glancing up at Hephaestus for a second. “So you aren’t actually Adonis reborn?”

“No more than I’m Eros reborn, or Priapus reborn, or Atlas reborn,” Harry replied. “When I ascended, I actually got to speak to the four of them, and Eros asked me to give you as great a fight as I could.”

“You quoted me just before we began,” Ares rumbled. “I did wonder about that. Enough words, boy, you want to give me a good fight, you haven’t even started yet.”

With that, their duel was back on, and up in the balcony, the gods watched it with keen interest, if different opinions. Hephaestus was sulking, having realized that his scheme had failed entirely. Ares wasn’t going to lose this fight, that much was clear, but neither was he likely to do anything stupid enough to get him banished to Tartarus. Athena was watching with pride, knowing that, as much as he’d claimed otherwise to try to appeal to Ares’ ego, her combat training had been significant. The most invested, of course, were Aphrodite, Persephone, and Hedone, who were all still as statues and about as tense as Ares and Harry continued to wail on each other, but they weren’t the only ones watching quite keenly.

“You did well, son,” Zeus whispered to Apollo, who nodded. “This could have easily spiraled into something most regrettable.”

“Indeed,” Hera murmured. “Thank you.”

Apollo nodded, keeping his face blank at that. It had been nearly three thousand years since Hera had thanked him for anything, and he imagined it would be about as long before it happened again. As Ares and Harry continued to trade blows, neither tiring out as their respective domains kept them in fighting form, he cocked his head, surprised by how much more even of a fight it was than he’d expected.

“I guess Eros really did impart every bit of combat training his father ever drilled into him,” he thought to himself. *“Of course, it could be Atlas’ doing as well, given what a terror he apparently was in his prime.”*

The titan of endurance had been trapped under the weight of the sky since before his entire generation of gods was born and he had only the stories he’d heard from his father, his aunts, and

his uncles to go on where he was concerned. From the way Harry took the numerous blows Ares struck against him without issue, though, he must have been as durable as the old titan.

“I must say,” Harry grinned as he ducked under Ares’ blade and stabbed towards his chest, just grazing his ribs as the god of war twisted out of the way, “one good thing that’s come of this whole debacle is that I’ve learned to genuinely enjoy fighting.”

“You didn’t before?” Ares growled, lunging forward in an attempt to drive his shoulder into his foe, only to miss entirely as he stepped out of the way. He brought his shield behind him on instinct, catching Harry’s slash, and hissed, “Back in the day, true men were taught to love battle by their fathers, as their fathers had taught them.”

“Mine died when I was a year old, and my uncle...well, let’s just say to be any kind of warrior, he’d need to lose about ten stone,” Harry replied, and Ares barked a laugh.

“Men today are too soft by half,” he muttered. “I walked through a city a few years ago and I swear most of the ones I saw would have been more useful on the battlefield set on fire and launched by catapult. With all that fat they’d burn for hours.”

“*Don’t suggest he meet Vernon, don’t suggest he meet Vernon, don’t suggest he meet Vernon,*” Harry thought to himself as he redirected yet another thrust, only to grunt as Ares headbutted him. He honestly didn’t know how long they’d been fighting, but he wasn’t even close to tired yet. He was absolutely enjoying himself, though, and though he was sure the other god would never admit it, he got the sense that Ares had started to enjoy their duel as well.

“E is magnifique,” Gabrielle breathed as she watched Harry fight, her face flush and her core aflame. “I knew ‘e was a warrior, but...”

“He’s had quite the year,” Hermione said, her amusement at how openly the young Veela was lusting over her lover helping distract her from the fight for a moment. Knowing that Ares wasn’t going to kill Harry did relieve alleviate her fear a bit, but a lifetime of watching Harry fight for his life again and again had made her heart-pounding reaction to it almost Pavlovian.”

“No!” Fleur cried a few minutes later as Ares managed to sweep Harry’s feet out from under him. The god of war held his blade just above his foe’s throat as he glared down at him, and Aphrodite and Persephone immediately looked to Zeus, who held up his hand.

