

# GODDESS' GAMES

BY  
ELRELATOR

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Sold to



**It was the end of a long journey: Hakon finally arrived at the Crest of Destiny**

**He had defeated lots of enemies, and he had finally succeeded in reaching his last destination; now he just needed to climb up to the top. There he would meet Zorya, the Goddess of War and protector of all the warriors, and she would reward his bravery making him the ruler of all the kingdoms of Almerion.**



He climbed confidently, knowing that the worst part of the journey was behind him; according to the ancient texts, on the peak of the Crest the Goddess would be expecting him to bestow the ultimate prize: unlimited power over the peoples of the land.



The climb, nevertheless, proved much more difficult than he had imagined, and definitely not any man could have done something like that. But he was no ordinary man: he was way stronger, tougher and more determined than most mortals to get what he wanted.



Upon reaching the peak, though, he could only catch a glimpse of the beautiful landscape before he heard a bloodcurdling, deafening screech, and two menacing shadows flew over him. One more fight was awaiting him on the top: two dragons approached him to attack, and he was forced to wield his sword once more.

Fortunately, that wasn't a normal sword, as it was made from an indestructible metal. According to the legend, it had been forged out of a little piece of Zorya's armor, so it could even hurt supernatural beings.



His keen senses acted instantaneously: he was a skilled warrior who had defeated giants, goblins, orcs, and all kind of monsters, and this represented no major endeavor for him.



He knew that the dragons wouldn't hesitate to kill him as they were extremely violent creatures, bloodthirsty and ruthless, since they were the best guardians chosen by the gods to protect their secrets. In the first attack, Hakon managed to behead the first one with his only one slice of his powerful sword.



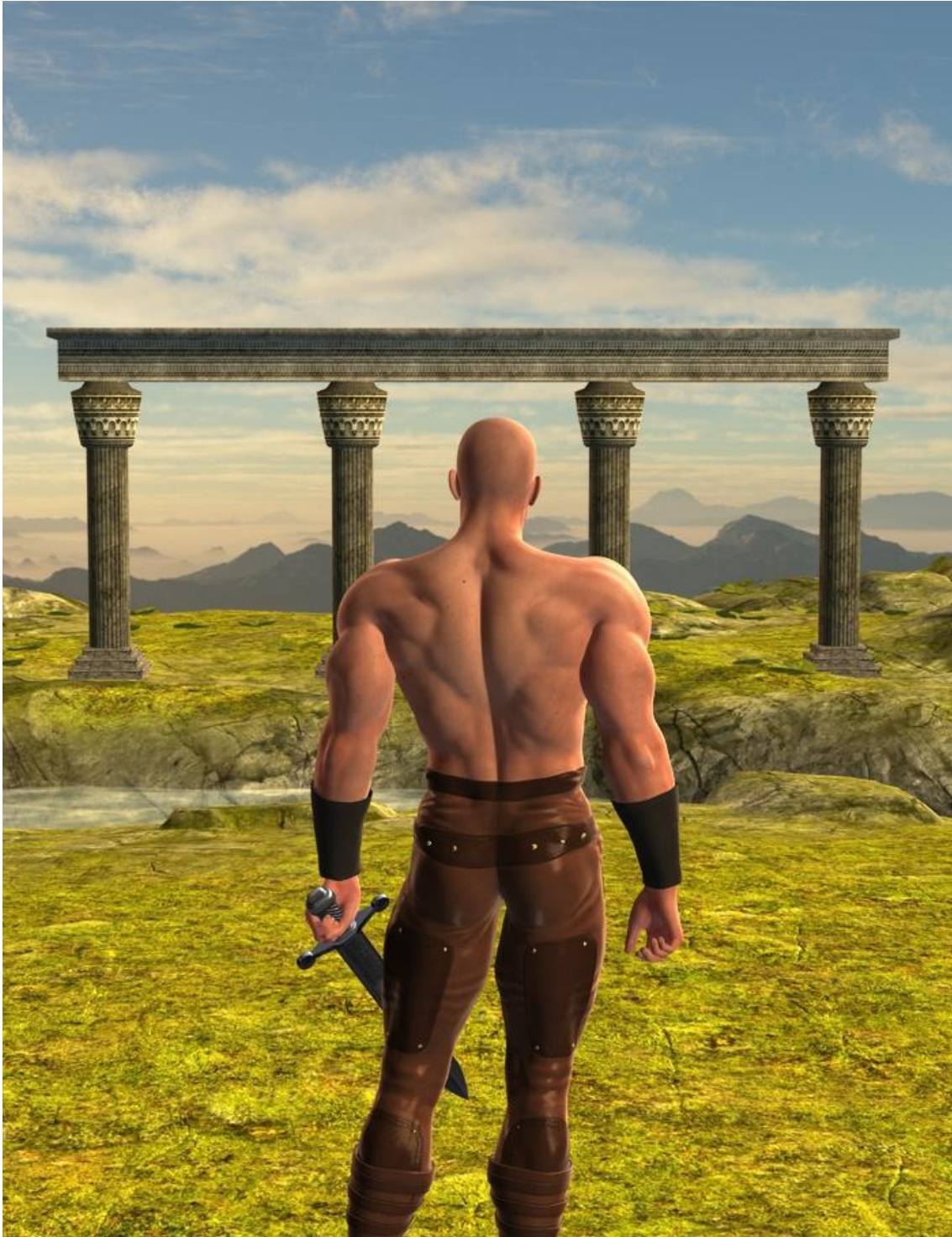
The other glared at him lunging to attack, but Hakon wasn't scared.



