

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Rough Sex, Loving Sex, Exhibitionism

Summary: Through his pursuit of ancient magics, he found a way to ascend to godhood one spark of divinity at a time. The catch? To become divine, he needed to bed the divine. Where better to start than with the Goddess of Love and Lust, who was all too eager to kickstart an inter-pantheon sexcapade? And where better to claim her than in her temple, in front of her priestesses?

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As Antonious steps into the Temple, he does so completely bare without a single inch of cloth to cover his body. Not even sandals adorn his feet. He walks forward with nothing but a staff in his grasp, amused by the reactions of those around him.

If this were any other Temple, they would already be trying to throw him out. In some cases, they would go even further and be trying to kill him. However, in this case... this is the Temple of Aphrodite, Goddess of Love and Lust and Beauty.

While the priestesses around him are not all as naked as he, many of them are wearing barely anything at all... and none of them are truly scandalized by his appearance. In fact, they can't take their eyes off of him, drinking in his visage and physique like a bunch of women who have been stuck in a desert for some time.

Their eyes rake up and down his form, from his chiseled musculature to his swinging cock. Lips part and tongues slip out to unconsciously lick at them as they all stare hungrily at him.

As he makes his way to the center of the Temple, what can only be the Head Priestess steps forward, a raunchy, knowing smile on her lips.

“Be welcome in the Goddess’ Temple, stranger. Have you come to make an offering? I can guide you through the steps... as privately or as publicly as you like~”

Antonious pretends to ponder the offer for a moment before eventually shaking his head.

“Apologies. You are incredibly beautiful... however, I did not come here today to settle for ‘incredibly beautiful’. I’m not here for you... I’m here for her.”

He points with his staff over the Head Priestess’ head, forcing her to look back behind herself... at the massive statue of Aphrodite that dominates the Temple’s center. The marble does it’s best to capture the Goddess’ good side, but frankly... even it can’t hold a candle to the real deal.

But then, that doesn’t matter too much when the vast majority of mortal beings will never lay eyes on the real deal in the first place. Antonious though... is not most mortal beings. Bringing his staff back down, he smacks it on the floor of the temple rather hard, cutting off the Head Priestess’ response and leaving room for him to shout out.

“Goddess Aphrodite! I’ve come to bargain!”

There’s the briefest of pauses as everyone holds their breath. And then... shining light as Aphrodite herself descends to the Temple right there in front of all of them. Her Head Priestess, as vain as the beautiful woman might be, is smart enough to immediately back away, bowing her head in supplication before her Mistress.

The others all drop to their knees and bow their heads as well, even as Aphrodite stands there in all of her own nude glory. The most feminine Goddess upon Mount Olympus, she is a voluptuous, curvaceous, completely naked woman with peach-colored eyes and peach-colored hair.

Her hair and her wrists and forearms are wrapped in jewelry, but the rest of her is entirely nude, though her incredibly long hair manages to cover her nipples and crotch, with the ends entwining in heart shapes.

Gazing at him with imperious but also curious eyes, Aphrodite smiles.

“You’re an interesting one, human. Tell me of this bargain.”

Antonious takes in a deep breath... but he’s come too far to hesitate now so he immediately begins to explain. He’s something of a sorcerer and in his pursuit of ancient magics, he found a way to ascend to godhood that he’s confident nobody has ever tried before. Mostly because it involves reciprocation rather than just taking and taking.

Indeed, while the method to ascend does require him to gain access to multiple sparks of divinity from multiple different deities... it must all be consensual. And sexual. That is the catch. To become divine, he needs to bed the divine.

He holds none of this back from Aphrodite. Not even from her watching Priestesses. Lies and obfuscation have no place in the ritual he’s suggesting... it won’t work if Aphrodite is not fully on board with helping him achieve his goals.

When he finally finishes speaking, Aphrodite is silent for a time, her eyes narrowed as she studies him thoughtfully. Antonious stands proud and tall, well aware that he’s turned his body into an offering fit for a Goddess of Beauty such as herself. It hadn’t been easy. It hadn’t been fun. But he’d done it all the same, working through the blood, sweat, and tears to sculpt himself into a living statue.

Aphrodite was the lynchpin of all of this, after all. His research had made that clear. She was the most likely Goddess to approve of his plans and go along with it when he was still ultimately powerless in comparison to the divine. And once he had a spark of her divinity resting within him... it would open up doors that were otherwise closed.

Still, the tension is palpable... until finally, Aphrodite's lips peel back into a wide, satisfied grin.

"An intriguing plan... and one that pleases me greatly. You would bed me and so many others, all to become a God. Many men would do so for less... but many men would also fall short of being worthy of this body."

She runs her hands up and down her form at the words 'this body', making it clear what she's talking about. At the same time though, her eyes roam his physique... and its clear she likes what she sees.

"You do not fall short, however. Prepare yourself, mortal."

Antonious doesn't hesitate. He immediately begins casting spells on himself, the staff in his hand glowing at the head as he reinforces his mortal frame and invigorates his flesh. His cock rises to its full size and then grows a size bigger while his already large muscles bulge a bit more.

The enhancements are necessary if he wants to survive what is to come... after all, while Aphrodite might choose to go easy on any given mortal lover, she can't do the same for him. Not if they want him to succeed in his quest.

