

Mythic Reality (Man to Temple Maiden TG Lesbian)

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A Story Tier Prompt for Scoobert

Six months ago, Gabe's experimental reality rift device sent his friend Gabe through to a mysterious new realm, only for the rift to close and the device to short-circuit. Now, Gabe has finally fixed the device, and enters a mythic Greek reality in the hopes of saving Liam. Except that Liam has done more than just travel here; he has become a she. And more than that, now has a temple dedicated to her as a goddess!

Mythic Reality

Finally, the moment had arrived. Six whole months of frantic toil; a whole half-year of desperately trying to not only fix my invention but regain the right co-ordinates! It had been hell, but nothing as bad as what I imagined my best friend had endured.

"Gabe, I trust you," he'd told me. It had been the last words I'd heard him say before my reality rift device had malfunctioned and literally exploded from an overload of dimensional energy. My best friend Liam, the tall, lanky, enthusiastic *nerd* that he was, had insisted on being the test subject for my invention. He'd wanted to see new worlds, and I hadn't stopped him. I truly had thought the device was stable, but looking back, I could see all the flaws in my calculations. How could I have been so blind? I never even got a chance to properly see the dimension he'd entered; just a brief analysis of its Earth-norm climate and what appeared to be a Greek-style building atop a hill. That was it!

Well, I would finally fix everything. I could only pray Liam had managed to survive for six months, because my overdue rescue was finally here. I would do everything in my power to bring him back and make things right, starting with this action.

I hit the button on my rift device, and the violet rift in reality bloomed before me.

"Here I go!" I said, my voice rising over the screeching and whirling vortex before me. And then I stepped on through. My skin tingled, but moments later I was through, suddenly in an entirely new plane of existence. One that was positively *breathhtaking*.

"By God," I murmured. "No, by *the Gods*."

I was outside a city, but not a modern one, rather something straight out of ancient Greece. Its harbour were full of sail ships, its streets made from marble and brick and stone, and great temples in the ancient Greek design loomed upon the hills and over the sea, far more impressive than even the Parthenon, and all of them *alive* with movement and worship.

"It really is an alternative reality," I whispered to myself.

"Hey, what's with the strange clothing?" came a voice.

I turned, and nearly screamed. The voice had come not from a human, but a *satyr*, her hooves clopping loudly upon the cobblestone ground as she passed. Her lower half was naked but for a leafy skirt, and her upper half was clothed only in a band of cloth around her breasts. She scratched at her right horn as if sizing me up.

“You aren’t from Corethin, are you?” she asked. “I hear they have their own clothing there.”

I was gobsmacked. This wasn’t just an Ancient Greece-style reality, but one that was a *Mythical Ancient Greece*-style reality! In fact, as I looked around the crowd, I could see others who were also not human: a minotaur labourer helping reconstruct a broken wall, a centaur pairing chatting happily as they made purchases at a fruit-stand, a nariad relaxing in a public fountain, her own body flowing with water in a way that mingled with the fountain and clearly entertained some human children.

“I - no, I’m not from Corethin,” I said to the satyr woman. “I’m from . . . look, I’m from a very far away land, okay? I’m looking for a friend, one who arrived here six months ago or so. He might have been dressed oddly like me. He has red hair and fair skin with lots of freckles. Do you know where I could at least start to look for someone of that description?”

The satyr shrugged. “Don’t know that description, but if you want to start somewhere, it’s best to look to Lymnorea, Goddess of the Wanderers and the Lost. She might grant your prayers for your friend. Her temple is at the western edge of town, over there!”

She indicated a temple beyond the walls, one that rose up on a small plateau and looked to have an abundance of nature around it. This place seemed to have something analogous to magic about it, so I decided to go with her suggestion, especially if some priest or priestess of this ‘Lymnorea’ could help me figure out what had happened to Liam. I set off, moving through the bustling crowd, avoiding the gaze of several harpies and apologies to a gorgon whose naga-like tail I accidentally trod on. Along the way, I could see that the gods of this place were largely the same as from my own world’s Ancient Greece. There were dedications to Ares and Mars, Athena and Apollo. Hephaestus seemed to be the chief patron of this city, appropriate given its metaphorical melting pot nature, like a crucible that refined its metals. The city was, apparently, literally named Hephast after him. And yet I had never heard of Lymnorea. She seemed to be a goddess that was totally unconnected from my world, and it made me all the more curious to see her temple.

It took me less than an hour to arrive there, but I felt like a lifetime had passed; there was so much to see and be amazed by! I had to remind myself again and again that I was here primarily for Liam, and the notion that I had to remind myself guilted me. Perhaps seeing the temple of the Goddess of the Wanderer and the Lost was going to be rather appropriate, even if I didn’t find Liam.

“Can I help you, child?” asked a priestess as I approached the beautiful temple with its elaborate gardens and thoughtful tranquility. She had cat-like features, complete with fur on her face and feline ears, and her voice had an appropriate rasp to it.

“I’m looking for a friend,” I said. “His name is Liam. He arrived here six months ago, looking oddly dressed like I did. I was told that the Goddess would perhaps be able to help me and-”

She held up a paw.