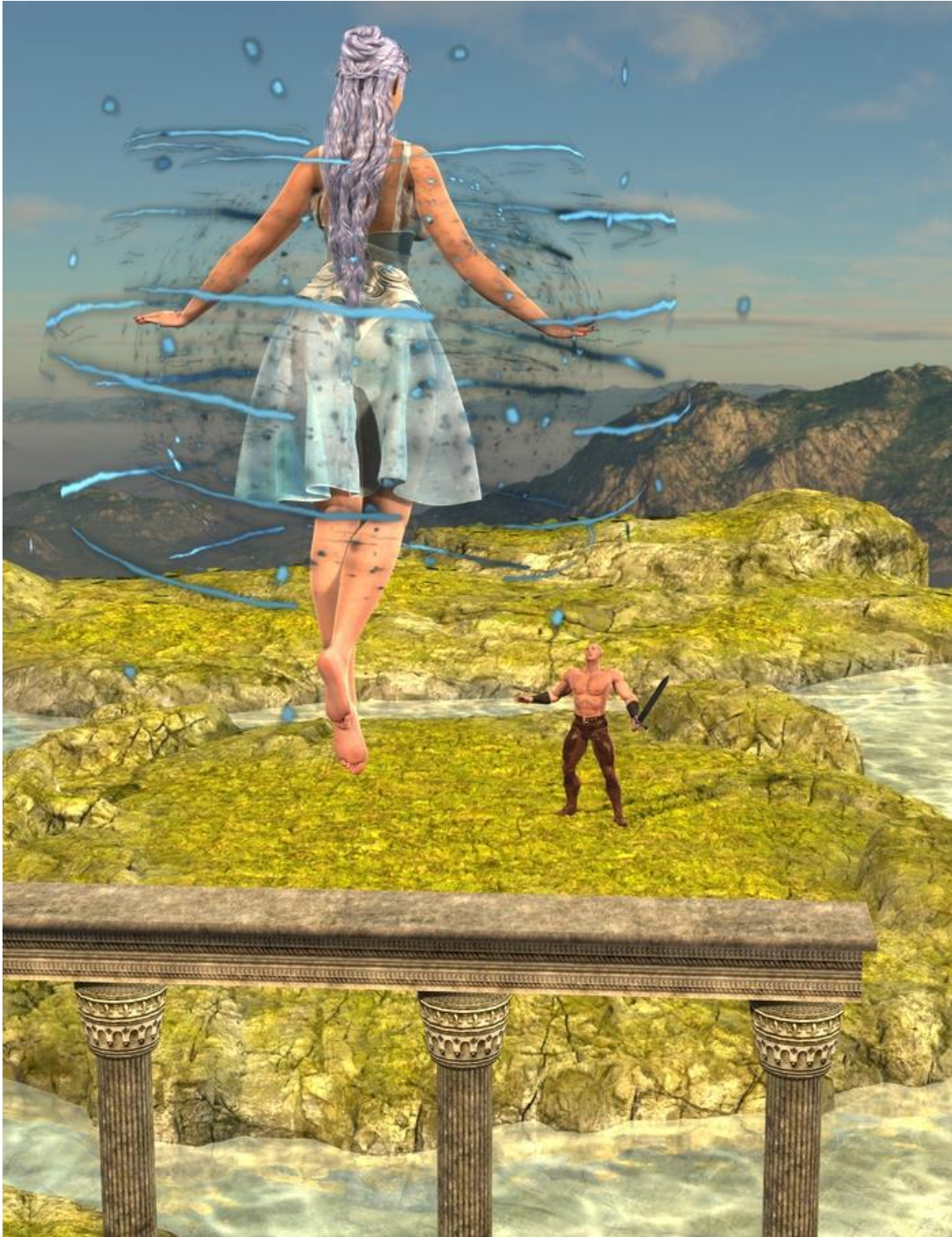
Hakon stood his ground, and with a powerful stroke, he slashed the beast's belly open.



