

"Raise Atlantis?" Harry asked. "How?"

"With Poseidon's trident," Aphrodite replied.

"Um, won't he miss it?" Fleur replied. "Surely he isn't gone, given the vast extent of his domains."

"He's still around, though his power has waned some over the eons," Aphrodite replied. "He replaced his famous trident years ago with a staff that was even more powerful, but he hid it in an ancient subterranean cave just in case he ever needed it again."

"This is sounding an awful lot like a quest," Harry murmured, and the goddess just giggled.

"Well, you are somewhat of a hero, are you not?" Aphrodite purred. "Listen, Poseidon won't mind too much if you borrow the trident, especially given what we intend to do with it, but if I take it directly, that will be a challenge between gods, and he'll take that much worse."

"How do you know where it is?" Luna asked.

"A girl has her ways," Aphrodite smirked before rolling her eyes. "A mutual lover of ours has a very big mouth, especially when it comes to pillow talk."

"How would Poseidon's trident help us with this anyway?" Harry asked. "I know Atlantis is underwater, but it's a landmass that needs to be raised, and he's a sea god, no?"

"He's more than a sea god," Apolline replied. "The entire Earth was technically his domain, and earthquakes were generally associated with him."

"Correct," Aphrodite nodded. "With the trident, I'll be able to force Atlantis to the surface, and the Veela will have their new home."

"Well, that works for me," Harry nodded. "What sort of obstacles should I expect to find?"

"It's a sunken cave, so you'll need some way to breathe underwater," Aphrodite replied.

"I can mimic the affects of gillyweed using transfiguration," Harry replied, having taught himself that years ago.

"Splendid," Aphrodite smiled. "Beyond that, there will be various traps, and you'll need to process, with caution throughout it, but I can't say what specifically he's employed."

"I won't be of much use zere, I'm afraid," Apolline admitted. "It's been a long time since I've put myself in danger of more zan a 'angnail...or a 'angover."

"Zat's okay, Mama," Fleur nodded. "I'll want you to tell Aunt Aurelie and Cosette about all zis anyway."

"Invite them to the island," Harry suggested. "The three of you can enjoy paradise while Fleur and I..."

"I'm coming too," Luna piped up.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

"This isn't my first long-lost cave or tomb, Harry," Luna replied, "and I'm more dangerous than I look."

*"It would be hard for her to be less dangerous than she looks,"* Harry couldn't help but think to himself. Looking back at Aphrodite, he asked, "So where exactly is this place?"

"Look into my eyes and I'll show you," Aphrodite replied.

*Peering into her gorgeous purple orbs, he felt the telltale sense of someone poking at his mind and let her make contact, finding himself instantly transported to a completely unfamiliar place. It looked like a Greek temple, a richly decorated structure of white marble held up by mighty pillars. The marble tiles beneath his feet felt pleasantly cool, while the salty breeze blowing through the open structure hinted that it was by the sea. This wasn't the underground tomb Aphrodite had spoken about, and just as he was about to ask why that was, a loud, lewd moan came from behind him, making him whip around.*

*"Oh, fuck!" Fleur cried, writhing in pleasure as three gorgeous Veela pleased her, one feasting on her dripping cunt while two others sucked on her nipples.*

*Luna, Apolline, Aurelie, and Cosette were all there as well, lost in a sea of perfect flesh. Gabrielle was as well, lying on top of a brunette he instinctively knew was Hedone, with her head buried between the goddess' thighs while she ground her cunt on her lips. A chorus of moans and pleased screams rang out across the temple, making his cock grow achingly hard instantly, and in the middle of it was Aphrodite, her incredible body on full display and a teasing glint in her purple eyes as she looked at him and summoned him over with a crooked finger.*

*"Just thought I'd remind you what you're working for," she purred, her beautiful voice blanketing his senses as the scene shifted to a cave.*

*She showed him the exterior of it, a place hidden by magic to keep most from wandering in, though his magical senses would help him find it anyway. Inside was a short space leading to a narrow tunnel that he could see at once was entirely flooded, as she'd said. Pulling back, she showed him where specifically it was, a good deal west-south-west of their location, somewhere in the northern Peloponnese.*

"Was that enough, or would you like to see more?" Aphrodite asked breathily, twirling a lock of her golden hair around her finger as she grinned impishly at him.

"You are a wicked thing, aren't you?" Harry asked, and Apolline gasped at his words even as the goddess laughed.

"You don't know the half of it," Aphrodite smirked, "though if you succeed in your quest, you will."

"I saw enough to get there, and I'll figure out the rest when we get there," Harry replied.

"I do so love a man who requires little...instruction," Aphrodite purred, tracing a finger down along his chest. "Good luck."

With that, she vanished, leaving the party alone.

"Am I the only one really hoping she'll sit on my face after we find the trident?" Luna asked.

"No," the other three said almost in unison, and a giggle rang out across the temple.

"Alright, I know where we're going," Harry nodded. "Apolline, like I say, you can use the island freely."

"I'll contact Aurelie once I reach ze island," Apolline replied. "She's going to be even more stunned zan we are."

"Use our return portkey," Harry said, handing her the tin can. "We can fly over when we're done, or I could just apparate us out if I still have the energy."

"If you're sure," Apolline replied. "Good luck, and try to stay safe."

"None of us are new to dangerous situations, Mama," Fleur assured her, "and even 'Arry 'as learned to be careful."

"Oi!" Harry exclaimed, and Luna giggled.

"It just means that you've gotten better with experience," she assured him.

"Either way, just get back safely," Apolline breathed, hugging Fleur and then Harry and Luna.

With that, she disappeared, hoping that this would go as well as Aphrodite seemed to think that it would.

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"Wait, so 'e made ze goddess cum so 'ard 'e sucked a soul out of 'er?" Cosette asked.

"Onestly, I can see it."

"It does 'elp explain 'is significant prowess in bed," Aurelie sighed, fanning herself as the three of them sat out in the sun, enjoying the warm Caribbean day as they sipped on drinks prepared by Kreacher. "What's in zis anyway?"

"Rum, and a good deal more of it zan you'd zink, so don't 'ave too many," Apolline replied, recalling the last time she'd tried Kreacher's Long Island ice teas.

"Keep in mind, Mama, zat 'Arry only ended up with Adonis' soul in 'im because 'e was already extraordinary," Cosette pointed. "Merde, 'ow I wish I'd joined zem in bed sooner. I don't zink I can go back to regular men now."

"You might not need to," Apolline replied, and her niece cocked an eyebrow at her.

