

## New Goddess (Man to Goddess TG Preg, Birth)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Caleb is an ordinary bored office worker who gets an email telling him he's been selected to become a god in a newly created world, and all he has to do is reply. Assuming it's a spam scam, he jokingly agrees to participate, only to find himself whisked to a new palace in the clouds among this new pantheon. But to Caleb's dismay, he is not assigned as a god of thunder or war or anything like that, but as a goddess of childbirth and motherhood, one tasked to help birth more gods into this new world . . .*

### New Goddess

Caleb Parsons was bored and depressed. He was forty-three years old and already had a prominent bald spot and quickly greying hair. His ex-wife was on his ass about alimony, demanding money he didn't have for luxuries she didn't need. And to make matters worse, his recent girlfriend Veronica had left him because, to quote her, he was "too damn boring. There's no life in you, Caleb!" That had hit him hard, perhaps because it was true. He went home to his shitty apartment each night, having worked over time in pursuit of a promotion he'd never get, for more work he didn't want, all for stress he didn't need. It was a nightmare, and it was turning him into a bit of an alcoholic. What else was there to do except drink and watch TV at the end of a long office day?

And it was that office that was depressing him most of all. He worked in medical insurance. Specifically, in claim acceptance and denial, emphasis on denial. It was the most depressing-ass job he could imagine, one in which he was constantly making the world a worse place to live in, not a better one. And to think that he'd had dreams of being rich when he was a kid, and giving out money to whoever needed it so that they could follow their dreams. Hell, he didn't even have a family of his own these days. No kids, no nothing. Just forms, paperwork, and endless denials of medical insurance claims that really deserved to be approved. *Those poor people*, he thought at least once a day.

He was typing away another email, informing a mother who'd just given birth why she had to pay half a grand just for her ambulance bill and generally feeling like the shittiest human being on Earth, when an email popped into his inbox. It had a strange title.

*'A New World is Being Built: You Can Be A God Right Now!'*

Still, it was something else, and it wasn't a new insurance claim to process.

*Thank God*, Caleb thought. *Something to distract me.*

He clicked on the email, which featured an aged JPEG of a smiling Zeus flexing his muscles, a thunderbolt glittering on the other side of the email in a badly-looped GIF. The

whole email looked way too aged. Clearly, this wasn't just a spam email, but a *bad* spam email. Somehow, that made Caleb all the more entertained as he read it, grateful for this little morsel of amusement from his depressing life.

*Congratulations, Caleb Parsons! You have been selected for a wondrous opportunity!! A new world named OENTA has been crafted by the grand Creator, Maker of All, and he needs YOU to help fill it!!! This new world requires new Gods and Goddesses to rule its physical realities: its weather, its nature, its produce, its creatures, its seasons and its innate MAGIC!!!! If you wish to join and take your appointed and ANOINTED role as a new god in this grand world of OENTA, all you need to do is reply to this email with a YES to indicate you wish to become a god or goddess!!!! Reply NOW!!!!!!*

Caleb cringed just from reading it. Every sentence ended with one more unnecessary exclamation mark than the last.

"That is seriously one bad attempt at a spam scam," he said. "It's not even asking for my details. Pfft."

He went to delete the email, but that would just mean denying another insurance claim more quickly, and he'd rather kill himself than do that. So instead, Caleb hovered the mouse over the 'Reply' button. After a second's hesitation, he actually clicked it.

*'YES,' he wrote back, and then hit 'Enter' a couple of times and wrote a few more lines. 'I agree to your proposal for new gods and goddesses of this world. And let me tell you why I'm such a great fucking candidate for the job so you can whisk me away from this shithole. First of all, I hate my job, and I want a new one. What I do is soul-crushing, and only makes lives worse. I'm not giving anything back to the world, so a new job would be just GRAND. Something that's actually productive and lets me be fulfilled. Secondly, I'm sick of constantly drinking myself half to death each night all alone, so being a god would be a damn good improvement, no matter what my fucking domain would be. Oh, and Thirdly, I hate myself, too. So anything that lets me get away from ME and actually gives me a damn purpose, that would be appreciated.*

*Sincerely,*

*Caleb Parsons.'*

He hit enter, and immediately felt better. He'd been venting, but damn it felt good to do so.

*And now back to being a cog in a big, senseless, greedy, corporate machine,* he thought, giving a long and terrible sigh.

He went to click on the tab containing the insurance claim he was denying, only for his computer to spark. Caleb screeched, rocketing back on his chair as a vortex engulfed his computer, a powerful wind sending sheets of paper everywhere. People looked up in alarm at this cosmic impossibility, a grand purple rift tearing apart reality and opening to show a view of some kind of floating palace in the clouds.

“What the fuck!?” Caleb yelled.

“*Thank you for agreeing to ascend,*” rang a voice. “*Don’t worry, this next part is no danger to you at all.*”

Suddenly, Caleb found himself rocketing through the portal, which expanded yet further to receive him. He shrieked, as did his coworkers who had moved to look into his cubicle. The last he saw of them were their shocked faces as the portal closed behind him, and suddenly he was falling, falling, *falling* down from the sky. An entire world was below him, one with fantastical mountains, with grand forests that looked like they were composed of giant mushrooms, with floating islands moving upon the wind over great plains with animals the size of giraffes but which moved upon six legs, not four.

“OH MY GOOOOOD!” he screamed, the wind whipping in his face, his tie fluttering about. His mind screamed: *I’m going to die all because I answered a freaking spam email!*

But then a path of golden light manifested before him, and he was whisked along it through the clouds, flying up and over the mountains of this amazing world in all its natural, unspoiled beauty, without a shred of evidence of civilisation in it. For a moment, Caleb’s heart was filled with wonder . . . and then it *overflowed with it*, because the clouds parted to reveal a shining palace - practically a *city* - floating in the sky. It was marble and gold and silver, with incredible towers and spires and domed roofs and vaulted ceilings. Luscious foliage grew within it, great gardens that spilled over the sides and hung beneath the great citadel. Waterfalls too, dozens of them, all pouring impossibly and endlessly from above to below. Hundreds of birds of paradise circled it, and great rays of sun shone upon them.

“What is this place?” he said, marvelling.

No answer was yet given, and instead Caleb was whisked into the palace halls, flown upon the golden light up the steps, and placed within a grand hall among a couple of dozen other people, all of whom looked confused, scared, and amazed like him. They looked to be from all across the world: some had black skin, others were Asian, some were Caucasian like he was. Some were just teenagers, and one woman was probably in her mid-eighties and looking geriatric. Above them, a grand map of the world of Oenta had been painted onto the ceiling, looking even grander than the Sistine Chapel itself.

“What - what’s going on!?” he cried.

“We don’t know!” another man said, one with dark skin and curly black hair. His accent made him sound Jamaican, but he wore a Hawaiian-style holiday shirt.

“We just got here like you!” an Asian woman in her mid-thirties cried. “I just answered this funny email, thinking it was a joke, and-”

“And we ended up here,” said a teen girl who was smoking a cigarette and somehow had gotten a skateboard into her hand before being whisked here.

“Aren’t you too young to be smoking?” Caleb asked.

“Up yours, old man,” she said with a mischievous grin. Her clothing was ripped in places, her midriff bare. Definitely some kind of punk-styled teenager. “There’s no law in this funky world.”

“This has to be a mistake,” Caleb said. “We shouldn’t be here. I just thought it was a joke!”

“We all did!” another woman cried out.

“I didn’t,” the geriatric grandmother said, hand shaking. “I was really hoping it was real, and here we are!”

She started laughing. *This is insane*, Caleb thought. *Like a nightmare and dream mixed in one.*

Another person was whisked in, and they too were panicking; an obese man who still had a soda in his hand and long stringy hair. He reeked, and Caleb instantly realised that he was likely some kind of gamer or streamer.

“Yo, what gives? Is this virtual reality?”

“You wish, loser,” the teen girl said. “We’re in another fucking universe or something.”