He had won and he knew this was his last test: the Gods wanted to be sure that the mortal who managed to climb to the top of the Crest wasn't just a lucky coward, but the bravest warrior of Almerion.



Heaving heavily, he looked at the four columns before him, and froze in awe: those were the last remains of the Temple of Jade, the four columns of the first dwelling of the Ancient Creators, on the peak of the Crest of the Destiny. He had arrived.



And then, it finally happened. The air started smelling like flowers and the perfume was inebriating... and then an extraordinary powerful feminine figure descended from the sky, hovering towards him.



When she landed, he could see that she was so much taller than him. Although he had expected that, since she was a superior being and her height showed that to inferior mortals like him, he felt a bit intimidated. Still, he has proved his bravery and prowess, and was determined to try not show fear.

-Welcome, mortal... Now you can leave your sword on the ground. The fight has ended for you- the creature said, and her voice was mellow and melodious, and made Hakon think of warm honey poured over the flawless skin of a virgin.



"G-Goddess Zorya..." he said, nervously, as he obeyed, placing his sword on the ground.



She gave out a giggle "I'm not Zorya, little mortal..." she corrected him, rubbing his head as she towered over him" I'm Ishhara, Goddess of Love... "

"I...I ...I don't understand "he said, nervously, feeling like a tiny kid, dwarfed by her height" I thought the first man who climbed up here would meet the Goddess of war, and become the ruler of the world"

"Well... I guess she might bestow that when she gets here... But I have a better offer than her..."



"W-What offer?" he stuttered, looking way up at her"

"Well, I made a bet with her... I told her that all mortal men are so weak and submissive, than even the toughest and bravest of them would prefer being one of my slaves, a servant to the Goddess of lust and passion rather than the ruler of the world!" she answered, and Hakon's knees shook in dismay and, despite him, arousal.

He collected himself: "What?!! No! I... I didn't climb up here to be a slave! And... I'm not weak and submissive! I'm the greatest warrior of all time!" he protested vehemently.

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"So? Even the greatest warrior of all time is less than an insect to a Goddess like me... I had to reduce my usual size to talk to you... If I were my natural size I couldn't tell the difference between you and a speck of dust "she scoffed, lifting him up, as though he was a toddler.



**"P- Put me down!! "he protested helplessly, unable to resist to her superior strength" I won't be humiliated like this! I came here to see Zorya, and to become the king of all men!!".**



The Goddess, voluble and unpredictable, resumed the mellifluous tone she had showed at her first appearance. "Don't be so grumpy, little mortal... Just listen to my offer first... If you say no, I'll respect your decision" she promised.



"If you were my slave... I'd treat you as my little pet... as my favorite toy... she said, rubbing his chest; her perfume was addictive, and her feminine voice was hypnotizing. "You'd even have the honor of rubbing my feet... Many mortals dream of me letting them touch my perfect body..." she whispered sensually.

"It's... t-tempting... But I won't fall for this trick!" he answered, thinking this might be one last test, to check his determination



"Maybe this will convince you..." she whispered, coiling her fingers around his head and pulling him towards her head, before parting her warm, wet lips and pressing them on Hakon's mouth, who reciprocated the kiss with unchained passion. It was the best moment of his life, he was actually kissing the Goddess of love, how could he resist to that?



All of a sudden, though, the Goddess pulled him far from her and, and gently lowered him to the ground.

"I knew you'd love that... Now you just have to get on your knees and beg me to be my tiny little slave... What's your decision, mortal?"

