

Revenge of Hera - Part 1

By TheSpiralledEye

Tired of her husband, Zeus, flirting and sleeping with every human woman he comes across, Hera decides to give him a taste of his own medicine. Turning the God of Thunder and Lightning into a meek, desperately horny human woman whose only chance of being turned back involves sleeping her way up mount Olympus.

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Hera grit her teeth and gripped the basin hard enough that cracks began to form in the marble. The image in the smooth water faded; the picture of her husband Zeus in raptures with a mortal woman yet again fading until nothing but plain water remained. Once more her husband was making her out to be the fool. Queen of all Gods, Ruler of Mount Olympus, Goddess and second in power only to her husband himself. And yet, she felt no more respected than an ant does by the foot that squashes it.

It had been, once upon a time, that her husband had hidden his trysts from her but after the birth of so many demigod bastards he had simply given up even pretending to be faithful.

Hera knew she had a reputation; her temper did get the best of her sometimes but look at what she had to deal with? Could anybody blame her? When her husband was so obviously unfaithful. She was sick of his attitude, she had given him thousands of 'last chances' and she was not going to give another.

Transformation was an easy trick for a God or Goddess and a good way to force somebody to see the world from a new point of view. Hera herself had made many humans and God change to suit her whims. Of course, changing Zeus was another matter entirely. Oh she could do it, that was the easy part but he was a mighty creature, mightier than her, much to her chagrin. So if she was going to get her ultimate revenge on her husband, she was going to need help. Powerful magic that could turn even the God of Lightning himself mortal, if only for a moment. That was all the time she'd need.

She slashed her hand across the water in rage and turned, calling for somebody to fetch the nymphs that called gardens of Olympus their home. It was time she taught her husband a lesson he would not soon forget.

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As the God of Thunder and Lightning, Zeus was hardly subtle. His return to the mountain the Gods called home was always heralded with a fabulous storm. So when his chariot touched down in the gardens and his wife was not there to greet him he felt a stab of annoyance. There was no way she didn't hear his arrival. Still the smaller gods and nymphs of the mountain were at least there to receive him with food and wine.

Grabbing a handful of grapes he sauntered his way through the grand estate that was his home. He had enjoyed his little visit down on Earth, for all their imperfections, he could never get over how wonderful it was to have human women. They were always in awe of him, so impressed that not only a god but *the* God was interested in them.

Hera was fine in bed, a good time to be sure. But she no longer worshipped him, no longer gave him the respect and devotion a wife should give her husband. In fact, she had the gall to argue back at him more often than not and even denied him from time to time. At least when he bedded mortal women they had the decency to thank him for the experience. Most of the time. Those who didn't were not normal, mortal women for much longer.

As he entered the throne room he found his wife, sitting straight backed and stern as always, sipping wine. Her eyes flicked up to meet his, but otherwise she showed no signs of even noticing his presence, opting instead to give her attention to her drink and the birds playing on the windowsill.

"A few women who had the gall to look beautiful in the summer sun?" He said curtly, nodding at the birds. His wife's habit of turning beautiful and talented women she felt threatened by into animals was well established.

"Just birds." She dismissed, and Zeus knew all too well that could mean they had indeed been women before for all he knew. Not that he cared too deeply about it.

He popped another grape in his mouth and sat down on his throne, boredom taking hold. How he hated coming back here, once he had his fill of proper food worthy of the Gods he would go back down to Earth to find some entertainment.

"Are you not going to ask me where I have been?" He said finally, Hera shrugged.

"I do not need to ask. I know."

Ah.

"That explains it." He sighed.

“Explain what?”

“Your foul mood, though it’s so similar to your good mood you’ll forgive me for not noticing right away.”

He expected his wife to fly into one of her famous rages at his words but to his surprise she stayed perfectly calm. His brow furrowed; he quite enjoyed his little verbal sparring matches with Hera, mostly because as the supreme God he could declare himself winner at any time. Why his wife took his infidelity so to heart he would never know; it was in his blood to have many lovers and it wasn’t as if she was entirely faithful to him either. She may not flaunt her affairs quite so publicly as he but who was she to question the actions of the all mighty Zeus?

“You know, I rather think you deserve to learn a lesson.” Hera said shortly, sipping at her wine with a small smile. “We put mortals in their place all the time. Perhaps it would do you good to experience one of those lessons for yourself.”

Zeus simply chuckled.

“I am in my place.” He said with a confidence grin, “On top, you forget Hera, just who actually rules the Gods. You may be my wife but I am the supreme being to rule all others. It is not opinion. It is fact.”

“Not for long it won’t be.” She smiled and gave him a withering look; Zeus just huffed, was that supposed to scare him?