“*Another world, still the same universe,*” carried a powerful yet serene voice. There were about nineteen or twenty of them by this point, but the stream of newcomers had seemingly ended, because the four-floor tall doors behind the group shut dramatically, and an angelic figure slowly descended. It was hard to tell if they were male or female, because they had a head like an owl’s, and a long glowing white robe that obscured their humanoid form. Three pairs of powerful wings fluttered in the air behind them, allowing them to ascend up into the air to look over the group.

*Is that an angel? An actual fucking angel? Oh God, you’re really in it now, Caleb. Why couldn’t you just do your damn job and stop procrastinating!?*

The angelic figure held up a hand, one that looked far more human than their bird-like head would suggest it to be, and silenced the fearful rumblings of the group.

“*Be not afraid. I am the Speaker for the Creator,*” it said. “*And I am here to ascend you into your new roles as Gods and Goddesses of this new world of Oenta. Soon humanity shall exist below your grand palace of Talithe, and you shall inspire them and help them grow, serving the domains that will be granted to you.*”

This caused a massive amount of discussion and consternation.

“We just thought it was a joke email!” the Asian woman said. “I was half-drunk after arguing with my asshole husband! I probably still am drunk!”

“It wasn’t even my email,” the teen rebel girl said. “I just wanted to mess with my uncle’s laptop.”

“I shouldn’t be here!” Caleb cried.

But the Speaker simply lifted a hand, and suddenly silence fell upon them. Caleb tried to speak, but no words came out.

*“I understand your frustration. We shall make sure to update our efforts, but you did answer the call the Creator has deemed you worthy to hear. In due time, you shall recognise the fated nature of your roles. You will each be granted great power and immortality. You will be beautiful. You will never age. You will command respect and worship. You will live in luxury and brilliance, with all your needs met as you guide this world of Oenta from the palace of Talithe.”*

Caleb was gobsmacked. He could see that others in the small group were too. They were all thinking what he was thinking, no doubt: *Immortal? Good-looking? Luxury? Worshipped? Maybe . . . maybe this won’t be as bad as all that after all!*

The Speaker raised a hand, wings still flapping majestically. *“Step forward, he or she that wishes to be changed first. Your divine domains have been decided by your natures. Come and give me your name, that I may ascend you to godhood*

The dark-skinned man I had talked to, the one with the Jamaican accent, cautiously stepped forward. He swallowed, then found himself able to speak again.

“Uh, hey there. I’m Roje. I didn’t exactly mean to be here, ya know?”

The speaker smiled, its beak contorting in a strangely comforting way despite the impossibility of the act. *“Worry not, Roje. On Earth, you were a man who enjoyed travelling and seeing the world. You will now be known as Rakhan, the God of Exploration and Travelling!”*

A golden light surrounded Roje, and to our astonishment he began to levitate, his form changing. The mid-thirties man began to rewind in years until he looked to be in his early twenties. His curly hair grew until it became long dreadlocks tied behind his head, and a brilliant blue robe formed around him, baring much of his chest, which was now toned and muscled. A staff made of ancient wood appeared in his hand, and his bare feet gained sandals that glowed faintly, emphasising his new domain. His staff likewise glowed, a blue gem in its centre becoming bright for all to see.

“Hot damn!” he said in his accent. “Everyone, I don’t know who any of you are, but this shit feels amazing! Oh my *God!* I seriously can’t believe this. I feel like I’ve got this *light* in me. Can I fly? I bet I can fly?”

The Speaker smiled. *"You cannot fly, but you may travel at any speed, and bring comfort to the lost and guidance to weary travellers. Your shining staff will show the way, and you will bring great boons to those who make it their mission to explore this new world and the wider universe for untold ages to come."*

The man's jaw went slack. The same was true for everyone, even Caleb, who could barely believe what he had seen. The slightly tipsy Asian woman gulped next to him.

"He looks a lot healthier," she whispered. "And more handsome. This . . . this might not be all too bad. I mean, my husband's a jerk. I married down. But I could be a goddess . . ."

Fuck yeah," the punk teen girl exclaimed. "I'll be the goddess of heavy metal and punk. And skateboarding. And sticking it to the government. Fuck yeah."

More and more people began to grow excited as the newly-christened Rakhan walked among them, looking every part the incredibly handsome young god that he was. Even Caleb couldn't look away.

*I could lose my bald patch,* he thought, before cringing at his own mind. *Jesus, even when I could become a god, my own ambitions are pathetic.*

Rakhan dashed around the room, zipping at an incredible pace like a superhero. He leapt up a column and climbed it with ease, before flipping back down.

"Haha!" he boasted. "This is amazing! Don't wait up, people! Introduce yourself! I'm not lying, this is the best shit ever!"

The Asian woman summoned up the courage and stepped forward. "M-my name is Linh! I help run a liquor store with my deadbeat husband, but I've basically been running it solo for the last few years. I - I want to be a goddess instead of going back, great Speaker!"

The Speaker flew down and cupped her face in its hands. *"And so you shall ascend, dear Linh. Worry not. You have dreamed for so long to enjoy your life instead of working it away. And so I name you Linasha, the Goddess of Wine and Festivity!"*

"Hell yeah! Go fucking Linh!" the teen girl shouted as the woman was encased in light. She rose into the air, a marvellous smile on her face, and Caleb watched in amazement as her body revitalised. Lines and wrinkles disappeared from her face. She looked to be in her early thirties, and perhaps she always had been, but now she was *gorgeous* and vibrant, her cheeks a little red as if flushed with the perfect amount of wine to make life enjoyable. Her hair became a little more wild; curled in places and pointy in others, and yet somehow coming together to give a portrait of someone having a lot of fun. Her clothing, a liquor store uniform, refashioned itself into a flowing purple dress that hugged her splendid figure, showing off curves that perhaps she hadn't possessed before. Certainly, her bust had grown in size. Golden jewellery manifested upon her, each in the form of grapes, little wine glasses, and other forms of excess. Purple fumes steamed from the hem of her

dress and from the glass of grape wine she now held in her hands, filling the air with a divine fruity flavour, one that made those nearest her feel a little strangely aroused. Her cleavage was displayed in a heavenly manner, one thigh slit showing off her perfect left leg, and her purple heels positioned her exquisitely. She looked like a mix between a divine goddess and a woman having the time of her life at a party, right down to her ruby red lipstick and the ecstatic, almost hedonistic expression she now wore. The flowers in her hair that looked somewhat similar to those of a cannabis plant, albeit far more ornate, only added to that impression.

“This - this,” she said, stumbling on her words. “This is the greatest day of my life. God, I feel so . . . so relaxed! So chill! Oh my God, I just want to *party!* Who wants to party with me? I bet I can throw the most amazing party, by God!”

*“Not by God,”* the Speaker said. *“By you. For you are now the goddess of wine and parties. You will help the future vineyards grow and the ferment to reach its full. You will preside over festivities, and grant joy and amusement in them. You have the power to intoxicate, to bring calm and excitement in equal measure, and to deliver terrible hangovers and party misfortunes to those deserving of them. And, of course, you have the power to manifest the most extravagant parties here in Talithe, or wherever you so choose.”*

Linasha literally *squealed* with excitement, and then even to the surprise of the Speaker, leapt forwards and hugged him, spilling some grape wine from her glass, though it seemed to pour endlessly, filling the air with its sweet flavour.

“Thank you!” she cried. “Thank you, thank you, thank you! I promise to throw all the parties my parents never let me throw! I’ll make this world *extravagant*.”

The Speaker chuckled. *“See that you do. Who is next?”*

Caleb thought about putting up his hand, but still found himself too cowardly to do so. Instead it was the teen girl up next. She rode her skateboard over to the Speaker and somehow extracted a high-five from him before introducing herself as Jane. The speaker was quick to remake her as Janaya, the Goddess of Thrill and Rebellion, to aid those who tested their limits and broke tradition, who trod new ground by pushing back against the forces-that-be. She giggled as she advanced in age to perhaps just shy of twenty years old, and her clothing only changed in-so-far as she lost the modern materials of their making: her ripped jeans became ripped linen pants, and her sleeveless top became something a little monkish, albeit splashed with discordant colour that spoke to her chaotic nature. Her hair, likewise, became an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of colour, as if she were at a rave party, and her skateboard became more of a surf board, one she could literally fly upon all around the room, which she did, recolouring some of the pillars immediately with her new godly ‘tag.’

