

## Mythic Reality 3 (Man to Demigoddess TG Preg)

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A Story Tier Prompt for Scoobert

*It has been nearly two years since Gabe the scientist was transformed into the busty, olive-skinned Galatae, servant of the Goddess Lymnorea, who was in fact Gabe's own best friend Liam. But both have now adjusted to their roles in the mythic Greek city of Corethin. Now, however, Lymnorea desires children, and offers Galatae the chance to not only bear them, but become a demigoddess in the act . . .*

### Mythic Reality 3

I began my day as I often did, making sure my body was presentable to my Goddess of Wanderers, the Lost, and Welcome Refuge. I bathed and cleaned my skin, attending to my amply blessed form and applying the soaps and oils that would leave my skin glowing and my scent desirable. Afterwards, I clothed myself in the white temple dress that had become my 'uniform' of sorts. As I gazed in the mirror at my beauty, my full chest, my broad hips and gorgeous olive skin, I could barely believe that it had been almost two years to the day since I was transformed. Once, I had been Gabe, a brilliant experimenter from Earth, one who had invented a device to transport a person to another dimension. My friend Liam had gone in and been lost, but unbeknownst to me had landed here in Corethin. Being the first outsider to travel to the realm, the Godly pantheon of this mythic Greek realm elevated him to the status of Goddess, and so he became Lymnorea. Six months later, when I managed to find a way to fix the device and travel there, I was shocked to discover her as a celestial being, a gorgeous petite redhead who radiated love, mercy, beauty, and *power*. I became her devoted servant, and she remade me as Galatae, her high priestess.

It's a strange thing, going from a scientist to a priestess of godly magic. But what is magic if not a kind of science that is not understood? I had always pursued the mystery of the other, and in my new role I could do that every day, learning from my best friend and goddess about the nature of the divine, the matters of the pantheon, the power of great boons and artefacts. And, of course, there were other pleasures to be found, ones I embraced eagerly and, dare I say it, greedily.

I exited into the wider temple, and attended to my duties. Lymnorea welcomed all who were lost and weary, wandering without purpose, or simply needing safety. Her temple was abuzz with activity, and I helped feed and clothe the needy, as well as provide direction to those who needed it; both spiritual and geographical. I fed and gave water, directed the lesser priests and priestesses to help larger contingents, and also politely invited those who

were staying for more *parasitic* reasons to move on: their journeys had stalled, and Lymnorea did not just offer sanctuary, she also urged *direction*. I also oversaw the cleaning of the sacred baths, the offers of prayer before Lymnorea's great statue, and kept morale up: Lymnorea had not been with us for nearly a month now, much longer an absence than usual. I missed my friend and lover greatly. To be held in the arms of a goddess . . . it was beyond earthly sex and intimacy in so many ways. Still, she was apparently arguing for something of great importance upon this world's Olympus.

"You are troubled, Galatae," came a husky voice.

I turned to see Medea, the beautiful and strong Nubian warrior priestess. She was our great protector, once a normal man like me, one who was sickly and weak, but now gifted with an Amazonian appearance. She couldn't be prouder of it.

"I confess, I miss my goddess."

"We all miss her," she said, "but I think you miss her most, and for other reasons."

I blushed. Medea could always see through me. Despite the fact that I had been the one to help change her into her current form, she'd gained a level of confidence that made her my closest non-Goddess friend and confidant.

"I miss her touch. I miss her laugh. I miss the woman I have grown to love."

"She will be back. I know it."

"How can you be so sure, Medea?"

She shrugged. "Blame the goddess. Lymnorea gifted me with courage and confidence, and I am sure she will return. Take heart, high priestess. It will happen."

I nodded, embracing her, for the priestesses of Lymnorea did not shy from human warmth, and then I retreated back to the Goddess' personal space, which I alone was allowed to access other than her. I closed the door, moving down to the warm pool and then to the side room, where the fireplace was warm and the carpet plush and comfortable.

