

Mythic Reality 2 (Man to Nubian Amazon TG RC)

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A Story Tier Prompt for Scoobert

Set after the original Mythic Reality, the former inventor-turned-temple maiden Galatae is sent by her friend-turned-Goddess Lymnorea to greet a new male visitor to this reality. This new visitor is weak and scrawny, and desires strength and purity. Well, he shall soon have it in spades . . . when he is turned into a gorgeous dark-skinned Amazonian warrior!

Mythic Reality 2

I, Galatae of Corethin, was in heaven on earth as I bathed in the temple waters. Well, a *certain* kind of earth, I supposed. Once I had been Gabe, a genius inventor who found a way to travel to different dimensions. But that was before I had sent my friend through and lost him. Arriving six months later after repairing the damaged device, I was shocked to discover that not only had my friend safely arrived in a dimension that was like a mythic Ancient Greece made real, but that he had been ascended by this dimension's gods to become Lymnorea, beautiful red-haired and freckled Goddess of Wanderers, the Lost, and Welcome Refuge. And upon meeting her, I was blessed as well, becoming her high priestess Galatae, an olive-skinned, full-breasts, and very curvaceous beauty with dark hair as a contrast to my goddess' fiery red. It was a positively transcendent moment in my life, entirely unexpected, and yet utterly perfect. And moments later, when I became my friend and goddess' lover, things became sublime - literally.

That was months ago. Today, I basked naked in the warm baths of the temple, cupping my large breasts and revelling in their magnificence. I was so pleased to be a woman, and even more so to be the curvaceous woman I had become. Even better still, a woman in the arms of a *goddess*.

"I love how full-breasted you are," Lymnorea said as we floated together, her celestial form keeping us aloft. She lowered her hands to cup my breasts also, massaging them. I couldn't help but moan.

"I love everything about what you made me, Lymnorea."

"Perks of being a goddess. I always did like busty women before, and now you are the finest high priest I could imagine. Do you feel fulfilled?"

I gasped as she groped my sensitive tits, causing me to writhe in the otherwise gentle waters. "I am. Always. Mhmm . . ."

"Good. You should be. You deserve it, before the duty I give you."

I moaned as she pinched my nipples lightly, her touch perfect - a goddess' touch.

“Wh-what duty, my goddess?” I asked.

“You alone can call me Lymnorea, friend,” she said. “But it is a task I sense is part of my domain. There is a new traveller to this realm, from another dimension. Our own dimension.”

I bit my lip, trying to concentrate. Her touch really was heavenly. “Another traveller? Did they invent-”

“No. It was some cosmic accident. A tearing in the fabric of reality, likely an afterripple of your own arrival. But nevertheless, he is here. I have been summoned by my fellow deities to discuss this situation, but I am sending you ahead of the other champions of the gods to meet this man first. Hear him out. I will give you the power and readiness to aid him if necessary, and bring him under my fold.”

“And what if he’s hostile?”

“Then, there are ways of dealing with that, too. You will be protected under my power. He is west of Corethin, beyond the Salted Steps along the road that leads to the Range of the Minotaurs.”

“When should I go?”

Lymnorea held me closely. Her touch was grace itself. “Immediately.”

I sagged, disappointed, and was about to provide a gentle protest when she kissed my neck tenderly, lowering a celestial hand down between my thighs. I choked back a cry, shuddering at her ministrations.

“Immediately, after I have blessed you. And you know how I like to bless you, my friend, my high priestess, my favoured *lover*.”

To say I reached new heights of bliss would be an understatement.

I set out on the road towards the destination Lymnorea had pointed me towards, after a rather lengthy ‘education’ on the nature of pleasure that awaited those who took safe refuge in my goddess’ bosom. The bosom being literal, in this case. Left buoyant by her attention, I was also endowed with her godly power. It almost made me jealous of Liam having become Lymnorea and not I: the essence of divinity - if only a shard - was within me, and it was blissful to experience. I knew just holding it inside my body that I could reshape life, give godly decrees, and speak on behalf of my patron . . . but only if I were following her will properly. I had little doubt that I could. These days, magic interested me far more than science. It was an entirely new field to me, and that held me enraptured, almost as much as my red-headed beauty of a goddess and friend herself.