Harry looked up at the other god, golden ichor oozing from the numerous minor wounds he’d managed to inflict through the fight. He knew that he himself was bleeding too, though he barely felt any of the scrapes and bruises littering his body, durable as he was. It had been close, in the end, closer than Ares ever expected, he was sure, and in the end, it all came down to a single missed step; a worthy duel, he thought, hoping that the war god agreed.

“I yield,” he sighed, letting go of his own blade, and to his surprise, Ares stepped back immediately.

“Stay out of the domain of war,” he muttered, sheathing his blade and walking off. Phobos and Deimos flew down to grab the shattered remains of his spear, taking a moment to repair it, and then followed their father as he marched off.

“And so it is settled,” Zeus declared, smiling widely.

“Settled?” Gabrielle asked. “‘Arry lost, zough.”

“Yes, but he didn’t need to win this one,” Luna replied. “He just needed to make a very, very stubborn man realize that this wasn’t a fight he could truly win either.”

Harry flew to his feet and repaired his spear with a wave of his hand, returning it, his sword, and his armor to the chest a moment later. He had more than a few bruises, each of which was bright yellow because of the ichor in his veins, and he was sure he’d be sore later, but for the moment, he felt nothing but elation. Ares had left that fight less furious than he entered it and hadn’t considered finishing him off for even a moment.

“You won’t get my father to admit that he’s wrong about anything, but if he walks away from you without looking like he’s considering if Tartarus would be worth it or worse, needing to be told by Grandfather to back off, you won’t have to worry about him going forward,” Eros had said.

He smiled at that, more than pleased by the sense he had that he’d actually put this ridiculous conflict he’d stumbled into behind him, and he was so distracted by the memory that he didn’t notice Aphrodite, Persephone, and Hedone swarming him until they already had him in their embrace.

“Even with you being what you are, I was still so worried,” Persephone whimpered.

“Thank goodness that’s finally over,” Aphrodite breathed, so relieved in that moment that she was actually willing to forget her plans to get retribution against Ares if it meant she could just spend every waking moment of eternity with Harry. That wouldn’t last long, but it was how she felt in the moment.

“It’s been a while since I saw someone hold their own against Ares like that,” Hedone murmured. “It was so damn hot.”

“As far as fights whose outcomes were all but predetermined go, he did well there,” Athena murmured, looking to Zeus, who nodded.

A potentially bloody conflict between gods had been averted, and they had a new one among their ranks. All in all, it was a good day, particular since he knew his son would feel a little better having gotten a chance to work out his anger in the way he loved most.

““Arry!” Fleur exclaimed, rushing over the second the cloud lowered them back to the ground and pulling him in for a tight hug. Kissing him hungrily, she said, “I swear we are not leaving our bed for a week once we get back.”

“I have no objections to that,” Harry grinned as the others all swarmed him.

“You fought against an actual war god and held your own,” Cosette purred. “You cannot fathom what I’m going to let do to you the next time we fuck.”

“I must admit, for as frightening as all zis was, zat was one of ze ‘ottest zings I’ve ever seen,” Aurelie purred.

“Zere is something about knowing zat your man can be both a tender lover and an utter brute, non?” Apolline grinned.

“Still not as terrifying as watching you take on a dragon,” Hermione sighed, making him snort.

“That was honestly worse,” Luna murmured.

“Can we go now?” Gabrielle whispered, staring up at him with pupils so wide he could barely make out any of the blue of her eyes. “I cannot wait another moment to ‘ave you, ‘Arry.”

“You might want to let me shower first,” Harry chuckled, and she shook her head.

“Non,” Gabrielle breathed. “I want you fresh from ze fight so I can pretend, at least for a moment, zat we are back at ze lake and you just saved me from ze merpeople.”

“If that’s what you want,” Harry chuckled.

“We never had any ‘ope at all of getting her to find another man, did we?” Fleur sighed to her mother, who just chuckled.

“Nope,” Gabrielle replied.

“Well, I guess it’s a good thing that man just happened to be a love god capable of satisfying whole families of Veela, huh?” Aphrodite grinned.

“Your duel is over, and while you were not triumphant, I think you ultimately got what you wanted out of this,” Zeus said as he approached them.

“I hope so,” Harry sighed. “I’m sorry for causing so much trouble.”