Zeus reached up to scratch at his beard, the skin there was itching and it seemed to be getting worse by the second. A moment later he froze and realised he could still feel the hair moving against his chin. It was retracting back into his skin, disappearing so rapidly he could do nothing more than gape as his cheeks turned smooth as a youth’s.

Hera was cackling with glee and Zeus felt his blood boil. How dare she humiliate him so? He reached out a hand, ready to smite her, marriage vows be damned but...nothing happened. He looked down at his hands, his rapidly shrinking, smoothing hands. What was

wrong with him? He could no longer feel the lightning coursing through his veins. He tried in vain to summon his bolt weapon but nothing manifested at all.

“A little gift from the nymphs.” Hera smiled, “A grape or two was all it took to turn you mortal dear, just long enough for my spell to take effect and keep your Godliness from returning.”

“You dare!”

“Yes I dare!” Hera stood up to her full height, face thunderous with rage, “You love mortal women so much, now you can be one!”

Zeus could think of few fates worse but there was nothing he could do; his beard and hands were just the beginning. His bulging muscles were starting to shrink, turning soft and weak as his limbs smoothed over. All hair, save that on his head and between his legs, began to disappear; falling off or sinking back into his skin.

The itching spread to his skull and for a horrible moment he thought Hera had turned him bald but then he felt a tickling at his shoulders. His hair was not disappearing but growing at a rapid pace, within moments it was like a cascade of white water flowing down his back. First it brushed against the small of his back, then his buttocks, then his calves, for a moment he feared it would keep going but finally the long straight locks came to rest against his ankles, pooling around his feet like a great white sheet. It was so long that it spilled over his shoulders and into his now loose fitting toga.

Hera hummed in approval, biting down on an apple as she lounged across her throne with a look of smug satisfaction. Zeus schooled his features; if she wished to see him brought low she was going to have to work a lot harder than that. He remained stone faced and calm, waiting for even the tiniest sign that his Godhood had returned to him so he could wipe that smile off her smug face.

Keeping his own face blank was proving difficult though as he felt his features changing. The itching had stopped now that his beard was gone but his chiselled features felt as though they were melting away like wax. Turning soft as his jaw smoothed out and his lips began to plump. He could feel them swelling, growing full and pert, just the way he liked his own mortal women. Hera fixed him with a hard stare, she knew exactly what she was doing.

His body was so much smaller now that the toga was practically falling off him, pooling around his feet along with his hair as he grew shorter and more lithe. The shrinking soon stopped though and instead certain parts of his body began moving in the opposite

direction. Despite his best efforts he could no longer keep silent as his hips began to widen, stretching into those of a beautiful child bearing woman. It was so like Hera not to make this change painful, but pleasurable instead.

His face reddened as another moan escaped him and Hera's eyes glinted with glee watching him slowly lose control. His legs began to follow suit, his thighs becoming thick and beautiful in order to support his child bearing hips. The smooth skin there pressed against his cock and balls, now barely hidden behind the toga which was rapidly becoming no more than loose fitting white fabric that barely covered his dignity.

"You...you utter-Oh! ooooh....I'll...I'll..."

"You'll what, dear husband?" She taunted, "If I can ever call you that anymore."

With a dramatic flare she waved her hand and Zeus felt his cock jolt. No, not that! Anything but his actual manhood. Zeus had transformed himself into many things through the years but never had he lost his greatest pride. He was the God King, the manliest and greatest of male lovers and yet here he was, helpless before his wife as his cock withdrew back up into his body. His balls filled with the seed that had sprouted so many over the millennium disappearing into nothingness.

No, not nothingness. It seems those seeds had formed a feminine flower as his new pussy formed between his legs. He was grateful he could not yet see it, just feeling it was almost too much for him to bear. His knees pressed together and his whole body curled in on itself in shame as Hera laughed.

"Now dear, I am sure it's nothing to be ashamed of!" She teased, "Besides we haven't even gotten to the best part yet!"

"Ngggh! No! Stop this Hera, you've made your point! Ah! Ahhhhhh!"

Clearly his wife disagreed because even as he was begging and hating himself for it two points of pressure began to form on his chest. The toga fell away, leaving his shoulders and torso bare as it caught around his hips. He watched, helpless as his nipples began to swell, turning pink and pretty in the golden light as the skin beneath them began to stretch and swell.

"Mmmm! Ah, ah...ahhhhhh." He bit down on his newly filled lips, trying to keep the sounds at bay but it was impossible, feeling his new breasts fill was just too intense.

Even the gentle breeze felt too strong against his bare skin and soon his nipples were hard as diamonds as they faced toward the sky. His breath was heaving, his newly ample bosom as well. He tried to move, to cover them with the light fabric but it was no use, they just kept growing and even with his smaller stature there was not enough fabric to cover them.