“This is fucking sick!” she yelled, throwing up her fist.

The changes continued, each of the assembled crowd moving more and more enthusiastically into their new roles. The elderly geriatric woman revitalised into a beautiful older woman in her forties, a single grey streak in her hair denoting her power. She was named Parlemis, the Goddess of Sky and Storm, adorned in a long Greek stola that shimmered with clouds and lightning upon it. A man about Caleb's age was lifted from his wheelchair and given command of his legs again. He was overjoyed to find himself the God of Dance and Entertainment, which was his previous profession. Another ascended to become the God of Mountains, his form now huge and grey-skinned, his beard formed from tree roots that grew from the rock of his chin.

*Holy moly, Caleb thought. I would have liked to have been that one.*

Finally, there were only two people left; Caleb and a very shy Indian-looking woman with a slightly chubby figure and thick glasses. She looked like she was trying to hide herself, but stepped forward when the Speaker called her, all while the other gods and goddess played with their new powers and explored their bodies.

"I am - I am Soha," she said nervously, not even looking at the Speaker. "I wasn't really anybody before in my life. I never really had a relationship. Boys thought I was ugly. I just worked at a call centre, that's all. I don't know why I'm here."

*"You are here because you are worthy," the Speaker said. "Soha, you have yearned for love all your life. You have given it freely to others, and know its value through its absence. You will never lack for love again, nor the beauty you wished to have. I name you Sohanis, the Goddess of Love and Beauty. You shall inspire love, both among mortals and among the gods, and in time choose a husband or wife of your own from either group, to hold eternally in your bosom."*

Caleb's jaw fell as she was transformed. She was the most beautiful one yet, her brown skin becoming perfect and blemish free, her figure becoming slender yet model-like, her breasts small yet perfect. A pink sari manifested upon her body, baring her trim midriff, and her legs remained bare for all to see. Her dark hair grew down to her ankles, shining wonderfully, a slightly pink glint to it. Even her irises were pink, and the jewels upon her figure were the same marvellous hue. She truly did look like a goddess of beauty.

*Woah, Caleb thought. What if I become a god of manliness? Or perhaps a god of strength? Or a god of magic? What if I was lucky enough to land her? Or Linasha? Jesus Christ, I'm about to become a God! Finally, things are looking up!*

The others all gathered around, watching Caleb from a distance as the nervous, balding, and normally depressed man walked up to the Speaker, who had landed on the ground before him.

"Um, my name is Caleb Parsons," he muttered. "I'm forty three years old. I work in medical insurance."

“Boring!” Janaya yelled, hovering on her board, hair blooming into new rainbow-like patterns.

“Well, uh, I’m just saying that I have an ex-wife who hates me, and a girlfriend who left me. Um, don’t have a lot going for me. So, er, looking forward to being a god, I guess? Hopefully a cool and manly one, if that works by you?”

The Speaker smiled, ascending into the air a little. *“Caleb, your life has been without purpose, unproductive and without hope. No more! I rename you Cialla, the Goddess of Childbirth and Motherhood!”*

A few of the other gods gasped. Linasha squeaked, putting a hand over her mouth. Caleb just blinked. “Um, sorry, did you just say-”

He was instantly enveloped in a golden light, levitating off of the ground. Celestial power filled him, radiating now just from without but also from within as it bloomed in his core, transforming him. Caleb moaned, his voice growing higher as his body changed. His hair spooled out from his scalp, longer and longer, turning back to the bright red it had once been. Even redder, in fact, to the point where it was unnatural yet gorgeous.

“You can’t - ohhhh!”

His fat gut pulled in, while his chest pushed out. To his shock and horror, two large maternal breasts surged forth, topped by large, slightly dark nipples that had wide, motherly areolas to them. His hips spread wider, his penis withdrew. The man groaned as his testicles pulled back up into his body. All body hair was erased but for his pubic hair, which quickly became a woman’s bush. He groaned as his ass expanded, followed by yet another ballooned of his breasts. For a moment he lost his voice entirely, a result of his Adam’s apple dissipating, but then it returned as a powerful female moan, almost regal in its sound, yet soft at the same time. New clothing formed around him, a green dress that went off the shoulder, exposing her lovely skin, and an impressive amount of cleavage. She was a woman now, and even her mind changed to revolve around that notion.

“Oh God!” she cried as her bare feet touched the ground.

Caleb had become Cialla, a goddess who appeared to be in her late twenties and possessed a highly maternal figure. Her hips were ripe for childbearing, her breasts were like melons to her own eyes, shifting and jiggling as she moved her body in agitation. Her waist was just slightly wider than the average woman’s, albeit still thin enough to give her a wondrous hourglass figure. Her hair was thick and wild, as if blooming with life. In her hair were cherries and leaves and small fruit, and this fruit symbolism was also contained in her necklace, the apple pendant of which hung down between her full, ripe breasts.

“Oh shit,” Janaya exclaimed. “You got turned into a hot MILF, dude!”

Cialla spluttered, barely able to understand what had just happened to her.

*This can't be real. I've got tits. I've got really big tits. I've got a damn vagina. I can feel all this majestic, wonderful, fruitful power in me but I'm a FUCKING WOMAN!?*

"Wh-why am I w-woman!?" she said, her voice like sweet honey, like the song of a caring mother to her beloved child.

*"This was your suited domain," said the Speaker. "You are the Goddess of Childbirth and Motherhood. You will bless mortals with fertility and aid them during the birthing hours. And, of course, you will be a symbol of maternity to guide mothers, just as your many pregnancies will swell the ranks of the gods to fulfil our pantheon, especially since so few answered the necessary message!"*

Linasha gasped again, spilling her wine. Rakhan gave a sympathetic smirk Caleb's way. Janaya simply cackled, clutching her exposed belly as her eyes filled with tears of amusement.

"Holy shit! The sad bald guy is gonna get preggers!" she declared.

And already Cialla could feel it. A power deep inside of her. A yearning. A purpose. A glowing celestial possibility in the very centre of her. In her new godly *womb*.

"Oh God," she said, looking around her. Sohanis was staring at her, her face one of utter sympathy.

*I don't think I'm going to romance her now, Cialla thought to herself. I knew I should never have answered that damn email!*

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Cialla felt like she was going crazy. She'd tried to get an audience with the Speaker immediately afterwards, but there was too much going on, too much to see to. In fact, over the next few days everyone and everything was so busy. The new pantheon of gods and goddesses explored the wondrous spectacle of Talithe, including their many private rooms, and all of them adjusted to their new powers, responsibilities, as well as the general preparations for the arrival of mortals on Oenta.

Everyone seemed to be excited except for the new goddess, perhaps because she was the *only* one to have her gender changed. Well, there was Tibar, the God of Time, who had become genderless, but the person they had been was happy with that; they'd been non-binary anyway, apparently, not that Cialla really 'got' what that even meant. Instead, everyone had Adonis-like bodies or other kinds of idealised forms they were immensely comfortable with, while she was stuck with the curvaceous bod of a freaking *MILF*, as far as she was concerned. Not that she looked that old: no one would think she had even hit her thirties yet, just to look at her.

*This body is ridiculous!* she thought to herself as she stalked the immense halls of Talithe in all their splendour. Janaya yelled out in excitement as she surfed through the air, seeking thrills and danger and making minor unwanted alterations to the surroundings, which Keelin, the God of Cleanliness and Order, got to work on fixing quickly as he floated up towards the ceiling. Linasha was already organising a great party for the entire pantheon to get, in her words, “damn drunk and wild to celebrate our new godhood! WOOOO!!!” And while Sohanis was still shy compared to the other gods, there was no denying that her incredible beauty came naturally to her as she moved through the halls of their new palace citadel, her divine brown-skinned beauty on display.

*Jesus, she’s perfect. So damn perfect. And maybe if I was a god of manliness or something, I might actually have had the chance to bed a beauty like her! Instead I’m her damn counterpart!*

“You look utterly beautiful today,” Sohanis told her the morning after their ascendance. “I know you don’t want to hear it yet, but my, uh, my domain makes me feel an instinct to tell you. You truly are beautiful, Cialla.”

