

Revenge of Hera - Part 2

By TheSpiralledEye

Tired of her husband, Zeus, flirting and sleeping with every human woman he comes across Hera decides to give him a taste of his own medicine. Turing the God of Thunder and Lightning into a meek, desperately horny human woman whose only chance of being turned back involves sleeping her way up mount Olympus.

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Zeus felt as though he'd been struck by one of his own thunderbolts. He stood stock still as the blind man's hands roamed across his body; pinned in place by his own desire as heat bloomed between his legs at every trace of fingers. Tiresias knew from his own experience just how sensitive a woman's body could be and it seemed he remembered well how to elicit pleasure with only the lightest of touches. His finger traced down Zeus's sides before suddenly grabbing full, firm handfuls of his rubenesque ass.

The change in pressure from gentle to hard made Zeus' head swim with lust. He was no stranger to desire; as a God he felt it frequently and took what he could from whomever took his fancy. Never in his life before now though, had he felt he was a slave to it. He was paralysed by his own lack of control; unable to decide whether he wanted to flee the temptation or give in and beg for more again.

He tried to steel himself; if this was the price he had to pay in order to cloth himself for the journey ahead, he could handle it; but he vowed not to enjoy it. Something easier said than done as Tiresias pulled him closer and closer to the bed, each time his body giving less resistance.

He tried not to think about; tried not to focus on how lovely those fingers felt as they caressed his inner thighs, how his body quivered as Tiresias laid it down on the bed, how soft his long hair felt pillowed under his body. He bit his full lips, keeping the sounds at bay until suddenly, a deft finger was between the petals of his new flower and he could hold back no longer. Breathily, beautiful moans that went straight to his loins escaped his lips. It was the most erotic and desperate sound he'd ever heard; and he made it.

It seemed to light a fire under Tiresias as well as he was all of a sudden upon him, hands pressing his own palm down into the soft bed. He could feel his manhood pressing down on his thighs and Zeus hated himself for wanting it so. He couldn't help himself, he was compelled to moan more, raising his hips as high as he could to push against the bulge.

Tiresias' fingers tangled in his long hair as he lowered his body down, effectively pinning Zeus to the bed. A sudden realisation came to him; that even if he tried with all his

might to push the man off he would not be able to. Not only was his godly strength gone but this body was so lithe. He was totally at the mercy of this man and his own new, horny nature; the knowledge made his pussy burn with need and shame race through his being.

The shame was wiped away moments later as Tiresias' lips found the hollow of his throat. Zeus arched into the touch,. Such a vulnerable part of the body; who knew it could elicit such bliss?

"I was once changed into a woman," Tiresias whispered, "I know exactly how to make you feel *wonderful*."

Zeus' chest was heaving, pressing against Tiresias' own with every breath and sending sparks through his body. He couldn't fight it; the need, it was too strong. The word left his mouth desperate and needy;

"Please."

The thin fabric between them was ripped away and the hot rod of Tiresias rested against his mound. In seconds Zeus felt lost, awash in this new need he was drowning in.

Without hesitation, no doubt spurred on by the same magic which was making Zeus feel so desperate and out of control, Tiresias plunged into him. Zeus wailed as he felt his inner walls stretched; the burn of his body moving to accommodate the length was unlike anything he had ever experienced as a man.

The world seemed to slow so that he could appreciate every inch of skin pressing against him from the inside until Tiresias was fully sheathed within him. For a moment, everything stood still and he could appreciate the new feeling of gratification fill him. There was something satisfying, something truly fulfilling about being filled this way. He felt complete in a way he never had before and his whole body shuddered, squeezing around the cock and causing Tiresias to gasp.

The moment ended and the world caught up with the former God as Tiresias began to withdraw and push back in. It made his inner walls burn and Zeus felt his hips begin to rock against the man pressing against him harder in an effort to be penetrated even deeper. His breasts were caught between them, hard nipples rubbing against his firm chest and causing Zeus to shiver due to the overstimulation. He could feel a burn, some sort of pressure building in his pussy. It started in his clit and slowly began to spread out until all of a sudden, it exploded, spreading ecstasy across his skin and drawing a broken cry from his throat as he came.

Once he started, he found he couldn't stop. All he could do was hold Tiresias for dear life as wave after wave of torturous pleasure washed over him. Each time his pussy would tighten Tiresias groaned and thrust harder; Zeus could feel his balls slapping against his outer lips until finally the man pushed inside him one final time, deep and came.