Breathing heavily he took a step forward only to stumble, his new dainty feet covered so much less ground than he was used to and his newly grown breasts seemed to have a mind of their own, swaying and bouncing with even the slightest movement. Surely it had to be over now, he was fully formed, all masculine features sculpted away leaving nothing but a fair maiden behind but no, he was wrong.

That stretching sensation began anew in his buttocks, right above his newly thickened thighs.

“No...why...I can't-I don't want...” He whimpered pathetically, endlessly grateful that Hera decided not to do this in front of the entire court.

“But with hips like those, you can't go walking around with such a boney ass.” Hera cooed with fake sympathy, “You need a little...fattening up.”

“OOOoooooh! OH! AHHH!”

With each breath he took, his ass seemed to inflate. He tried to stop, to hold his breath as if they may halt it somehow but he couldn't each time the muscles stretched and his new ass filled he was hit with a wave of pleasure that stunned even he, who had experienced so many sexual wonders.

Just like his breasts before him his ass continued to swell until it looked as round as the peaches that grew in Olympus' very gardens. As he turned to behold it, he noted it was even a similar shade of girlish pink. He struggled to hold the toga over himself. For the first time in his life ashamed of his own body as Hera threw her head back and laughed.

“One more thing, darling,” She purred, “Mortal's are not allowed on Mount Olympus, by orders of Zeus of course, so by your own rules you have to go.”

“If you think this will rid you of me forever-”

“I don't think that for a moment.” Hera interrupted with the gall to sound bored already. “Climb back up here and by the rules of the Gods your magic and godliness will be

restored. Of course, no mortal has ever managed to climb Mount Olympus before so...you'll need all the luck you can get."

She stood, striding down the stairs to him with a look of vindictive malice in her eyes.

"And I shan't wish you any."

With a flick of her wrist he was gone, flying out the open slides of their palatial estates and down over the edge of the mountain. Tumbling head over heels through clouds as his toga was ripped from him. He screamed, hating how terrified and womanly his voice had become as he fell and fell and-

He stopped. Awkwardly floating for just a moment in the air a few feet above the ground before he hit the grass in an awkward heap. With a groan he rubbed at his sore chest, having crushed his breasts beneath his own weight during his landing. He blinked and took in his surroundings; the base of the mountain, thousands upon thousands of feet from the summit he called home. His body was fragile, mortal, naked and female; his godly powers evaporated in an instant. He had never been so humiliated in all his life.

He looked down at his body with disgust; hating every soft curve. This body was so small he doubted he even had the strength to lift a sword at all if the need came; how was he going to fight his way back up Olympus if he couldn't even lift his own weight or hold a weapon.

He supposed that would have to wait, right now what he needed were clothes. He could hardly brave the mountain in nothing but his bare skin. He looked around and took in his surroundings, Hera had deposited him in one of the many groves of the deep forest that surrounded Olympus. At the very least, he had some privacy. He began to walk, staring up at the mountain looming above him, peaks shrouded in mists and swirling clouds. His feet began to ache despite the soft ground; they were so delicate that even the mossy ground felt hard. He could not get over the way his hips moved, seemingly of their own accord, swaying and making his ass bounce slightly with each step. Not to mention his breasts; he wanted nothing more than to forget they were there. Yet with every breath he felt them move and as the sun began to set the air cooled his nipples began to stiffen in a way that he could not ignore.

Eventually though, he broke through the treeline and found himself in a secluded grove. As the sun filtered through the towering trees, shafts of light illuminated the verdant greenery, casting a soft, ethereal glow over the entire area. In the centre of the grove lay a shimmering pond, its crystal-clear waters reflecting the dappled light of the forest canopy

above. The surface of the water was so still that it appeared almost glass-like, broken only by the occasional ripple as a small fish darted through the depths.

Not caring for the beauty, Zeus walked over to the water and slipped his feet into the pool with a sigh, letting the cool water soothe his aching feet. He leaned forward, letting his now long white hair fall into the pool sending further ripples across its perfect surface.

He watched the ripples move across the water until he realised there was something reflected in the pool. A man, standing on the opposite side seemingly unaware of his presence. Or at least, he was, until those ripples reached him and he looked up; dark hair temporarily falling over his face until the breeze pushed them aside. Milky white eyes looked over at Zeus sightlessly; the man was blind.

“Who is there?” The man called and instantly Zeus remembered him.

Tiresias. A man gifted with wisdom and prophecy beyond his years; and the man Hera and he had been involved in one of their many arguments years ago.

Hera had insisted men enjoyed sex more than women and Zeus, who had seen the faces made by women when he bedded them, argued the opposite. Tiresias had been turned into a woman for seven years and knew both so they had asked for his input. When he had agreed with the God of Lightning, Hera had struck him blind.