The worst part was that Cialla knew it. She’d been to her rooms, which were effectively a palace-inside-a-palace, as was the case for everyone. But whereas Rakhan’s manor was themed around grand places to travel, with models of mountains, impressive maps and spinning globes and the like, and Sohanis’ had numerous ancient forms of makeup and creams for her hair and dyes for her clothes, Cialla’s was more *maternally themed*. That meant a whole room of ostentatious cribs for children not yet born. It meant grand mosaics, frescoes, and hanging paintings depicting a variety of women swollen up with child, or even groaning in pain as they positioned themselves for birth. It meant flowers blooming in every corner, life bursting everywhere to symbolise the life she was meant to encourage in others, and even . . . herself. There was even a birthing bed. She knew it instinctively just by looking at it, despite possessing no real foreknowledge that should have let her know this information. An immaculate, heavily pillowed bed in a private area where attendants could aid her as she strained and pushed and pushed and pushed until new godly life spawned from her loins.

*Fuck, Cialla thought. I can picture it. Why can I picture it?*

But she already knew the answer. She could feel the power inside of her, the call to answer her own domains of power. It was nested in her very womb. She could feel her own potential there, and it revulsed her. Not only was she a woman, but a woman who was intended to get *pregnant*, and apparently many times at that.

“Look at me,” she said as she looked at herself in an incredibly expensive-looking mirror with golden filigree around its edges. “I look ridiculous!”

She looked divine, and she knew it. A Caucasian beauty with a heart-shaped face and long dark hair so free of imperfection that it was almost reflective itself. It fell all the way down to her prominent ass, though she could use her godly power to fashion it into an elaborate and queenly up-do so that the rest only trailed down to her shoulders. But it wasn't her hair that concerned her so much, nor even the clear beauty of her face, which could well launch a thousand ships much like Sohanis'. No, it was her womanly body that embarrassed the new goddess the most. As Caleb, she had always intended to lose some of her beer gut. She had wanted to get into shape. She didn't love that her chest was just on the very edge of developing manboobs. But she'd still been a man, broad-shouldered and tall and with a member that wasn't too bad, all things considered. She'd been attracted to women, and while her romantic life hadn't been amazing and she'd visited a prostitute a couple of times in the last few months thanks to her deep depression related to that, she was still the man. The penetrator. The one with a sense of masculine pride, no matter how much his other areas of pride had basically been torn to shreds.

Now, there was no shielding her male pride. Not only was her face that of a true goddess, but her body was everything the man she had been would have lusted after. Where Sohanis was a slender, model-like beauty, stylish and elegant, Cialla had a prominent bust that was impossible *not* to notice, her breasts like cantaloupes in size, pert yet soft upon her chest, and fairly 'active' when she moved. Her hips were broad, giving her a distinct hourglass figure and making her fertility domain clear; these were certainly birthing hips, as some would say. Combined with her fashion, which consisted of an array of flowing dresses, all of which displayed her massive rack and emphasised her curves, there was no hiding what she was: a true Goddess of Fertility.

*And if I don't find a way to become a God of something, then I've got a feeling I'm going to understand what 'fertility' really means, were her panicked thoughts. I can't even cover myself up; I've got this . . . this need to display what I am!*

It was the same reason that, though she could magically conjure light in her room, or flood her manor with warmth, or conjure her clothing to drape over her, she couldn't remove the maternal adornments and styling of her room, only alter them. For instance, a pale-skinned pregnant beauty in a hanging portrait instead became a mosaic of an elegant black woman, totally naked, and smiling softly as she clutched her stomach.

"This is nuts," she said as she showered beneath the private waterfall that fell in her expansive bathroom. "I'm a goddess. I turned into a frickin' goddess. This is nuts! I gotta be dreaming!"

But she wasn't dreaming. She'd answered the email, and now she was Cialla. Just as Rakhan was now the god of exploration, and was already down upon the surface of Oenta half the time, exploring mountains and delving into jungles at a maddeningly fast

pace. Just as Jane was now Janaya, and was already annoying the other members of the pantheon with her strife.

“I improved your fresco, Cialla!” she taunted one day as the messy monk-looking goddess burst across the sky above Talithe on her board. Cialla sighed as she saw all the crude drawings she’d done on the wall paintings of her manor, among them some lovely images of mothers nursing their children. Now there were a lot more penises present.

“Somehow, she made it worse,” Cialla deadpanned.

Of course, the goddess beseeched her new ‘brothers and sisters’ in the pantheon for aid. Each rebuffed her, though many were sympathetic, perhaps even pitying. Somehow, that made it worse.

“I’m - I’m truly sorry!” Sohanis said. “I really am, Cialla. I - I wish someone else could take your place, but I think this is you, now. I can sense your godly power, and it is balanced perfectly within you. Just as mine is within me, er, I think. I’m, um, still getting used to looking like this. The whole love and beauty thing sounds fantastic but it makes me, well, it makes me so nervous!”

Cialla could only exhale as she talked to the only other woman who could compare with her in looks, apart from Linasha, perhaps. Sohanis was like her, someone a bit confronted by it all and keeping more reclusively to herself, but unlike Cialla, it was clear that Sohanis wanted this. It was just going to be a lot to adjust to.

“I know, Sohanis,” Cialla said. “But surely there’s got to be a way! You’re so - you’re so fucking beautiful and it’s incredible, but don’t I deserve the male version of that? Make me a god of lightning or something.”

At that moment Rakhan walked past, his eyes wandering across the form of both women. Cialla was reminded about yet another thing she hated about her new goddess body.

*Why does he look so fucking good? Why am I finding handsome men attractive now, not just hot women!?*

“Enjoying the deity life, my lovely ladies?” he asked with a smirk on his attractive features. He actually stepped forward and put a hand around both of their waists. Sohanis pulled away immediately. Cialla did so after a moment’s hesitation, much to her own embarrassment.

“Just because I’m the goddess of love and beauty doesn’t mean you can do that,” Rakhan.”

“C’mon!” he said. “We’re the shit! We’re gods now! We should all be having celebratory sex. Linasha is!”

“Then go have sex with her.”

“I will, but I was thinking, there’s more gods we have to make, remember? I was hoping to get in first. What do you think? I’d bet we’d make some fabulous-looking babies together, wouldn’t we?”

Cialla groaned. Something had pulsed within her. A deep need. A strong desire, like a powerful purpose had just been ignited. She felt her nipples throb and stiffen, and they pushed noticeably against the fabric of her low-cut dress. Rakhan noticed and smirked.

“I see someone is curious,” he noted.

Thankfully, Sohanis saved the day. She took Cialla’s hand and walked her further up the halls of Talithe’s grand walkways.

“Don’t be such a dog, Rakhan!” she announced.

They passed other gods on their way, several of whom were males, all of whom looked their way with clear interest. One was Narius, the God of Law and Civilisation. He was a regal-looking gentleman who appeared to be Latino, with long black hair and beautiful olive skin. He wore a cream-coloured robe that was practical and stylish.

“Morning, goddesses,” he said, bowing a little as they passed. “How are we feeling today?”

“Still getting used to it all!” Sohanis said.

“I don’t doubt it! And you, Cialla? Have you adjusted to being a woman? We were all a bit surprised about-”

“Can’t fucking talk right now!” she simply said, marching on at such a speed that her breasts bounced quite noticeably on her chest.

“There,” Sohanis said as they found a promenade view over the world of Oenta, waterfalls behind them blocking any sound. “Feel a bit better?”

That need, that purpose within Cialla slowly diminished. She managed a nervous smile. “Much better. Thank you. I - this has to be a mistake. I just thought that email was some spam thing. I’d be happy being some powerful god, maybe, but a goddess!? What a sick fucking joke!”

Sohanis put her hand on Cialla’s cheek and wiped away some of the falling tears there. “I don’t know, Cialla,” she said, wiping the other cheek. She suddenly pulled back her hand. “Sorry, my godly power, it makes me sometimes get more . . . intimate.”

“I don’t mind,” the goddess of motherhood said. “If you’ll forgive me for saying, but I’ve never had a woman as beautiful as you up close to me. Just wish I was a man, you know.”