"Has Fleur decided to invite us permanently, because I'm in," Cosette grinned, her blue eyes darkening.

"She has, and you two won't be ze only ones," Apolline replied. "After Aphrodite appeared and explained everything, she made 'Arry an offer."

"Oh?" Aurelie asked.

"She wants 'im to be ze 'igh priest of 'er new cult," Apolline replied, "and she wants to unite the Veela in it, or as many as possible."

"What?" Cosette asked. "'Ow many Veela would we be talking about? Because even with 'im 'aving consumed Adonis' soul, I zink 'Arry must 'ave limits."

"She could enhance 'im further," Apolline pointed out, and Cosette shuddered at the thought. "If 'e, Fleur, and zeir friend, Luna, pull off what ze Goddess wants, we could end up at the center of a new pleasure cult."

"Zat would be..." Aurelie trailed off, imagining herself lost in a sea of fellow Veela. "I've attended a few orgies at ze enclaves before, and ze experiences 'ave never failed to be extraordinary."

"Zis would be like zat only 'otter, given ze goddess' direct involvement," Apolline replied. "I take it you're both in?"

"If it means riding zat cock again, I'm up for anything," Cosette purred, and Aurelie chuckled.

"My little nymph," she cooed, ghosting a finger over her daughter's chest between her large, bare breast. "'Ave I been neglectful in taking care of you?"

"Not at all, Mama," Cosette purred, "but zere are some zings zat only a truly big, fat cock can do."

"Don't I know it," Aurelie sighed.

Apolline watched them curiously, aware that the two hadn't been quite this intimate before, though it seemed that Harry just managed to bring that out in Veela, something that made her think of her youngest.

"Gabrielle might faint when she learns about all zis," she chuckled to herself.

"You'll 'ave to let 'er join in," Aurelie grinned. "At zis point it would be cruel to deny 'er."

"I can't wait to watch her beautiful face screw up in pleasure as he stretches out 'er little cunt, ruining 'er for all ze lesser boys who drool after 'er behind," Cosette purred. "Unlike

us, she will never waste 'er time with zem, never know what it's like to be disappointed by a man."

"Certainly not," Aurelie chuckled. "Lucky zing. So what are 'Arry, Fleur, and zis friend of zeirs up to? You mentioned zat ze goddess 'ad given zem a task."

"She wants us Veela to 'ave a land of our own," Apolline replied, "and since most of ze known world is already settled, she elected to go with a more...unique solution."

"Oh?" Aurelie asked.

"She wants to raise Atlantis from the depths," Apolline replied, "and she's tasked 'Arry with retrieving the Trident of Poseidon to do so."

"Atlantis?" Cosette asked in surprise before confusion set in. "If zat trident could do zat, why didn't Poseidon do it 'imself back in ze day?"

"We didn't zink to ask," Apolline replied, "though I'll try to remember to the next time I see her."

"I can't believe you've actually met 'er," Aurelie sighed. "'Ell, Fleur and 'Arry 'ave twice now."

"If we do zis, I suspect zat we'll end up seeing a lot of 'er," Apolline smiled.

"Well, I'm in," Cosette declared. "So long as I can continue to work as I like, I'd love ze opportunity to live in a giant Veela commune and worship our goddess."

"Zere's little keeping me in France just now," Aurelie shrugged. "With Jacques gone, ze idea of moving to a place populated almost entirely by our own kind is too tempting to pass up."

"Wonderful," Apolline smiled, finishing the last of her drink. "Now, I just need zem to come back successful so zat I can stop worrying about zem."

"Ow dangerous do you zink zis quest will be and where is ze trident anyway?" Cosette asked, looking at her aunt in concern.

"It's in some underground tomb in Greece," Apolline replied, "and as for ze danger, Aphrodite believed zat Poseidon wouldn't be too offended if a mortal came and borrowed ze trident, but zere will be some traps. Luckily, both 'Arry and Fleur are powerful and capable in zeir own right, and Luna 'as some experience with zis kind of zing."

"Oo is Luna, anyway?" Cosette asked.

"She's ze blonde woman 'oo 'it on you at zeir wedding," Apolline replied. "Ze one with ze odd come-on you mentioned."

"Oh, 'er!" Cosette exclaimed. "I'm somehow not surprised zat explores long lost tombs in 'er free time."

“She’s unique, zat one,” Apolline chuckled. “Anyway, ‘opefully it won’t take zem too long.”

“Well, we could always get your mind off of it in ze meantime,” Aurelie offered, and Cosette leaned in closer.

“Oui,” she whispered, “you do look a little stressed, Aunt Apolline. Let us ‘elp you.”

Apolline smiled at them and pulled Aurelie in for a kiss, more than happy to have such an alluring distraction.

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“That’s a rock wall, Harry,” Luna pointed out as the three of them stood there, staring at what looked like a simple mountainside.

“The cave’s hidden,” Harry replied, “and impressively well, though given that an actual god did it, that’s not surprising. The entrance is fully hidden from the senses, but, if you know where it is and just walk right in...”

He disappeared inside the mountain, and Fleur and Luna quickly followed, finding a small cave inside.

“Like the entrance to platform nine and three-quarters,” Luna smiled as she looked around. I guess we have to crawl into that short opening at the other end of the cave?”

“Yes,” Harry replied, chuckling as Fleur grumbled and transfigured her clothes into a more durable, leather outfit. “Good idea for this section, though it might not help once we get to the flooded part.”

“How far in is that?” the Veela asked.

“Not too far,” Harry replied. “We have to crawl through a narrow passageway about five hundred or so feet long, then drop down and swim through the much longer stretch after that. From there, we should emerge in the main chamber and find the trident.”

“If there are any other treasures down here, we shouldn’t touch them,” Luna murmured. “In my experience, the more things you touch in magical tombs, the less friendly the defenses get.”

“How many places like this have you found?” Fleur asked.

“A few,” Luna shrugged. “Most of the time when I travel, I’m looking to examine the local magical wildlife and see if I can find traces of creatures that we haven’t yet found definitive proof of, but if I hear about some long-lost ruins or hidden treasure, it’s usually fun to have a look.”

Harry chuckled at that and knelt down by the hole in the cave wall, casting lumos and sending the light flying down the tunnel to see how far it actually went, as well as check for

any structural issues that might have developed since the memory Aphrodite had shown him. Knowing that the god of earthquakes had hidden a treasure underground did make him concerned that some of the traps ahead might involve collapsing sections of the cave itself and he knew that he'd need to progress slowly.

