

Greek Goddess (MtF TG, Goddess TF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for aabcehm

Peter Skale is an avid bird watcher and forest hiker out on a walk, when suddenly he stumbles upon a gorgeous naked woman bathing in a lake. Unfortunately for him, she turns out to be the Greek goddess Artemis, and he is swiftly punished by being turned into a woman himself. The newly anointed Amalthea finds herself in a mythical Greek world and unable to escape. But life as a priestess of Artemis becomes even more complicated when the goddess' brother Apollo takes a liking to the former male . . .

Greek Goddess

Part One: The Goddess Bathing

Peter Skale was enjoying a trek through the forest, listening to the sights and sounds of nature all around him. A beautiful doe shifted to his right, flitting away at the slightest hint of his movement. He smiled, but it was the call of a nearby wood thrush that captured his attention. In his opinion as an amateur birdwatcher, the wood thrush had the most beautiful bird call in the world, like an elegant song from a forgotten time, when the world was not so overrun with concrete and steel, and the land choked with pollution.

“You’re nearby,” he said, moving his binoculars over his eyes to see if he could spy the little bird among the trees. *And I’m going to find you*, he thought to himself.

He grinned, and continued moving forward. He’d checked off more than a few birds on his list, but hoped for a few more. Already, just a day into his solitary hiking trip, he’d found himself in a state of cathartic release. The truth was, his work as a banker was simply a means to find relaxation like this. He’d always been a lover of nature, but it hadn’t translated much into wealth for him. So instead, he had his boring office job, one he’d worked at nearly twenty years. Now, in his late thirties, he could practically work the accounts and customer complaints as if on automatic, all while dreaming of his nature visits. He had his own vegetable garden in his backyard, one that was incredibly productive thanks to his careful efforts and natural green thumb. It was how he met his girlfriend Thea, who worked at a local vegetable shop and had found it humorous how often he came by not for the produce, but for the discarded seeds. She was also in her thirties, with a pretty girl-next-door look and dark hair, and things were starting to become quite serious. But as much as he enjoyed taking her on some hiking trails, he still needed some time alone with nature, and she was lovely enough to respect that.

Hey hun. Hope your walk is going well

He smirked at the message. He must have walked into an area of internet reception for a moment. He quickly texted back an affirmative.

Good. I'll leave you to it. Have fun with your birds.

"Thanks dear," he said aloud as he passed out of reception, continuing through the forest. He had his bag and compass with him, which means he was more than happy to avoid trails and go deeper into the uncovered areas where mankind's touch had not extended. It gave him peace, those places, but it wasn't just the isolation that was important, but the sight of growth and life. It was the reason why old-fashioned farms and fertile fields of classical agriculture gave him a similar sense of peace. The sight of life-giving seeds bearing fruit, harvested and celebrated in small towns with quaint festivals was half the reason he travelled to small towns across the country during his days off in spring. Unfortunately, those too were dying off. It gave him a sense of sorrow.

Thankfully, he was jolted from his thoughts by another birdsong. The wood thrush again.

"I definitely heard you from the north that time," he said to himself. With a grunt, he clambered up the hill. He missed his early twenties when he was a bit more physically fit. On the verge of forties, he was still a fit man, in good shape and with plenty of stamina (certainly, Thea thought so). But even so, his hikes sometimes took the breath out of him, and he'd noticed some grey creeping very slowly into his temples lately. Thankfully, his tall figure and dark hair made only increased his dignity in the office, and attractiveness to Thea, according to her. Of course, dignity and attractiveness mattered little when making a hard hike.

But the effort was worth it for the sight ahead. The magnificent wood thrust with its beautiful birdcall was singing upon a branch, and to his joyful surprise a second thrush joined it. The two sang together, as if in a mating arrangement, but then a *third* arrived. He took a careful photo, then stared at them further with his binoculars.

It was then that he heard a *fourth* song, one that was most certainly not from a bird.

'Mmhhmmm . . . hmmm . . . hmmm mmhmm mhmm . . . oohhhh . . . mhhhm. . .'

It sounded like a gentle lilt. Almost like a woman's voice, humming some forgotten lullaby. Peter was instantly taken by it; it merged with the birdsong, mingling with it, as if they were providing a chorus to it. The wood thrushes took off from the branch in the direction of the voice.

'Hmmm . . . mmhmm . . . ahhhh mhmm ohhhh . . . mmhmm . . .'

Peter couldn't help himself. The voice was too beautiful, too ethereal. *It's the most beautiful sound I think I've ever heard. How on earth is she matching the thrushes like that? It almost sounds like they are following her lead.*

He crept up, intent on peering through the bushes to see if it truly was a woman, or perhaps some kind of bird he'd never seen or heard of. The humming became louder, and more birds seemed to join it, becoming something unbelievable. Magic.

There's no way. No way someone can do that. It must be a creature, or - or something!

He felt drawn forward. It was a feeling that was impossible to describe, like he was being called to the very heart of nature itself. He felt a vague sense of unease, but decided to push it down, ignore it. He simply *had* to see what was on the other side of the thick bush.

And so he pressed through, and looked in amazement at what lay on the other side.

It was a woman. Perhaps the most beautiful woman Peter had ever seen in his life. She had long auburn hair and stoic features, her vivid green eyes visible even from afar. Her figure was slender yet strong, a healthy woman with a slight yet attractive chest and well-formed shoulders. He could see this, because she was completely naked, bathing in a small lake in the centre of a forest grove. Numerous deer, rabbits, birds, and other creatures of the forest were gathered around the banks, all looking to her, as if awaiting her orders.

The mysterious woman sang softly to herself in a language Peter couldn't understand. She hadn't seen him looking yet. He knew he shouldn't be looking, but he found it hard to look away from her beauty, and the entrancing sight of nature gathered all around her. *She looks like a wood nymph*, he thought to himself.

Slowly, she scrubbed her skin, wiping it with such gentle elegance that she made it look like an advertisement. She rubbed oils into her hair, pouring them from a small clay pot with a stopper. Peter couldn't help the erection he got at the sight of this perfect creature. She stroked her breasts with her soap, extending her arms daintily, revealing further practised muscle upon her limbs. Peter took another step, lining up his camera to take a shot. He'd never felt such an impulse before, had never been a creep. But this sight . . . there was something magical to it.

But as he fidgeted with his camera he accidentally snapped a twig, and the woman instead snapped her head in his direction, her emerald eyes locking on him. Peter froze, but after a moment of surprise, the woman's expression instantly became cold with fury.

"Shit," Peter said, still holding the camera. He went to move, but quicker than he could have believed the woman darted through the water to the bank and picked up a bow and arrow.

Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck! Is that a bow and -

With a stealthy *THWOOT*, an arrow shot free from the bow and went straight through the material of his collar, pinning him to a tree. Another arrow, this time between his two biggest toes, right into his shoe. A third through his backpack into a branch. A fourth and fifth

and sixth and seventh locking him in place. The shots had come so quickly it was inconceivable. His heart beat rapidly, his stomach lurching in fear.

“Please, don’t kill me!” he called. “I didn’t mean to peep! I - I had never seen anything like that! I didn’t take a photo either!”

There was silence. To his surprise, an elk approached, pressed its antlers against him in a semi-threatening manner. He waited, silent and panicking, until finally there was the movement of bare feet upon grass and leaves coming towards him. She pushed through the bushes - no, the bushes moved *for her*. They parted, as if by magic, to reveal her now fully clothed in some sort of pale green woman’s tunic. Her hair was still wet, and her features were twisted in fury. Though no less beautiful, she was still frightening to behold. She held a strung bow in her hands, the same bow she had used with practised and supernatural ease just earlier. Peter couldn’t stop looking at it.

“Ελώρια,” she said. The single word sounded ethereal, and the whole forest seemed to mimic it.

“I - I don’t understand your language,” Peter said, gasping. “Please, let me go. I’m sorry. I truly am. I’ve got a girlfriend, Thea. She’s a good woman, and I really like her. It’s getting serious. Sorry, I’m rambling, I just don’t want to die! I didn’t mean to watch you bathing - I knew it was wrong and I won’t ever do it again! I won’t even come here again! I -”

The woman held up a hand, placed it on his forehead. A strange sense of power radiated from her and into him, and when she pulled her hand back, he felt something had changed.

“You were spying on me, watching me bathe,” she said in her sweet, yet cold voice. She was still speaking that strange language, but now he could understand it, somehow.

“Like I said, I -”

“I should turn you into an *elk* or *deer* as punishment, as I did for Actaeon, and hunt you across the forest until I make my kill.”

What the hell is she talking about? What is this!?

“Please, you don’t need to do this. I’ll never watch you again. I’ll leave and never come back!”

She gave a small smirk. “You are not like a true man, who would stand stalwart and apologise to a goddess, and accept his fate. You cower and plead with your words, much like a woman, though like me you share an affinity for this forest, I can tell.”

“Oh yes! I love forests! And nature! I really, really love them!”

Another grin, though not a kind one. “Yes, I can feel a sensitive soul residing within you. No, you shall not become a stag to be hunted . . .”

“Oh, uh, Peter. Peter Skale.”

“Hmm, Peter. A strange name, though I sense you are a stranger here. Sometimes the groves where I reside cross over into other lands. Such is the radiant power of a goddess. Do they worship Artemis in your land?”