The road was long, and I had to travel with a number of individuals. I was reminded again how female I now was: until I was able to reveal to them that I was the head priestess of a powerful and respected new goddess, quite a few of the men flirted with me or even commented openly on my large bust. I couldn't exactly blame them, I was very well endowed, after all, but it was still awkward. I was not yet used to the male gaze. Still, I continued, journeying across territory I had never seen, and making good use of my sketch paper. It was fascinating to see mermaids leaping in the ocean, or powerful minotaurs pulling carts for pay.

But more fascinating yet would be in meeting one who had made it to this world from my own. I travelled on, and before I reached the land of those aforementioned minotaurs, I halted.

"You okay, lovely priestess?" asked my transport, a man naked Kelek. He was not unattractive, and so it seemed I was also taken by men. Lymnorea would not mind - she was my greatest lover, but had encouraged me to 'experience more, as a traveller and wanderer should' several times. Perhaps this was part of the test.

No, I held off. It didn't feel right, and Lymnorea's shard of power within my chest was pulling me off the road. I obeyed its call, and thanked Kelek with a golden coin before ditching his wagon. There, I proceeded on foot through the forest, until I came to something amazing, hidden away in the thick cluster of trees.

A makeshift tent.

It had been constructed out of rags, clothing, a stray sheet, and numerous metal components that told me that this had once been parts of a car, or perhaps a trailer park.

"Hello!" I called. "I am a traveller, here to talk with you. I know you are from another world!"

A figure emerged, shaking, a makeshift spear (and not a well-made one) in his hands. He was short, scrawny, and looked weaker than even I, who was a woman and quite the nerd before that. Perhaps he had been starving, but he didn't appear *that* malnourished. Merely thin. In fact, there was a pile of banana skins and fruit disposed of to the side, fairly recently.

"Wh-who are you!?" the man demanded. He had to be in his early thirties or so, with white-blond hair and Caucasian skin, like Lymnorea's. It would stand out among the people here, unlike my more olive tone.

"I am Galetae," I said. "High Priestess of Lymonrea, the Goddess of Travellers, Wanderers, and Welcome Refuge. And I am here to offer *you* refuge, man from another dimension."

"H-how did you know that?"

"The goddess told me. She wishes you to be safe, and to meet you."

He looked agitated, scared.

“Are you one of the monsters?” he asked. “There’s all kinds of weird shit here; centaurs, mermaids, bull-headed freaks.”

I frowned. “Is that why you have remained here, in this makeshift camp?”

“I - I can’t stay safe unless I’m here.”

“This world is safer than you think.”

“I’m not looking to find out! Look, I’ve never been brave, okay? Look at me, you’re a beautiful woman and you could beat *me* in a fight. It’s the reason I probably got stuck here. This weird rift opened up, and everyone was able to escape the park, except me. I wasn’t fast enough, and I could push aside the log that fell in my way, or lift it off my foot. I was weak.”

He dropped the spear, and tears formed in his eyes. I was more womanly now, not just in my rather lovely curves or female parts, but also in my emotions. I felt great compassion at seeing this poor man shaking in his boots, quivering at the thought of a world that I myself had immediately found fascinating. Clearly, he had lacked bravery all his life. I drew myself close to him, and Lymnorea’s power surged within me. I knew what I had to do to claim him for her, and to aid his soul as well.

“Tell me, stranger, what is your name?”

He hesitated, then seemed to give in even at that. “Matthew,” he told me. “My name is Matthew. And yours?”

“Galetae.”

“Oh, that’s right. You already said. Can you take me to a safe place?”

