

Greek Goddess - Future Attendants (MtF, FtM Time Travel TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Rory and Marcia are an unhappy modern couple who find themselves suddenly visited by Amalthea, a Greek goddess of fertility and connection who whisked them back to her temple in mythical Argos. To their astonishment, she has found that they are destined to be two great attendants to her temple . . . but not as they currently are. Soon, Rory and Marcia are finding themselves changed in gender and race to become a new Greek couple. Perhaps it will solve their marriage woes?

Greek Goddess - Future Attendants

Amalthea moaned softly as her husband wrapped an arm around her pregnant belly. Apollo was a proud god, and while it had taken her some time to get used to him, she had genuinely come to love him. Or at least, she had certainly come to love his touch, and the way he always kept her belly full with celestially empowered life. She was one of the most celebrated of the Greek pantheon, despite her relatively new arrival on the scene. Instead of being a squabbling god constantly rivalling other members for power, prestige, or beauty, she simply focused upon her domains and ways she could help her people. As a goddess of fertility and health and beauty, her power could revitalise dead fields, give great boons to the crops of farmers, and - most of all - allow even the most infertile of women to birth many healthy babies into the world, and the same for their pets and beasts of burden as well. Women who struggled to give milk to their children found themselves overflowing with produce after visiting her temple, while others who were hunchbacked or crippled in some way were revitalised, often gaining great beauty or handsomeness as a result, and accompanying virility or fertility too. She even granted the boon of womanhood or manhood to those who felt they were not born to the right gender, and this soon became a celebrated practice in the populace of Argos despite initially being seen as unnatural.

But then nothing was natural about Amalthea. She had the classical looks of a Mediterranean beauty, with perfect olive skin and a proud aquiline nose. Her hair was full and dark and curled, braided with gold bands, and her lips impressively large and full. Her figure was the very image of womanhood; she had large, proud breasts that were constantly full of milk for her young, and even when she wasn't breastfeeding they were always producing as a magical sign of her domain of fertility. Her hips were appropriately wide for her childbearing, but she contained no stretch marks or signs of wear; she was a radiant goddess, after all. She was often clothed in the regal dress of silver silk and linen, though there was often a gap that allowed her pregnant belly to be either fully displayed or

suggested, when she was full with child. Which was often. She was, in many ways, the utter image of womanhood.

And yet she had once been a mortal man.

Her name had been Peter, and she wasn't even from this world. Though the feeling of the God of Light and Law and Music pressing against her was utter bliss now, she couldn't have imagined decades ago that she would ever be a woman, let alone a goddess, *let alone* in a mythical Greece where gods and legends and monsters were very much real. It had all begun when, as Peter, she had been trekking on a hike through a gorgeous forest, and going off track. *He* had heard the finest female voice he'd ever heard singing near a small lake, and so he had followed it. Peter had been shocked to find that not only was a beautiful woman relaxing there, naked, but that she was the literal goddess Artemis, taking a break from her hunting duties to bathe in another plane. Unfortunately for Peter, she punished his voyeuristic indiscretion by turning him into a gorgeous Greek woman, and catapulting him - now her - back in time and to another universe. Now in a mythical ancient Greece, the new woman was named 'Amalthea' and forced to be Artemis' priestess of her failing Argos temple. She befriended a local woman named Helen, and tried to adapt to her new life. Except her exceptional beauty eventually drew the attention of the god Apollo, who remained one of the few unmarried gods. Try as she did to dissuade him, she became hypnotised by his full celestial charm, and eventually laid with him, experiencing womanhood to its fullest extent - particularly since he got her pregnant. Amalthea, to her increasing shock, was elevated to godhood by Apollo, so enraptured was he by her beauty and ability to carry his seed. Aphrodite was none too happy about this encroachment, and it took a while for her to find peace with her new family, but eventually she found a place.