"It looks like it did in Aphrodite's memory," Harry replied, "though she didn't think that the traps would truly appear until further in."

"That's generally the case," Luna nodded. "The designers of places like this generally seem to want to lure their victims into a false sense of security before crushing them, which is quite mean."

"Well, they are typically trying to deal with thieves," Harry pointed out. "I've seen the back of the cave, so I can apparate over there. Apparate to me once I light it up, and it will save you a little crawling."

"An excellent idea," Fleur sighed. "It's a pity we can't apparate across the the underwater part."

"We'd never see far enough, and apparating to places you aren't sure of is never a good idea," Harry sighed. "Still, I will be able to transfigure us."

"Yes, I was going to ask about that," Luna murmured. "What made you try to replicate the effects of gillyweed?"

"It's a damn useful transformation, but the hour-long duration is less than ideal," Harry replied. "As I delved into N.E.W.T. and post-N.E.W.T. transfiguration, I set about trying to figure it out and even consulted with Minerva about it."

"Really?" Luna asked, intrigued.

"She's still a wellspring of knowledge on her old favorite subject," Harry replied, "and Dumbledore's portrait chimed in a couple times too."

"That must have been nice," Luna smiled. "I haven't been back to Hogwarts since I left."

"It was," Harry smiled before apparating to the other side of the tunnel and lighting up his wand.

Luna and Fleur both got on their knees and followed suit, appearing right in front of him, and he turned around, examining the hole that led to the next part of their journey. From what he could see, it dropped about four or five feet into a fully flooded shaft. Whether it was an underground river that Poseidon had diverted for his purposes or a tunnel he created and filled with water, it was full to the top of the next part, so he couldn't even freeze a path to glide across down there. They'd be stuck swimming, and, unlike the first time he'd been forced to swim for a task, he actually knew what he was doing. He just hoped that this one wouldn't involve needing to save a Veela.

"Alright, so we'll all jump in first, and I'll transfigure us from there, because I will be creating gills, and you'll need to be in the water once I finish," he said. "Shoes off too, because I'll be webbing your toes as well."

"I zought I said I didn't like zat," Fleur quipped, making him snort as she removed her shoes with her wand and floated them into her mokeskin pouch.

"It was your idea, I must point out," Harry chuckled, remembering the one and only time she'd given him a footjob to completion.

"I was curious, and it wasn't zat bad, zough ze mess was not worth it," Fleur replied.

Harry smiled at her and jumped through the hole, landing in what turned out to be surprisingly cold water. He cast warming charms on Luna and Fleur before either fell in, and Fleur cast one on him, rolling her eyes.

"Zat much I can do," she chided. "You should have warmed yourself, silly man."

"Maybe he just wanted us to warm him up," Luna suggested, swimming over to him and hugging him from behind.

"That's a...well, if you two insist," Harry chuckled as Fleur wrapped her arms around them both and rested her head on his shoulder.

He smiled as he quietly took care of her transfiguration first, reshaping her body in the same ways that gillyweed would. Her fingers and toes gained a thin layer of connective tissue, which would make swimming easier, and she gained gills as he safely disconnected her lungs. The moment that was finished, she swam under him, letting them do their work, and he turned to work on Luna. Once all three of them were transfigured, he swam down and cast lumos, groaning as he saw just how comparatively little light that produced. Even overpowering it wouldn't make it work as well as it would above ground, given how utterly pitch black the tunnel was, but with three of them working together, they were able to illuminate a few feet in front of them.

They moved slowly, more than they would have truly needed to with how much their webbed hands and feet made swimming easier, but they had no idea what, if anything, they were going to find down there and figured that erring on the side of caution was a great idea. The flooded tunnel was long and dark, and together with how cold the water was, it would have been a challenging thing for mundane explorers to get through, given that there were no air pockets to catch their breath in. It was a straight path, though, with only the odd jagged rock serving as an obstacle, and soon enough they were at the other side and needed to wait for Harry to undo his transfigurations before they could climb up.

"That was easy," Luna said as soon as she'd finished drying herself off, her voice sounding more concerned than anything.

"It was," Harry replied in kind as he looked around.

"Too easy," Fleur muttered. "I zink we're still in ze 'being lured into a false sense of security phase.'"



"Either that or Poseidon is really nice," Luna replied, not sounding like she truly trusted that.

"This is as far as Aphrodite showed you, yes?" Fleur asked.

"Farther," Harry replied. "She only really knew up to the flooded tunnel."

He re-lit his wand and looked around, finding a simple, seemingly unobstructed cave leading to a hallway that looked more well-carved than the rough caves he'd seen so far. Signaling for the others to stay close, he stepped closer to the hallway and levitated a small rock nearby, bringing it forward and pressing it in various spots along the floor. Sure enough, a few feet in, a jagged stone spear shot up through the ground and would have impaled him through the taint if he had been standing there.

"Ah, not really nice then, or at least not thieves, which few people are," Luna mused. "Most in my experience seem to take the philosophical stance that 'if you believe my things are worth more than your life, why should I disagree?'"

"We could conjure and animate stone golems and 'ave zem walk through the hall, setting off all ze traps," Fleur posited, and Harry smiled, liking the idea.

"That works, though we'll have to make sure that there isn't some fail-safe in place for entire groups," Harry replied. "I wouldn't put it past a guy associated with earthquakes to just collapse the whole place. In fact, wait a second."

He apparated back to the entrance of the cave and returned, letting them know that they could actually get out like that. With that done, the three of them began doing as Fleur suggested, conjuring human-shaped stone structures and animating them to walk down the hallway. Golem after golem got impaled, crushed, and, in one instance, frozen solid, but they just kept sending them along, vanishing each trap as they uncovered them. It was tedious work and, arguably, cheating, but it worked, and eventually they felt safe enough to advance, following the next set of expendable stone automatons through to a fork in the hallway.

"Hmm, interesting," Luna murmured as she illuminated the walls and looked more closely, "there are murals."

"So did Aphrodite's temple," Fleur pointed out.

"Yes, but that was a temple, and the murals were done by her worshipers," Luna replied. "This place was set up by Poseidon, which means that these were either painted by him or, at least, with his direction."

"Which is odd and more than a little suspicious," Harry muttered. "Why bother decorating a place you're only using as a storage room for your old weapon?"

"You think it's another trap?" Fleur replied.

"I think it doesn't make sense," Harry replied, "and we just passed through a hallway that would have killed us a dozen times over if we hadn't sent the golems ahead, so I'm a little wary of anything that doesn't make sense."