Sohanis gave a pleasant chuckle. “Right now, I’m happy to be with another woman, one that isn’t a party animal like Linasha or a wild rebel like Janaya. So at least one good thing has come of you changing sex?”

Cialla grimaced. "Not worth it. Fuck me, I don't want to get pregnant. I don't even want tits. These things are huge!"

Sohanis giggled. "They are a rather impressive pair, but they look great on your figure. Your form suits."

"How would you know?"

Sohanis gestured to herself. "Goddess of beauty, remember?"

"Oh, yeah. Sorry."

"Don't be. None of us expected this. I always wanted to be prettier and more stylish, but I wasn't prepared for this. All these gods hitting on me, looking at me like I'm a piece of meat."

"Imagine how I feel. I'm a fucking man. Or at least I'm supposed to be."

"Well, you know what else you could be?" Sohanis asked. "A friend."

That actually warmed Cialla's heart a little. She smiled earnestly, feeling a bit better about herself. "I'll take it," she said.

That night, Cialla relaxed in her room. She could hear the fireworks and celebrations being set off by Linasha across the promenade. Clearly, the beautiful Vietnamese-American had been set free and was now joyous to just run wild with it. Cialla didn't feel like joining her. Instead, she lay back in bed, barely clothed, occasionally cupping her breasts or running a hand along her rear to feel her curves.

*This is so fucking insane. It's like something out of a bad porno. There's no way I can - ohh. Mhmm.*

Her nipples were tender, and she started to knead them, responding to some impulse within her. She could feel her own radiant light, her immortal power expanding in her body, bringing a heat into her. Images ran through her mind, moments of passion leading to the creation of children, the raw sexual desires that could bring forth new gods into the world through her loins. She was helpless to it, and soon she was feeling the sensitive vulva she had been ignoring, rubbing her sensitive clitoris and moaning with passion. She wasn't even certain where this pleasure was coming from or why, because it had preceded her own ministrations, and was now just enhanced by them.

"Y-yes!" she cried. "Yesssss! Mhmmm! Yes, yes! Put a ch-child in meeee! Make me a m-mother! Wait, no, not that! Just - ahhhh! Just get this f-fucking over with so I can - AAAHHHH!!!"

The pleasure was overwhelming, enough so that she felt faint. Her body literally glowed for a moment, a powerful pulse starting in her lower belly. It was enough that she actually smiled, squeezing her large breasts together as she laid resplendent on the bed like a true goddess.

*Embarrassing. Shouldn't have said those stupid words. But holy shit, at least this body has some good orgasms, I guess.*

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The very next day, Cialla *finally* managed to get an appointment with the Speaker. His office was grand, but not nearly so much as the various manors of the gods and goddesses of floating Talithe. The owl-faced angelic being was busy organising where the first humans would be placed in Oenta, what natural offerings would be given them before they were left to their devices beneath their pantheon, and so on.

*"I'm very sorry I haven't been able to meet you until now, Cialla,"* they said, floating down from a tall bookshelf. *"Things have been quite busy! I've also had to ask Janaya to, er, tone down the desecration of some of the holier sights in the palace. I trust you have adjusted to your female form? Your exciting duties of motherhood, pregnancy, and childbirth all await you!"*

Cialla grimaced. "No fucking way, man!" she cried, gesturing to her buxom body. "I'm not ready at all! I've been telling everyone that there's some kinda mistake here. Look, I'm a forty-three year old washed-up office worker with no prospects. I'll take being a god to get a leg up, but I ain't no goddess! I'd rather go back to work at my terrible company than getting goddamn *knocked up!*"

The Speaker frowned. *"But this is a deity's role that is perfectly suited to you, Cialla."*

"What!? Fucking how!? I'm a beer-drinking sad divorcee who breaks a sweat going up a single flight of stairs. I should have been blessed with muscles and an Adonis-like bod here. Give the motherhood thing to Rakhan, if he's so keen on making babies already!"

The Speaker cocked his head and then gestured out with a hand. A printed script appeared, and he handed it to Cialla. She recognised it as her own email.

*Wait, why are some of these parts underlined?*

The Speaker drew nearer and ran their finger over these segments. *"Your email was what clinched it, dear Cialla. You showed yourself to be the perfect candidate to be the Goddess of Motherhood, Pregnancy, and Childbirth. Everyone else just replied with YES, but your reply was practically a resume for your coming role!"*

"What!? How!?"

*"I quote. 'I'm not giving anything back to the world, so a new job would be just grand. Something that's actually productive, and lets me be fulfilled.' Well, what could be more productive than a position that is literally reproductive? You would be fulfilled by actually being filled with growing children! And nothing is more fulfilling than motherhood, so they say."*

“But - but-”

*“And here you state, ‘I’m sick of constantly drinking myself half to death each night alone.’ Well, what better cure for a drinking problem than experiencing the delights of pregnancy, during which an expectant mother should never drink!”*

“That’s not what I-”

*“You even state that you did not care ‘what my fucking domain would be.’ In fact, you go on to say that ‘anything that lets me get away from ME and actually gives me a damn purpose would be appreciated.’ Well, here you are, a far cry from your old self as possible. No longer a male childless divorcee, but a beautiful and blessed future mother.”*

Cialla was totally taken aback. This was too much. This was far, far too fucking much.

*Jesus, it’s all there, though. I set myself up when I wrote all of that. I could have been some fit, lean, hunky god asking a girl like Sohanis out, but instead I’m a goddamn busty chick who’s expected to pop out babies!*

“I won’t do it,” she said. “Even if I wrote all of that in anger, that doesn’t mean - look, I’m not doing it. I’m not sleeping with any gods or mortals or whatever.”

The Speaker’s look was compassionate, and they placed a hand on her bare shoulder. *“I’m sure, in the ages of immortal time you have now in your godly life, you shall come to not only shoulder your responsibilities and burdens, Cialla, but embrace them. Besides, you are already pregnant.”*

She blinked. “What did you just say?”

*“Did you not experience a grand awakening, recently?”*

“I - what? I just fucking masturbated last night! I was feeling horny or whatever, but I wasn’t - I can’t be - I didn’t even fuck a man or anything!”

The Speaker smiled. *“Ah, but you are the goddess of motherhood, pregnancy, and childbirth. You may conceive with other gods, even other goddesses, but your body is also fruitful on its own when conceiving minor gods and goddesses that operate within your own domains. Perhaps a future goddess of midwifery grows within you, or perhaps a god of the dawn, to symbolise birth!”*

Cialla felt like she was going to throw up. No, that wasn’t quite right; her new godly body didn’t get sick at all. Linasha was already bragging about how she only got hangovers if she wanted to, while Janaya was constantly testing if anything at all could hurt her. The former man placed hand on her belly and connected to her radiant power, closing her eyes and ignoring the presence of the curious Speaker.

*There! I feel something. It’s so small. But . . . it’s in me. Oh God. Oh, me. I’m pregnant. I got myself pregnant. I’m a fucking goddess of pregnancy right now and I’m actually pregnant!?*

She opened her eyes and literally grabbed the Speaker by their neck feathers.

“You’ve got to help me! I don’t know the first thing about having babies, let alone growing them! I can’t do this damn role, so send me back! Undo this, y’hear?”

*“I’m sorry, but that is impossible. Your fate is permanent. Once ascended, your form is now yours for life. But worry not, as your belly swells and your breasts fill with milk, I am sure you will know what to do.”*

Cialla spluttered, not even knowing what to say.

Was there anything to say?

*I’m pregnant. I’m a pregnant goddess. What the hell have I done!?*

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The first mortals were upon Oenta. The shining city of Talithe had appeared before the humans below, who were borderline naked, cavedwellers all. They looked up to the sky with fascination, pointing at the grand splendour above. As organised by Tibar, the genderless God of Time, and Narius, the God of Law and Civilisation, the time had come to make an appearance before their future worshippers, who had been gathered from across the lands they had been given thanks to the colourful signs made by Janaya and Lishana. Slowly, the pantheon descended together. They had no true leader, though Tibar’s imperious and detached nature made them a quasi-default decider when their votes were tied. Cialla had tried to get out of this event, but she knew it was a stupid fight to pick. And so she was there, alongside the others in her finest green dress as they floated down upon chariots formed from clouds, which then merged together to become a platform before the crowds of assembled thousands. The mortals looked up, some fearful, most amazed. Children pointed and laughed with glee, while their mothers cautioned their children. Some of them were even pregnant, and it was these two groups - the mothers and expectant mothers - who Cialla felt an immediate and intrinsic connection to. Her own belly was now quite swollen, the months having passed during their preparations so that she was six months along. Sohanis held her hand beside her, the goddess of beauty giving her friendly comfort and encouragement.