“I could,” I replied. “And I will. But I can also take away the very conditions that make you afraid, and instead help you thrive in this world. If you wish, I can make you suited to survive here, and not only that, but thrive as well. I can make you powerful, and wondrous, and beautiful. You will never need to be scared again, and your life will be blessed while you serve my kindly goddess Lymnorea. She has sent me with a blessing for you.”

“F-for me? What . . . what kind of blessing?”

I smirked, drawing nearer to this small man. I was even taller than him, but while I was not greatly attracted to his body, I could feel the pulsing arousal growing as I knew what needed to be done, guided as I was by my goddess’ vision. Slowly, I removed my robe. Matthew’s jaw fell.

“Uh . . .”

I smiled at him as I removed my undergarments, sighing as my breasts drooped a little lower, free of their support and yet still looking very generous and pert upon my form. God, they were heavy, and I loved them for their size. I loved all of my wondrous olive curves, including my childbearing hips. In fact, I’d even become curious about what it would

feel like to bear a child lately. But that would be a concern for another time, for now, I had a job to do, and I planned to enjoy it. I sauntered closer to Matthew and ran my hands over his skinny white frame.

“What’s, um, happening?” he said.

I leaned forward and kissed him, pressing my luscious form against his. Already he was growing hard, and while his manhood was not particularly impressive, it wasn’t as small as I’d assumed. This could indeed prove fun, especially as the heat was within me now, and my body yearning to be touched.

“I am giving you her blessing. Do you accept?”

Once more, a brief hesitation . . . and then he kissed me back. We ran our hands over each other, him caressing my curves, nervously at first, and then with greater confidence with my encouragement. Soon I was gasping as he attended to my breasts. At my direction, he placed my right nipple into his mouth and began to draw in.

“Ahhhh, you are more brave than you think, Matthew. I intend to show you how brave you can be. Lie with me. I want it, and the goddess wants it too.”

It was a new kind of travel, a new kind of wandering; not just of place but of mindset as well. I helped Matthew down to the ground and climbed atop him, grinding my hips against his until he was very hard indeed. Then, with even a bit of nervousness in my own breast, I lowered myself upon his cock, letting him pierce me; the first man to do so, of all the men I could have chosen! And yet, I didn’t regret this moment at all, for the goddess had ordained it, and a portion of her power was within me, its divinations showing me what blessings I in turn could bestow upon Matthew in his name.

I writhed, gasping as he dared to reach up and grab my breasts.

“Yes, feel them!” I gasped. “Feel how ripe and full they are. You like them, yes?”

“God, I do! Ohhh, I don’t understand what’s happening, but I like it!”

“You will like it even more, soon.”

I gyrated my hips further, sliding up and down upon his member, which left my juices slick upon him. He was getting closer to the moment of blessing, and so was I.

“Y-yes!” I cried. “You can do this, Matthew! Accept Lymnorea’s power. Cum within me! Your last male moment! Embrace change! Embrace bravery and beauty! Leave behind your old male self!”

“I - I can’t!”

“You can,” I said, gripping his shoulders and becoming more aggressive in my love-making. My heavy breasts bounced, slapping audibly on my chest, and I knew it was turning him on. “Just believe in yourself, Matthew. Let me show you a whole new world.”

He grunted. “Y-yes! Please! Show me!”

I did, moving in such a way to finally bring him to orgasm. He ejaculated deep within me, and he cried out just as I did, his voice cracking as it rose up in octave to an almost womanly decree. Instantly, as I received his seed, so too did the power of Lymnorea pour into him. I continued to buck my hips, bringing further pleasure to him, an impossible series of multiple orgasms as he spilled more and more of his issue into me, his balls emptying almost completely. He began to change, his muscles growing, his body expanding, his skin darkening.

“Ahhh, what’s h-happening to m-me!?” Matthew said, still gasping in pleasure.