“Trouble is par for the course around here,” Zeus sighed, “and in the end, it didn’t get nearly as bad as it could have. I hope we can consider the matter settled.”

He looked at Aphrodite and Persephone as he said that, both of whom bristled.

“Ares murdered Adonis and lied to my face repeatedly for millennia, Father,” Persephone hissed.

“I know,” Zeus nodded, “but I will not have this family descend into chaos, and the both of you are now happy, are you not?”

“We’re not going to start a war with him,” Aphrodite promised, “but neither one of us is going to forget what he did anytime soon.”

“I wouldn’t expect you to,” Zeus nodded. “I would invite you to dine here, but I suspect that you mortals are going to start feeling a little overwhelmed by the sheer power coursing through the air up here, and it would probably be best for you all to return home before that happens.”

“Thank you for letting us come here,” Luna beamed. “Olympus is really beautiful. Would you mind terribly if I asked you a quick question?”

“Luna...” Hermione murmured.

“I’m in an exceptionally good mood right now, so go ahead,” Zeus replied.

“Do you know if there are any crumple-horned snorkacks in Olympus?” Luna asked, earning long-suffering looks from Harry and Hermione.

“I can’t say there are,” Zeus replied. “Now, in Artemis’ menagerie, on the other hand...”

“Rea...” Luna went to ask when a sudden sense of vertigo made her nearly stumble on her feet.

“Another time, dear,” Aphrodite said, opening a portal to Atlantis under all of them.

They fell through it and landed back on the island, where Gabrielle immediately pulled Harry in for a searing, hot kiss.

“I trained so hard with that dildo, ‘Arry,” she whispered. “Stretched out my poor little pussy so much I had trouble walking straight some days, and yet it was worth it. I took it all, and now I want the real thing.”

“Indulge the poor girl before she explodes,” Aphrodite chuckled, and he nodded, picking Gabrielle up and flying off towards his bedroom, followed by Fleur, who ran after them.

“I can’t believe it’s finally over,” Hermione sighed.

“Artemis’ menagerie?” Luna asked excitedly.

“It’s her domain, where she lives with her sexless huntresses,” Hedone replied. “My annual trip there is coming up, and I’d be happy to take you along.”

“You visit Artemis realm once a year?” Hermione asked.

“I bet Artemis back during the Iron Age that someday I’d be able to seduce her and her huntresses into having a massive lesbian orgy with me,” Hedone replied. “I’ve failed more than two thousand times, but I’m still hopeful.”

“Maybe I can help,” Luna offered, making the goddess laugh.

“Maybe you can,” Hedone smiled.

“So I guess now we can focus all our attention on building up ze island for ze incoming Veela,” Aurelie murmured.

“It does still need a fair bit of work,” Apolline said, gazing out at the temple where she knew her little Gabby was about to be fucked for the first time. “*They grow up so fast.*”

“If you’re not too tired, I’d like some help putting the finishing touches on another neighborhood,” Aphrodite piped up, and almost all of them nodded.

“I’d love to, but there are some things I need to check on back in the Underworld,” Persephone replied. “I’ll be by later, though.”

With that, she disappeared, leaving them be, and as Aphrodite, Hedone, and the rest of them looked around at the still-rebuilding Atlantis, the sense that they actually didn’t have to worry about anything for the moment finally sank in.

“OUI, OUI, OUI, OUI!” Gabrielle squealed as Aphrodite walked into Harry’s bedroom a couple hours later.

He had her up against the wall, her back pressed against the smooth stone and her legs hooked around his powerful arms as he drove his thick length into her squelching quim again and again. She came just as the goddess walked in, squirting all over the floor, something that, if the puddle under them was any indication, wasn’t a first for her that night. Fleur whimpered at the sight, and Aphrodite gave her a wicked grin, eagerly taking in the sight of the gorgeous Veela sprawled out on her back in the center of their large bed. Her pussy was swollen, gaping, and quite pink, and the goddess might have expected to find a river of Harry’s thick, delicious seed spilling out onto the sheets, and yet she looked completely clean.

“Did he not cum inside you yet?” she asked, sitting down next to her and brushing her long silver-gold hair out of her face.