"Fair point," Fleur murmured. "This mural seems to depict the eldest of the gods defeating their father, Cronus, while this one seems less grand."

"It's the story of Minos and the white bull," Luna chimed in. "Poseidon gifted him a magnificent bull to be used as a sign of divine favor when Minos asked for help securing his reign in Crete, on the condition that he'd sacrifice him down the line."

"I remember that tale," Harry added. "Minos sacrificed a lesser bull, offending Poseidon."

"The god then cursed Minos' wife with a terrible lust for the bull, and she set about finding a way to have sex with it," Luna continued. "It must have been like fucking you, Harry, such an overwhelming feeling of being full."

She purred that last bit, looking up at him with hooded eyes, and he felt his cock twitch.

"She then gave birth to the minotaur," Fleur concluded, amused by Luna's obvious desire. "So one mural depicts ze gods' greatest triumph, while another specifically depicts one of ze most obvious tales of 'is wrath. Which path do you zink leads to ze treasure we seek?"

"I suspect it's the hallway leading from the mural about Minos, though if you could send a golem down the other hallway, we can test it too," Luna replied.

Shrugging, Harry did so, only to wince when the floor and the ceiling both moved to crush it utterly before returning to their prior state.

"It was during the fight against the titans that Poseidon first got his trident, and that, combined with the fact that the other mural depicts a tale of his wrath, would seem like a hint that the trident lay that way, but..." Luna trailed off.

"There was no reason to give clues for thieves here at all," Harry concluded for her. "Well reasoned."

He sent a golem ahead down the other hallway just in case, following it at a safe distance, but there were no further traps, and soon enough they were faced with a door, the first one they'd come across since they got there. Unlocking it with a wave of his wand, Harry tugged it open, straining as the ancient hinges protested moving at all after so long spent in place, and grunted when they finally gave way. Luna poked her head and wand in, lighting up the room, and gasped as she looked around.

"What is it?" Fleur asked.

"There's just a big statue, though the room itself is gorgeous," Luna replied. "Look."

Harry and Fleur looked inside and were impressed by how ornate it all looked. The walls, floor, and ceiling were all gilded and covered in jewels, mostly aquamarine and sapphires, while the statue, a life-sized marble thing, stood at the center, holding a trident in its hands

that definitely wasn't made of marble. It looked to be bronze and must have been quite heavily enchanted, given that it hadn't oxidized at all in all the time it had been down there.

"I guess that's what we're looking for," the Veela murmured. "So, Luna, what do you think the chances are that taking the trident won't trigger some deadly trap?"

"There's always a chance, but I wouldn't put money on it," Luna replied.

"Well, here goes nothing," Harry muttered, stepping inside just enough to get a clearer view of the statue. "Accio..."

"Divine intruder!" the statue bellowed, coming to life and pointing the trident right at him. "You dare invade the trident room?"

"Oh, crap," Harry groaned as he was suddenly yanked off his feet and towards the statue, who moved to impale him.

"Harry!" Fleur and Luna screamed in unison, rushing in as he conjured a stone shield in front of himself and transfigured the side facing him to be cushioned.

The trident impaled the stone by a few inches but didn't go all the way through, and Harry bounced off the cushioned side harmlessly, scrambling to his feet.

"Bombarda!" Fleur hissed.

"Accio trident," Luna cast.

The statue resisted Luna's spell and blocked Fleur's growling at them as the sapphires and aquamarine stones on the wall began to glow, bathing the room in blue and turquoise light. A powerful wave of water jetted from the trident, forcing Fleur and Luna to jump aside as it carved into the door behind them.

"Glacia maxima," Harry cast, freezing the water solid before lobbing the entire sheet of ice at the statue.

It hit with such force that it pushed it back, though the statue then lunged forward, trying to spear him.

"Expulso," Fleur cast, sending a blue bolt at the statue, which it had to block with the trident, giving Harry a chance to roll away.

"Keep hitting it with concussive spells; I have an idea," he called out.

"Bombarda," Luna cast.

"Confringo," Fleur spat.

The pair of them kept up their continuous assault, forcing the statue to defend itself and giving Harry a moment to work. The trident was quite powerful, but the statue itself seemed to have rather limited intelligence, either attacking or defending itself as the need

arose. It was still dangerous, and he really didn't want to give it a chance to use some of the other things he was sure the trident could do, but it wasn't that smart, and he could use that.

Looking around the room, he conjured large, heavy chains and bound them to gilded walls, setting them up at four specific spots he was sure would work for what he had in mind, and transfigured the ends of them into manacles before sending them off towards the statue, which still had its back to Harry. Fleur and Luna were keeping up a barrage of curses and charms cast so quickly and with such precision that any normal wizard or witch would have struggled to defend against them all, but the trident blocked each one with ease and, Harry realized to his horror, seemed to actually be absorbing them. The bronze weapon began to glow blue just as the manacles wrapped themselves around the statue's wrists and ankles and began tugging its limbs away. It struggled against them while still blocking the witches' spells, but with it so thoroughly distracted, Harry saw the opening he was looking for.

"Reducio!" he cast.

The purple bolt of light hit the statue square in the back, and Harry gasped at the sheer power he felt within it. It might not have been that intelligent, but the enchantments in it were significant, and he felt a great power fight against him as he sought to shrink it down. Steeling himself, he continued to force his will on the enchanted marble construct, sighing in relief when he saw it finally start to shrink. Fleur and Luna had stopped attacking it once they saw what Harry was doing, and the moment the statue's hand became too small to hold onto the trident, Luna snatched it away, looking down in awe at the weapon.

Fleur vanished the chains once they ceased to be of use, and Harry continued to shrink the statue until it was six inches tall, at which point he froze it in place. "Zat was annoying."

"You aren't wrong," Harry muttered, setting the statue back on the raised dais in the middle of the room. "Luna?"

"Hmm?" Luna asked, looking up from the trident. "Sorry, but this thing is incredible. The sheer amount of power I can feel emanating from it is insane."

"It was built by the ancient Cyclopes for him," Fleur pointed out, "and was used in fights against titans. We will want to return it as soon as we can, lest he find out what we did and come after us."

"Agreed," Harry muttered. "Come, and I'll apparate us all out of here. I have to imagine I'm the least tired at the moment."

"Probably," Luna nodded as she and Fleur both took his hands.

He conjured an image in his mind of his island home and apparated out, hoping that Aphrodite wouldn't end up requiring much more from them to pull this off.