"W-Well... I ... I ... " he stuttered, utterly confused



He collected himself and, brandishing his sword, menaced "Nice try, but the answer is no! I haven't fought against so many enemies to become your slave. I'll be the king, so go away!"

While her eyes became two slits, and mockingly addressed the man " Poor little mortal... Do you think you can threaten a Goddess with a pathetic sword?"

"This is no ordinary sword! It was forged from a piece of Zorya's armor!"



**"Are you saying that this is Idmir, the sword which belonged to king Kennan of Uyetis and was lost centuries ago?"**

**"Exactly! I slayed a monster of the swamp to obtain it! If you have heard of it, you will know that it can even hurt a deity like you!" he said raising it, threateningly.**



"Oh Please..." retorted Ishhara, obviously unimpressed" An insect with a divine sword is still an insect... Just because you have something that belongs to Zorya you are not as powerful as her, you are just a tiny insignificant being, like all men... " and, with just a gesture, she proceeded to creating a magical shield to protect herself from the sword.



Hakon flinched for just a second, then shouted "I'm not afraid of you! I'll show you what I'm capable of" and hit the translucent shield with the sword, in vain: it looked like a curtain of smoke, but it was as hard as a wall of rock.

"Mortals are so funny" giggled the Goddess "they really think their insignificant actions count...we are the ones who make decisions!"



"Are you done with your futile attempts at attacking me?" she scoffed, impatiently, while Hakon gritted his teeth in rage.



"My turn "she added, using her magical powers to create a magnetic spiral which lifted him up into the air.



"Put me down!!" he protested, feeling utterly helpless for the first time in many years.

"Why? I'm just having fun with you, little toy..." she mocked, making him twirl around with only a single hand gesture.



"Oh my God!" he exclaimed, looking down and realizing she had moved him over the edge of the cliff, where he was floating.

"Your Goddess..." she corrected him, calm and amused.



"Maybe I should let you fall..." she said, sounding bored. The Goddess of love was, much like the feeling sacred to her, volatile and subject to contrasts.

"Noooo, please!" shouted Hakon, who had heard the ancient legends of Ishhara and therefore knew the mutable character of the Goddess.



"Good bye, mortal..." she uttered with a nonchalant tone.

Hakon felt the force that had sustained him to that point fade and extinguish, and he shouted as he started falling.

"Nooooooooo!"



Despite his effort to reach the edge, he missed it and lost his sword in the attempt, and felt the vértigo of the void below him. At the same time, Ishhara just disappeared before his eyes.



Unexpectedly, though, a colossal hand was there to stop his fall.



The inebriating smell was unmistakable: the Goddess of lust had reappeared in even more colossal proportions. "Scaring mortals is so easy.... Your little lives are so fragile... Now, for example, I could just turn my hand and you would die..." she teased, while Hakon could only look up. Speechless, at her perfect, sensual face.



"But I'll be merciful, at least for the moment... You have my permission to live... But you may want to reconsider my offer now..." she added, her beautiful, gigantic fingers all around Hakon's body.



He just considered his situation. Hakon was not only a brute who could cut in half a man with a stroke of his sword, but also a skillful strategist. He was helpless, in the hand of a colossal Goddess with the volubility of a little girl; he was without his invincible sword, and beneath him was the gaping void.



"Please, Goddess Ishhara, f-forgive me... I'll... I'll serve you if you want" he said, kneeling humbling in her palm.



"Mmmm... so you accept to be my toy? That was easy..." teased the deity. "But what if I get tired of you? Would you even be an entertaining toy? Maybe I might as well have a different use for you..." she seemed to reflect.

"W-what do you mean?" asked



"Now let me see how you taste..." she teased him, her immense maws parting, and her long darting out her enormous mouth, savoring Hakon's muscular torso.

"Oh, y-yes..." could only murmur Hakon, excited and inebriated, despite his fear, by the flowery breath of the Goddess.



It was quite apparent that Ishhara didn't want to devour the man, but just have fun with him, and the Goddess of lust knew how to be pleased, while she moaned licking Hakon's firm body.



Suddenly, something appeared in the sky, with the sound of thunder in that perfectly sunny day.

"W-what's this?" could only stutter Hakon, who had become more and more iffy on the Crest of Destiny and its inhabitants.