A new feeling, a light-headedness, filled Zeus' mind and for a moment his brain was free of all thoughts. There was nothing but the warm, post orgasmic haze that settled upon him. It could have been minutes or hours when he finally came back to himself and he was shocked to find Tiresias still buried inside him. His legs and arms had curled around the man's form, holding him in place while his hands wandered up and down his back like a horny nymph who'd not yet had enough.

Humiliation surged through him and he was grateful when Tiresias finally pulled away. The former God found himself endlessly grateful for the man's blindness, at least he could take solace in knowing he couldn't see the deep blush that was currently coating his entire body.

"Sorry," The man sighed, "I-I don't know what came over me you just felt so nice."

"That's okay." Zeus whispered before being compelled to add, "I liked it."

"As did I." Tiresias chuckled, "Now, clothes, I believe that is something I can help you with."

The blind man stumbled to his feet, arms outstretched for a chest sequestered in the corner. Zeus sat up to watch, feeling the juices and liquids slowly draining from his pussy as he did so. The blind man felt the various pieces of clothing he pulled from the box until he found what he was looking for.

A cream chiton tunic, made of linen and designed to be worn off the shoulder. He handed it to Zeus who took it with thanks, carefully slipping the lightweight fabric over his form. The skirt was ankle length and Tiresias even gave him a thin hempen rope belt to tie off the middle to show off his new figure. It was hardly the sort of garment used for travelling up the harsh mountainside, but it was better than being naked.

Zeus looked down at himself and turned on the spot, watching as the long skirt of the tunic flared. He looked beautiful and a small smile formed on his face; at least Hera had granted him that.

"You can stay if you like." Tiresias offered, "It has been lonely here since my children left, as all grown children tend to do."

Zeus looked over at the blind man, still naked, his cock semi hard and once more his pussy began to ache. He tore his eyes away, forcing himself not to think of the pleasures he had just experienced; he had to get out of here before he felt compelled to do it again. If he kept falling for those delicious temptations he would never get to his throne and regain his Godly powers. Something he was sure Hera was counting on.

“No, I must go.” He said quickly, “Thank you for...the clothes.”

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Zeus stumbled away from Tiresias' hut still in a stupor; he could not believe his own actions, the ridiculous way he had carried on. It was shameful but at least Hera's spell had once advantage; since he had been unable to identify himself at least the mortal would never know he bedded the greatest of the gods. Nor that he had acted in such a way.

Zeus focused on the task at hand, climbing the mountain to return home. Now that he had clothing at least he did not need to worry about being seen by anybody else. He climbed, walking up the winding path at the base of the mountain for what felt like hours. Slowly, the scenery changed from that of deep forest to rocky cliffs and plateaus and he hiked up the steep pathway.

Hours passed and he began to disappear into the mists and clouds that swirls amongst the high peaks of the mountain and soon, the fog was so thick he could barely see three feet ahead of him. He knew the danger of these mists, magically created to confuse and make mortals reaching the summit impossible but he was no ordinary mortal.

He kept his wits about him, making sure to never stray from the path no matter what he heard. Sunset light filtered through the mists, staining it golden orange all around him and his stomach gave a rumble, reminding him that he had not yet eaten today.

As a God, Zeus had never wanted for anything. He had never known hunger or discomfort or at the very least, he had known neither for long. As a result, by the time the mist was starting to turn blue as the sun set behind it he was starting to feel ill. His stomach cramped and he found he was so hungry he could barely think. The mist ahead parted and the sound of running water made his ears prick; water usually meant plants and if he was lucky, that would mean fruit!

He stepped out of the mists into a beautiful forest clearing atop a flat plateau. The air was perfumed with flowers, waterfalls flowed gently into pools that steamed with warm water and a gentle breeze moved perfumed air through his long white hair. It was among one of the most beautiful places Zeus had ever seen, a rival to even the gardens of Olympus itself.

Something that was explained a moment later as a youthful, handsome man with white wings approached him, fluttering down from the sky.

“Well well, what do we have here? It’s not often a mortal wanders into my gardens.” His voice was deep and honeyed as he leaned down, “But I can see what the mists depicted you in my little paradise, a beauty like you will do very well here. I cannot say your presence is an intrusion.”

Eros, God of Carnal Love; a God Zeus knew well, as they both shared a passion for matters of the flesh. He had never been on the receiving end of the Gods presence like this before though, how had he never noticed the deep timbre of his voice before and how it seemed to vibrate inside his chest.