"Oh, fuck, oh, fuck, oh, fuck!" Apolline cried as they appeared, and Harry groaned at the sight that greeted them.

The Veela was on her back in the living room, her arms bound above her head as Cosette ate her out and her mother rimmed her puckered little asshole. He felt his cock spring to life immediately and chuckled at how commonplace such scenes had become in his life. For most people, walking in your mother-in-law getting eaten out by her niece and rimmed by her sister would be a shocking and, at minimum, unusual event, but for Harry, it was Tuesday.

"That looks like fun," Luna grinned, and Cosette and Aurelie whipped around in shock.

"Arry," Cosette purred, sitting down on the floor with her arms behind her back and pushing her chest out enticingly at him. "Care to join us?"

"Don't mind if I do," Harry replied as Luna set the trident down to lean against the nearest wall. "It looks like you've been tormenting her for a while."

"Zey 'ave," Apolline whimpered, and Aurelie scoffed.

"Please, you once tied me up and edged for three hours back in Beauxbatons," she muttered. "It's a wonder ze 'ouse elves didn't say anything about how badly I ruined ze bed when you finally made me cum."

"You weren't complaining while you were screaming your 'ead off and squirting like a fountain," Apolline smirked.

"Like this?" Harry asked before leaning and pressing his tongue against her throbbing clit. "*Cum.*"

"OUI!" Apolline squealed as she came hard, drenching him in her fluids as they sprayed all over his face.

Harry ate her out hungrily, happily drinking down everything he could as he grabbed her wide hips and held her still. Her screams of pleasure echoed through the room, distracting everyone so much that none of them noticed as a six-foot-tall goddess with breasts bigger than all their heads and golden hair flowing down to her truly divine ass standing in the room.

"You cum beautifully, my dear," Aphrodite sighed happily, and both Aurelie and Cosette jumped, realizing at once who she had to be.

"M...my goddess," Aurelie stammered, kneeling before her.

"Goddess," Cosette breathed. "I owe you much for bestowing ze gifts you did on 'Arry 'ere."

"The best way to pay tribute to me is to fuck with wild abandon," Aphrodite grinned. "You've never had trouble there, Cosette."

"Of course not," Fleur giggled, embracing her cousin from behind and cupping her massive breasts. "Zis little slut 'as never known an ounce of shame."

"Shame is for the weak," Cosette purred, grinding her ass against Fleur's hips and resting her head back on her shoulder, spotting Luna in the corner. "Ah, you're Luna, right?"

"I am," Luna replied dreamily. "You're just as beautiful, I thought you'd be out of your dress."

"I should have taken you up on your offer back then," Cosette purred.

"There's still time," Luna smirked.

"Sad as I always am to break up an orgy, I must insist that we move quickly," Aphrodite said just as Apolline sat up, her glassy eyes coming back into focus. "The sooner we get started on raising Atlantis, the sooner I can return the trident. I'd rather not get into it with Poseidon if I don't have to."

"How are you going to raise it?" Harry asked. "If it's something that the trident could be used for, why did he not do it himself?"

"He was furious with the Atlanteans for ruining their once-great civilization and sought to wash his hands of them," Aphrodite replied. "My cult was never big on the island, so I didn't know all that much of what they got into, but from what I heard, their magical experiments grew more and more reckless, and they ultimately destroyed themselves."

"He won't mind about you raising it for your purposes, though, right?" Fleur asked.

"No," Aphrodite replied. "It's been millennia, he's had plenty of time to get over it. I don't think he's even brought it up in at least a thousand years."

"Before we go, I have one other question," Harry said. "When we infiltrated the treasure room, there was a statue holding the trident that came to life the moment I entered. It said something about a 'divine intruder.' Do you have any idea what that was about?"

"Divine?" Aphrodite asked, immediately moving in close and pressing her fingers against his forehead. "It couldn't be."

"You think he consumed Eros' soul instead?" Luna asked.

"Your semen tasted so much like Adonis' that I was certain it was him, but if Poseidon's defenses recognized you as divine, then it must have been," Aphrodite replied, her purple eyes dimming slightly. "I was so sure."

"Maybe 'e's descended from Adonis," Cosette suggested. "It would explain why 'e was already such an absolute stud even before you ever touched 'im."

"Did 'e have mortal descendants?" Fleur asked.

"Almost certainly," Aphrodite smiled. "He had his share of mortal lovers as well. Given how attractive and incredible in bed he was, that was given, and I'm sure some of them conceived, though I never investigated it."

"I wouldn't have thought that I had Greek heritage, but this would have been from millennia ago, so it's possible," Harry shrugged.

"Anyway, we should get going," Aphrodite smiled. "I understand you have a ship?"

"Yes, I bought and enchanted a yacht a while ago," Harry replied.

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"Where exactly are we going?" Harry asked a while later as his ship sailed through the Atlantic, moving faster than it normally would have.

"It's a good distance west of the Pillars of Heracles," Aphrodite replied, holding the trident at her side. "We're actually approaching its westernmost point, so you'll want to stop the ship soon."

"Um, how big is this place?" Harry asked. "I pictured something small and easy enough to hide."

"It's a large island, Harry," Aphrodite replied.

"So on a scale of my island to Australia, what exactly are we talking about here?" Harry asked.

"Sort of Britain and Madagascar combined," Aphrodite replied. "I'll manage to hide it from the mundane, though, I assure you."

*"So long as you're sure,"* he thought to himself, hoping that the ancient goddess knew more about muggle technology and capabilities than the average wizard did.

"Here," Aphrodite breathed suddenly. "Stop the ship, for if we go much further, we'll end up beached."

"Got it," Fleur replied, bringing the ship to as swift a halt as she could.

Aphrodite strode towards the starboard edge of the ship with purpose, her brow furrowed as she concentrated on what she planned to do. She'd never wielded the trident before, but she knew very well how it worked. With it, she'd be able to expand her senses to pick up every current in the water below and the exact topography of the ground underneath. She had a rough recollection of where Atlantis had stood, and that was enough to draw close enough to be able to do what she intended to, but it wouldn't be until she started using the trident that she'd be able to determine the exact borders of the island.