*"It is so good to see you again, Galatae. I missed you greatly."*

I nearly jumped, causing my heavy breasts (I estimated them to be E-cups by Earth standards, lucky me) to jostle on my chest. There, reclining on a comfortable couch and lit by the fire, was my Goddess. She was perfect as ever, with her delicate yet simultaneously powerful form, her face freckled, her bright red hair so very foreign to Corethin. Her skin was pale, and everything about her radiated elegance. Suffice to say, I ran to her and bowed before her.

"Lymnorea, my Goddess! You've returned to us!"

"I have," she said, turning to cup my cheek and lift it. "You need not bow. It has been a long, long series of arguments I've had on Olympus, even longer than your time waiting for me; time works differently there."

"I am just so glad. Shall I draw you a warm bath? Can I provide you with ambrosia offered by your congregation?"

She waved her hand, smiling. "Galatae, it's still me, deep down. I'm your friend and lover first, goddess second."

"I know, but feeling your radiance up close—"

She laughed lightly. It was a beautiful sound. "Medea's own devoutness rubs off on you in nature. But we won't need to worry about this any longer, not if you agree to my proposal. I won the argument; Zeus and the other gods have allowed me what I demanded."

"And what is that, my Goddess?"

"A child. Children, in fact."

I was stunned. I knew that Liam had wanted a family one day, so it made sense that Lymnorea would too.

"Do you have a suitor?" I asked her. "If that is too forward—"

"I do," she said. "But only if you agree. For you see, it's you I want to start a family with, Galatae."

Now I was *definitely* stunned. I bowed low. "I am not worthy of—"

"Oh, stop it! I'm gone a month and suddenly you're a cult member."

I smiled sheepishly. "Sorry, it's just - this is so much! I love you, Lymnorea. You know this. But you are a goddess!"

"And you are the mortal I love. And I was a mortal just two and a half years ago, Gabe. Don't forget we were once two male friends making a device in your backyard shed. Now we are two beautiful women, and we have brought such pleasure to one another, in body and spirit. I wish for us to be closer together and make a family."

Tears formed in my eyes. I hadn't even known it, but I desperately wanted that too. "I - I would love that, Lymnorea. I truly would. I just - how would we do it?" I laughed a little. "We are both women, after all!"

She chuckled. "Thankfully, being a goddess comes with some perks! I had to make one little concession to the gods to agree to this: if we were to have blessed demigod children together, then *you* would have to be the one to carry them."

I gasped, my hand falling to my stomach. It made sense, in a way; gods were always impregnating mortals, though apparently there were rules against it now, and Lymnorea had likely argued that she had 'missed her turn' and so deserved some late opportunity now. And I had the figure for it: full breasts for nursing, wide hips for birthing. Some rude visitors to the temple said as much once, as did whispering crowds when I visited the city proper. Quite often, in fact, though some flirtatious comments *did* give me a bit of smug pride.

But me, pregnant? Carrying a child? Spreading my legs and birthing a demigod or demigoddess into the world? It was such an alien thought! And yet . . . was this not the kind

of experience I was chasing? The delight and wonder in the unknown, in figuring out new sensations and applying my scientific and now-magical mind to this new world? And did I not love Lymnorea so damn deeply? I wanted to make a family with her, and if this was the way . . . I would be *blessed* to carry her child. Proud.

Radiant, even.

Goddess, it was starting to sound deeply tempting. Me, the very image of womanhood, carrying a goddess' child. That smug part of my brain could only imagine how the others would treat me, and how I would be fussed over, blessed with such brilliance. And then to have a child at the end of it all; a little one to love and hold and raise under the guidance of a high priestess and her best friend goddess . . .

"Yes," I said, nodding eagerly. "Yes, I want that. I will carry our child, my Goddess . . . my *love*."

Lymnorea smiled. "Would you consent to it happening now, or do you need to-"

I did the unthinkable, perhaps almost heretical - I moved forward and embraced Lymnorea, pressing my full chest against her slim form, and stopped her divine words with a kiss. Thankfully, she didn't seem to mind, because she was soon kissing back, holding me and touching my curves, her every touch lighting up sensation in my body. It was magnificent, already beyond earthly sex, and we hadn't even gotten to the really good part! She began to peel away my clothing, and I did the same for her once she permitted.