“It’s okay, my friend,” she whispered to Cialla. “You look beautiful and powerful.”

“I’m pregnant. I’ve got a giant belly.”

“And it looks magnificent. You look magnificent. There is power in beauty, believe me I know best. And there is power in motherhood, too. I know you feel it.”

That was the annoying part; she did. *I’m always feeling it*, she thought to herself. *I can feel this baby shifting about inside of me. I can feel my damn tits getting ready to start making milk and get even bigger. I can feel that my body is a goddamn factory to make new gods.*

And yet she could feel the silent worship of several women in the crowd already, pointing up at her and pleading for safe births, for comfortable pregnancies, for their children to be healthy. This worship inflamed said power. Judging from how the other gods were reacting to their own worship with a faint glow and beaming smiles, she got the sense she wasn't the only one feeling a little tipsy here.

Each of the gods gave a brief speech introducing themselves, explaining how they would guide the mortals. Tibar introduced the pantheon, explaining that the passage of time would bring them great things. Rakhan was charismatic as he implored them to explore, to gain new insights, to see what the world had to offer. Linasha was very popular, literally bringing skins of wine to the crowd and promising to teach them how to make this intoxicating drink. Janaya actually put on a damn *music* show, rock and roll that these people had never heard, and told them that she'd always back them if tyrants and bullies imposed upon them. People literally gasped as Sohanis stepped down from the cloud and walked among them, introducing herself as a goddess of beauty and love.

"You there, the one named Lagresh. Come, I know you have been looking at this woman. Her name is Pila. You two will match perfectly for one another, but just in case . . ."

And then, with a slightly embarrassed smile for being such a centre-of-attention, Sohanis weaved her hands, and both man and woman became a lot more attractive; blemishes disappeared, scars too, and their bodies gained muscle and curves respectively, just enough to make the crowd gasp in wonder.

Cialla's turn was next. Her heart was beating like a jackhammer. She'd tried to rehearse for this moment, but all she had was a speech. She tried to appear properly deific with her pronounced belly, her dress emphasising her shape and teasing her maternal breasts. Even six months on, it all seemed so much. Sohanis smiled at her, and Rakhan gave her a wink.

"You got this shit," he said.

Cialla swallowed, and stepped from the low cloud, descending down wispy steps of fog so she could address the amazed mortals.

*To think, I was just like some of these guys, once. Except, you know, I wasn't plucked from Earth to live in paradise. Okay, what was I gonna say again? Shit.*

She stroked her belly for a moment. Her godly child, one fashioned only by her body alone, kicked a little within her, as if telling her to start.

*Fuck me that's still a weird feeling. I don't care how immortal I am. I am never getting used to that!*

"People of Oenta," she said. "I know you have been plucked from places of war, from terror, or from destitution. As you have heard my fellow members of your pantheon speak, you are in safe hands. You have survived so far with our blessing and aid, but now we will

give you more than your cave dwellings. I am Cialla, Goddess of Motherhood, Pregnancy, and Childbirth. I carry within my womb a godly child, and I am here to take care of your children. Um, and your mothers too, of course. I mean to say that those of you who are women and have babies, that is . . .”

She was getting off track. The woman was sensing something. It was strange, but it was a connection directly to her. She raised her hand and gained a more imperious aspect.

“Part this crowd. There is someone I must see.”

To the god’s surprise, she moved quickly, waddling through the crowd who parted before her. A woman at the back was wincing, her own belly swollen. Very swollen, even more than Cialla’s own.

“How long have you been in pain?” she asked. “Your name is Samantha, right?”

The woman nodded. ‘I was - I lived in New York. My boyfriend got me pregnant and left me. I didn’t know what to do. I was all alone and then I was brought here. I was s-scared, but there was food and nice people, and the weather was good, and I thought my baby would be happy here, but - ahgh! Oh God! It hurts so much.”

“Lie down,” Cialla said, and helped the woman down. She snapped her legs open, and immediately Cialla could tell that the baby was struggling, wrapped in its own cord, trying to descend but unable to.

“Ohhhhhh, I’m s-scared! I’m sorry, I tried not to interrupt! I was praying to you and-”

“I felt it, my child,” she said, the last words coming automatically as if she was destined for the role of goddess all along. “You just need to calm down, okay? I think I have this.”

“You th-think!?” the woman said, face starting to matt with sweat.

“I know,” Cialla corrected herself. “Just adjusting to, er, all of this. Widen your legs. It’s okay.”

Cialla planted her hands on the woman’s womb and the child within instantly calmed. She felt this powerful connection to it beneath her domain, and instantly she knew what she had to do. With a caress of the woman’s womb, Cialla moved her hands *into* the woman, passing through her flesh as if they were in different dimensions, as if she were just a hologram. The woman cried out in shock, as did the crowd, but Cialla focused only on the task. Her own child kicked, but this time it seemed more encouraging, as if telling her that she was doing the right thing.

“It’s okay, I’m just helping her,” she said. “You have a daughter.”

“A - a daughter!”

The cord was untangled, and immediately the woman groaned, the urge to push all the stronger. “It hurts!”

Cialla brought her hands out, and green-golden light spread to the woman. “Then don’t feel any pain, kid. Just push. I’ll speed things up for you a bit.”

The crowd was captivated as Samantha groaned and huffed and strained, uncomfortable but in no pain whatsoever. Cialla was amazed; this young woman who could be no older than sixteen or seventeen exuded no shame as she, an actual goddess, did about her own pregnant body. Instead, she was brave. She was determined. And when the child finally arrived and Cialla helped pull the daughter from the birth canal, Samantha wept with joy, uncaring who could see her loins and her blood.

“I did it!” she cried, and the crowd cheered.

“You did! You fucking did!” Cialla said, before grinning sheepishly. The group had agreed not to swear out loud before the mortals. It took away from their vibe, Rakhan had said.

*Well fuck that. I just helped deliver a goddamn baby.*

She cut the cord with a pair of scissors she manifested from light itself, then cleaned the child with the material of her fine dress, the fluid and blood immediately dissipating upon its surface.

“Say hello to your daughter, Samantha,” Cialla said, her own heart flooding with warmth. “And know that she is blessed by the goddess of motherhood. She will be healthy, and so will you. Ah, but you might not be making enough milk. Do you mind?”

Samantha nodded. “Please, goddess. Please do.”

Cialla exuded more power, and the woman’s breasts rose faintly. She gasped, clearly shocked at the feeling. “Woah! I can feel; I can feed her!”

She placed the baby against her left nipple, and with some guidance from Cialla, who felt an instinctive ability to know how to help a child latch, the daughter was soon suckling.

The goddess rose, now much more confident in her role and nature than she had ever been before, at least for now. She raised her voice to the crowd.

“Every woman here who wishes to bear a child, or who currently expects one, come before me now. I’ll bless each of you, and the mothers too.”

Numerous women flocked to her immediately, their faces excited. Cialla barely had time to even mentally prepare a spoken blessing, but when she soon got started anyway, fumbling her way through it a bit. She looked up at the pantheon, all of whom looked impressed, except for Janayah who clearly felt this was going on too long. Sohanis, on the other hand, gave her a wink.

*Maybe . . . maybe this won’t be so bad,* she thought.

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It was bad. It was real bad. Cialla could barely believe that nine months had flown by. Nine months of her belly slowly expanding until it dominated her midsection. Nine months of preparation for a moment she was still terrified of experiencing personally, but now had no choice but to. And worst of all it was happening during one of Linasha's many parties, one that actually had a bevy of mortals invited to partake in. Rakhan was getting drunk on wine, Sohanis was amusing suitors and turning each down one by one. Janaya was encouraging a group of mortals to impress their people by surfing down the nearby hillside on wooden boards, which led to some spectacular and amusing crashes that even Cialla cackled at.