As soon as he's done, Antonious lets go of his staff, leaving it standing straight up under its own power in the middle of the temple. Then, he steps forward... and drops to his knees before Aphrodite right then and there. It looks like worship, and to be fair it is... after a fashion.

He reaches out and grabs hold of the amused Goddess before him, his strong hands sliding around her perfectly sculpted thighs and hips to grab hold of her peach-shaped ass. He grips down on divine flesh and yanks her forward... placing his mouth right upon her pussy mound as her long hair flicks out of the way from the sudden motion.

Aphrodite's first moan reverberates through her temple, sending the priestesses watching into quite the tizzy. Antonious, meanwhile, simply begins his dirty work,

knowing that everything starts right here. He might have the Goddess' tentative approval, but that doesn't mean he can't still fuck things up.

That's why he doesn't hesitate to show her his skill level with his tongue. This too was something Antonious had prepared for. Just as he'd trained his body, so too had he trained everything else. His mind, his tongue... his everything.

He'd eaten out so many women that the last time he went to a brothel to test whether he was ready or not, the finest prostitute in the establishment had paid *him* by the time they were done instead of the other way around.

Of course, his ability to pleasure mortal women meant little in the face of pleasuring the divine. Aphrodite moans... but she does not cry out. Her fingers eventually glide through his hair, gripping down on his scalp as he continues to drive his tongue into her cunt with all his precision and power and skill.

"You impress, mortal. But there is still much I can teach you."

Yes. Antonious flicks his eyes up to Aphrodite, not wanting to pause or even so much as nod to slow his actions, but nevertheless doing his best to convey his agreement with her. She smiles in response so he's sure the Goddess understands. He'd picked her as the first for a reason... because he knew if he could get her interest and attention, he would also obtain her guidance... and tutelage.

As things continue on, Aphrodite gently guides him into servicing her better with his mouth. Despite being a master at oral sex, he nevertheless learns much at the Goddess' feet. At the same time, she finds him to be a fast learner... perhaps faster than she was expecting. Eventually... Aphrodite cries out, nearly cumming on his tongue before suddenly pulling him away.

"D-Dangerous... but then, I like danger~"

With that, the Goddess turns away from him... and proceeds to bend over her own statue. She gazes lovingly at her marble visage in a display of complete

and utter narcissism for a moment before looking back over her shoulder at him and waving her ass in his direction.

“Come... take me, mortal. And take your first step down the path you have chosen at the same time.”

Antonious isn't about to turn back now, that's for sure. Rising to his feet, he steps into place behind the Goddess. Well aware of all the eyes on them, his focus is solely on Aphrodite. Yes, her Priestesses are all watching. Yes, some of them are probably masturbating to the sight at this point, if not playing with each other.

But none of that matters. Or rather, all of that is a mere extension of Aphrodite herself. They're, all of them, pale imitations of the Goddess before him. So of course Antonious only has eyes for Aphrodite as he grabs hold of her hips and sinks his throbbing erection deep into her divine quim. Of course he only has attention for the Goddess in front of him and her absolutely sublime pussy.

Aphrodite moans, arching her back perfectly and shuddering in a way that only eggs him on further. Growling in response, Antonious almost immediately starts to fuck the beautiful Goddess with all of his might, thrusting in and out of her hard and fast. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh rapidly fills the temple up as he does so, his crotch impacting her ass again and again.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The sounds of their rough lovemaking fill the air right alongside Antonious' grunts and Aphrodite's moans. She gives as good as she gets too, pushing back into his hips with enough force that if not for his spells, she'd probably have pulverized his pelvis just from that alone.

As it is, he feels the strain all the same... but that's to be expected when dealing with the divine in this way. This isn't like the stories... this is as much a challenge as it is a coupling. Can he give Aphrodite the time of her life? Will all of his hard work pay off and earn him what he's after?

One thing is for sure... he can't allow himself to cum too early. Not without bringing the Goddess he's pounding into to at least one orgasm first. If he can't even manage that much, Antonious knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that he won't be able to prove himself worthy.

And so he sets himself in for the long haul, thrusting away and grunting as he drives his cock deep into Aphrodite from behind. At the same time, he moves his hands up from her ass and hips and slides them around to the front of the beautiful Goddess' body, grabbing onto her tits right then and there.

He puts every ounce of his skills with his fingers to work then, playing with her tits like they're a musical instrument he's trained with all his life. He toys with her nipples in particular, drawing more sonorous moans from the Goddess as they go.

Until finally... he gets what he was after. Aphrodite cries out and climaxes upon his cock from his ministrations. In that moment, Antonious activates the ritual and as she cums for him, he draws out a spark of divinity from her. He also tips over the edge around the same time of course, his seed proceeding to fill Aphrodite's womb as he groans his appreciation.

But truth be told, the physical act is nothing compared to the metaphysical. That sensation of having a bit of divinity to call his own nestling within his soul... it's as she said before. He's officially taken the first step on his chosen path.

And he'd done so by fucking a Goddess in the middle of her Temple in front of her Priesthood. As Antonious pulls out of the Goddess' creamed cunt, he's left panting a bit... but still standing strong. Stronger, even, because even as his spells fade, he swells with energy, feeling even more powerful than he did under their effects.

He's not a God yet... but his theories were correct. It's possible. And that's all he needs to know.