Harry potter gets to meet the man of the gods.

AN: I do not own Harry Potter However I do own the original male characters in each section of the series. They where created for my own enjoyment. I am just letting Harry play with them!

Aphrodite looked down upon the pond she used to gaze upon the mortals. For years now she has watched over the life of one single child. For years she has cried watching the boy being treated as a slave. Then she watched as each summer he was a slave and each fall and winter a hero to a community who treated him like a pawn in some large chess game.

Eros and Himeros looked upon their mother who was once again in tears as she watched the boy's latest challenge.

Himeros stepped forward carefully, "Mother why do you cry for this mortal"

The goddess looked at her twin sons, "His life saddens me. I wish to help him in some way. He is so brave and strong and yet does not know love"

Eros frowned, "Perhaps a boon of the gods?"
Aphrodite's eyes widened, "That's it I shall give him the gift of love! Fetch my other children!"

The twins left with a skip to their step and hands clasped tightly.

Aphrodite watched her sons fade from view before calling upon a few of the other gods. Zeus and Hera where first to arrive arm in arm followed quickly by her daughter Beroe and her husband Poseidon. Hesphaestus was next as he took to his Wife's side. Hermes coming in dead last simply hovered over the group his sandals glittering in the light.

When her other children had also arrived they stood around their mother Harmonia, Peitho, Pathos, Hermaphrodites, Priopos, Eros and Himeros; All stood proudly with the major Gods.

Zeus crossed his arms, "Alright daughter, why have we all been summoned?"

Aphrodite touched the still water of her pool summoning an image of the boy within the rippling waters. The image of Harry Potter appeared within its depths and Zeus took a long breath at the mark upon the child's forehead. He knew this boy to be of 16 years but the child hardly looked 12.

"This boy father, The one who bares your mark. He has earned my favour. I wish for everyone's help to give him a single boon:

Hera frowned down at the boy's image, "What boon Love Goddess."

Aphrodite smiled, "The one thing he has never had, Love Madam Hera."

Poseidon grumbled angrily, "What of the boy's family and friends?"

The Goddess of love sighed deeply closing her deep golden eyes, "He is an orphan and has been since the age of one. He was given to his Aunt and Uncle who hate him. It pains me to see the child hurt. They treat him as a slave. And worst of all there is this old man who manipulates his life like a pawn in a chess game! He wants to use the child to kill the most powerful Dark Lord of their time. Father I can't watch this child suffer any longer."

Zeus sighed deeply, "Alright my daughter. Let us see the damage," lifting a single lightning bolt he dipped the tip within the pool and watched as the waters turned a deep gold and all those present watched the life of one Harry Potter. Every order, every ordeal, every sting of the belt upon his back and chest. Every manipulative turn the man Dumbledore played upon his life. Up till the day he left the train station not two days ago in the mortal world.

Hera looked away her tears falling down her flawless face like pearls. Zeus holding her tightly as she turned toward him, crying gently.

Beroe was in much the same manner with her husband Poseidon whimpering lightly

The King of Olympus sighed deeply turning cold blue eyes upon the Goddess of Love, "Grant your boon Aphrodite."

The Goddess of love let her golden tears fall within the pool of water and watched as foam reached the surface taking shape of a human male. Slowly the foam slipped off the form revealing a dark skinned male whose chest was still of movement; His head shaved clean. The body was hard muscle and formed to a simple perfection the only flaw a diagonal cut over his heart that seemed to have scarred over in a pale scar tissue, standing out against his dark mocha skin.

Himeros and Eros both stepped forward together laying light hands upon the chest of the still form; we gift this body with Love and Desire for the young child."
Harmonia smiled kneeling next to them tapping the scar gently, "I gift this body with peace and understanding."

Peitho stepped forward next touching the man's forehead, "I gift the power of seduction and persuasion."

Pothos growled at his brother, "Well I gift the power of sexual longing for you Harry."

Hermaphrodites and Priopes both stepped forward hands clasped gently as they lifted their clasped hands above the body and pond. Speaking in unison voices clear, "We gift the boy with a fertile womb."

Hera nodded to the two blowing a kiss toward the still form, "I give the boon of pure eternal devotion."