**It was Goddess Zorya, flying through the sky like a fireball, as fast and lighting, and just as scary and destructive.**



Zorya, the Goddess of War, was extremely powerful and one of the most feared and respected in the pantheon of Almerion. She was known as a just divinity, but everybody was terrified of her devastating wrath.



**"Ishhara "called Zorya" I saw what you have done! This wasn't our deal... The bet was that you would just try to seduce him, but you have intimidated him too! I should have imagined that the Goddess of fickle love would behave as such!"**

**"That's not true... he agreed to serve me just because he's fallen in love with me, just like all mortals do!" Ishhara replied, somehow meekly.**



"Hakon is a great fighter, and he resisted like a brave warrior at first, but you insisted until he had to cede, and, that's not fair!" argued Zorya, her intimidating figure coming closer to Ishhara, who now looked short compared with the warrior Goddess.



"Now give him to me... He is a warrior, so he is my property, not yours..." she ordered.

"But..." tried to protest Ishhara, meekly.

"Must I remind you that I'm the Goddess of War, while you are the delicate Goddess of Love... You don't wanna fight me, little beauty..." said Zorya, coolly, staring into Ishhara's eyes.



"Of course" wisely ceded Ishhara" here you have your little warrior, but I think you could do funnier things with him than just turning him into a king" she added, knowing that seduction was her only weapon against Zorya.



The Goddesses passed the muscular but relatively small body of Hakon, the mightiest warrior of all Almerion, to one another's hand, as though if he was nothing more than a tiny puppet.

"G-Goddess Zorya! Thanks for your infinite mercy!" he felt a little relief.



**"Little mortal, you've defeated all your enemies and you've reached the top of the Crest of Destiny, you'll be rewarded as I promised" boomed Zorya's voice.**  
**"Don't be afraid of Ishhara, now you are under my protection" she stated.**



**"Goddess Zorya, I 've always worshipped you above all and I promise I won't disappoint you if you make me the new ruler of mankind" proclaimed Hakon, with all the dignity he could muster in such an extraordinary situation.**



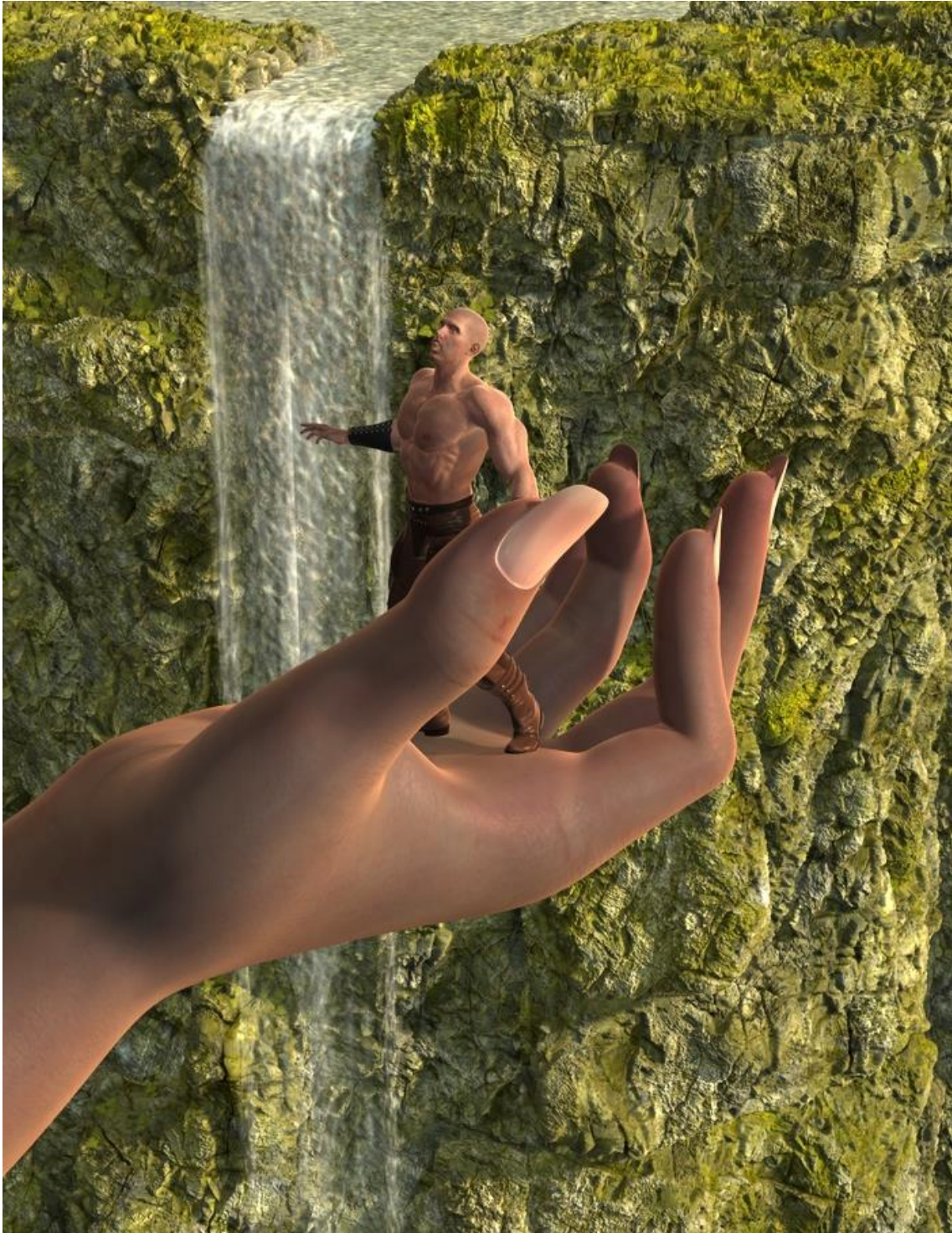
"You know, it's a pity that you are going to make him king... if you used him as a toy on my body... that would make me feel so much pleasure..." started Ishhara, vaguely and innocently looking at Zorya.

