

Revenge of Hera - Part 4

By TheSpiralledEye

Zeus winced slightly with every step; his pussy was aching after being stretched so much by the minotaur. He was thankful for the pain honestly, it kept him focused, less likely to get lost in his own lust again.

He'd fully lost track of time inside the mountain; now the sun was rising up through the clouds that surrounded the mountain spire and gave the entire area a golden haze. Perhaps it was the ordeal he'd gone through or perhaps his new mortality but the former God found himself in awe of the mountainscape. Taking in the beauty for the first time. Finally though, just as the pain in his pussy had lessened to a subtle throb, he made it.

There was the great temple of the Gods. He had climbed these stairs many a time without a second thought and yet here he was savouring the experience. Not only was he finally home but he had won his competition with Hera. He couldn't wait to see that smug smile wiped right off her face. As he stepped up into the entry garden he sighed in relief; it was so good to be home.

"Well, well, not every day we see a human wander into our midst."

He turned, finding a thin man with winged shoes leaning against a nearby. Hermes. The worst possible God to run into, within the hour the entire mountain was sure to know about the human woman who made it to their temple.

Unlike Eros and the Minotaur, Hermes was lanky and moved in an almost lazy fashion which made his incredible speed all the more surprising. In seconds the God had crossed the courtyard and was right in front of Zeus, smiling curiously.

"Well? Don't you speak? Perhaps one of the other Gods cursed you and you're here to bargain for your voice back?"

"I can speak." Zeus whispered, it felt so alien to him seeing Hermes this way.

He was so cocky, all smiles and confidence when usually in Zeus' presence he fell to his knees in supplication.

"Speak then! It's my favourite thing to do, personally." He gave Zeus a wink, "What brings you to our humble abode?"

"I seek Hera." Zeus said confidently and Hermes shrank back with a hiss.

"Ah, if you befell her my suggestion is go back. If you were seduced by Zeus or otherwise earned her ire there is no pleasing her now." He winced with what seemed like genuine sympathy, "best go back and live your short mortal life and hope that by the time she thinks of you again you're bones in the ground."

Alarm made his spine straighten; would Hera let him die? For the first time since his transformation Zeus realised the gravity of being made mortal. All this time the idea that he could grow old or be killed hadn't occurred to him at all.

"See, there's the fear that should have kicked in earlier." Hermes chuckled before giving him a wave, "Head on down the mountain now like a good little lamb."

Zeus had never wanted to smite anybody so badly; him, the God of thunder, being referred to as something so pathetic as a lamb. It made him want to slap Hermes so hard his winged shoes came right off.

"Tell me where Hera is." He said with all the authority his voice could muster. "Now."

Hermes actually laughed.

"You've got real guts, I'll give you that!" He chuckled, "talk like that to most Gods up here and you'll end up nothing but a pile of ash! Lucky for you, I have a sense of humour and curiosity!"

He zipped around Zeus in a circle.

"She's in her chambers by the western gardens, good luck little lamb! I can't wait to see how this goes, I'll be watching!"

And quick as the wind itself he was gone, zipping up into the air and through the columns before disappearing into the temple proper.

Zeus walked with his head held high, as normal; he refused to let Hera think she had humbled him. It was time his wife stopped this silly game, he had already won. Even now he could feel himself becoming more divine, soon enough his powers would return and he would be able to transform himself back. Perhaps he would even be merciful. Even he had to admit though, the bravado didn't come as easily now after everything he'd been through. His pussy pulsed once more, the afterglow of the minotaur somehow still fresh as he walked. He did his best to ignore it.

Perhaps it was his mortal eyes but the rooms of the temple seemed even more splendid than usual. As he parted the white curtains that separated his wife's quarters from the hall he couldn't help but be struck by the sight that greeted him.

Hera reclined on chaise, lazily eating pomegranate seeds from a golden bowl. Her golden brown hair fell in ringlets around her face; sharp and angular. As she turned those sharp eyes seemed to pierce him and for the first time Zeus thought that just perhaps, this Goddess could be as mighty as he in his true form. He couldn't even blame Hermes for his advice to turn around; any true mortal faced with this woman would surely fail.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?" She cooed, "Looks like somebody managed to fuck their way back up the mountain. Too bad you couldn't do it with your dignity intact, *husband*."

The final word was barbed as her face split into a cruel grin and her eyes raked over his form. Zeus couldn't help it, he looked down at himself, seeing the slight redness in his knees after being taken on all fours so many times, the slight bruising left where the minotaur held him; the evidence of his activities was clear. Still, Zeus didn't let her get to him, he held his head high.

"I won our bet, Hera." He said, "You have had your fun."

"Not yet I haven't." She hissed with a smile.