Peter didn't know what to say. Did this woman seriously think she was Artemis, Goddess of the Hunt in Greek mythology? But then, she had shot the bow so supernaturally, and the animals around them were waiting upon her . . .

“N-not exactly.”

She stood to her full six feet of height, and regarded him. “Then it is time *you* learn that. If you wish to see a woman bathing, then I will make you fit to visit a woman's bathhouse. And if you do not recognise I, Artemis, Goddess of the Hunt, then you shall learn as my newest priestess.”

“P-priestess?”

But she said no more, only readied another bow, this one pulled into existence between her fingers and glowing a vivid purple. Peter gasped in terror as she strung it upon her bow and aimed it squarely at his heart.

“Wait! Please! I have a girlf-”

THWOOT!

The arrow shot straight into his heart, disappearing inside his chest. For a brief moment, Peter was terrified that he was moments away from dying, but then he realised there was no injury, only the strange sensation of being filled with what could only be the magic of a Greek myth come to life.

“Oh G-Goddess,” he groaned, as the first of his changes began. His clothing disintegrated slowly, slipping off his form and leaving him utterly naked. No longer pinned by the arrows, he fell forward before the goddess, but he knew better than to run and allow himself to become a stag. His groin tingled, and his bones ached as a pressure was exerted from outside upon them.

“NNnghh . . . wh-what are you d-doing to me?”

“Making you more appropriate to bless my presence, mortal.”

Peter grunted, breathing heavily in response to a powerful pressure upon his waist. To his shock and horror, it pinched in, becoming thinner. His body hair pushed out of his skin, falling to the ground and leaving his form smooth.

“N-no! Please?”

“Beg one more time and I *will* hunt you.”

He bit his lip, only to find that it was puffing up, becoming more womanly in shape. The same was happening to the rest of his face. Artemis gestured out with a hand, and the bushes around them pulled apart, providing a corridor to the natural mirror that was the lake.

He took the invitation, bounding forward even as his hips snapped outwards, causing him to stumble.

“NNgh! Ughhh G-God! My h-hips!”

“That’s Goddess, thank you. You would do well to remember it.”

He managed to pick himself up, just in time for his limbs to shrink, becoming smooth and feminine, with perfect dainty hands, though still muscled at least. His nipples tensed as he approached the lake’s edge, throbbing with a slight arousal that caused him to moan.

“MHmmm . . . my n-nipples! My - *Oohhhhh!!*”

Oh shit! My voice! I sound like a woman!

A young woman at that: his various wrinkles closed over, and as he touched his face, he could feel the skin relax, the crow’s feet in his eyes becoming soft once more. His nose shifted, becoming longer, curving slightly like that of a woman of the Mediterranean. Right as he reached the water his skin itched. He fell again, overcome by the unbearable strangeness of his skin darkening. It became a gorgeous mid-tone olive, tanned by the sun. His hair followed, growing out long around his ears and becoming a little curly as well.

“My hair! Oh no, my chest. I’m growing t-aaagghh! UUNNGGH!!!”

He grunted loudly as his shoulders collapsed inwards, as his hips widened yet further to become child-bearing beauties, as his penis shrunk down and threatened to pull back into his body. But the most unpleasantly pleasant sensation came from two prominent locations right upon his chest. He placed his hands over his budding breasts to no avail as they began to grow.

“N-no! Please, I -”

But he cut his newly sultrified voice short, not wishing to awaken the goddess’ wrath. Instead, he simply endured as his bust expanded outwards until he felt like he had developed a full D-cup, if not DD-cup. He was an ample woman, though not ridiculously so. However, the true path to womanhood was only just beginning. Even as he felt his new full and slightly heavy breasts, an even greater change was occurring, one that made his heart beat so fast in his chest he thought he might faint.

No, please not my dick! I don’t want to become a woman! I didn’t meant for this to happen! Not my - oooOOHHH!!

He clenched his eyes shut as the inevitable happen, and his testicles and penis withdrew into his body, replaced by the opening of a feminine flower. He placed his hand between his legs, feeling the soft, slightly moist folds there. He swayed, standing on uncertain legs as the goddess approached. Looking down into the water, he saw his reflection. Apart from only the goddess herself, Peter was now the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. His lips were dark and full, his eyes dark with a hint of the goddess’ green. His hips were even wider, as if made for bearing children, and his legs were long and fit. The

bounty of his breasts were significant, and looking down at them, it certainly felt like he'd developed a 'crop' of his own.

"I'm - I'm a woman," he said.

"Yes, you are," the goddess replied, placing a gentle yet firm hand on his shoulder. "This is your punishment. You will serve me for the rest of your life as a priestess of my temple, giving honour to my name, and partaking of my rites with those that wish to appease my nature. You are no longer Peter. You are Amalthea, for I have made you a tender being of great feminine beauty, your boarish male aspect now entirely gone. From now on, you are *mine*."

Peter exhaled sharply. No, not Peter at all. At the moment *she* had been named, she now viewed herself as Amalthea, as if by magic.

"I don't understand. What temple? What people and rites?"

The goddess stepped away, gestured towards the bushes that bordered the lake, and made them part before her.

"Come, my servant. See the world I have brought you to. This is your world now, too."

With uncertain steps, and an unfamiliar sway to her newly feminine hips, the former male walked forward, too terrified to disobey. She'd just come to the woods for relaxation, to see great beauty. But now, in spying upon the greatest beauty of all, she'd discovered that not only were the Greek gods real, but that now she was to be a priestess to one. It was all too much to comprehend, but there was still one terrible epiphany to come.

"See, priestess, the temple you shall serve at."

She did. Her eyes were wide as she looked at the impossible sight. There, downhill, jutting from the forest canopy, was a great Grecian temple of stone and marble, magnificent gardens organised along it in a semi-wild style. A singular tree grew from its centre, and wild creatures shifted and climbed over it. It had definitely not been there before.

But that was only the beginning of the revelation. Peter's home city was gone. Instead, on the horizon, was an ocean that most definitely should not have been there. And upon its shores, a grand city of marble columns and vaulted walls, wooden houses, and bustling sailed ships against the dock. It was like a sight out of another time.

"Wh-where are we?" Amalthea whispered.

"The centre of civilisation, mortal. You look upon Argos, Greece. You will spread my worship there, returning each day to my forest temple. As your punishment, this will be your purpose. My priestess."

Amalthea had no idea what to even say. One thing was for certain: she wasn't in Kansas anymore.

Part Two: Duties of a Priestess

Amalthea was dressed in a priestess' tunic and robe, both with the white and green colours of her deity, and a small crown and hairband wreathed from golden leaves to mark her as belonging to Artemis. Her fertile figure was well on display: while she was clothed, her legs were bare beneath the tunic, which trailed long between her legs but was cut at the sides. Her feet were also unadorned. Her arms were likewise largely uncovered, and her tunic dipped low enough to reveal a taste of her prominent cleavage. Still, she did not look like some harlot at least, but the new woman's garments still clung somewhat tightly to her form thanks to a leather belt around her waist, revealing her slim waist, broad hips, and impressive bust.

"This - I'm to walk around in this? What if something happens to me?"

The goddess smiled, a little *too* sweetly. "Worry not. You will not have to worry about the intentions of men staring at you without your consent," she said meaningfully. "My crown of leaves and colours upon your garments will mark you as mine, and none will dare touch you. You will be a chaste virgin, unspoiled by man in order to serve my temple. No mortal may mount you and live in the attempt."

That's not what I'm worried about, she thought to herself, but she wasn't about to argue. Not when she could still be turned into a stag and hunted.

"But what am I to do? I'm not - I'm not from around here! I'm just a hiker and birdwatcher!"

"My hawk will help guide you in my duties, and I have endowed you with my instructions, as well as the compulsions of a woman true. These new instincts will make you ready to serve my temple. You will be a radiant vision of pure beauty, and my brothers and sisters and godly family upon Olympus will look to you with jealousy."

Amalthea could only gulp nervously. There had to be some way to turn back, surely?

"Now go, be out of my sight. My anger still lingers upon your crimes, and I wish to be alone."

The former male was not stupid. She quickly fled from the goddess' presence and down the hill, moving through the forest and into this mythical Argos proper. And it was mythical. Beyond the other signs she went on to see, she realised with a shock that mythical *creatures* were also real in this world. A hairy, beastly minotaur was transported in an iron cage through the city streets, and a two-headed snake danced before an omen speaker at the Temple of Athena, before being taken by an owl into the sky, a sign that clearly heralded the goddess' approval. It was astonishing: a bustling ancient city-state that not only worshipped the old Hellenistic gods, but saw actual evidence of them everywhere. It didn't make Amalthea feel any better to see these miraculous sights, not while dealing with the

shock of being a Greek goddess, figuratively speaking, in a new world. Or the humiliation of being stared at by every sailor, guard, and trader in sight. Several of them approached in a small crowd, clearly taken by her looks, but also intrigued.

“Is that a new priestess?”

“It has to be. I ain’t seen one of her striking beauty before.”

“Fairly full in the chest, is she one of Hera?”

“Look, you idiot, she wears green and a crown of leaves! And part of an antler as part of her belt. She represents the Goddess of the Hunt.”

“Fair priestess, are you a servant woman of Artemis?”

She could only nod demurely, smiling despite her inner anxiousness. “I am,” she said in her first entrance to the city. “I am the newest of her priestesses, sent to oversee her temple and its wild gardens on the forest’s edge, and to spread word of my Goddess’ sacred lands and the rules of the hunt within them.”