"You are so beautiful," she told me, and her words made me shiver. "Come, let's make love by the fireplace. I will give you our child."

I lay down with her, and she pleased me, kissing my breasts and sucking on my large, dark nipples. I gasped and moaned, lowering my hands to rub and touch her womanhood. But then her eyes lit up, her hair shifting magically, and something *amazing* happened as she crawled on top of my waiting form: something *grew* from between her legs. It filled her feminine flower, extending outwards and hardening. My eyes widened in response as I realised what it was: Lymnorea had grown a man's penis! A large one, in fact! One that was very erect, throbbing visibly, with a pair of testicles behind it that seemed large and - oh Gods - *virile*. I now realised *exactly* how she was going to impregnate me.

"We can stop, if you'd like. If this is too much."

But I shook my head. I loved my goddess in any form, and part of me was deeply curious - if just a touch afraid - of how her entrance would feel. I welcomed it, though.

"Please, continue. I want you inside of me. I want you to give us a child."

She kissed me passionately, and then, with my guidance, she entered me. I gasped, going rigid for a moment. It was such an alien experience, and yet not an altogether bad one. In fact, as she slid her entire length inside me, my very nerve system lit up like a

Christmas tree from my old world. I gasped again, crying out in little squeaks, and I gripped my goddess' rear, pushing her closely so that she entered me even more fully.

"Goddess!" I cried. "You're s-so big!"

"And you are so wet and tight. I don't mind this at all. I'm going to fuck you pregnant now, Galatae. I'm going to make you and our child demigoddesses."

*That* was new to me, but her words, crude and yet lovely, were making me more aroused. She began to thrust, and I was helpless to her ministrations, making loud and erotic noises as she thrust into me. It was heaven, it was like I was on Olympus itself, utterly submerged in the grand pleasures of the divine. Liam had always been my closest friend, but as Lymnorea she was the woman I loved so much. I worshipped her and the ground she walked on, and in return she was giving me the ultimate gift of her lovemaking. We kissed passionately, and I did my best to attend to her, touching her small breasts and sucking on her nipples. Soon, I sensed, we were both upon the water's edge, ready to plunge in. She thrust faster and faster within me, and yet never lost her womanly elegance, always moving in a way that was inhumanly delicate, yet possessing such compassion and power. I spread my legs wider, welcoming her seed, and the moment finally came.

"I give you - ahhh - this g-gift, Galatae! Become pregnant with our child! Become a *demigoddess*, my love! Eternally mine!"

She erupted inside of me, and the orgasm that followed was mindblowing - literally. I felt not only her hot seed flowing into my womb and impregnating me near-instantly, but also the very heavenly elevation that affected my own spirit and body. It was like my blood was on fire, turning to gold, a radiance flowing through me. I cried out, wailing in pleasure as my hair lengthened further, as my breasts grew just a little, as my skin gained an unnatural glow that was the mark of a goddess - or demigoddess. Immortality flooded into me, and I knew that I would never feel disease or harm again, nor be hurt by any mortal weapon. I would be welcome to walk upon the ground of Olympus itself and stand before the other gods, and this must have been what Lymnorea had been arguing for most - not just for her children to be demigods, an obvious side effect, but for *me* to become one too.

"Yes!" I cried. "I love you! Lymnorea, I love you so much!"

She kissed me, still ejaculating into my depths, holding my body. "I love you too, my Galatae," she said.

She collapsed on top of me, her temporary penis shrinking away, so that we were purely female lovers once more. I clung to her warmth, but my own body radiated it as well. I could feel the blessings she had given me, sub-domains to her greater ones. I was a demigoddess, alright: Galatae, Demigoddess of New Beginnings, Fresh Starts, and Loyal Devotion to a Found Cause.

It felt so appropriate. She was *my* cause. Her, and the child I could already feel in my belly, so very small and precious. My heavenly instincts could sense the pregnancy taking, and I was already in love with the future it presented.