Dipping the three points of the trident into the sea, she shuddered at the surge of power she felt in it and closed her eyes. Expanding her senses, she smiled as her mind was flooded with information, only to frown as it quickly became too much. Within moments she was observing the entire Atlantic Ocean, taking in the sight of every organic and inorganic thing within her mind's eye. Her brow shone with sweat as she tried to get a handle on it, neither needing nor wanting that much information, and just as she started to peer into the Pacific Ocean, she succeeded, pulling her focus back. It shrunk more and

more, allowing her to finally take in more of the detail of what she was seeing, and when she finally came to view just a ten-mile radius of her current location, she sighed in relief.

"There you are," she smirked.

The ruins below them were hidden by magic, and no effort that the mundane people had made to find it had worked or would have ever, but she could see it clearly. The island had been irregularly shaped, its silhouette looking almost like a potato, and Aphrodite was tempted to try and round it out a little more so it would be nicer, but she decided against it. Once she had a clear view of where it was, she channeled her power through the trident and opened up a small column of air in the water, which she jumped into.

"I do hope she can fly," Luna murmured as she watched the goddess descend to the bottom of the ocean.

"Even if she can't, I'm sure she's fine," Harry chuckled, instinctively grabbing Fleur as he felt the ship start rumbling.

"Getting the shield up," Fleur announced, swiping her wand across the runic display under the helm.

"Wow, zat actually looks like a shield charm," Cosette marveled as the shimmering magical shield went up around the ship.

"It's based on it," Harry replied, grunting when the first high wave hit it and bounced off harmlessly. "I had it heavily enchanted when I first got it, going overboard really, since I only expected to use it to cruise through the Caribbean now and then, but I've long since learned to just go with overkill when I can."

More waves slammed against the shield, none of them getting through or even pushing the ship aside, and Luna gasped when the first hints of land began to push up over the water. They all stood and stared as an entire island larger than the British Isles combined rose from the depths in front of them. It stretched as far as they could see after a while, and Harry continued to wonder just how Aphrodite planned to hide its new existence from the muggles, but as he watched it fully form, he figured it was best to trust her. Once it was done, she appeared on the ship, looking drenched in sweat and more tired than he'd ever seen her.

"That...was harder than I thought it would be," she panted, handing the trident to Aurelie, who quickly set it down.

"Here," Harry said, summoning her a chair to sit down on and watching as her massive breasts bounced in her purple gown when she slumped into it. "Even for a god, that was really impressive."

"You don't need to flatter me, darling," Aphrodite purred. "I'm already planning to fuck you."

Harry snorted at that and walked around her, resting his hands on her shoulders and kneading them firmly.



"Fuck, I love a man who doesn't need instruction," the goddess groaned as he glided his hands over her sweaty skin.

"It's fully up, then?" Cosette asked.

"That's all of it," Aphrodite replied. "The planet will take a little while to adjust to change since that is a lot of ground shifted around to push the whole thing up, but it's stable. Bring the ship ashore, and we can go exploring."

"I can't imagine that anything is still standing," Harry chuckled, and Aphrodite smirked.

"Very little," she replied.

Wondering what she meant but figuring there was little point in asking when they were so close, he moved the ship in closer before pulling his flying carpet out of his makeskin pouch and laying it out on deck.

"With the stasis charms in place and shields up, this thing won't move an inch," he explained, "and we can fly over in comfort on the carpet."

"I will never understand why these are illegal in Britain," Luna pouted.

"Alf of your laws are idiotic," Fleur replied, and Harry chuckled, not disagreeing in the slightest.

The seven of them piled onto the large carpet and he flew over the island, noting how utterly dead it looked. As a stretch of land that had been underwater for thousands of years, naturally it wasn't full of plants and animals, and what little life didn't manage to escape it as it ascended to the surface was going to die off soon, but it was actually hard to believe that life had ever existed on it, at least until he came across the ruins.

"Oh, wow," Luna marveled. "It must have been incredible once."

"It was, from what I remember," Aphrodite replied. "Of course, it was a long time ago."

That much was clear, given that what little remained of the structures just barely hinted at the shape they used to have, though as they continued inland, they eventually saw that there was one notable exception there. Most of the ruins reminded him a little of the merpeople village under the Black Lake, though at the very center of what was once the city, there lay a building that had clearly been dedicated to Poseidon.

A massive square foundation still existed, and though there had once clearly housed three structures. The smaller two had been lost to time, and only the faintest hint that there had once been something there remained, but the largest of them looked so intact it was almost hard to believe that it had been underwater for so long. Rectangular in layout, the temple, for it could be nothing else, was built in the classical style, with tall marble columns holding up a blue-tiled gable roof. Its doors were tall, heavy-looking, and made of wood, something that, more than anything else, hinted at the magic woven into the building, because they didn't look the slightest bit waterlogged.

"I can't imagine the level of enchantments required to preserve a building this well after millennia in salt water," Harry marveled aloud, and Aphrodite sighed.

"It is most impressive, I'll admit," she replied. "Atlantis was once the center of the world's magical community, and this its largest and most impressive temple, was its pride and joy. Let's go inside."

"Should we expect trouble?" Harry asked, still wary after his earlier adventures in Greece.

"No," Aphrodite replied. "Like I said, Poseidon washed his hands of this place long ago. Every statue and idol disappeared when he wrote them off, taken to his domain. That one you faced may very well have come from here. The temple itself, though, will be empty."

She opened the door, and sure enough, nothing popped out, though as Harry peered inside, it became clear that she hadn't been wrong about the temple being cleaned out. The large entrance hall was completely empty and eerily quiet. Aphrodite walked inside, beckoning for them all to follow, and grinned as she looked around.

"Yes, this will do nicely," she beamed. "I always did think it was a gorgeous temple."

"So you want to repurpose it for your worship?" Harry asked. "Given that it was once dedicated to a different god, is there anything special we need to do to dedicate it to you, or is it as simple as erecting statues and building new altars?"

"Such a clever man you are," Aphrodite chuckled, turning around and looking into his eyes. "As Poseidon denounced this entire island and ransacked the temple in the last days of its old existence, he formally severed his connection to it. Rededicating it to me would normally involve a protracted rite that would have lasted days, though given that I'm here personally, we'll be able to get it done today."

"And what will..." Harry went to ask, only to trail off when her clothes disappeared and she stood before him completely naked. "Right."

"Seed me here in the middle of the temple, and it will be as closely tied to me as any temple I ever had," Aphrodite purred. "I did promise you a reward for all your hard work, after all."

"Holy fuck," Cosette breathed as her eyes raked over her goddess' naked form.

"I know, right?" Luna asked, and the Veela smirked at her.

"You know, I made a terrible mistake during Fleur's wedding," Cosette smirked, tracing a finger along Luna's cheek. "Ad I known just 'ow wild you were, I would 'ave taken you up on your offer."