That had been her life ever since. She was now an immortal goddess of fertility and life and health, and so it was that Apollo revelled in impregnating her. As embarrassing as pregnancy and birth was at first, she had come to relish it, her godly power unable to deny her true purpose as a lifebringer. Now, it felt strange to not have the fruit of a god growing within her womb, and even birth itself - while arduous at times - brought immense pleasure. And with such births of new gods and demi-gods and blessed children came the growth of more temples and followers, to the point where she was starting to get a bit overwhelmed by it all.

"Don't go," she whispered to Apollo as he began to pull away. Their latest pair of twins was kicking within her divine womb, and she liked to have him feel what he had done to her. After several decades of living as a goddess of fertility, there was a submissive pleasure in making her godly husband feel what he had 'done' to her. "Our children want their father's light near."

Apollo, the handsome egotist that he was, leaned over and kissed her lovingly between her shoulders. "Would that I could, my celestial love, but someone must drag the sun into place, and bring law to the world. Who else could do that? Artemis? My sister may have brought you to me, but she is too wild for such devotion!"

"Mhmm, but the day is too busy ahead. I would rather prepare for the birth than erect another temple."

"You need to find new priests and priestesses."

"I have plenty. It is my own life that is difficult. I may be immortal, but you keep putting all these kids inside me. Our household is getting difficult to manage, even on Olympus. And Aphrodite will laugh at me."

"Artemis could help?"

She turned a little to look him in the eyes, causing her large, milk-laden breasts to shift. "She is too wild, remember?"

"Ah, of course. Then what you need is personal attendants. Even I have some, though they are rarely used. Mortals that you can uplift to serve you personally here on Olympus as devoted supplicants, shrouded in divine blessing, but not immortal themselves."

Amalthea thought about this as her children kicked again. One of their children began to cry down their white-marbled halls, causing her milk to dribble from her maternal nipples.

"Mhmm, that is not a terrible idea. In fact, I think I might be able to bring a blessing to others that were once like me, as Artemis did."

Apollo chuckled as he got up. She admired his attractive form and *very* impressive manhood. "A good idea, my love. But just to make you completely clear-headed on the matter, why don't you get onto all fours for me."

She moaned as she did so, her body needing him. She always needed him.

Rory and Marcia were arguing again. No plates shattered this time, at least, but it was a loud argument nonetheless.

"For God's sake, Rory! You can't put the toilet seat down just *once!*"

"Oh, fucking hell, Marcia. It's not the biggest deal in the world!"

Marcia groaned. She was an olive-skinned woman with black hair in a ponytail, sharp shark-like features, and an impressively short stance. At only five-foot-three, most people loomed over her, something which Rory usually found quite cute. But when she began arguing, she became a furious storm of an individual. It helped sell the image of her tomboyhood too; her breasts were small and her hips thin, so she was often mistaken for a man from behind or from a distance.

Still, Rory loved her, even if her looks weren't his perfect image of beauty. He had fallen for her fiery passion and loud laugh, and - more privately - how much she made up for average looks in bed with a goddamn *fierce* performance, something she was very proud of. He himself was an even six feet, with a slightly lanky figure that was otherwise quite fit, and sandy blonde hair to match his blue eyes. Of the pair, he liked to consider himself the 'settler', though he would never say that to his wife. The pair had met back in history class in university, and reconnected years later when they were getting their PhD's. Marcia had pursued her study of Greek classical mythology, while he had pursued ancient history as his primary interest. As a result, the pair had much to talk about, and had eventually fallen in love.

Except for the last couple of years, life had just been a series of speed bumps, and now every small issue seemed to contribute to even bigger ones. The pair felt directionless, unable to even decide upon a house, let alone how to manage the mess around their current apartment.

"It's disgusting" Marcia continued. "And you left a heap of glasses around last night that I had to clean. Can't you just use one glass and not keep filling up new ones?"

"You're one to speak! I thought women were meant to be great multi-taskers? The mess in our bedroom is all your fault. You can't even sort your own clothes, and mind get sucked into the vortex!"

"Maybe if you showed some care in the bedroom-"

"I keep telling you, I am well up for any sex you want, but you *have* to wear protection, Marcia."

"You said you were open to kids before we got married. And after!"