Beroe sniffed lightly looking upon her husband who side gently nodding his head. Lifting his trident he laid the tips against the skin of his right side, "I give him the gift of Healing Waters. Lord knows the child will need it," removing his trident the Gods watched as the pin pricks formed the image of three drops of water, bright blue against the darkened skin.

Hephaestus grumbled and pulled a large wrapped bundle from his back, "I've known of the young Harry and I knew my wife would one day ask for this. So this is my gift. A weapon that only he may use to protect young Harry. Even if accidentally swung at Harry it will not and cannot hurt him or pierce his flesh in any way," he stated firmly laying it upon the chest and stomach of the form.

Hermes hovered over the body and frowned, "I give the gift of flight to this form may his wings be those of perfection and freedom for them both."

Zeus let out a booming laugh, "If they prove true love they may join us here upon Olympus as Demi Gods. Now my daughter, give him a name and life with your final tears."

The Goddess of love smiled and let her golden tears fell upon the body once more and the body took its first deep breath opening bright golden eyes rimmed in a deep purple and memory of a life upon the mortal world and not of his Godly creation. Waving her hand she clothed the form in a soft white shirt and buck brown pants. Nodding in satisfaction she let the body descend into the mortal world its life set and a subconscious image of large green eyes and unruly black hair within the depths of his mind.

-Time Lapse-

Harry sighed lightly as he stood just behind his Aunt and Uncle in front of a large wooden door. A new neighbor had moved in next door and now he was greeting his neighbors. Holding the home baked pie carefully he waited trying not to fidget in place as the person in the home shouted out he was coming.

The door slid open to reveal a tall dark skinned male that reminded Harry of Mocha. The man's head was shaved clean nothing seemed to hinder the bright gold eyes with flecks of purple. The eyes went to each person only hovering upon Harry's form before they glinted brightly.

Smiling, the male leaned against the frame his white tea shirt stretching around hardened muscles, "Hello, I am Vernalis; who might you all be?"

Vernon scoffed and extended his hand, "I am Vernon Dursley and this here is my wife Petunia and my strapping boy, Dudley. The other child is our nephew; he is staying with us for the summer."
The man's eyes seemed to flash as they fell upon Harry's smaller frame once more, "And the nephews name?"

Harry smiled as politely as he could, "I'm Harry sir, Harry Potter."

Vernalis smiled and took the pie gently from him, "Did you make this for me? How sweet you are. Please come in Harry and your family as well."

Petunia huffed and glared darkly at Harry as the man turned his back. Pushing past the child roughly behind her, husband and son who seemed to be following the smell of the pie more than the man.

Harry rolled his eyes and entered the house just as Vernalis turned and smiled at him, sending the young wizard into a heated blush as he shut the door. Entering the living room Harry took a seat on the plush baby blue carpet taking in the calm grey walls of the house and the blue curtains, even the couches were in the same calm baby blue.

Looking up he watched as his uncle and aunt interacted with the man not allowing Vernalis to even turn his attention to a different topic or source. It wasn't till he heard his aunts clear voice say his name did he look up.

"Oh, Harry is great in the gardens. He turned mine into a real Eden in only a month's time! I'm sure he would be glad to help you. Wont you Harry," Her voice straining slightly as she said his name.

Smiling gently Harry responded, "Of course Aunt Petunia," he would rather garden here than at his Aunts. He rather enjoyed being with the plants.

Giving a large fake smile toward Harry, Petunia turned back to the man who seemed to be staring at Harry is double coloured eyes shimmering brightly in emotion. For several more hours the family stayed there before being rushed home by Vernon seeking a real dinner.

Upon entering the home Harry was back handed across the cheek by Petunia, "Little freak! You forgot yourself today! That man didn't take his eyes off you. How disgusting. To your room and no dinner! And you will report to his garden first thing in the morning and do what you're told!"

Harry nodded, "Yes Aunt Petunia" his voice soft as his heart beat was loud. Climbing up the stairs he entered the smallest bedroom and collapsed on the old springy bed curling into the old pillow and blanket was allowed. Staring out the barred window he let his mind drift to his new neighbor. The man seemed not entirely muggle. He had this glow about him that seemed even magical. How could his aunt and uncle had not noticed the color of the man's eyes?