“We’re going to have a child together,” I whispered.

“We are,” Lymnorea said, giggling lightly as she held me. “I cannot wait, my love.”

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I readied myself in the morning as I usually did. A Demigoddess and High Priest has certain roles to fulfil, and I could not always go to the pleasure baths of Olympus or the great gardens in the Godly realm. My concerns were still half-mortal, and that was a good thing, for in the past two centuries Lymnorea’s followering had only swelled in size, particularly as trade grew and new lands were discovered. There were wanderers and travellers everywhere, and with several wars, there were also those who sought my lover and now-wife for refuge.

I bathed at the temple, attended by my temple handmaidens. They were very eager, almost adorably so, making sure to clean every part of my body. I won’t lie; I rather liked how they obsessed over my breasts and even more my belly. I’d been pregnant several times, and my demigoddess daughters were renowned across the globe, but few would ever be so blessed as to attend to me while I was pregnant with a goddess’ child.

“Your skin is so perfect, Galatae,” one of them whispered, whose name was Saidi.

“Thank you,” I said. “Would you like such yourself?”

She blinked, shocked. “I would never presume to-”

“Please. This is the best bath I have had in decades. You are all so very skilled. I give you the blessing of elongated youth, perfect skin, and the joys of future journeys, wherever life takes you.”

Sure enough, I cast out a brief light, and suddenly they had almost forgotten me, looking at their own perfect olive skin tones, remarking on their endlessly gorgeous hair, and their increased beauty.

“Thank you, goddess!” Saidi cried, bowing low.

“I am just a demigoddess,” I said, chuckling. “Hence why I need help out of this bath, if you wouldn’t mind?”

They almost tripped over each other to help me. From there, they clothed me, placing me in a wondrous temple dress that showed off my swollen belly and lifted up my large, milk-laden breasts. I exited to the temple, and while this was not *my* temple, it was a blessing to make an appearance and to oversee the local high priestess, who I was very impressed with. It had been a long time since Medea had passed out of this world, but her

descendants were just as devoted and impressive as her, not to mention muscled and tall! Their line protected the temples, and it was for this reason that Medea's place in the afterlife was a blessed one, and a new constellation had been formed to represent her: *Medea's Guiding Spear*.

"You bless us with your presence, demigoddess," Jalisa said. "Especially in your state. You carry pregnancy very well."

"Thank you," I replied, smiling. "I rather think so too, Jalisa. It might explain how I've had thirteen daughters prior to this one!"

She laughed; I enjoyed her easy manner compared to others who could be more sycophantic. Still, talking about my daughters made me miss them. They were all across the world, even Persephea, who had recently left on a great journey across the Unknown Seas. Each was imbued with the domain of Exploration and Travel, and it did my heart good to know what great accomplishments they had made. Still, I looked forward to seeing them again when they were beckoned to Olympus.

*"Dear wife, I miss you, and our child. Will you return to me?"*

My goddess and wife's words whispered in my ear, and I sensed that Jalisa heard them too. She grinned, bowing a little.

"Thank you for your time here, Galatae," she said.

I blessed her, thanking my friend's descendant for her good works. Then, before the crowd, I ascended, my form leaving this plane and entering my wife's great palace on Olympus. As always, there was the fireplace, identical to *that* fireplace, the first one. Lymnorea moved to my side, beautiful and eternal as ever, and kissed me deeply even as she felt my belly. Within, our child stirred, our next daughter. I rubbed her hand and my belly both, embracing her touch.

"I sense that you will be giving birth soon," she said.

"Me too."

"Then perhaps we should enjoy one another's forms for as long as we can, my beautiful demigoddess."

I began to slip out of my garments. Pregnancy had me very aroused in my final stages. "I was just thinking the same, my love. Gods, I worship you."

Lymnorea kissed me again, feeling my naked body even as I disrobed hers.

"Do you want me to tell you a secret?" she asked me, whispering in my ear. "I worship you too."

Nothing could have made my immortal self happier.

**The End**