"Open doesn't mean a 'yes.'"

"That's a cowardly position. I'm thirty four years old, Rory. I don't have forever!"

"Well, give me some peace to think about whether we can even afford kids, God!"

It was a familiar argument between the pair of them. Always it started off as something small that would set one off, and then the conversation would spiral off into the *actual* issue plaguing the pair: if they truly were still compatible, if they truly did love one another, if they truly did want kids. Because the truth was, their marriage was currently on the rocks, and both were considering divorce options, even as a last resort.

"Well, what are we even doing!?" Marcia cried, sagging back into the couch, eyes filling with tears.

"We're doing okay," Rory said. "We're both teaching, we've got all the classes on mythology and history we could want. Money isn't bad, even if we're struggling to find a place to own."

"I mean about *us*, Rory," she said sadly. She gestured for him to sit, and he did. "We used to be so young and passionate and had all these plans for exciting adventures. We've still never even been to Greece. I thought we were going to visit there years ago."

"Yes, but the pandemic-

"Only happened recently, and it's not a stumbling block now." She wiped another tear and looked him in the eye. "Now we just bicker and fight and don't *do* anything. Not get a house, not go on a vacation, not nothing. And we just fight all the time. Be honest, are you even that attracted to me anymore?"

Rory paused the slightest second too long. "Of course I am."

"But not as much as other women. Ones with big, ripe tits and wide hips."

"I didn't say that."

"You don't have to, I can tell. Ironically the one thing that could naturally give me those are getting me knocked up, but you don't want that." She chuckled softly, leaning against her husband. "I'm not angry with you, Rory. I won't lie to you either, I think about . . . other men too. Not deeply. I just . . . notice them, in public. Like that blonde woman you couldn't stop staring at the other day, with the huge tits."

"I didn't think you saw me."

"A woman always notices. I'm just scared that maybe, just maybe we're not meant to be together. Maybe we need to make a decision."

Rory took a heavy breath. It was all becoming so real. He had been considering how to broach this topic with Marcia as well. As much as he held genuine love for her, sometimes love just clearly wasn't enough. He was about to mention the d-word when suddenly there was a knock upon the door that was quite insistent.

"Expecting someone?" he asked.

Marcia shrugged, so Rory stood and travelled to the apartment front door, which he opened to reveal the sight of a rather gorgeous looking woman on the other side. In fact, he could almost feel Marcia's frustrated gaze upon his back, because the figure he was currently looking at hit all his desires to a T. She was Mediterranean-looking, possibly Greek, with gorgeous aquiline features and curly black hair that was almost unnaturally shiny. Despite being in a modern business suit, her breasts were obviously full, and her figure was a gorgeous hourglass, her wide hips contained snugly within her grey pencil skirt.

"Rory Armack?" she asked in an accent that surely had to be Greek.

"Um, yeah, that's me."

"And is Marcia Armack present as well?"

"Yes," said his wife, bouncing to her feet to come see this beautiful woman - even she was entranced, and she was only a *little* bit bisexual. "That's me. How can we help you?"

The woman smiled. "I'm told you're looking for a home, yes?"

Rory blinked. "Wait, are you from the housing agency we contacted?"

"Not quite," the woman said. "But I do have access to their information. I'm on a quest, of sorts, to test the validity of the pair of you for a potential housing situation that would be of particular interest to you. It's in Greece."

The couple exchanged a glance.

"Excuse me?" asked Marcia, fascinated.

"I am with Amalthea Enterprises. We conduct research and academic studies into the realm of Ancient Greek history and mythology, and both of you have come up as candidates we'd like to sponsor. It would be as a couple, of course. I am interested in seeing if you would be happy together in a temple devoted to one of the less well-known goddesses, and helping maintain its upkeep, study, and so forth."

The conversation was moving too fast for the pair. Amalthea Enterprises? Studies in Greece? A housing situation? And yet it all seemed official, particularly as the woman thrust out a clipboard to them with a complex contract of sorts upon it.

"Would you like to register your interest? Again, it would have to be as a couple, of course. We want both of you. You have both been selected as a viable partnership."