"I climbed Mount Olympus as a mortal, already my divinity is returning, soon enough I will be able to change myself and when I do you will not be so smug." He said darkly, "I could be merciful, if you apologise and grovel as a good wife should."

Hera just huffed, putting down her bowl and pushing it to the side.

"It's true," She said finally, "That you will be yourself again soon enough, that being the case, I'd better have my fun while this lasts, eh?"

Before Zeus could ask what she meant she was upon him. He flinched, falling backwards onto the stone floor and bracing for a blow but instead of pain he found the opposite as she pressed her hands against his chest.

"I was watching you know, while you spent time in Eros' garden." She teased, massaging his breasts the same way that God had, "I know all the little things that make you writhe now."

"I-If you think I'm going to...too...ahhhh, let you distract me-!"

"I already am." Hera smiled, lowering another hand down toward his still aching pussy, "I don't see you moving."

She was right. Despite his words his body had instantly gone limp under her touch, trained to accept all pleasure that came its way. The moment her fingers brushed against his folds he jolted, whimpering in shame and bliss.

"My, my, so sensitive. Did we perhaps have a little incident inside the mountain? With an ogre perhaps? A minotaur?"

Zeus bit his lip trembling in an effort to look unaffected by her touch; he failed miserably.

"You always were a slave to your baser desires. It's about time I got to do this."

Her fingers were slow but instant. Stroking up and down his folds with a feather light touch, all while her other hand squeezed and pinched his nipples. She wasn't even leaning against him that hard anymore, if he wanted to, he could push her away if he wanted to but he just didn't have the willpower. Her fingers were so lovely, it felt so good his hips began to buck against them.

What was wrong with him? Why couldn't he control himself? He'd experienced so much sexual pleasure the last few days, would this body really never be satisfied? Hera circled his clit and Zeus felt his back arch as she lowered her mouth to his neck. Unlike the gentle kisses of Eros though he felt the sting of her teeth as she bit down on his shoulder.

The pain mixed with the pleasure and a broken cry escaped his throat. Zeus grit his teeth, feeling the smug curve of Hera's lips as she bit down; he was supposed to be putting her in her place but instead he was at her mercy. Yet, as she let go and began slowly making her way down his body Zeus could feel something else; his power slowly returning.

If he could just hold on for a bit longer, he rationalised, Hera might be too distracted with teasing him to notice his full powers had returned. Yes, he would let her keep touching him a bit more, just long enough for his Godhood to return.

She slid down his body like a snake, making sure her fingers never left his clit until her face was inches from it. He could feel her hot breath against his folds and he had to fight back the eagerness building inside him. His skin felt like it was on fire, heated by his own lust as the surging power slowly building; just a little longer...

All of a sudden her mouth was upon him, gently scraping teeth and tongue over his abused folds and Zeus saw white. She was practically feasting on him, leaving no patch of skin untouched. His legs spasmed and wrapped themselves around her shoulders as his breathing started to grow short and sharp.

"Hahhhh...ahhhh...ahhhh...ahhhh!"

Zeus felt his eyes squeeze closed; he couldn't cum like this! It would be letting her win! He just had to hold out for a little longer, his power was almost back, he could feel it. But her tongue was swirling over his clit over and over again, alternating between gentle sucks and almost painful nips with her lips. It was glorious, it was torture. Already he could feel the orgasm building; closer and closer.

"Ngh...n-no I w-wo-aaaaaahhhh!"

Lightning forked across the sky, clouds gathering in an instant as a righteous storm appeared from nowhere. Thunder boomed as Zeus came; his eyes rolling back in his head as white lights flashed behind his lids. His whole body was buzzing with electrified energy and sparks flew from his skin as Hera jumped back.

Zeus lay gasping on the floor; his form still that of the beautiful young woman but with his former power restored. Hera sat back in a huff.

"Well, there we go, at least I got to give you a taste of your own medicine."

Zeus sat up, looking at his slightly glowing hands in wonder before flexing his muscles. Instantly he felt his body begin to change; his lithe form turned hard and strong as his

shoulders broadened; his aching pussy gave way to a thick cock and balls and the long hair fell from his head before sprouting anew atop his face. The newly restored God of Thunder and Lightning lifted his head to the sky and roared in glory; he was back!

Hera fixed him with a glare, her body language tense and guarded.

“Well then, what will be my punishment?” She asked, jutting her chin out, “Don’t think I won’t fight it, you may be restored but I am still powerful in my own right.”

Zeus rested a finger on his chin in thought; he had spent many an idle hour thinking on this, of all the ways he could teach his wife a lesson for her impunity. But now, after that last orgasm a new idea formed in his mind and he felt a sly smile form on his lips.

He strode toward her, taking her face in his hands and forcing her to look at him.

“I learned many things about what the female body can experience thanks to you, my dear.” He taunted, “Allow me to show you.”