She would have gasped if she could. The words had simply rolled off of her tongue, guided by the auburn-headed huntress god herself. She bit her lip, praying to any god that might listen that her status might just be temporary.

“I invite all that are willing and respectful to come to the temple, and be washed clean in her waters. Women are most welcome, but men must be respectful.” She halted a moment, realising she had her own voice back. “Trust me, the punishment for not respecting the goddess is steep indeed. Very steep.”

The crowd murmured, and several showed an interest. She continued to move through the city, repeating the message and taking it all in. A hawk with green-tinged feathers flew ahead, guiding her just as Artemis had said, and also heralding the new priestess’ arrival. She had barely been given time to become accustomed to her sensual new form, and now here she was in ancient Greek garb, her hips swaying gently, her breasts bobbing, her braided hair bouncing. Amalthea stared all about at the sights around her: the proud Argonian fleet, the Argive workers manning the docks, the great temples in the city: one to proud Poseidon, another to lawful Athena, and a hilltop open air monument to glorious Zeus. She expected to wake up at any moment, but the smell of the sea, the sounds of this great ancient trading city, and the sight of bronze-clad hoplites training in the distance was all too real.

Holy fuck, I’m actually in a mythic Greek world. I’m a priestess of Artemis. I’m a woman. This is a nightmare! I’ve got tits!

Somehow, being turned into a woman still remained the strangest and most discomfiting thing of all for poor Amalthea. She continued her path through the city, repeating her automated message, and purchasing seeds and animal feed for her temple. Artemis had

given her a number of coins to start with, but many Argive men and women gave more freely, honouring her new goddess.

“It will be good to see the temple of nature restored, good woman.”

“With a priestess of your beauty, no doubt Artemis will bless our city with strong wilds for the hunt, and replenish the elk population to its once-great numbers.”

Mind, other givers were far more . . . up front about their reasons, one fish trader in particular was generous and crude.

“Are you sure you are not a priestess of Demeter, good lady?”

“N-no, definitely the Goddess of the Hunt,” Amalthea answered, a little confused.

“It’s just that you have such impressive crops, and what looks to be a wide, fertile expanse of field.”

Amalthea was about to ask what on Earth he meant, when she realised he was staring at the outline of her new bust against her tunic, and the ‘wide expanse’ of her hips which pressed a little tightly against her clothing. The man saw that she recognised his joke, and cackled.

“I joke, I joke! A woman of the wilds is still a woman to my eyes, and a man should think warm-blooded thoughts before Hades takes him. Here, for your temple’s upkeep.”

He handed her a number of coins, but she felt utterly exposed as she left him. Several other men made similar overtures, and to her embarrassment a number of teen boys began to follow her, whispering and making comments.

“Such a rear made for a plough!” one exclaimed, until Artemis’ hawk dove down and dispersed them, to the cheer of the crowd.

“A message from the goddess, you fool boys!” a woman shouted, before turning to Amalthea. “Don’t let the boys startle you, priestess. Artemis is honoured here, and will be further honoured with your temple. There are some ill-bred boys who will always think with their cocks before their heads.”

Amalthea gave an awkward smile. “Worshippers of Zeus, then?”

The woman cackled. “And the god of the sky would admit it, I imagine! But Hera would snap him back in place, and here’s hoping they each get a portion of a woman’s wrath in the years to come.”

“Thank you,” she said. The other woman was quite plain, and perhaps in her mid-thirties, She looked to be a market seller. “I’m very new to this.”

“You’ve got an Argive accent,” the woman said, “but I’ve never seen you before.”

Amalthea managed to avoid gasping. She did indeed have an accent, and she realised to her shock that she was *speaking* what could only be Ancient Greek. She tried for a moment to think in English, but it was gone entirely. She could have cried then and there,

and in fact tears did begin to form until the other woman came over to her, hugged her and pulled her aside.

“It’s okay, young dove, there, there. From the outskirts, are you? Not been to Argos proper before?”

“N-no, I can’t say I have. I didn’t even mean to become a priestess, but I owe Artemis a . . . a debt, I suppose.”

The woman scoffed. “Fickle, the gods can be. Still, we must honour them, and to be chosen to represent them is a great honour. I’m sure she saw in you the makings of a great priestess. Look here, if you’re new and overcome, you’ll need a friend. I’m Helen.”

“Of Troy?” Amalthea said, wiping her stray tears and trying to lighten the mood.

“No. Of Argos. Why, have you sailed to Troy?”

“No, I just . . . ignore me. I’m confused. I’m Amalthea.”

She went to shake the woman’s hand, but Helen placed her hand over it instead, and kissed her on the cheek. A different formal greeting, then.

“Well, Amalthea. I can help you grow accustomed. Maybe even help you get sorted before you head to the temple, if you wish. Are you done speech making for the day?”

“I am, I think. I have a hawk to guide me, but he’s disappeared. If I could - if I could just ask some questions, however ignorant they are . . .”

Helen allowed it, and the two began to discuss in full. Amalthea tried to be clever, despite being on the edge of a panic attack, and get information in a way that made her seem like a naive out-of-towner, rather than a woman from another world. Helen was kindly, and was happy to tell her all about Argos and the wider world, which was largely restricted to nearby coastal areas of Greece and wars from her childhood, though she did discuss the nature of the gods and their presence in life, and that she had even seen Apollo when she was younger, the bright god of the sun.

“Of course, you would find that a little interesting, I imagine.”

“Yes . . . um, why?”

Helen gave her a funny look. “Because Apollo is Artemis’ twin brother, of course!”

“Oh, yes, of course! How foolish of me!”

Amalthea was not surprised by much of the information. Great monsters - the hydra, the cerberus, several great minotaur monsters - were all very real, as were heroes such as Heracles, who had since ascended up to Olympus, where the gods resided. The Underworld was also real, and few had escaped it, though those who led lives to the fullest, or were great heroes or loyal warriors or devoted servants of the gods, would find themselves in the golden fields of Elysium forever. Truly, this was a real world inspired by her world’s Greek myth. Or, more likely, a world that *inspired* her world’s Greek myth.

“Of course, that’s just what I know. I’m just a humble seller of linens and dyes,” Helen said. “Just a common woman, without even a husband.”

Amalthea raised her eyebrow.

“Died upon the sea, I’m afraid. Don’t be sorry for me, he was a cruel brute, particularly once we discovered my womb was barren and unable to make life. That knowledge spreads, and so a man will never want me. Not a problem you’ll have to contend with as a priestess, at least.”

Amalthea was grateful to avoid a fate of marriage and, god(s) forbid, *pregnancy*. Still, she placed her hand on the other woman’s arm, her new feminine hormones making her emotions stir with greater compassion.

“I’m sorry, still.”

“Ah, I won’t deny it saddens me. I’ve never been a great looker, not such as yourself. I’d ask the gods to trade our bodies! Here I am, barren and plain but wanting a man, and you here a vision of perfect womanhood, but off to be a priestess. The gods can be cruel in their humour.”

Amalthea didn’t know what to say, but Helen tore them from the awkward topic anyway, inquiring as to the duties of a priestess. The new woman had some idea, guided by Artemis, of what she needed to do, and so Helen closed her shop and helped her buy the perfumes and candles and hunting implements to place within the temple. It was only several hours later that the hawk returned, soaring out of the city towards the temple.

“I must go,” Amalthea said. “Thank you for helping me.”

“You can thank me by visiting again, friend.”

Amalthea gave a small smile. “Friend.”

The temple was beautiful, haunting, ethereal. It was built in the classical Greek style - of course it was! - but its pillars and floor and ceiling were overrun with wild vines and flowers, giving it an astonishing beauty. Amalthea felt a compulsion she could not fully understand urging her to care for the temple, and with the hawk’s guidance she set to watering the plants, hanging the new bows and quivers of arrows in the hunting room, and making space for Artemis to place her trophies from her own hunts. Afterwards, she found herself walking to the main statue of Artemis in the gardens by the temple. Like the goddess herself that very morning, she was compelled to disrobe and bathe herself in the sacred waters, now under the watch of the statue, and the hawk upon its shoulder.

“Dear Goddess of the Hunt, may you accept this virginal body as your vessel, and bless me as your priestess, that I may bring honour to your wilds, your creatures of the forest, and your domains of the chastity, childbirth, and above all, the hunt.”

As before, the words escaped from her mouth, but she got the distinct sense that this would not be the case forever, and that she would have to remember them well.

If I can't get out of here, first, she thought to herself. Surely there must be a way back. She said there was more than one thin space. She has banned me from that one, but another?

She looked up at the hawk, watching her imperiously. Amalthea shelved any plan to look for a way out just yet. The Goddess was listening. So instead, she calmed herself, feeling exhausted from the long day. She bathed her body, and explored it further. The olive Mediterranean skin, the bountiful breasts which were young and pert and soft, the wide hips that were obviously symbolic of Artemis' domain over childbirth, though at least that wouldn't be a problem for her. Everything about her was slim yet strong, capable yet mesmerising. In the mirror surface of the sacred pool she could view her strong dark eyebrows and large lips, which were the kind she had always favoured when she was Peter. She wondered what Thea would think, back in the 'real' world. Not only was her boyfriend now a woman, but one that was embarrassingly sharing part of her name by pure coincidence. And, of course, there was the fact that her beauty now far outstripped her plain girlfriend by miles.