“Shhh,” I said comfortingly, still rocking upon him. “Let it happen. You won’t be disappointed.”

He continued to expel the last of his seed into me, and the shard of power Lymnorea had infused within my body brought it into itself, reorganising it and then sending it back to Matthew in the form of sexual bliss and radiant light. His skin continued to change, becoming at first olive-toned, then light brown, then a gorgeous black as if his ancestry was African instead of Caucasian. This was matched by a change in his features: his nose widened and his jaw softened, and his teeth became perfectly arranged and brilliantly white. His eyes turned dark brown, and his hair entirely black, spilling out from his head and forming perfect dreadlocks. His lips plumped up, becoming full and beautiful, and even as the rest of his body gained a womanly aspect I was astonished purely at Matthew’s face: he now looked like an incredibly handsome African woman, one who was tough and powerful, determined and strong, and yet enticingly beautiful, enough to stir me to even greater passion as I lowered myself to kiss her new lips. The rest of her changed beneath me, body twisting and altering as her breasts ballooned, mighty and proud. Her spine extended, arms and legs too, and soon I was the smaller figure, much smaller compared to her immensity. I moaned, basking in the change as she was. She was no longer inside me, and I had little doubt her feminine flower was now forming. Still, she continued to swell with muscle, gripping me powerfully, caressing my breasts with ever greater confidence.

“I can feel it!” she cried. “The determination! The power! The - ahhh! - the wonders of this new form!”

Her voice now had an accent in it, lovely and exotic, as if marking her from a distant land to this one, perhaps across the southern sea where such dusky-skinned traders came in their large merchant ships. Only they were slender compared to Matthew, who now appeared like a mighty warriorress. She called out violently as the final pleasure lashed through her, and I was nearly thrown off from her bucking, orgasming as well.

“YESSSS!” she cried, and then she fell back, gasping for breath.

The work was done. The power of Lymnorea within me was very pleased indeed at what I had done. Lying on the ground, then slowly getting up, was a nubian amazon of

power, grace, beauty, and muscle. She was easily over six feet tall, and was the very image of an Olympian, almost like a goddess herself. In an instant, her muscular naked body was covered in a loose garment, crimson red in colour with white edging, and the image of a sun and moon overlapping over her breast. It looked like the light garb of a warrior monk, and this was enhanced by the appearance of a long spear in her hand and a bow upon her back. The new woman startled.

“I’m . . . I’m a woman. A black woman.”

“A *warriore*,” I corrected. “Fit to serve Lymnorea and protect her temple, as well as give ode and worship to her.”

Matthew looked down at herself, marvelling at her body and clothing. I too remembered a moment like this, and I let her discover her new self, even touching her large breasts and feeling down to her womanhood.

“I don’t feel like Matthew anymore,” she said. “The fear is gone.”

“I was once Gabe,” I said. “I took a new name when I crossed here.”

“You were-”

“From your world, yes. Now, you must take a new name. The blessing will help you find one.”

The new dark-skinned amazon thought, her powerful brow creased as she searched within herself.

“Medea,” she said, taking on a confident warrior’s stance. “It feels . . . right.”

I took her hand and kissed it. “Thank you for the passion, Medea. Now, you have even more.”

She looked out through the forest where I had come from.

“I think I’m ready to leave this place,” she said, flexing her muscles. “This is so very strange but . . . I want to try and learn what’s out there, and who this new me is.”

“Then come with me, and meet your goddess at her temple. She will be most pleased to see you. The road is this-”

“Then let’s go!” she announced, striding forth and pushing aside some foliage in order to get through, moving like she had all the confidence in the world. With a body like that, she had good cause. She easily swatted aside all that was in her way. Oh, Lymnorea was going to like her. Gods knew I already did.

Perhaps we could have some fun exploring her new body along the way home? Or better yet, perhaps Lymnorea would give us both a celestial welcome in her baths?

The End