**"What do you mean?" asked the warrior Goddess, intrigued...**

"G-Goddess Zorya... Please... d-don't listen to her, I beg you... You promised that I would be an emperor, not a toy!" begged Hakon, distraught.



"The idea of being dominated by a powerful war Goddess like you, while she plays with a tiny warrior on my body, turns me on so much... We could have so much fun with him... " teased Ishhara, a perfect mix of lust and innocence to which nobody could resist.



**"Goddess Zorya... I-If you want you can use me as a toy on her for a while, b-but I can't be a toy forever! I deserve to be an emperor!" implored Hakon, feeling baffled.**



**"Shut up, mortal..." thundered Zorya, frowning and looking down at him" You are just an inferior being, and you cannot negotiate terms, telling a Goddess what to do... I'll do whatever I please with your pathetic little life..." she concluded, while Ishhara enjoyed the scene, kissing Zorya's breast.**



**This will show you your place, insignificant mortal... a tiny man like you should shut up while Goddesses are talking" she said, pinching his body with two fingers to placing him under the waterfall to teach him a lesson.**

**"Noooo!!! Please!!!"** shouted Hakon, who had always been the mightiest fighter and now was at the merci of two females: they were Goddesses, yes, but he could not help perceiving them as two women who could do everything they wanted to him.



**She put Hakon's body under the freezing waterfall, drenching him through like a puppy who is punished for his riotous behavior.**

"G-Goddess! Please! Stop!" he begged pathetically, feeling extremely helpless between her gigantic fingers "I'm sorry!!"



**"Now wait here while the Goddesses talk..." Zorya commanded, leaving Hakon on the top of the Crest, close to the river.**



Ishhara held on Zorya's colossal breast and, staring into her eyes, whispered "Oh Zorya, you are so strong and authoritative...and your body is so firm and strong...you are invincible and that arouses me so...I just hope I have some grace in your eyes..." she teased.



She then used a gesture, and, with her powers, she made her dress disappear, getting naked in front of Zorya.



Zorya could only contemplate the spectacle of Ishhara's naked body. It was absolute perfection: she incarnated voluptuousness and pristine intactness at the same time, and Zorya felt instantly utterly defeated.



**She moved a step forward, passionately kissing the beautiful Goddess, and then she suddenly grabbed Hakon off the crest's top,**



He protested and kicked, all to no avail. Not only weren't the beautiful Goddesses listening to him, but they weren't even acknowledging his presence as a sentient being. This feeling, however, while it represented the most painful humiliation he had ever gone through, was at the same time surprisingly exciting for him.