The boobs alone . . . these things are huge! Well, they aren't huge really, but they feel huge. They're definitely double-D's if not E-cups, though they don't have bras here to check. Certainly enough to feel a bit heavy on my shoulders, and to wobble!

She held them, sitting down in the pool upon the comforting moss. It felt oddly right to do so: Artemis would not let her priestess get sick or hurt in a sacred grove like this, or worry about discomfort. She cradled her breasts, feeling them and groping them. It was hard to resist: after all, she was a woman now, and what man hadn't dreamed of feeling what it was like to be a woman? Indeed, her skin was incredibly sensitive, and her full breasts especially so. She rubbed her dark nipples as she cleaned herself, and gasped at how response they were.

“Mhmmm . . . ohhhh . . .”

She stopped herself, despite the arousal forming between her legs. What would Artemis think? Was a priestess even allowed to do this? It was a sacred grove, what would she even think?

But a looming anger built in Amalthea's mind. She'd committed no great crime! She'd watched a woman bathing naked, but it was the magic of the spectacle that drew her, not the desire to be a peeping tom.

Fuck her. She turned me into a damn Greek supermodel! I've been tossed out of my life, away from my girlfriend, and into this crazy life as a priestess because she had no sense of perspective! I'll pleasure myself as a woman all I like, thank you very much!

And she did, feeling herself between her thighs, and moaning at the pleasure it produced. She squirmed, groping her breast softly with her washing cloth, letting her luscious dark hair spill out and into the water as she cleaned her body in a way that only made her lust grow. Within moments, she was actively rubbing her nipples and sliding two fingers from her other hand into her vaginal tunnel, rubbing her sensitive clit.

“Mhmmm . . . ohhhh . . . f-fuck, that f-feels g-good! Ahhhh . . .”

She continued to masturbate, delighting at last in something after the long day. She'd never comprehended how wonderful having a pair of big, sensitive tits would be, and she continued to caress and squeeze them, running her nipples between her thumb and forefinger, even as she brought herself to greater heights.

Finally, it became all too much, and she shuddered in orgasm.

“Ohhhh . . . yes, yes, oh, yes, *Goddess* yes! YES!”

She collapsed back against the mossy bank at the edge of the pool, coming down from the series of orgasms that still flowed through her. She panted, large breasts rising and falling with each breath. She understood she would have made quite a sight.

“Enjoying the gift of your new body, priestess? I must say, you have taken to my punishment rather well.”

Amalthea snapped around to see Artemis standing at the pool's edge, a carcass of a great deer slung over her shoulders. She set it down, and to Amalthea's surprise, she disrobed and stepped into the pool.

I'm not . . . I'm not attracted to her anymore. The most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and it means nothing to me.

“Yes, I see you realise,” the goddess said in her powerful voice. “Men can still entice you, though you are a priestess, and no mortal may take your virginity. We may bathe together in the sacred pool, but first you must wash your goddess.”

She gestured, and the nervous former man moved quickly to fetch a new washcloth. She began to clean her goddess' body.

“In future days, you shall learn to unbraid and braid my hair, and care for it. You will also confine your self-pleasures to your quarters. I do not frown upon such - it is natural - but the sacred waters are just that. I will forgive this mistake - once. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, my Goddess.”

“Good,” she said. “I have business to attend to with my brother Apollo, the Dancing Light. You will maintain the temple in coming weeks, and when I return, you will be competent in your duties.”

“Yes, Goddess.”

“My hawk will guide you, and call me if needed. Wash my breasts. Do not shy away, you are a woman now.”

She did so, attending to this figure of power even though she shook in fear.

“Do you have any questions about this honour, this punishment?”

Amalthea had so, so many, but only one of great importance was on her mind.

“Will I ever be allowed back to my world? To be human again?”

Artemis cupped her cheek in a loving yet maternalistic way. “No, my child. This is my mercy, that you were not killed for your trespass. Instead, you shall be my priestess. I know the other thin spaces of the world - it is a knowledge kept only by the gods and the greatest mystics, none of whom are alive today. Each is magically closed to you. Do not raise the possibility with me again.”

Amalthea sighed softly.

“Now return to your ministrations, my priestess.”

She did so, until her goddess was cleaned, and the waters purified. And then the goddess bid her farewell, leaving Amalthea on the edge of despair and astonishment.

“I’m like this for life, aren’t I?” she asked the hawk as she looked over her voluptuous, mesmerising Greek form. And, to her complete lack of surprise, the hawk nodded back.

“Shit,” she said. She got to work in her new role.

Part Three: To Lay with a God

For the first few weeks, Amalthea still desperately hoped that she could escape from this fantasy Greece. Still, until she could find a way to do so, she worked to become acquainted with her role at the great temple, and to understand the civilisation that bordered it nearby.

The duties of a priestess were many in this new world, and Amalthea had to be a quick learner, and with little in the way of training wheels to support her. She truly was in a mythic Greek world, one in which the godly pantheon was not only real, but very visible, their impact upon the landscape capable of being seen with your own two eyes. The oceans stirred with Poseidon’s stormy temper when sailors failed to give a sufficient sacrifice of bulls to his waters, and lightning streaked across the sky in intricate patterns to show Zeus’ delight at the latest Argonian temple dedicated to his name. It was unbelievable, but she wasn’t dreaming, nor had she gone insane. It was all somehow real, and now she was cursed by Artemis herself to be part of it all.

Helen of Argos, as Amalthea liked to think of her, was a very good friend throughout this. The woman had prayed to Artemis often when she was in her twenties, in the hope of curing her barrenness, and hoped that by aiding the reinvigoration of the temple that she might still yet be able to gain a husband and child. But more than that, Amalthea felt they got along, despite being so different. The plain woman had a good hearty humour and kindness to her, and was clearly searching for a purpose in life beyond her trading. In aiding Amalthea understand the world around her, and helping organise materials to rejuvenate the temple, she had more in life than simply daily sales and purchases, and longing.

"It's giving me a lovely workout, too," the woman proclaimed as she hiked with Amalthea up to the temple. "Each day heading back and forth on foot is sure to do me some good. Not that you need it: you're fit as a Hoplite!"

"I don't know about that," Amalthea said, grunting a little, "I actually feel weaker than I used to be, in truth."

Helen just chuckled. "Well, consider yourself lucky that Artemis takes care of your body. Or were you born that way, with such a generous figure?"

Amalthea laughed sadly in return. "Suffice to say, this figure was given to me."

"I knew it! No woman is so blessed as *that!* Not unless Zeus takes her for a lover."

"And even then, they might still end up as golden showers or as a cow."

"Exactly!"

The friendship alleviated the pressures of her new life, as well as her duties as a priestess. She kept the grounds clean and swept, and fed and nurtured the animals that visited, doing her best to heal those that were sick using herbs and potions she had to learn how to make from natural sources in the gardens. She also had to learn how to hunt, and that meant learning the way of the bow, and wearing bracers of elegant hinged wood upon her wrists.

And so life continued, her trying to find knowledge of how to escape, while also maintaining a temple that was increasingly popular. Many people came by to pay respects to Artemis, and to her irritation, she noticed that many of these were men, come to gaze at her figure even in its linen dress. Still, they gave coin and seed and produce, all of which helped sustain her, and they brought news from across the known world, though none of it was useful: "Scylla has attacked a fishing fleet again!" and "Zeus has planted a demi-god in an Athenian maid, but sadly she succumbed" and "Hephaestus has blessed a local forgerman with his skill!" and so on.

Still, there were women, and Amalthea was more than a little shocked at what kind of women she found herself speaking to. She had spoken the prayers to the goddess many times, but it was easy to forget that Artemis held the domain of childbirth, something which made Amalthea quite uncomfortable when she was asked to bless women who were

expectant, in the hopes they would make “good and steady milk” for their child, or “have good birthing hips when the day came.” There was much reading of scrolls to determine how to perform such blessings, and at the end of the first month, she even had to help perform a delivery, an act that left her feeling thoroughly traumatised, though grateful that both had been saved, thanks to the application of the right salves and pouring of the sacred waters.

Never again. Please don't let me do that again. I wanted kids with Thea one day, perhaps. But I do not want to spend my life seeing women give birth without modern medicine!

The one great relief came in the form of her own body. As much as it was an embarrassment to have a figure and face of such beauty, particularly when young men gathered to see her pass in town, or stare at her swaying rear as she passed, that embarrassment did not extend to her private sleeping room. She had discovered that she had a powerful libido, one that needed attending to sometimes twice a day, three times after she had seen a particularly muscly worker on the dock smile at her passing. She didn't want to admit that she was now heterosexual, attracted to men, but the blush in her cheeks was undeniable. Even when washing herself, the sensitivity reminded her of the pleasures of her new flesh, though she never again made a fool of herself in the pool.

That was, until a God came by.

Amalthea had been a priestess for six weeks, and was almost resigned to her new role. She still searched for and gathered information on how to get out, but it seemed more an idle mental escape than a real physical one. After a long day of attending to the temple and seeing to an injured animal, and even hunting rabbits for her own nightly stew, she had settled to bathe herself once more in the sacred grove pool. Night had come, and it was a glorious sky. One thing she did love about this new world was how much it truly appealed to the birdwatcher and nature lover that was still within her: the constellations were unpolluted by light, and utterly brilliant. The moon shone down upon her naked form as she bathed herself slowly, and a little sensually, sighing as she cleaned her body for her duties the following day.