The man reached out a hand and took Zeus’ own, leading him into the garden. He passed many figures, nymphs, muses, other Gods, even a handful of mortals. All enjoying one another pleasurable company and oblivious to his presence. His body, still remembering the touch of Tiresias., shivered and he heard Eros chuckle.

“Do you like the look of what you see here, my dear?” Eros asked, “I am sure we can find somebody to your sensibilities, no matter how taboo.”

“Oh no,” Zeus shook his head, “I’m just looking for food, then I’ll be on my way...”

“Oh of course.” Eros said knowingly, “You poor thing, but skin and bones, come, eat of the fruit in my garden.”

Zeus was wary, any fruit grown by Eros was sure to be magical in some way. Normally he would not hesitate, he could fight off such spells but in this mortal body he was not so sure. Especially since this body seemed more inclined to follow his more primal urges.

Eros led him to a small grotto and motioned for him to sit beneath an exotic looking fruit tree. He picked one of the rich, orange-yellow fruit that hung from the vines above him. Despite his reservations he was in no state to refuse food. He bit into the soft fruit and moaned; it was sweet and juicy, perfectly sating his hunger and thirst in a single bite.

He ate of the fruit and drank the wine offered by the many nymphs who appeared around him and let the warm sense of relaxation wash over him. It had been such a long journey and he felt his eyes turning heavy. The nymphs massaged his sore feet and braided his long white hair and Zeus sighed; such pampering was a luxury he would not turn away.

“What brings you to Olympus, darling?” Eros asked, floating effortlessly in the air beside him as the moon appeared to bath him in silver light.

Zeus resisted the urge to giggle; he really was the master of seduction, if Zeus was not so on edge and aware he might even fall for it. The fact that his loins were beginning to warm once more was not worth noting.

“I am heading to the peak.” He admitted, shocked he could even say so, he tried once more to say what his name was but nothing but air graced his lips.

“That’s quite a journey.” Eros mused, “And I am afraid to say, you’ll never make it.”

“I made it this far did I not?”

“Yes but up ahead a minotaur is tasked with guarding the tunnels which lead to the inner mountain. There is no way to get to the peak without using those tunnels and I am afraid you do not look like the sort who could slay such a beast.”

Zeus grit his teeth, a minotaur, a simple bestial creature. With a flick of his wrist he could have smote it even a day ago. Now it proved an unconquerable adversary. Once more he seethed at his wife for bringing him so low.

“Of course,” Eros added slyly, “I could teach you how to get past him.”

“How?” Zeus narrowed his eyes.

“Why, seduction of course.” Eros chuckled, “Though, I think you’ll need some lessons before you are ready to take on such a big challenge.”

Zeus swallowed, his womanly flower quivered at the thought. Eros may be the only God who could be better than he at bedding women, if Tiresias had been a simple human man and reduced him to such a state, what could the God of Carnal Love do?

“The first thing you need to do,” Eros said slowly, hooking a finger under Zeus’ chin, “Is maintain eye contact. Stare deep and your partner will find themselves unable to look away.”

He was right, Zeus was staring right into those deep blue eyes and marvelling at the flecks of colour he found there. Tiny specks of green and brown floating in an endless ocean. He could feel himself slowly being drawn into it no matter how hard he tried to resist.

“The next, and I do admit, this is my specialty...” Eros whispered, leaning in close to wrap an arm around Zeus’ shoulder, “Is to give them a little...prick.”

There was a sudden sharp sting in the small of his back and Zeus jumped, accidentally jumping further into Eros’ embrace. He turned to see the heart-shaped point of one of Eros’ famous arrows sticking into his soft skin in his back before a moment later it disappeared in a shadow of pink light.

Even knowing what was about to happen was not enough to prepare him for the sheer intensity of feeling that surged through his body. Not just sexual desire, burning and hot but a sense of passion he had never known. Eros had always been a good friend to him but now he seemed like so much more than that. Genuine affection and love began to build in his chest, making his heart thump and Eros held him tight. Zeus couldn't help but keen at the touch, marvelling at the way those strong arms held him.

He did not try to resist when Eros placed a gentle kiss to his lips; between the magic of Hera and the God of Love, he was helpless. What was even the point of fighting it? He melted into the kiss, tilting back his head and moaning; his brain felt fuzzy and his thoughts slowed to a crawl. Why was he fighting these lovely feelings again? He couldn't be sure.

So when Eros gently turned him onto his hands and knees Zeus didn't resist, instead he found himself captivated by his own reflection in the pond behind him. How long had that been there? Had it appeared via magic, or had he simply not noticed it?