But while there was worship and power, love and connection, she couldn't help but be a little annoyed. Even Sohanis was opening up to others, flirting a little with Rakhan thanks to the wine in her system.

*Meanwhile, I can't even have wine, Cialla grumbled in her mind. And if the Speaker is right, I won't be able to have wine for most of my immortal existence because I'll be goddamn knocked up. God, what I wouldn't do to crack open a cold one and watch a game.*

Instead, she moved through the celebrating crowd, bestowing blessings upon mortals as they appeared before her. To Cialla, they still felt like fellow humans, but perhaps in time she would see herself as different from them. Special.

*I've never been special before. That would be something, right?*

The other gods had adjusted so much more easily. Rakhan was excitedly telling Sohanis about some secret places they could go together, making the pregnant goddess jealous. Tibar was simply observing the party from afar, a quiet smile on their lips, as if knowing where it was all going. Narius was bestowing brilliant insights upon drunken would-be builders, carpenters, and inventors, all while enjoying the feasts under the night sky. And here she was, not knowing quite what to do. Her belly was so swollen, so part of her that it was both familiar and alien at once. It was remarkable to know that a godly child would soon be hers. Her own son or daughter. *Hers.*

The very thought made her power reach out, extending further. Sohanis pulled away from Rakhan for a moment, moving to Cialla.

"Aww, c'mon!" the god of travelling and exploration called out.

"Just one moment, dear," Sohanis said, giggling. "Cialla, do you feel it in the air tonight? The connection between these mortals? Between us all? The love in the air, the beauty in one another?"

"That's your domain," Cialla said, chuckling. "Plus, I don't think I'm drunk enough for that."

"I know! So unfair that you cannot drink. Ah, but I brought you something; non-alcoholic wine. Linasha made it for you. She said it will have a lovely kick."

I looked across the crowd. Linasha was like a hedonist, sitting upon a wooden throne as she and her surrounding worshippers feasted on grapes and danced around a fire. She raised a goblet to Cialla, and Cialla mouthed a 'thank you' back.

"No one should miss out on a party!" Linasha cried. "I've been set free, so you should be too!"

Which made Cialla think about what Sohanis had said. She *could* feel a connection in the air. Her and Sohanis' domains overlapped just slightly, complementing one another.

"I can feel it," she said. "The potential, the fertility in the air. It's like . . . impending motherhood."

"The aftermath of *my* domains' power," Sohanis giggled. "Shall we work our power together? Bring forth more life among our people?"

Cialla drank some of Linasha's drink and moaned. "Oh, God - Gods, I guess - that's fucking amazing. Jesus-"

"No J-word, remember!"

"Whatever, it's good, that's what I'm saying! Okay, hell yes, let's do this!"

They held one another's hands and concentrated. The pair glowed, the humans nearby gasped and worshipped or simply gave drunken cheers. But as the power expanded, the social connections around them grew stronger. A kissing couple retreated into the woods for more intimate fun. A woman moaned, her arousal growing. A dark-skinned lady with amazing hair was riding her partner near Linasha's throne, and her fertility swelled as her lover's seed erupted inside of her. A woman desperate for a child but struggling with infertility was healed of this ailment, her lust growing as she danced with her childhood friend and began to seduce him. Their love would bloom, their beauty would be found, and birth and motherhood would follow down the line, surely as the sun would rise on the morn.

Cialla gasped, feeling the glory of her own power. "This is incredible. Love and - and -"

"And babies to come," Sohanis said. "And now, I must partake in some love myself, friend. Don't be a stranger! Enjoy yourself!"

She was whisked away by Rakhan at an incredible speed. The goddess of motherhood was still a little jealous, but she was riding the high of that marvellous drink and the even more marvellous exultation of her power moments ago. Unfortunately, the by-product was what happened next.

"Ngh!"

Suddenly, fluid poured down between Cialla's thighs. A sudden tension started in her large dome of a stomach, which she had been clutching with one hand. The goddess dropped her goblet and winced. Instantly, her powers told her what was happening, and for reasons she didn't understand, somehow it was worse to know.

“Oh Gods. Oh, *me*.”

She winced, the painful tremor returning. *Why is it painful? I can shut off the pain for other women when I'm close, why am I - ughh - g-getting it!?*

But she already knew the answer. She wasn't just the Goddess of Motherhood, Pregnancy, and Childbirth, she was the very personification of it. Which meant that she had to *experience* it, to *be* it.

A few mortals looked her way. Linasha's eyes widened from her throne.

“Stop the party for a moment, everyone!” she declared, and because festivities were *her* specialisation, the music and noise immediately *did* stop. “Cialla, are you okay?”

She thought: *Fuck me, this is humiliating as shit!*

But instead, she said: “The b-baby! It's coming! I - aghhh - I can f-feel the contractions.”

She wanted Sohanis to be present, but she was off on the other side of Oenta by that point with Rakhan, most likely. Cialla grimaced, then called out. “Get me somewhere fucking private already!”

It didn't take long to take her to an erected tent. These people may have been rescued from Earth, but they were having to start all over again, which meant this was just a rudimentary covering given some aid by Narius. Various mortal women that she knew were midwives began to pile up pillows to ease the tension in her back. She rested upon them, spreading her legs automatically, but there was no need to push. Instead, the hours went by, even as the festivities continued and the music began again. She could sense others hooking up once more beneath the starry sky, new life beginning in at least five unknowing women who were simply enjoying the pleasures of the flesh. It made Cialla jealous.

*If I have to - ughh - go through this, then - ahhh - why didn't I at least get the fun part first? I'd take having a dick in me instead of p-pushing a goddamn baby out of meeee!!!*

Time passed by, and word spread outside her birthing tent that the first godly child, a new member of the pantheon, was being born. Kind-hearted Narius visited her with his followers. They quickly bolstered the tent and brought her water.

“This should help you a little, goddess,” he said to her, rubbing her upper arm in a compassionate manner. The olive-skinned God of Civilisation smiled easily. “Frankly, I don't know how you're doing this. I couldn't.”

“I c-can't,” she grunted. “Not even meant to!”

“I beg to differ. I still remember your amazing work three months ago with that Samantha woman. You were incredible. You've got this, Cialla.”

He ran his fingers through her hair, gave her a gentle kiss on the cheek, and left. She turned red in the cheeks at that.

*As if this n-night can't get anymore embarrassing!*

And yet, as the contractions drew closer, and not even Linasha's visits to try and infuse some life into the proceedings could help her anymore, someone else entered the tent. Cialla didn't even look up. She was too busy trying to ride out the pain of labor.

"Ohhhhhhh," she groaned. "This s-sucks!"

Janaya appeared before, the rebel-themed young goddess grinning awkwardly, hands behind her back. "So, uh, what's up?"

"I'm in l-labor, you rebellious punk moron! Can't you see that!?"

"Jeez, calm down. I was just making a joke, lady. I just heard you making a racket in here and thought I'd check."

Another contraction. Another fierce pain. She was so close to being dilated, she could feel it. And then she would have to push a whole-ass baby out of her birth canal. The thought terrified the goddess, even as her radiant power told her she could do it.

"I'd like to h-hear you not make a noise!" Cialla cried.

"I think I'll pass."

"What are y-you even here for?"

"I'm here to help, dummy."

She helped wipe some of Cialla's sweat off of her forehead. She'd never felt so mortal in her time as a goddess as she did now. *I guess birthing a new god is enough to make a goddess really f-feel it! Nghh!*

"How can you even help?" she gasped. "You keep breaking into my manor and drawing dicks on things!"

"Hey, I do that with everyone. But, uh, there's this thing, see. Turns out a lot of gods in history sometimes have a weird domain that doesn't seem to suit them. Like, the Speaker told me that Aphrodite, that chick the Greeks used to worship like they do now with Sohanis? She was sometimes a God of War. Weird, huh?"

Cialla groaned again. God, this was killing her. She was spreading her legs wide. Her outfit rarely had underwear as part of the ensemble. Now she knew why.