It was then that she felt as if someone was watching. She looked around.

“Hello, is anyone there?”

No response. *Perhaps I'm still weirdly nervous about being seen naked, even though I've been to the bathhouses with Helen.* She returned to cleaning herself, wiping the cloth over her breasts and raising her arm to clean her sides. But then something shifted behind her again, and this time she turned.

"I know you're there. Artemis? Hawk? Who is it?"

She covered herself as best she could, though her full breasts flowed over her hands quite easily.

'Do not fear, mortal. I came to see my sister, but I see she is elsewhere, and another goddess present instead.'

The voice that echoed through the grove beside the temple was rich and honeyed. A manly voice that sent shivers of warmth down her spine. Just from hearing its lovely cadence, her nipples stiffened a little. And that was before even seeing him. His figure was powerful and heroic, his tan skin unblemished. His hair fell nearly to his ears. It was blonde, radiant with a pale golden glow, and in fact the rest of him glowed as well. Over his shoulder was his white and crimson cloak, leaving his muscular torso on full display. A leather battle skirt covered his lower half, though his powerful legs were revealed below it. He carried a quiver of arrows on his back, along with a bow that seemed to be forged of pure light. He looked to be in his late twenties at best, with the confident smile of a man who knew he was incredibly handsome, and that he possessed all the power of a god alongside that.

"You're Apollo," Amalthea breathed, nearly swooning in his presence.

"The very same," he replied in his voice, which was smooth and thick as molasses. "And you must be Amalthea, my sister's newest priestess."

She tried to look away from him, but he was a God of the sun itself: too bright not to notice. She had done her research, she knew his domains also included dance and poetry, archery and healing. She covered herself, lowering into the water as best she could, but only ending up putting herself more on display in the shallow waters.

"What a sight you are," he whispered, drawing closer. "I came to see my sister, but here is a far lovelier treasure still."

"I'm not a treasure. You should stay back, uh, my God. I am a priestess."

"And I am a God," he replied, entering the water. To her shock he removed his cloak, taking off his leather skirt and sandals. Putting his quiver and bow to the side, he was now completely naked, his perfect form making her nearly salivate.

Oh Gods, oh fuck. He's so fucking hot. Why did she make me straight? I can't even fucking stop looking at his abs and biceps. MMhmm, what would he f-feel like!?

She drew back, even as he advanced.

"You should know, I'm not really a woman, I'm a -"

"Man from beyond the Veil, I know."

She perked up, uncovering her breasts without realising it. He licked his lips at the sight, and she realised what she'd done. "You - you know?"

“Yes, and it does not sway me either way. I am of Greece. Men and women alike have their delights, and like Tiresias, I wish you to sample both, and use the knowledge of both to please me.”

He glowed a little brighter, a radiant contrast to the moonlight gleam upon them both. She pulled herself out of the water, still clutching and failing to hide her numerous curves. Her long hair clung to her back and spilled over her shoulder. She knew in that moment she must have been a sight to the god: her skin glistening under the twilight moon, water dripping languidly off of her perfect, full breasts. Her hips rounded, perfect for bearing his demi-god children, her *rondure* backside calling out to be caressed. To be *squeezed*.

“Mmhm . . . you’ve put a spell on me,” she moaned, her voice breathy. *Sultry*.

“No more than any God can put on a mortal woman.”

“P-please. If you have knowledge of healing, perhaps you can m-make me a man again?”

“Why would I do that,” he said, beginning to cross the pool and rise from the water, “when you are such a perfect creature? Do not be shy, Amalthea, it is not uncommon for a God to lie with a mortal, though few are fortunate enough to see one as beautiful as you. Zeus will be most jealous.”

She cupped her venus mound, knowing it only made her look exactly like Aphrodite in a pose of perfect seduction. Already in his presence, her loins ached to be touched. To be *entered*. She barely managed to suppress a needy moan as his full nakedness was revealed, a large and *very erect* manhood revealing just how much this man was turned on by her. Her breath quickened as she backed against a wall of comforting vines and flowers.

“You - your sister! She told me to remain virginal. It’s part of my sacred duty!”

But he simply smirked, pressing up against her so that she nearly squeaked.

“Is it not your duty to please the Gods, mortal? I am the lord of light and music and song. And here, in moonlit shadow, you make me yearn for dawn. I do not wish to be denied it, and judging from the radiant heat you are currently glowing with, I don’t believe you do either. You appear as a river nymph, come to tempt me.”

He was warm. So damn, fucking warm. Amalthea shivered as he caressed her figure, drawing more and more anxious heat into her body. It was true, her own body’s lust and his celestial presence combined to make her yearn for him more than she had yearned for anything in her life. To her outright humiliation, she realised her pussy was growing damp with need, and she already wanted him inside her.

N-no! I can f-fight this! For Thea! For my old life! I’m not meant to be some lusty priestess getting fucked by a God and his big, amazing dick. Mmhm . . .

But it sounded too good. Artemis had cursed her with a woman’s needs.

But that’s right! He can’t have sex with me!

"You can't!" she repeated out loud, even as he ran his warm, gentle fingers down to the small of her back, caressed her thigh softly with his other hand. "No man can take my virginity! Artemis said!"

"No *mortal* man. Do I look mortal to you, Amalthea?"

He stepped back and spread his arms, and for just a moment, she beheld a far greater glory. His skin glowed, and his radiance was so brilliant that she was briefly terrified of bursting into flame. When he returned to normal, she fell to his feet, overcome with not only desire but the need to worship.

"P-please! Just do it already! I n-need you inside me, Apollo!"

She couldn't believe what she was saying, but it was true. After that display, his presence was like a planet, and she his moon. Her wet skin tingled, the droplets drying at his touch.

"Come with me," he said. "To *my* temple. I would not offend my sister *too* deeply."

He stepped forward, and she yielded to him as he took her up in his arms, carrying her so that her arms were around his neck, her full breasts against his chest. She felt so deeply feminine like that, naked and glistening against his warm skin. He strode forth, taking her from the grove to a shining chariot. She gasped at the sight of it: this was a chariot that could pull the sun. Still holding her, he pulled the reins with the hand beneath her legs. The horses took off, pulling them into the sky and across to his shining temple several miles away. Amalthea beheld the world falling beneath her, and the lack of any feeling of momentum. She looked up at the golden-haired god that held her, admiring his perfect chiselled features. Her heart skipped a beat. Her loins burned for him.

I want him. I'm so sorry Thea, but I want him. I need him.

He grinned. "Don't be afraid, great beauty. I will be most gentle."

He pulled her into a deep kiss, and her skin and hair instantly dried as he warmed her completely, setting her lust ablaze. She couldn't summon the will to fight it: his godly presence was simply too powerful. Before she'd even realised they'd landed he was taking her, still kissing the nape of her neck, to the altar of his temple. Servants were ushered away as he brought her to its summit, a collection of warm furs and silks piled before the blazing mural of a golden sun.

I can fight it. I can - I can - I can't. Greek gods help me, I fucking want him. He's a God. An actual God. How could I ever resist that?

"N-now?" she stuttered, as he let her gently to the altar pillows, her perfect breasts jostling softly.

"Now," he said, descending upon her, spreading her legs wide. "It is time to receive my blessing, Amalthea."

"I'm - oh God, I can't believe this, but I'm ready."

Another smile, confident and dashing. “No, you’re not. Trust me, fair maiden.”

She puzzled over his meaning for just a moment, and then it was made clear as he entered her. She moaned, delirious at the alien sensation, a sensation that was nonetheless intensely pleasurable.

“S-so big!”

“I’m not done yet.”

Sure enough, he slid further into her wet depths, and only when he had reached the apex of his length, which also parted her tight tunnel, did he begin to pump in and out of her. She felt utterly his, so completely submissive to this powerful God. All thoughts of Thea, even of her duties to Artemis, fell away as he thrust his huge cock into her. They were banished completely when he began to stroke and kiss and suck at her bouncing breasts. They wobbled on her chest with each bucking of their hips, and something about that turned her on, to know that he was enchanted by her bosom.

“So perfect,” he mused, “you should be a goddess yourself. I have never taken a wife.”

He left the sentence alone as he continued to please her. Amalthea was lost in bliss as she was filled again and again by his powerful member. She spread her legs wider to give him yet more access, and held on for dear life as he groped and squeezed her chest, adding to the rapturous ecstasy. The sensations grew more and more powerful with each thrust, rising higher and higher.

S-so good! I want him! I want him to cum in me! Oh Gods, help me, I want it. It’s so wrong, but I don’t fucking care!

As if giving a sign, a local bird began its beautiful mating song in the nearby trees, and several more took up its call. As Peter, she would have found the call beautiful. Now, it was an omen. She belonged here, in this place, with this man ploughing her like a fertile field.

Wait, fertile?!?

Her eyes went wide, but then she was pushed back into that pleasurable place as he gripped her yet harder, thrust even deeper than she could have believed. She couldn’t believe it, she was actually letting herself being fucked by a man, and she was loving it. She was close to orgasm, she could feel it, and the anticipation of what it would feel like only brought it on quicker.

“Yes! Yes, Apollo! Fill me! Hurry up and fill me!!!”

“Very well, mortal. You have proven - ahhh - most w-worthy!”

And with that, he exploded within her. She nearly went catatonic as the God’s seed flooded her tunnel, shot deep into her womb. It gushed like a torrent into her, again and again. She curled her dainty toes, scratched uselessly at his back as he ejaculated his seed.