Eros was behind him, now in all his naked glory. Zeus looked at his own face mirrored perfectly in the glass smooth water. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes wide, white hair tumbling over his shoulders to land in the water itself, yet somehow did not disturb the glassy surface.

“There are few pleasures better than watching your own love making.” Eros grinned, looking down at his reflection looming over Zeus’ own. “Don't you agree? Now, pay attention, you'll need every lesson possible if you're going to get past the minotaur.”

He never got the chance to reply; his mind was too fogged with lust to think and a moment later the air was rushing from his lungs as Eros pushed inside him. He was so much bigger than Tiresias had been; Zeus could feel himself stretching to the limit and it felt glorious.

“Tight little thing,” Eros groaned, “I think you’ll need a good stretching before you can even think of taking that beast.”

The implication that he was going to debase himself by letting a minotaur fuck him would have made Sues balk even moments ago but as it stood all he could focus on was the idea of being even more filled than he was now. This pleasure was already so much, he could not comprehend feeling more.

A moment later he did not need to as Eros began to thrust, slowly, achingly slowly in fact. He drew out gradually, letting Zeus feel every ridge and inch of skin on his cock until only the tip remained and he pushed back in. The burn was just as intense, the pleasure pooled in his gut but relief was far from his grasp. Eros moved in and out, almost lazily as he gripped Zeus’ hips tight.

He watched their reflections in the water; watching his own face twist and writhe in ecstasy as small moans escaped his lips. A moment later Eros’ hands slipped beneath him to cup at his breasts, gently pulling him up to his knees, all while slowly continuing to buck up and into his waiting hole.

The change in angle made Zeus gasp, Eros’ tip now brushing against the deepest part of his new flower with each thrust and causing sparks to fly inside him.

“Next lesson is to hold back at first, just like now.” Eros breathed, “But not for much longer, let the pleasure guide you, let your lover know how good it feels.”

“Ooooooh...Ah! Ah!”

Zeus wasn't sure if it was the order or simply timing, knowing Eros it could well have been both, but in that moment his jaw dropped and breathy moans began to escape. Once they started, he couldn't stop. Eros just felt so good inside him but his pace was still far too slow, tortuous even.

“Please,” He begged, hating every second of his own weakness, “Oh pleeeeeease, ah, ahhhhh...I need...n-need.”

“More?”

“Yes!”

“You want me to fuck you harder?”

Eros' hands massaged his breasts, holding them tight so that his fingers pinched his nipples between them. Zeus felt his head fall back on the man's shoulder, helpless against the feeling.

“Yes.” He whimpered, “Gods, please yeeees!”

Eros was lowering him back down to the pool, so close that his face almost brushed the water. His arms collapsed underneath him, ass in the air as Eros held him in place and began to thrust in earnest.

“Yes! Yes! Yeee-aaaaah!”

“That's it, moan for me my dear, let the whole world know what you are experiencing right now.”

Zeus couldn't help but obey; he was wailing, screaming out in ecstasy as he felt his pussy begin to tinge in that familiar way that meant orgasm was incoming. He squeezed the cock inside him, pushing back against Eros as hard as he could while watching his face in the water.

It was beautiful, the woman in the water looked like she was in the throes of the greatest pleasure she had ever felt. Watching the way her lips trembled with each desperate gasp made him feel even hotter and then finally he fell over the edge and came.

Harder than with Tiresias and far more loudly. Helped by the fact that Eros was still going strong. His orgasm made his body shudder and shake and yet, the God did not let up. He just kept ploughing into him until he was an oversensitive mess.

That foggiess took over his mind once more and the world faded away. There was only a swirl of colours before his eyes as pleasure ruled his mind. He came again, then again, he lost count after that. There was only ecstasy and Eros until finally; it could have been hours later for all he knew, the God finally finished, pushing deep inside him one final time before withdrawing with a satisfied sigh.

“Not bad, little mortal, not bad at all. A few more lessons like that and you might just be able to take on the minotaur.”

Zeus tried to reply but exhausting was swiftly overtaking all other senses. After a long day's hike and two vigorous rounds so love making his body was sore and ready for sleep. Eros seemed to understand, chuckling under his breath he rolled Zeus into a soft patch of moss and placed his tunic across his form like a blanket.

Zeus let his eyes fall closed with a giggle; he'd not even realised the God of Love had removed his clothing in the first place. Perhaps he would have the energy to be embarrassed about it tomorrow morning but for now, he settled in to sleep; letting the post orgasmic haze gently lull him into unconsciousness.