“She knew you would come one day. She has foreseen it. Come with me, child.”

Hesitantly, I followed her past various worshippers, many of whom whispered among themselves as I passed them by.

“Is it him?”

“Surely not, but he matches the description . . .”

“Lymnorea had drawn him to her, perhaps?”

This only heightened both my interest and confusion as I followed the strange beast woman into the interior of the temple. It was even more glorious than the outside; a place full of great tomes upon enormous library shelves, and various places for reflection, rest, and comfort. Several couples in white robes giggled in one another’s presence, and weary travellers rested in warm baths down in an atrium. It certainly looked like the kind of place that would welcome travellers and the lost, people looking for brief respite or to get away from the world, or simply to catch their bearings and understand the world around them. An innate sense of comfort draped over me, and I too felt as if I could stay in this place for a while before finding Liam; it would help me understand this strange mythic reality, which could only aid my search.

But my guide had other ideas; she gestured for me to follow her up the steps to a great chamber, one barred by enormous double-doors. Upon the wooden were numerous carvings in an intricate fashion, depicting a mortal man ascending to the heavens and being granted something like godhood. No, *goddesshood*. The man changed to become a woman, transcending his mortal flesh to become a being of perfect divinity.

“Is this how Lymnorea came to be in ages past?” I asked my guide.

She seemed to find my comment amusing. “Ages past? She is little more than five months ascended, and this is her first temple, brought forth by her hand.”

“Wait, she’s a new goddess?”

“New, and wondrous! And she wishes to speak with you, Gabe.”

I gasped. “How do you know my name?”

“Because she knows it, and has known it a long time. Enter.”

She gestured to the doors, and after a moment’s awe I pushed them open, entering alone into something like a grand throne room. A massive sculpture of a beautiful woman

with curly hair, a petite form and mysterious eyes looked down upon me. The artist had even included freckles, which I found intriguing - I'd never seen such a thing on a Greek sculpture before, at least in my own reality. This place was filled with grass and trees bearing ripe fruit, and it seemed to be a place of reflection and even solitude, the warm sun shining through the gaps in the ceiling to light it up, the ocean waves roiling beyond.

"Wow," I said.

"Beautiful, isn't it, Gabe?"

I turned, shocked to see a woman beside me. It was the same woman from the sculpture, and there was such a radiance to her that I knew immediately she must be a goddess; her pale skin - far too pale to be Mediterranean - seemed to glow faintly, and she radiated an energy that seemed to heighten my senses. She was also astoundingly beautiful: six feet in height and elegant in appearance, her red hair falling in curls and waves over her shoulders. She was not curvaceous, but possessed of an ethereal beauty that was magnitudes greater, with thin breasts that pushed subtly out from the thin white fabric she wore, which hung low between her breasts to show more of her freckled perfection. And those eyes; green, like she belonged to the forest. I knew immediately as I stared at her enchanting freckled face who Lymnorea truly was.

"Liam!?" I said, barely able to believe it.

"Gabe," she declared, smiling like a saint and embracing me, her very godly touch filling me with life and removing any ache and confusion. "It has been far too long! As you can see, things have changed greatly for me. I'm a goddess now."

I pulled back, trying not to stare too deeply at her. She was *radiant*. Even her freckles appeared to glow softly, and her hair defied gravity just slightly, as if shifting around in response to a slow, unfelt wind.

"How did this happen?" I asked. "I don't - I don't understand!"

Liam - Lymnorea - let loose a giggle that seemed to echo all around me, spreading through the leaves of the trees and in the music of the birds, like she was both in front of me and everywhere else at the same time.

"It's quite a story, and one day I shall tell you in full, Gabe. When you opened the rift to this world and I stepped through, I was alarmed at its closing. I was here, in Hephastus, a stranger among beings of Ancient Greek legend. I didn't know where to turn or what to do, and I was convinced that rescue would come at any time. Some took pity on me, and others tried to take advantage of me, but eventually I made my way to the steps of the central temple of the gods and pleaded for someone - anyone - to aid me. Imagine my surprise when the Olympians themselves appeared before me and whisked me away to their celestial home."

My jaw hung open. "You're telling me you went to Mount Olympus?"

“This world’s version of it, yes. Except that it truly does possess the glorious spires and citadels of the pantheon. I was placed before Zeus and Hera, with Pallas Athena sitting in wise judgement. Immediately, they could tell that my energy, my very aura, was alien to this world. I was something unique, and when they argued over what to do with me, it was Hephaestus who took interest in me. He told me ‘you are a wanderer from another realm, a thing of great beauty, an unrefined steel that may yet be forged.’ Athena took this argument into consideration; my very arrival heralded new knowledge and power, and so it was decided by a slim vote; I would be ascended to take care of future rift travellers and travellers everywhere; the lost and lonely, the beggars and seekers, those that explore beyond their own boundaries. I was . . . ascended.”

“Into a woman,” I marvelled.