It felt better than anything she'd ever experienced in her life, and it took full minutes to come down from the radiant ecstasy of being fucked by a god.

Amalthea's quiet catatonia continued even as he lifted her back to his chariot and departed her back in the temple. He was careful to avoid the hawk's gaze, using his powers to stymie its vision. Finally, he placed Amalthea back on her feet. He kissed her again on her lips.

"I may visit again. Your beauty is too great for the sun not to shine on it again."

And then he left, flying back into the air to pull the rising sun, leaving Amalthea alone in the temple when Artemis returned.

"How have you been in my absence?" the goddess said when she arrived an hour later. "Did my brother visit?"

"Y-yes," the former male said, trying hard not to blush. "He did. He was looking for you."

The goddess nodded. "I shall find him soon, I was distracted by the hunt."

"Yes, my goddess."

"You go rest, mortal, and then you can bathe me in an hour's time."

Amalthea nodded, skipped back to her room. She lay on her bedding staring into a nonexistent horizon.

What the hell did I just allow to happen?

Part Four: Demi-God Problems

Amalthea knew there was something wrong when she fell sick a month and a half later. Her period was late, and during her time serving Artemis, she had been free of any sickness, even a runny nose. Now, she was finding her body oddly tired, her breasts tender and bloated, and her stomach a little firm. And, of course, she had almost committed sacrilege by nearly throwing up in the sacred grove. She went to Helen, afraid to give her symptoms to Artemis, who visited only infrequently.

"My friend, I fear it may be the worst," Helen said, approaching the subject delicately. "I'm afraid you may be with child."

Amalthea nodded, trying to take in this news. She had been in denial, but the facts were there. She had lain willingly with Apollo, and just like in the Greek myths, she could well be carrying his demi-god child.

Idiot! Fool! What the hell was I thinking? Now I'm not just stuck as a priestess of nature, but I'm pregnant to another god. Artemis will kill me!

"Damn," she said simply, brushing her stomach with her fingers. "I - is there a way to deal with this?"

Helen shook her head. "If this was a normal pregnancy, perhaps I could find a certain tea. But a god's child cannot be so easily dislodged. If what you say is true, you are bearing a child of Olympus."

Amalthea grimaced. "None of this was meant to happen."

Helen rubbed her back, clearly sympathetic, but looking at her still-flat stomach with quiet jealousy. "I wish it had been me."

"I know. I'm sorry, Helen."

"It's not your fault. I see why Apollo chose you, meaning no offence!"

Amalthea blushed, embarrassed. This was a nasty complication she'd never wanted. Worse, it came just as she was finally settling into her life as a priestess. Yes, she still missed Thea and her old life, but she was at least finding meaning in the gorgeous untamed nature around her, the thousands of birds upon the sky, still great in number, and the huge fields of great produce across the many gorgeous Grecian farms. In some ways, she'd found a paradise, were it not for losing her life, her love, and her maleness.

And now she was pregnant.

"I'll have to find a way to explain it to Artemis," she finally said, to herself as much as Helen. Her friend simply held her hand for a long time.

Artemis was indeed furious, though surprisingly far more at her brother than Amalthea.

"That fool with his music and light and dancing! I give my brother one place he must obey my rules and he treads over them! And you were a fool too, but then you are mortal, submissive before the gods, and a woman before the great gods."

Artemis stood over the shaking Amalthea.

"What should I do?" the pregnant woman asked.

"What else is there to do? You will bear the child, and birth a new demi-god that you must nurse and care for. A child that shall know *my* way, not its father's. This will be your punishment also. I will make sure Apollo apologises to me upon Olympus, before the other gods. And *you* will continue your duties. You are still my priestess, and this humiliation will be a teacher in my way also. I am a goddess of childbirth too."

Amalthea could only whimper and make apologies, even as the goddess retreated. She followed another instruction, and sacrificed a deer upon Artemis' altar, and made a number of prayers for forgiveness. She consulted the scrolls for other appeasements, and made a number of meals from her gardens and from the beasts of the temple to be burnt

again, serving as ambrosia. Throughout it all, she could not ignore the aching in her breasts, and the ever-so-slight pressure in her stomach.

I'm having a baby. A demi-god is growing in my belly. Thea, you would not believe what has happened to me. You probably think me just missing, presumed dead. You might even have mourned me by now. But I'm here, pregnant, and this is my life.

She sighed, fought against the exhaustion of her first trimester, and got back to work at her temple duties.

Helen helped Amalthea through her pregnancy, teaching her of what to expect, and giving her comfort as friend, particularly when the mood swings came. The other woman contained her clear desire to have a child, understanding, at least in part, her friend's plight. For that, Amalthea was thankful. Soon her belly was beginning to grow, and her breasts with it. Argive citizens looked at her with astonishment, recognising simultaneously that a priestess of Artemis should remain chaste, but at the same time having heard word from the Temple of Apollo that she carried a demi-god in her belly. Whether she should be lauded or condemned was a matter of split opinion, but regardless, she felt even more eyes upon her fertile body as she continued to blossom. It was an alien experience, growing with child, and a terrifying one too. Even worse, in this ancient world, a woman's place was to bear children, and so many men looked to her with increased lust, despite the sacrilege of being a pregnant priestess. Even more than before, she felt an awkwardness at the way her breasts bounced, and her ass swayed, when moving through Argos' main street. But that was not the worst problem. Not by far.

She was perhaps three months along, entering her second trimester, when Apollo reappeared in her temple. The shining, golden-haired god smiled brilliantly at her, and instantly, despite her anger at him, she was under his spell again. Her lust rose, and his magnetic presence enhanced it.

"You are an even greater work of art," he remarked. "You are swollen with my seed. It has taken root, which speaks to your body's perfection, that you can carry a child of light."

She fidgeted awkwardly. "Please, you c-can't be here."

"I know. But you can come once more to my temple, Amalthea. I desire you again. Do you not desire me?"

She did. She did quite badly in fact. Her body *burned* for him.

"You were w-watching me again," she managed to say, covering herself as best she could once more. But there was no covering her enlarged breasts, or the dome of the belly she cradled.

“Yes, as you watched my sister. A funny irony, isn’t it? Now you are the watched, the hunted. But I will treat you better than my sister. I have never seen beauty like yours, or one who carries my demi-god children so well.”

He approached, and once again she yielded to him. It rankled her, to become so utterly submissive in his presence, but he was a god, and an incredibly attractive one at that, and her pregnancy hormones were making her even more wild with arousal. He took her to his temple, as he had the first time, and once more they made love upon the altar. He was slower, gentler this time, as if playing the part of a true lover, and in his tenderness he brought her to a climax that was slow yet powerful, like a tsunami hidden beneath the waves until it finally rose at the reef’s edge. She cried out as he came within her, and again as he fondled her large breasts, massaging away their soreness and replacing it with pleasure.

After they were done, he simply lay there, cradling her, and she felt utterly comfortable in his arms.

This is wrong. This is all wrong. I have to get away from him. He’s just. Too. Damn. Comforting.

He rubbed her belly softly, and as he did so he began to sing to her in the language of the gods, a language that was not so much words as impressions. It made her feel beautiful, powerful, *blessed* to hold his child, and a deep want for this god of music and light rose again. Within minutes, she was upon his lap, allowing him to fuck her a second time, compelled to please Apollo. He was a perfect lover, his very presence raising her to greater heights of ecstasy, and by the time he returned her to Artemis’ temple, they had fucked three more times. She was exhausted, but calmed by the strings of his harp as he played it. He placed a soft kiss upon her forehead, and again upon her belly as he set her back down.

“You are a true muse to a god,” he said. “I will see you again.”

“That was the I-last time. It has to be.”

“Do you honestly want it to be?”

She was silenced by his answer, humiliated by the knowledge that he had possessed her so completely, caught her in his magnetic presence.

In the months that followed, the former male continued to swell with child. Her belly ballooned, and her breasts expanded further too, and soon she was the talk of Argos: the priestess who had been ‘raped’ by Apollo, it was said, and forced to bare his child. She was looked upon with pity, but in truth, she and Helen alone knew this was not a forced conception, but the fruit of two willing beings.

I didn't mean to be so willing, she thought more than once, but this ridiculous body, these stupid female hormones, and his godly presence . . . it's not fair! Now I'm huge - Nghh!

And then her child would kick, powerfully at that, and she would have to turn her mind to other thoughts.

She continued her duties as a priestess, under the watchful and judgemental gaze of Artemis, who returned every few weeks to check on her and the temple. But when the goddess was not present, Apollo always returned to take her to his altar, or to make love upon the sky in his chariot, or to fuck upon the beach by the setting of his sun. She tried to convince him to leave her alone, but every time she backed down in his presence. He was too addicting, too nourishing and rich, like the sun itself, and his singing and playing and even dancing, an act he took great pains to teach her upon the floor of his temple, only served to entrance her further. He was obsessed with her, not just her beauty but her mind, and her former maleness too. She told him of her old world and life, and instead of taming his lust for her, it only increased it. The same could be said of her heavy dome of a belly. Even as she entered her final month of pregnancy, he continued to awaken her arousal. In fact, Apollo seemed more taken with her the more full she was with his child. He always cradled her belly, and brought her fine clothes to dress it in.