"I was hoping to wear your thighs like a scarf that night," Luna smiled up at her.

"Well, zen we both ended up disappointed," Cosette pouted. "I'd better do something about zat."

She pulled the shorter woman in for a searing hot kiss and giggled into her mouth when she immediately undressed them both with a wave of her wand. Harry and Fleur walked over to Aphrodite, undressing themselves as they went, while Apolline and Aurelie looked around the temple in awe.

"If you told me zis place 'ad been underwater for five minutes, I wouldn't believe you, much less millennia," Aurelie murmured. "It even looks clean, as zough ze charms kept out everything."

"Considering what our goddess 'as in mind, zat is for ze best," Apolline chuckled, watching as Aphrodite kissed Harry while kneading Fleur's ass.

"It would be rude not to join in," Aurelie grinned, embracing her sister from behind and running her hands over her still-clothed form.

"And neither of us 'ave ever been rude," Apolline replied coyly, undressing them both before kissing her sister.

*"Fucking hell, even kissing her is insane,"* Harry thought to himself as his tongue danced with Aphrodite's.

Even this would make a lesser man cum, he was sure, but he had never been lesser and was more than up to the challenge of pleasing the goddess of love. The only time that the two of them had had sex before had been while he was in his mindless rut after her initial blessing, and his memory of it was hazy. He knew that he'd eaten her out, and she'd sucked him off, but his memories of actually fucking her while in his divine-induced lustful frenzy weren't entirely clear. He hadn't thought anything of that since, knowing enough to know that while she took him to give Fleur time to recover when she needed a break, it had been incredible, and he hadn't set out to fuck her again, not thinking that it was likely to happen again in general. Part of what made her offer so impossible to say no to was the promise of actually getting to have her again, remembering every moment of it this time, and he'd done all that she asked of him.

"Fuck, maybe you are his descendant," the goddess moaned. "It would explain this incredible cock."

"Was that what drew you to Adonis back in the day?" Fleur asked, unable to stop herself, and Aphrodite sighed.

"It was his beauty, first of all, and then I discovered just how truly gifted he had become," she replied. "When I found that little lost baby and gave him to Persephone to raise, I never imagined he'd grow up to be so incredible."

"Is it true that you, um, knew his mother?" Fleur asked, curious but not wanting to offend her goddess, whose eyes narrowed.

"No," she replied flatly. "That's just another of Ovid's stories. I don't think that man ever opened his mouth unless it was to lie or suck cock."

"Who?" Harry asked.

“Some Roman dickhead who had a massive hate-boner for Athens and wrote all manner of terrible stories about us Greek gods,” Aphrodite replied. “Some of the things he made up, you’d think we were all psychotic.”

“Sounds like the Rita Skeeter of his day,” Harry muttered. When Aphrodite cocked an eyebrow, he explained, saying, “A reporter whose relationship with the truth is spotty at best; also an insect.”

“Sounds about right,” Aphrodite muttered. “Anyway, I don’t want to think about ancient Roman liars when there are far more fun things we could be doing.”

She wrapped her hand around his shaft, and he groaned as she started stroking it. Reaching down and sticking a finger inside her, she pulled it out and brought it to his lips, smirking as he wrapped them around it immediately.

“I’m so wet for you, Harry,” the goddess purred. “I can’t recall the last time I desired a man this much. Lie down and I’ll ride you while you wife watches.”

“What?” Fleur asked, and Aphrodite smiled mischievously at her.

“Trust me, Fleur,” she purred, “you’re going to enjoy this.”

“Oh, fuck!” Cosette cried, and Fleur looked over to find Luna on her hands and knees, her plump arse shaking as she did her best to devour the Veela in front of her.

Cosette’s thighs tightened around her head as she sucked on her throbbing little nub, and the horny Veela swore she was going to rock her world for this. Fleur looked behind them and saw the increasingly familiar sight of her mother and aunt locked together, their heads between each other’s thighs, and smiled at the sight.

“Oh no you don’t,” Aphrodite chided half-seriously, pulling Fleur’s attention back to her with a gentle caress. “If I want you to watch me and Harry, you will.”

“Happily, my goddess,” Fleur replied, watching as the goddess of love ground her dripping wet cunt across Harry’s cock. “Mmm, ‘ow does she feel, mon amour?”

“Like a fucking furnace,” Harry groaned.

“Because of you,” Aphrodite purred, ghosting her hands over his muscular abdomen and chest. “It had been so long since I had any interest in interfering in this world, having gotten used to just lounging around my domain, but you drew me back in, and you’re going to do so much more. As my high priest, you’re going to be directly responsible for bringing my flock back to me, and so much more.”

She lifted his cock up and sank down, enveloping him completely in one long, slow descent. Harry groaned in pleasure, her divine pussy feeling better than anything ever had before. He had been sleeping with a supernaturally beautiful woman since he was a teenager and had slept with most of her equally magical relatives since then. He was as

far from green as he could be, and yet even he nearly came as she impaled herself on him.

"Oh, fuck!" Aphrodite cried, grasping his shoulders. "You're so big."

"Holy fuck," Harry groaned, and she giggled.

"Pretty much," Aphrodite grinned, leaning in and staring into his eyes, just as dark with lust as her own. "How does it feel to be inside the divine?"

"So good," Harry replied, grabbing her wide hips. "You're bloody perfect."

"You haven't felt anything yet," Aphrodite grinned, squeezing him hard and fluttering her inner walls around his cock. "I can break grapes with my pussy, Harry."

"Just don't break his cock," Fleur chuckled, enjoying the look of pleasure on her husband's face, and her goddess just stared at her like she was mad.

"As though I'd damage something this precious," she purred before rolling her hips forward.

She started riding him slowly, sensually, squeezing every time she lifted herself off his cock and relaxing when she went back down. It was something that Fleur was incredibly good at too, and she never failed to feel like she was milking him. Aphrodite felt even better, though, and he could only gasp and groan as she rode him. She was testing him, he realized, and he gritted his teeth, determined not to embarrass himself. It had been years since he last had to worry about that, but he remembered his first several times with Fleur well and remembered how to distract himself.

Leaning in, he began peppering her neck with kisses, making her gasp and sigh in pleasure, and reached up to knead her massive breasts. They were bigger and heavier than any he'd ever seen, and it was proof of her divinity that they hadn't sagged the slightest bit throughout her life. As he nibbled on her earlobe, his fingers found her large, pink nipples, and he squeezed her breasts, becoming quite surprised when milk dribbled out.