She grinned, and I swear I fell in love just to look at her, despite knowing she was my friend. Lymnorea turned on the spot, raising her arms and showing off her delicate, refined form. The form of a goddess.

“As you can see, my godly essence turned out to be rather female. I actually suspect Zeus had a hand in that, the cad. He flirted with me afterwards, though I politely rejected his advances. I had work to do, and I knew you would come one day, and I wanted a temple to be here to accept you.”

It was all so much to take in. “Accept me? What do you mean by that?”

She placed a soft hand on my cheek. “Gabe, you have given me so much, and I know you have tried to get here as fast as you can, but I do not plan to leave. I am a goddess now, and my place is here.”

“But . . . you’re my best friend.”

“Which is why *you* should stay. I can bless you with a new form, you who ripped open the rift, who allowed my ascension. The other gods will not stand in my way if I bless you immortal to be my companion, as you always have been.”

Her emerald eyes were trained upon me, powerful yet tender, her expression hopeful, as if she did not know what my decision would be and truly, truly wished that I would accept her offer.

“It’s - God - it’s a lot to take in, Liam.”

“Call me Lymnorea.”

“I mean, you even sound different!”

“I possess a godly cadence now, correct. But I am still that nerdy friend, down deep beneath my celestial radiance, who crossed worlds thanks to the device you invented. Let me help you cross a world now, Gabe.”

I couldn’t say no to her, not in the presence of my friend who was now a goddess. I won’t lie, I was drawn to her in such a way that any man would, intrigued by how her dress

clung to her slender frame, how her bare shoulders were displayed, her small breasts outline just barely enough to entice.

“You want me to stay with you?” I asked. “And be your companion?”

“That is so,” she said. “If you’ll have me.”

I gulped. “Then . . . yes. I’ve spent six months trying to find you, Li - Lymnorea. I’ll do anything to make it up to you.”

“Anything, hmm? Then accept my godly radiance, and be changed, Gabe!”

She extended a hand, and red light gleamed from it, pouring into my very being. I gasped at the release of energy. I was drenched in it, succumbing to it, and soon my body began to change, slowly shifting and melting into a new form. My chest pushed outwards, my hips widened, and my waist pulled in. It was like I had suddenly been made into soft clay, and Lymnorea’s power was reworking me into the shape I was always meant to be. By the time my member retreated and my breasts became fully formed I was already moaning with pleasure, clutching my form as my clothing disintegrated into nothingness and my dark hair spilled down my back. In moments the red light ended, and I was standing there, a beautiful woman. I knew this because the nearby pool of water reflected my face as I stared into it, and I saw a figure with olive skin just like my own, and dark straight hair like I possessed as a man, only now it went all the way to my waist, heavy yet glorious in its silken quality. My figure was curvaceous, shorter than Lymnorea and lacking her grace, but possessing large breasts that hung from my chest with noticeable weight, shifting as I moved. And my hips were . . . let’s say the *childbearing* kind. Enough that my naked rear wobbled with my steps. It all felt so alien, and I should have been angry to unexpectedly be changed into a woman, only it felt too good. Almost as if I had been made into the right shape for the goddess.

“What do you think, Gabe?” Lymnorea asked, looking me up and down with a barely concealed smile upon her perfect features. “Would you take this form for me, and live as my temple maiden eternal?”

I felt my breasts, luxuriating in their sensitivity, and my hands roamed south to cup my mound, at which point I let loose a sudden breath. It was even more delicate down there. Something about this body was indeed what it should have been. Could I truly live like this? I was an inventor, a creator! I had discovered rift travel . . . but I could always do so again in this place, using new materials and even more gumption. It would help swell the ranks of Lymnorea’s followers, and I would get to live in the kind of place I always dreamed of visiting; a dimension of awe and magic and wonder.

And new experiences.

“I love it,” I declared, beaming as I stared up at her radiant face.

“Very good,” she replied, nodding. “You shall now be named Galetae, and you will help serve me in the temple, bringing new followers from the rifts as we create them. And I

promise you, dear friend, you will have many comforts and pleasures to thank you for the godly life you have helped grant me.”

She placed a hand on my shoulder, and that wonderful warmth filled me.

“Um, Lymnorea?”

“Yes, my friend and priestess?”

“A temple maiden? She’s expected to be, er, virginal though, right?”

Lymnorea grinned, and it was a mischievous, vulpine expression. “In some temples, yes. But in this one, Galetae, I expect you to be anything but.”

I was about to question what she meant, but then she shook over her white dress, letting it fall to her feet as she slid out of it. Her naked perfection almost blinded me with its brilliance, and then she dimmed it so I could look upon her beautiful aspect.

“Holy-”

She put a finger on my lips. “No swearing in the temple, friend. But crying out in pleasure? That I shall allow. Let me comfort you, wanderer.”

Lymnorea lowered me to the ground, pressing her nakedness against mine, and soon we were kissing, the most celestial passion imaginable flowing through every nerve in my body. I got the distinct sense, as my friend-turned-goddess made love to me, that my life in this mythic reality was going to be exactly what I’d always dreamed of.

The End