"What are you even s-saying!?"

Janaya blushed, her hair briefly turning pink with embarrassment. "Well, I'm the Goddess of Thrill and Rebellion? But I'm also the Goddess of Pain Relief. Go figure, right? Guess it's 'cause danger and thrill and rebellion comes with pain. So, I also get pain relief."

Cialla's eyes snapped open. "Then stop talking and give me s-some! Please! I'm not even meant to be a fucking woman and now I'm giving birth here!"

"Alright, alright. I should warn you, it'll still hurt. I get the sense that your births are meant to be 'pure' or whatever. All natural and shit. But maybe just this one time, for your first."

Her hands glowed a vibrant red upon Cialla's belly, at which point the goddess gasped with relief. The pain was still there. In fact, it was still painful as hell. But it was not nearly as overwhelming as it had been, which finally gave Cialla the strength to push.

"NNGGHHH!" she grunted loudly. "I NEED TO P-PUSH! IT'S HAPPENING! IT'S ACTUALLY F-FUCKING HAPPENING OH GOD IT'S - AAGGHHH!!!"

Janaya swallowed. "Yeah, I'm gonna find someone else now!"

Thankfully, it was Sohanis and Rakhan, who burst into the tent, having travelled from the mountains across the sea on his quick feet across the ocean. Cialla spread her legs, uncaring what was happening now. All that mattered was the pain and her friend's presence.

"I'll guard the tent," Rakhan said.

Sohanis nodded in thanks, then gripped her friend's hand. "You can do this, Cialla. I know you don't believe you were meant for it, but I know you can do it. You're going to be a mother. Just push! Breathe and push! You are the personification of motherhood! Your body is perfect for it! Now do it!"

*You are the best friend*, Cialla thought, but she didn't say it, because she literally couldn't. Something living was pushing through her passage now, its head exiting her tunnel. She screamed like a wild banshee, but then a flood of endorphins, or whatever the godly equivalent, hit her and immediately made her sigh with relief. Sohanis was between her legs helping slide the child out of her entrance. Cialla slowly regained her breath, still panting. Tears were leaking from her eyes and she sobbed like a woman, uncaring how female she felt in this moment.

"I did it!" she cried. "Did I do it? F-fuck, please tell me he's okay?"

"*She's* okay," Sohanis said, holding up a crying child covered in some blood and fluid. Its face was purplish, and it was crying, but it was a healthy daughter, one that glowed faintly to reveal her godly nature.

"A daughter," Cialla said, and the tears just didn't stop flowing. Sohanis helped clean the child, but Cialla insisted on cutting her own cord with her power. Instinct took over. There was no shame, how could there be after such an unimaginable and *miraculous* experience? Instead, she simply took her child and placed her on her chest, pulling down her sleeves with Sohanis' aid so that her bountiful, milk-filled breasts could be released.

"There, there," Cialla said. "Drink up, my little one. I'll make you strong. M-"

She hesitated at her next words, but then her child latched, and the milk flowed, and despite her soreness and residual pain, all was right. She had a godly daughter, and already she knew her name.

"Mommy is here, my little Sarisha. My little goddess of rebirth."

She beheld her little child, who already had such lovely golden hair now that her power was cleaning it. In that moment, Cialla could see the future. She could understand

where the life of a goddess would take her. The entirety of it spilled forth ahead of her, aided by the power already in her child's eyes. The goddess knew she would fall pregnant again, and likely soon. Her body would always remain beautiful and fertile, and she would use her presence to bless mothers and keep them safe as they brought forth the next generation into the world. She would watch over them, help mend their weariness and be proud of the stretch marks that marked their fulfilling victories. She would bring forth more gods into the world. Some, she knew, would be with Rakhan; gods of the sky and the wind and the hidden passages of the world. Some would be with Narius, gods of tradition and diplomacy, of trade and artisanship. Perhaps she would even have a child with Sohanis one day, if that beautiful god ever permitted it, or she would simply gift the woman with good health and beauty when she fell pregnant with another.

*That's the goddess I can be, she thought to herself. I can be the one who helps bring it all forth. I can be the mother of so much of the pantheon. That's . . . holy hell, that's a lot better and more purposeful than another night with a cold beer in a small empty room. Especially if . . . especially if I get beautiful kiddos like this.*

She beheld her daughter, her little Sarisha. She was everything. The Goddess of Rebirth and the coming Dawn. And it was into that dawn that Cialla emerged, nursing her child at her breast as the sun rose upon the horizon. Linasha had kept the festivities going, kept her supplicants awake, but now the whole crowd rose, staring at the golden-haired child suckling from the Goddess of Motherhood.

"Everyone!" Cialla announced, her strength renewed, her body literally glowing with celestial light. "Oenta has been blessed with another child! This one is mine, and her name is Sarisha! The new Goddess of Dawn and Rebirth!"

A cheer went up. Janaya sent fireworks into the sky, and Linasha filled goblets and wineskins once more with the sweet nectar of her own creation. Time seemed to stretch in this perfect moment, and Cialla realised this was Tibar's work, allowing her to experience all of this, to remember it without error. Rakhan zipped to her side, hugging her and inspecting the child, a goofy grin upon his face.

"She's perfect! Utterly perfect! Perhaps a preview of our own future child, Cialla?"

She actually giggled at that. "In your dreams! I don't want to *think* about giving birth at least until I'm pregnant again, which will probably be in just a few months, knowing how I am."

Narius approached. He held up a golden wrap and helped swaddle her child, who had stopped nursing from her. "Here, I have blessed this fabric. She will sleep softly until she needs more milk and attention. A new mother deserves her rest."

At this, Cialla actually blushed. *Fuck, he's so goddamn NICE and GOOD-LOOKING. I haven't been this horny since I was a teenager who'd just found his Dad's Maxim collection.*

But the blush was more than just attraction. She felt a warmth, a connection to this man-turned-God, in his easy smile and kind manner.

“Thank you, Narius,” she said. “You are a good God. I’m glad you got the job.”

“Well, you’ve done a damn fine job yourself. Hasn’t she, everyone!?”

Another cheer rose from the crowd, and songs of worship followed. Sohanis appeared at her side, an arm around her waist.

“Would you like to rest again?” she asked. “I can help you find somewhere private, or take you back to Talithe?”

Cialla squeezed her friend’s hand. The goddess truly embodied her domains of beauty and love, inside and out.

But Cialla shook her head. “Thank you, friend, but not just yet. I think . . . I think this time, I’d like to stick around a little. Be part of the celebrations.”

She looked down to her little child, swaddled in gold and looking utterly peaceful.

“Especially now that I have something to celebrate.”

The celebrations continued, much quieter than they had been, now that it was the early morn. But no one left, not yet, not when there was a golden-haired child to see, and the beloved Goddess of Motherhood to congratulate on bringing a new member into the pantheon. Cialla smiled, eventually sitting back against a tree and chuckling lightly at Janaya tagging every tree and rock in sight with eternal messages to enshrine this moment, and at Linasha for raising yet another toast to the birth of their newest pantheon member. Her soreness was gone, her immortal body already healing, her stomach withdrawing as well. In just a week, she would likely appear as if she had never been pregnant, apart from her slightly wider hips and bountiful, milk-filled breasts. But that was okay.

*I don’t know if I’m quite ready to have another baby. I know I will, of course. Can’t stop that. But . . . I think I’m ready to be ready. To look forward to being ready.*

And as she had this pleasant thought, her eyes wandered from the crowd to Narius, the golden-clothed man with lovely hair, olive-skinned, and an intelligent and excited smile upon his lips. Their eyes met and lingered upon one another, and a tingle of excitement came over Cialla. A thought unbidden bubbled up into her mind, and she let it linger there, turning it over in her mind and letting herself be a woman for once, her male pride set aside.

*I know I’ll have to give a few gods their children. I know I’ll have to give birth some on my own, too. But one day, after all that, however many years it takes, I reckon I’ll want to settle down and find a godly husband. A long-time father to my children.*

Cialla grinned at Narius, and he grinned right back at her, his eyes interested.

*And you know what, Narius? she thought. I think it’s going to be you.*

**The End**