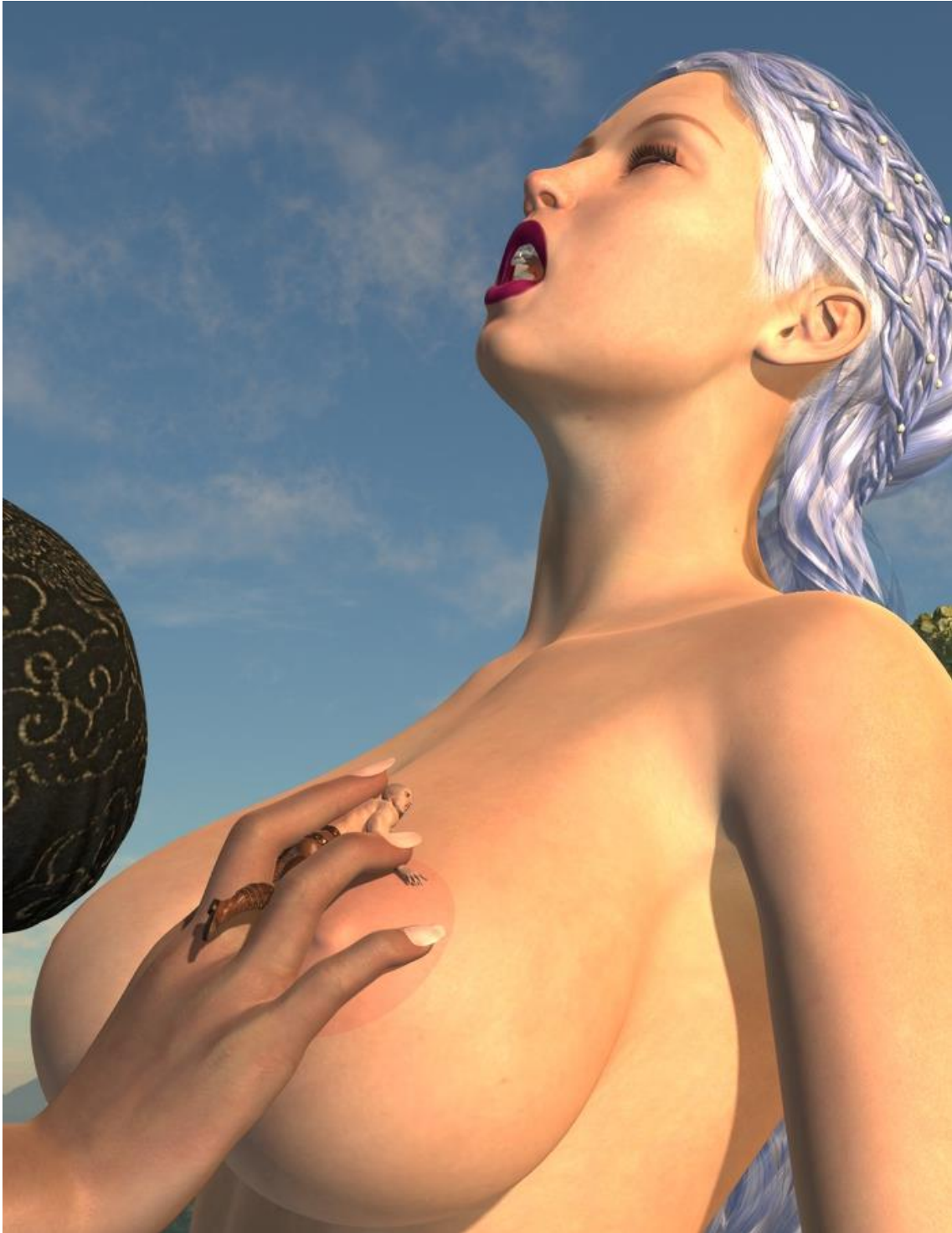


Then, all of a sudden, he felt pressed against the perfumed firm breast of Ishhara. With the little lucidity left to him by the incredible excitement he felt, he realized that the Goddess of love was as surprised as him.

**"Oh Yes! I'm all yours Zorya!" she said, breathing faster.**



Zorya was looking with a bold grin into Ishhara's eyes, and said  
"See? All these years on the battlefields have taught me something. I've got a few tricks up my sleeve too!", while Ishhara moaned in utter pleasure.



For a proud warrior like Hakon, being used like a tiny object was a huge humiliation, but he couldn't help liking it. Hakon wanted to rule over every man on Almerian; but serving those two goddesses was really turning him on.

To be continued...