“I say again, who is there?” Tiresias asked, “Do not think that because I am blind I cannot defend myself.”

Now Zeus was facing the same fate Tiresias had for seven years; he knew the man had even given birth to children in that time and the idea of going through that was abhorrent. Still, it did give Zeus an idea. Hera had been the one to blind him, if he revealed what had happened perhaps he had stumbled upon the one man who could help him without judgement and offer him the prize of his sight back in return!

“It is I...” Zeus announced, only to feel his tongue freeze up before his name could touch it.

“A woman? Alone all the way out here?” Tiresias said thoughtfully, “And your name?”

Zeus opened and closed his mouth, willing the words to come but they could not. Hera, that crafty bitch, something about her spell was preventing him from saying anything that could

explain himself. After several long, awkward moments of silence as Zeus tried to get any sort of explanation past his lips Tiresias sighed.

“Come now, I tire of this”

He stood, walking around the edge of the pond with practised steps, heading right for Zeus. His blood boiled; how dare a mortal speak to him like that? Magical gifts or no.

“I have come to seek aid.” He said finally, glad his words had finally returned to him. “I am in need of clothes.”

“Clothes?” Tiresias said quizzically as he reached his side, “You have none?”

Before Zeus could stand and step out of arm's reach Tiresias' finger brushed against his bare shoulder and it was as if a fire had been lit. Immediately his whole form was hot, skin tingling and sensitive. He heard a sharp intake of breath from the man as his hand snapped back as though it had been burned.

In his mind Zeus heard the laughter of his wife, there were no words but she did not need them. Clearly this curse had more layers than he had realised and as he watched the sightless pupils of Tiresias' eyes dilate he knew this was one such layer.

“If it is clothing you need,” Tiresias said quietly, his voice now slightly husky, “Why not come back to my hut, I am sure there is something you can give me in exchange for a spare toga.”

The implication was clear and despite his body suddenly aching, Zeus was not about to let some mortal man take him to bed like a common whore. He was far better than that and despite what Hera thought; capable of self control. So nothing could have shocked him more than when he opened his mouth and out came.

“That sounds wonderful.”

His own voice had a desperate, breathy edge to it. It was a tone Zeus knew well from women he had seduced, hearing it now and knowing it was coming from his own lips caused his mind to swirl with conflicting emotions; lust, humiliation and confusion chief among them.

He was so shocked by his own actions that when Tiresias offered his hand Zeus took it without hesitation. Those warm fingers curling around his own sent even more heat and sparks flying through his body and his heart began to thud against his chest. Strange

compulsions began to fill his mind and he found himself wanting to move closer to the man that was leading him through the forest. He resisted, but it was so much harder than it should have been. All of a sudden the air seemed so much colder on his naked body and the knowledge that a warm man was right there for him to hold was...tempting to say the least.

Zeus tried to take deep breaths, stumbling on after Tiresias even as he moved quicker and quicker down the well worn path. He had to remain in control, calm, authoritative; no matter what this spell made him want, he had to fight against it for the sake of his pride. He was a God; surely he could get something as simple as clothing without debasing himself.

They came to a small hut, a human hovel made of wood and moss. Inside was sparse, of course Tiresias was not one for decoration or finery. Zeus' eyes immediately fell to the bed at the back of the little cabin. It was large and comfortable looking and his new pussy quivered at the thought of lying down upon it.

"Why is a young woman like you wandering alone in the forest? Naked?" Asked Tiresias, hand letting go of Zeus' own and moved to stroke up his long arm.

Zeus shivered, trying so hard not to think about how lovely the touch felt.

"I...need clothes." He choked out, anger at Hera boiling under his skin along with a heavy helping of frustration.

If he could just explain! Just tell Tiresias what was going on and ignore that lovely tingling sensation caused by his fingertips brushing against his shoulder and how badly he wanted that hand to lower to touch his exposed breasts.

"My name is Tiresias." He whispered, leaning closer, hand brushing down to the curve of Zeus' new bosom, "What shall I call you?"

He opened his mouth, trying to give his full, mighty title but nothing came out. No words anyway, just a low moan as the man's fingers finally brushed against his aching nipple. God, he wanted more, he wanted it so badly and it was tearing him up inside. He didn't want to want it, but the spell was strong and he felt compelled to step forward, pressing that palm firmly into his breast and marvelling at the feeling.

"Touch me more..." He begged, hating every breathy word he was compelled to speak.

“Names do not matter I suppose.” Tiresias chuckled as his other hand felt along the curve of Zeus' side and down to cup at his pert ass. “Come, let me get familiar with you. If I am to have you, I want to know exactly what to picture in my mind, I must examine every inch of you now.”