"Like the sun, you give life," he said. "I have had many children, including Orpheus. But their arrival was always difficult into the world. You have carried our next child with such ease."

"It doesn't - ugh! - feel easy. This baby is always k-kicking me!"

"Ha! Like a demi-god true. But you carry it well, my love."

He had started calling her that more and more, and it frightened her. Worse, she had started returning the phrase when they had sex, or in those moments afterwards where he cradled her belly and whispered songs to their child.

"You don't mean you love me, though?" she managed to ask one day, as he held her upon his altar.

"Oh, I do, Amalthea. I do love you. Your mind, your spirit, even your attempts at quiet rebellion. And your body is no small part of it. I have waited many, many centuries for a perfect muse. As a bard god, I need such inspiration. But no woman has had a form such as yours. In humiliating you so completely, my sister accidentally stumbled upon a recipe that would delight her brother."

She gulped, not even knowing what to say. "But I'm just a woman. I'm meant to be a man!"

"And you carry a god's child within you, Amalthea. If you survive it, we will meet again upon this altar. I am making . . . preparations, upon Olympus. Much is being discussed and debated, though my sister has no knowledge of it yet. But she will, and she will be furious."

Amalthea couldn't even imagine what he was referring to, because she was caught on his previous comment. "Did you say, 'if you survive it!'"

Amalthea wailed as she spread her legs wider. She had never experienced such pain before, not even when she broke her leg upon the Appalachian Trail and had to stumble several miles before she found another soul. Her being was agony, overwhelmed by the urge to birth this demi-god into the world. As always, the child's presence was warm, far too warm within her.

"You're doing well, Amalthea. You're doing so well."

"NGGHH! I don't f-feel w-well! Oh, damn the gods, it HUUURTS!"

She gasped, clutching Helen's hand. The woman had come to visit her at the temple, pay further respects to Artemis, only to find Amalthea in the grips of terrible contractions. They were worse than a mortal woman's by all accounts, on account of the divinity within her. It made her wish for a regular birth, a thought that would have been insane to her a year ago. But she was not Peter Skale anymore. She was Amalthea of Argos, Priestess of Artemis, and lover of Apollo. It was a fever dream, and as she was forced to bear down and push yet again, she wished she could wake up from it.

"T-too much! I c-can't do it!"

"Where is Artemis? Is she not the goddess of childbirth?" Helen asked. "Is this not her temple? Why can't she help her priestess?"

Amalthea cringed, clutching her belly as another contraction ran through it. Beads of sweat ran down her forehead, and milk poured from her breasts in light rivulets. She felt as if she were exploding.

"She t-told me I'm on m-my own! Oh Gods, nneeuugh! She said - she said I will give birth naturally, as is her own nature. If I s-survive, and the child t-too, then I am welcome back into her fold. If not, then it is a warning to her b-brother!"

Helen scowled. "To think I prayed to her those months, hoping she would bless me with child. I have always been a woman of Athena, and should burn alms as apologies to her."

But Amalthea didn't have time to consider what her friend was saying, because she needed to push once more. She bore down again, straining with all her might to expel the fruit of Apollo's mighty seed, and to her astonishment she felt her hips part, her tunnel widen as something *entered it*. It was the most alien feeling in the world, but she knew it was progress.

"You're doing it, Amalthea! Keep pushing!"

“I - OOH!! - I AM!!”

She pushed, strained, bucked her hips lightly, clutched her dome as she forced her child into the world. She was terrified of dying, but despite the pain, she refused to give up.

I've not come this far. I've not ended up in mythic Greece, or been turned into a woman, or been fucked and knocked up by a damn god of the sun to die now! I may never get my old life back, but as embarrassing and weird as this one is, I refuse to lose it as well!

She pushed one final time, and a crying babe entered the hands of her friend, and instant relief came over her. Helen passed him over - for it was a male child - and Amalthea was shocked by the sight: he had a full head of golden blonde hair like his immortal father, and was the picture of health. Not a bruise or red blemish upon his skin. He cried, reaching out to hold his mother. She placed him instinctively at her breast, and sighed at the relief that came from his suckling.

“You did it,” Helen said, beaming.

But another was present too.

‘You have survived,’ Artemis’ voice carried on the wind. *‘Well done, my priestess. The child shall be dealt with once you have nursed it, and you shall return to your duties.’*

“Yes, goddess,” Amalthea said, barely acknowledging her otherwise. She had just given birth, and she was tired and emotional and fucking cranky, and didn’t want to appease Artemis just now. Right now she had her baby, and whatever trials were part of its conception and growth, she felt an instant motherly love to him.

“A new little beginning, you are,” she said. “I can’t call you Peter to remember me by, but I remember an old fact. Peter comes from the Greek; *Petros*.”

She stroked his back as he fed.

“Hello, *Petros*. Welcome to this strange world, my son.”

Part Five: Ascendance

Apollo returned. She had been nursing little Petros for several weeks, aided by Helen, who treated him as if he were a beloved nephew, even her own little son. It made Amalthea feel as if they were a lesbian couple. Well, *Sapphic* in this world, she supposed. But always, she waited for the return of Apollo. As her body slowly healed, she found herself wondering about him, even dreaming of him. He was not malicious, simply . . . overpowering. And through the sleeplessness and exhaustion of nursing and caring for a baby demi-god, Petros’ golden hair continued to recall his father in her thoughts.

And then, just four weeks after the horrid birth, he was there in Argos. Ordinary merchants walked past him, as if he were wearing a glamour, but she could see it was him. Helen too, who gasped.

“Is that -?”

“It is.”

Helen was silent a moment, staring. “I see why you found him irresistible.”

Amalthea blushed. “Helen, give us a moment. I must talk . . . with the father of my child.”

“Of course. By the Gods, those muscles.”

“Helen!”

The other woman took off, and Amalthea approached the golden-haired god.

“You weren’t there for the birth,” she snapped.

His eyebrows raised in surprise, but he grinned after a moment’s confusion. “Ah, my love. When you are not in lust, I do so adore your wit.”

“No wit about it. It was agony.”

“And yet you managed it, and gave us a son. What have you named him?”

“Petros,” she said, indicating to their child, who currently fed at her breast.

“He is as beautiful as his mother, though named for her old life, I see. A fitting name.”

“I couldn’t name him after his absentee father, could I?”

He winced slightly. “That stung. I am sorry, Amalthea. The concerns of the gods are difficult to understand for mortals. I could not go near, not while my sister held such strong domain. It was part of our deal to settle this conflict between us over you. If you survived - which she doubted but I *knew* you would - then you would be freed from her service.”

“She said no such thing,” Amalthea said, switching Petros to her other milk-filled breasts. “I’m still her priestess.”

“You *were*, Amalthea. Now that I have soothed things over with Zeus and the ever-grumbling Poseidon, the way is parted. You can finally ascend.”

Her heart paused for a moment. She didn’t like where this was headed. “A-ascend?”

He nodded, waved his hand over her form. “But first, before the pronouncement, I can now use my gifts of healing upon you.”

Waves of golden light, observable only to them, washed over her. She gasped as her body seemed to reknit. Her still sagging belly tightened as if she had never given birth, and her womanhood healed over completely, carrying no scars from the recent trauma. She felt the puffiness leave her face, the extra fat of pregnancy dissipate everywhere, though her wider hips and full chest remained.

“W-wow,” she said. “Um, th-thank you, Apollo.”

“No big deed, my love! It is best to prepare you.”

“Prepare me for what? What are you doing? Isn’t it enough that you put a child in me? What more can you even do?”

But he was cryptic, extending his hand for her to take, and leading her out to the main civic square in Argos, where the street was most bustling. Helen followed behind them at a distance, and Amalthea threw her a look of concern. Helen seemed just as confused. Amalthea's breath quickened. Something was about to happen, and the beautiful new mother was unsure what it was. Only that Apollo was insistent. And when he was insistent, it was like her will dissolved before him.

"Hear me, people of blessed Argos!" he shouted. Some of the crowd paused, but they truly paid attention when he threw off his illusion, and his radiant, perfect form was revealed. The people gasped, and immediately the crowd swelled as word that Apollo was present spread throughout.

“Oh God,” Amalthea said, as he gestured for her to join him up the stairs that led to the local assembly. She walked up, hesitantly joining him. Many eyes fell upon her also, and she heard a number of whispered comments.

“So it is true, what they say.”

“Look at that babe, it has the same golden hair as his father!”

“No wonder he picked her! She practically looks like a goddess herself!”

“The gods take the best, always.”

She joined him at his side, and saw that Helen was in the crowd, looking in astonishment at what was unfurling.

“What’s happening? What are you doing?” she hissed to him.

He placed a strong arm around around her feminine waist, pulling her against him so that little Petros was centred, framed as if they were part of a perfect family.

“Announcing your ascendance,” he whispered.

“What does that *mean!*?”

But already, the grandiose god was addressing the crowd, his voice booming in a more celestial, larger-than-life fashion. *‘I am Apollo, God of the sun, of healing, of dancing and music! And this, as you know, is Amalthea, priestess of my twin sister Artemis! But a priestess no more! I have chosen her for my beautiful consort in eternity, to be my godly wife who shall join me among the pantheon on Mount Olympus. There, she will be a new goddess, one that will bless your lands for the acceptance you showed her!’*

Amalthea’s eyes bulged. Helen’s did too. Neither of them could believe it. The crowd gasped, and a swirl of discussion and shock carried through it.