"I'm a mother many times over, Harry," Aphrodite grinned at his look of surprise.

"Recently?" Harry asked, and she smirked.

"No, but I've lactated since my first child," Aphrodite replied. "Taste it, and I think you'll find it quite...stimulating."

Quirking an eyebrow at that, he shrugged and leaned in, bringing one of her hard nipples to his lips and sucking some of her milk into his mouth. He gasped, feeling heat spread through his body as he swallowed, and felt his cock throb almost painfully. It had never felt as hard as it did then, so hard that he might have feared it was dangerous if not for just who he was with.

"I was going to wait until you came, but you've already lasted longer than almost any mortal I've ever had," Aphrodite purred, picking up her pace and riding him faster. "The perils of having such a tight, hot pussy."

"It's such a burden, no?" Fleur asked, and the goddess laughed.

She rode him harder and faster, fucking him on the hard marble floor, and yet he didn't care in the slightest, couldn't when his senses were consumed by her. The scent of her arousal, the feeling of her milking tunnel, the sight of massive breasts bouncing on her chest, the lingering taste of her sweet milk, and the sounds of her increasingly loud moans consumed him utterly.

"Fuck me, you feel amazing," Aphrodite moaned. "You're so deep!"

"I'm getting close," Harry grunted, and she smirked.

"Don't worry about lasting just yet, Harry," Aphrodite purred, her voice like honey, "My milk will ensure you get hard again and again, until you have nothing more to give. I'm going to milk you dry while your wife watches.

"Don't stop, don't stop...fuck!" Cosette cried, and Fleur looked to see her cousin writhing as Luna continued to eat her out through what was probably not her first orgasm of the day. "Sit on...my face."

"What are you....yes!" Aphrodite cried, and Fleur whipped around, snorting as she saw Harry had hooked his arms under her knees and was holding on to her while he pounded up into her dripping slit.

"Fleur, help me out here, could you?" Harry asked, and she smirked, knowing exactly what he had in mind.

"Harder, harder!" Aphrodite screamed, sounding like she was suddenly soaring towards her own peak.

The sight of Harry's pistoning cock splitting her in two again and again was even more captivating than usual, undoubtedly because of how much more gorgeous the goddess was than even their usual incredibly beautiful lovers. Above it, though, her arsehole twitched and winked, opening just a little every time he bottomed out inside her. Licking her lips, Fleur crawled towards them, fully intent on helping her husband get her goddess off. What else was a loving wife to do?"

"Fucking hell, right there!" Aphrodite cried. "I knew I...gah...chose well with you."

"You said you wanted me to seed you in the temple; well cum for me first," Harry grunted, barely holding on by that point, and Aphrodite's eyes narrowed slightly as she stared down at him.

"You would make demands of a go...ahh!" Aphrodite cried as Fleur started wiggling her long, dexterous tongue over her asshole. "Oh, fuck, yes."

"You were saying?" Harry grinned, bringing one of her bouncing breasts to his lips and thinking about snakes as he put her nipple in his mouth.

*"Cum for me,"* Harry hissed, vibrating his tongue against her sensitive nipple as he continued to pound up into her.

"YES!" Aphrodite squealed as she came, and Harry let go with a roar, filling her to the brim with what felt like a gallon of cum.

Fleur backed off, watching the pair writhe in each other's arms, and gasped when she saw a flash of light pass between them. If that had happened the first time, she must have missed it, something that wasn't impossible, given how quickly it had passed, and she immediately guessed what had happened.

"I zink you consumed another soul from her," she breathed.

"If you're...still hard...in four hours...we'll know which," Aphrodite panted, giggling at how he looked at her. "It won't be...like it would for you...if you were norm..."

She grunted then as a sudden change overcame him and he rolled her onto her back, smirking down at her.

"Adonis?" she breathed, feeling her heart flutter as his green eyes peered down at her.

"No, but suddenly, I feel like I know every inch of you like the back of my hand," Harry replied, gliding his hands up along her body and licking a trail up along her neck, kissing right behind her ear. She gasped and wrapped her legs around him, feeling as he changed his angle slightly before thrusting into her again.

"Fuck!" she cried. "Fleur, sit on my face. You deserve a reward for that."

The Veela didn't hesitate to comply with her goddess' command, and she moaned as a long, prehensile tongue slipped inside her. Looking over, she saw that her mother and Cosette and her aunt and Luna had paired off and were exploring each other thoroughly nearby and smiled. Over the course of the next few hours, they'd all take turns worshipping Aphrodite and getting her favor in return while Harry continued to fuck the goddess' brains out, growing more capable and confident each time she came around him.

What else she had in mind, none of them knew, but as the orgy went on, drowning them all in a haze of pleasure beyond their wildest dreams, none of them really cared. It wasn't as though there was some equally ancient force out there that might come to rage at them all for what they were doing or anything.

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In a realm of barren, cracked desert plains and jagged mountains, an eternal battle was waged. Upon this empty land, the only water the dirt ever received was blood as men fought and spawned again and again for the amusement of their patron. These warriors were the honored servants of war itself, men who came in life to love battle and bloodshed more than anything else and got to enjoy it without end after death. Most days they fought

in the vast arena alone, being watched by their god, but that particular day he decided to join them, which only made it even bloodier.

“You’ve all gotten sloppy!” Ares laughed, swinging his flaming blade through the thigh of another opponent and deftly leaping over him as he toppled over. “I should join in more often.”

The God of War glided through the crowds of men he stood a head taller than with practiced ease, blocking their every attack and striking with terrible strength and precision. This dance of death was one that he had honed over eons, and none, save perhaps for his most annoying sister, was his equal. He butchered his men with glee, knowing that they would respawn over and over again to continue challenging him, hoping that they’d improve over the course of the day, since he’d clearly left them alone for too long.

“We’re going to intensify our sparring if this is the best you lot ca...” Ares growled, only to go still in shock as a terrible chill ran down his spine.

One of his men had been stabbing towards his head at that moment and managed to slice a gouge in his neck just before he disappeared in a plume of flame, reappearing in his bronze palace. Golden ichor leaked from the wound, but he paid it little heed, reaching out to Earth with his senses to try and determine if that odd feeling he’d just been struck by meant what he thought it did, and he roared in fury when he realized that it did.

“He’s back,” the god raged, punching clean through the nearest wall as he came to a conclusion as infuriating as it was baffling.

Somehow, Adonis lived again.