Grumbling he closed his eyes and before he even realized morning had come and his Aunt was screeching at the door slamming her hand against it, "Boy get downstairs and make breakfast! Then put on the clothes I've set out for you and go to the neighbors and start on his garden!"

Grumbling he stood and opened the door just in time for his aunts hand to collide with his nose. Groaning he gripped his nose and she walked off mumbling under her breath. Rubbing his nose carefully he walked down the stairs and into the kitchen quickly pulling out what he needed to make the five course breakfast.

Cracking eggs, cooking bacon, browning toast, mixing pancakes and cutting up fruit was what the next hour consisted of. Even the coffee was started and eventually everything was plated and set on the table. Two cups of coffee set out and a glass of milk as well. Nodding at the nearly perfect breakfast he folded up the paper and set it carefully next to his uncle's plate before slipping out of the kitchen just as the other three walked in.
Walking into the bathroom he was surprised to see a pair of worn jeans and a brown tank top as well as a set of worn gloves and apron. Changing into the clothes he was even more surprised to find out that they actually fit him!

Quickly slipping out the door he ran across the street only stopping at the man's door hand raised to knock. Should he knock? He looked up as the door mysteriously just opened revealing the tall man. Harry blushed and dropped his hand carefully.

Smiling the male greeted him, "Ah Harry, Please come in!"

Nodding the teen followed him inside and looked out into the garden only to find it gardened to perfection. Frowning he turned to the male, "I don't understand."

Vernalis let out a booming laugh as he pointed to the dining room table which had an assortment of foods on it, "Come have breakfast with me. I will explain."

Harry nodded and cautiously sat down in one of the two chairs at the table watching as the man put things on his plate as well as his own.

Vernalis sighed, "I talked your aunt into letting you work here in hopes of giving you a chance to get away from them. I know they are not the kindest of people. So if you wish. You can stay here and study or read or just hang out whenever you wish. Just tell your aunt I wanted you over here."

Harry smiled, "Thank you but how can I trust you?"

The male smiled, "Because I know who you are young Harry Potter, Wizarding Boy Hero. I also know that you are abused and malnourished! I have magical books as well as muggle ones in my study. Before you ask no I'm a squib."

The teen nodded and slowly ate some of what he was given knowing he couldn't stomach it all. Finishing what he could he attempted to pick them up to wash when he was stopped by Vernalis who shook his head.

"You're a guest Harry. Why don't you go explore?"

Smiling the teen nodded and stood carefully and began to explore the small two story house. He was soon joined by the owner of the house who gestured for him to follow him up the stairs. Following he was led to the second room which he knew to be one of the smaller houses and was surprised to see a large library with books from floor to ceiling. Smiling he picked up a random book laying on one of the large green couches around the room.

Looking up even as the door opened again to reveal the tall dark skinned Adonis of a man. Vernalis strolled over with such confidence it seemed to be as if the man was not afraid of anything.

Sitting before him the man glanced at the title of the book with a soft smile. "Why do you still go to Hogwarts? Have you not received better offers from other schools?"

Harry frowned and shook his head.

Frowned the dark skinned male stood and walked over to one of the shorter bookcases pulling a thick book off the third shelf. Handing it to the teen he tapped the cover, "This has a list and description of all the schools around the world. Some are better than even Hogwarts. Perhaps you should look into it. I can send for applications if you wish"

"Thank you, but why should I try to switch schools?"
"Because if you really want to defeat the Dark Lord still you’re going to need a school that teaches more offensive spells, Hogwarts is narrow minded. You need to expand your ranges of studies. Stay here with me for the rest of the summer. Learn about the new schools. Learn more about yourself, and for once choose your own path."

Harry frowned fingering the book beneath his fingers. He didn't know why but for some reason he knew he could trust this man. Looking up his bright green eyes sparkle, "Alright. Show me what you know."

-With the Gods-

Aphrodite looked down and squealed in joy clapping her thin pale hands together. Her plan would work and her sweet Harry would have a life of happiness.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!