A goddess? He’s making me a fucking goddess? Where was my decision in all of this!?

But the truth was, she *had* made her decision. As much as her new life was guided by compulsion and godly direction, she had lacked the will to resist Apollo. And now the proud god was claiming her not just for life, but for *eternity*. She could barely believe it.

'And so,' he continued, 'you will be witness to an event that has only happened a few times before. The ascent of a new god to Olympus! Praise be Amalthea, Goddess of Fertility, Beauty, and Transformation!'

The crowd did so, falling to their knees before the god, and before *her*.

"Apollo," she whispered. "I didn't know about this. Can't we talk, or - or -"

But already he placed his thumb upon her forehead, and his power coursed through her. The clouds parted above, and a great beam of light that was far too golden and powerful to be natural fell down upon her. The power burned, singed through her being, melting away the mortality and replacing it with an ineffable immortality. Her clothes shifted, transforming to become a gorgeous Grecian dress of fine silk and linen, her hair immaculately braided and held with a golden band. Immaculate earrings depicting half-moons appeared in her earlobes, a reminder of their first time together, and as if to display her general features, the dress tightened to conform to her impressive, milk-laden bust, a deep line of cleavage revealed as it pushed them up like a bra. Her hips were wide, and her belly left partially uncovered by a gap in the dress, which seemed to split almost like an Indian sari mixed with a toga.

But more than that, her very image changed, her beauty enhancing even further. Her breasts grew just that little more, her hips widened to a fertile fantasy, and her legs grew longer still. Soon, she was near-equal to tall Apollo in height. Though still short enough to be deferential to him she was able to tower over 'mere mortals', and her skin seemed to glow faintly, as if hinting at her new status as a deity. Her hair extended further down her back. She felt even her eyebrows become that little bit thicker, that little more arched and refined. Her jaw fell, even as her full lips became perfect. Ripe. She had never felt such energy before. She felt powerful, without tiredness. Like being a child again, only she could sense a deeply powerful fertility within her very core. It was as if she had become an embodiment of her new domains.

Oh Goddess. Oh, me.

Her beauty was utterly on display before the crowd, and they continued to heap praises upon her. To Amalthea's surprise, Helen was also on her knees.

"Praise be to Amalthea!" she called. There were tears of joy in her eyes.

Amalthea felt a strange urge, like a nudge towards her new domains of power. In a half-daze, she passed her son to Apollo, who watched with interest as she sauntered down the steps, her hips swaying sensually.

"Rise, Helen of Argos," she said, and even her *voice* thrummed with power.

Her friend did so, and in that moment, Amalthea knew what she could do. She leaned forward and kissed her friend on each cheek, then lightly upon the lips.

“For aiding me, I repay a debt. Helen of Argos, take my blessing of beauty, fertility, and transformation.”

She blew air softly in Helen’s direction, and green-gold dust covered the woman’s form. She fell to the ground, and the crowd gathered about as she moaned and writhed. And then silence fell, and several onlookers helped Helen to her feet.

The new Helen.

The transformed woman felt over her form in amazement. Where once she was a plain woman in her late thirties, now she was a maid of twenty, her figure full-bosomed and with wide hips for producing healthy babes. Her barrenness was gone, and she had a face that was just short of the gods in beauty.

“Th-thank you, Amalthea. Thank you, *my goddess.*”

The praises continued, even as Apollo approached and handed back their child. He took her gently, gesturing towards his chariot, which appeared into being magically in the city square. Amalthea’s heart beat rapidly, but the power in her being prevented any chance of fainting from shock. But shocked she was, even as she was led to the chariot, and the chariot to the sky.

She looked back at her friend, at the various Argive men and woman now singing her praises, and the feeling of strange satisfaction that came from the essence of their prayers. Apollo grinned, held her around the waist as they rose to distant Olympus above the clouds.

“Welcome to your new home, my wife,” he said.

She had no idea what to say. There was nothing *to* say but watch the mountain and its immortal city rush towards her. She was going to be a goddess, and her life would never be the same again. She would be the object of Apollo’s lust each day, and bear his children, perhaps even eagerly, due to his magnetic quality. She would be subject to the pantheon’s squabbles, and receive prayers and requests from mortals below. And through it all, she would be a woman, stuck with a woman’s lusts and this voluptuous, now *celestially* desirable form. She wouldn’t even *age* out of it. She would be Apollos’ wife for eternity.

How did all this happen to me!?

Epilogue: The New Goddess

In the years that followed, temples and altars and sacred sites to the new goddess Amalthea sprung up across Greece. Men worshipped her for her loveliness, and for the blessings of virility her power could lay upon them, but women were a majority of her devotees. The barren, the plain, the ugly, and those that felt they had been born into the wrong kind of body all worshipped her, praying for her transformative powers to bless them. Farming families also held her in great renown, for her blessings of strong harvests under the careful watch of her singing birds. Indeed, those aspects that Amalthea had loved as Peter - the wonders of nature, the pleasures of gardening and growth, the call of wild birds - all became omens of her powerful presence, as well as aspects of her domains.

Not everyone was happy, happy. Her new place upon Olympus, with its grand halls and godly estates, its sumptuous feasts and relaxing baths, was made quite tension-ridden among the other gods. Zeus made it clear that it would take time before he fully accepted her, while Ares scoffed at 'yet another peace-loving god!' But the true ire came from Aphrodite and the more familiar Artemis. As the goddess of love and beauty, Aphrodite was none too pleased at having another goddess stepping on her domains, so to speak, a fact that made Amalthea feel very guilty; not that there was anything she could do about it. In fact, to the older goddess' displeasure, it soon became readily apparent that her slim, demure features were no longer in vogue among Grecian society, and that a lot of men were chomping at the bit to worship at the altar of a goddess with much more ample features.

Artemis, meanwhile, was not quite so spiteful, but certainly disliked losing childbirth as a domain, or at least having to share it.

"You will have to do much to prove you are worthy of belonging to Olympus," she said, passing Amalthea in the halls. "My brother may have chosen you, but never forget I transformed you first. You must show deference to me always, for I *made* you, and it was in *my* wilds that your ascension truly began."

Amalthea still found herself intimidated by the goddess of the hunt. It was certainly odd now being the submissive wife to her brother. To have a sister-in-law being the one that gave her a woman's shape and feelings . . . it was awkward.

I'll just have to find a way to make it work. I refuse to participate in pantheon rivalries and petty behaviour. Besides, Apollo loves his sister, and she him, so I'll have to find a way to squeeze myself into the family. Especially since . . .

She rubbed her belly, already full with child, another one of celestial power, and sighed. "Especially since I'm a goddess of fertility as well, and the family is only getting bigger."

Still, there was hope. Artemis had her wry sense of humour, and the jibes she gave about her brother marrying a former man, and the teases she gave to Amalthea about ‘truly embracing the life of a goddess’ in regards to her belly, all pointed towards a potentially sisterly relationship on the horizon. And past the horizon was a long one, when you were a goddess, so perhaps things might yet work out.

Of course, Zeus could not keep his eyes off of her, and Poseidon’s grumbly nature would put him right at home with disgruntled young men everywhere: he disliked the new ‘upstart goddess’, and yet she had caught him numerous times trying to watch her from behind pillars. Apollo even humiliated him once over it, though Amalthea had desired anything but further awkwardness.

She visited Helen occasionally, who ironically or appropriately was now her head priestess. Unlike other temples, women of her own faith were allowed to be married, and in fact encouraged to produce large, healthy families under her blessing. The reinvigorated beauty of Helen was certainly doing her part, being on her third child already with her strapping young city guard husband. The two still laughed on old times, especially now that Helen knew her full story, but the relationship had changed somewhat. They were still friends, yes, but Helen also *worshipped* her as the goddess she was.

I hope one day I can get used to that.

One thing she was becoming *very* used to, of course, was Apollo’s lust. Now a goddess to his god, their sexual exploits became even more marvellous, hypnotic, and literally endless, given their immortality. Amalthea tried to stop it at first, but ultimately gave in. Her body was too beauty, too busty and curvy for the god of the sun to resist, and her own lusts were increased three fold by literally possessing the domain of fertility. She lusted after him, and he after her, and the results were legendary, even among the other gods. Not a day passed when he didn’t thrust into his wife, and she found herself moaning with pleasure as she received his seed, knowing each time when it took.

“You will give me more children, more great heroes, my beautiful wife!”

“Ohhhhh . . . yes, my husband. C-cum in me, and I’ll do it. I’ll give you more babies!”

She couldn’t help but desire it. She was a goddess of fertility, so the desire to be fertile and full with child was now as inescapable to her as war was to Ares. And while it would take a long time to feel normal to her, she did find beauty in forming celestial life within her. It was a distraction from the games and fighting on Olympus.

The squabbles of the gods were not her concern, and she stayed out of them as best she could. Like Peter, she simply wanted to revel in the beauty and fertility of the world, and in her new domains, she was able to do that in her own way, granting life and beauty and fertility to fields and farms and people alike. And as the years passed, her worship only increased in this manner, as she became known as one of the few gods whose primary

interest was humanity, rather than her own self-elevation. Ironically, it was this more than anything that saw her supersede Aphrodite, and also gain respect in the eyes of Artemis, who herself preferred her own private spaces. But Apollo himself remained her love, and she did come to love him, not just lust after him, as the sun rose again and again upon her new life. Her immortal, endless life as a Greek goddess.

The End