“E did...Gabby sucked it all up, zough,” Fleur panted, her eyes not entirely focused and her legs still twitching. “Mon Dieu, I did not realize what a ‘orny little ‘arpy my sister was.”

“MORE!” Gabrielle screamed, digging her nails into Harry’s shoulders and, as he took a step back, starting to bounce on his cock.

“Holy fuck,” Harry groaned, feeling himself nearing another orgasm as her hot, tight little pussy tried to milk him dry. “I’m gonna cum. Where do you want it?”

“Inside!” Gabrielle cried. “Cum inside me so I can feed it to Fleur while you shove zis perfect cock up my ass!”

“Oh, she’s going to fit right in here,” Aphrodite grinned, stripping naked with a wave of her hand just as Harry sat down on the bed and let go with a grunt.

The feeling of his divine seed splashing against the back of her pussy made Gabrielle cum again, and she shrieked in pleasure, holding onto Harry for dear life as she writhed and convulsed against him. He grinned at that and leaned down, burying his face in her large, jiggling breasts and capturing one of her pale pink nipples with his lips.

“So...good,” Gabrielle panted. “Knew you were...a god.”

“She zought zat long before it was actually true,” Fleur laughed, running her nails through Harry’s hair as he leaned back in bed, pulling the horny Veela still impaled on his cock with him.

“It was...always true,” Gabrielle sighed happily. “Your cum is so warm inside me.”

“You said you wanted to feed that load to Fleur, and I want to watch you do it,” Aphrodite purred, and Gabrielle jolted at once.

“Yes, Goddess,” she breathed, reluctantly pulling herself off of Harry’s cock and trying to crawl over to Fleur on her numb legs.

Harry floated her over with a wave of his hand, winking at Fleur as he lowered her sister onto her waiting mouth, and he looked over at Aphrodite, who sat next to him.

“How much longer will it be before I can render them all immortal too?” he asked, and she smiled.

“Not long,” Aphrodite replied. “Once your divinity settles, which should take another month at most, you’ll be able to make servants of your lovers, like my attendants or Athena’s amazons. We are going to enjoy a very long, very pleasurable life together, my love, one full of joy and passion and wonder.”

“Oh, fuck, I forgot ‘ow good you are at zat,” Gabrielle moaned as she ground her still leaking pussy on Fleur’s mouth.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way,” Harry sighed, wrapping an arm around Aphrodite’s waist as the two of them watched the act of incest together.

The goddess of love was proven prophetic in the end, as Atlantis became the hub of all Veela civilization on Earth as well as the home of multiple gods on that plane. The silver-haired, sex-addicted beauties flocked to the risen island to worship their goddess, establishing an orgiastic cult like none other that had ever existed. Harry, in his capacity as the god of love, and Aphrodite, in her capacity as the goddess of love, spent millennia basking in the unending worship of their horny followers, regularly bringing scores of Veela into the upper levels of the temple to enjoy them together.

That was a regular but far from nightly pleasure for them, as most days and nights were spent in the company of the women who became one big happy family with them. Fleur, raised to immortality by Harry and, as his wife, became the single most important figure among the Veela, ruling Atlantis whenever Aphrodite was busy. Hermione, her right hand and the true chief administrator of the local government, took to governance as well as she always thought she would when her dream was to become minister for magic in Britain and not the overseer of a giant sex cult.

The rest of Fleur’s family remained with them as well, Apolline, Aurelie, Cosette, and Gabrielle becoming immortal attendants to Harry just like her. The five immortal Veela lived in paradise, getting to spend their days on a tropical island that was perfectly warm all year round, and their nights basking in pleasure as few among their people had ever managed to. Hedone was a big part of that, having finally found a man she could truly stay in one spot for, and while she never did manage to seduce the virginal goddesses she wanted to corrupt, it didn’t bother her too much. She and Luna eventually grew very close, going off on adventures together to find cute, cuddly animals, like her beloved Simba, yet never failing to return to Atlantis before long.

As Harry sat upon his throne a few thousand years later, being ridden by Aphrodite while Fleur knelt before them, rimming the screaming goddess eagerly, all he could think was that he was so glad he decided to take her to see the island Sirius left him all those ages ago. It had changed both their lives and the lives of their closest loved ones forever and brought them more joy than he ever could have imagined.