The pair looked over the document. Indeed, it was about some goddess named Amalthea that neither had heard much of, and yet all the details were there. Free accommodation, even wardrobe paid for. Food too! And the temple on display was gorgeous! The kind of thing they always dreamed about seeing but never had. The pair had just been arguing, contemplating divorce, and now this opportunity was in their laps. They welcomed the woman inside and looked over the contract for half an hour. Apparently it was totally legitimate.

"We could consider it," Marcia said.

"I don't know."

"Let's just at least sign our names for further contact," she said. "It's not like it can hurt any further, right?"

Rory considered that. "Fine, you're right." He eyed Amalthea, trying not to ogle her. "So we're just signing an application for the program, right?"

"Just that," she said in her remarkably pleasant voice. Both husband and wife were having a hard time not looking at her, though occasionally she made an odd grunt and touched a point in the air in front of her flat stomach. "Though once you sign, you are committed to attempting this new role."

"We can do that," Marcia said, signing easily.

Rory wasn't quite so sure, but with a slightly dramatic sigh he followed after, signing the paper too. They passed it back to Amalthea, who smiled beautifully at them.

"Well done, you've passed."

Marcia started to talk: "when do we hear back if we're being considered for-"

"You misunderstand me. You have been considered, and now I have chosen you. I have sought you out, Rory and Marcia, from my ancient plane to yours, to find compatible souls who could help serve my temple. This contract is only part of it; I was searching your souls the entire time, and ensuring I had the right people who would best serve as my attendants. Gods of Olympus knows I need them in my state!"

Rory and Marcia were about to ask a lot of pointed questions, when suddenly the woman waved a hand, and her form began to magically change before their eyes. The two stepped back in surprise and disbelief as she grew taller, roughly to an impossible seven feet or so, and her clothing altered to become a silvery dress in two parts. Bulging out from her front came a huge pregnant stomach, one that easily contained twins at near full-term. Her hair grew longer, but was braided up with golden bands. A bright aura emanated from her, one that was radiant to behold. Every small mortal blemish disappeared, leaving the impression unmistakable.

"You're - you're a goddess," Rory stammered.

"Indeed I am," the woman said. "I am Amalthea, Greek Goddess of Fertility, Life, Health, and Beauty."

Marcia nearly stumbled back. "N-no way! I study Greek myth and I've only heard faint traces of you. And none of it is real. You - you can't be!"

"But I am," the woman said. "And I was once mortal like you. A man, specifically, named Peter. And I was also from this time. So believe me when I say that as much as Greek myths may *sound* like myths, they are real where I now reside with my husband Apollo."

"Apollo? *The* Apollo?" asked Rory.

The woman smiled. "Who else could keep getting me with child as such. His light and life are always in - ahhh - in me. And kicking right now, these little godlings. And it's because of these radiant babies that I am here. I have gained many followers in Argos and across Greece in this other ancient realm, but no amount of temples or acolytes can help me manage my growing brood upon Olympus. I need mortals who can be emblematic of my domains to aid me. And you are the ones I have chosen, who have now agreed to my terms. You will help me and provide boons of life, health, and beauty to my halls."

"Look, this is all amazing," Marcia said, holding up her hands in a placating gesture. "And I would love, love, *love* to understand all of this and see this other realm, but I think you've got the wrong people. I mean, I'm a damn tomboy! Hardly beautiful! And our marriage is on the rocks at the moment."

"And I don't know if I even want to be a father," Rory said, "so the whole 'bringing life' thing doesn't feel like it sticks. Are you sure you have the right people?"

But Amalthea just smiled. "Oh, I am. But like with my old life, you simply need a particular change to bring you to your true selves. I can sense it within you. You'll see what I mean in a moment."

And with that, she raised out her hands to the pair, placing them on their shoulders. Amalthea was putting on a bit of a show - she was ordinarily not seven feet tall, but she needed to impress the mortals. And impressed they were: both held still as her radiant power of fertility and life *flowed* into them, just as Artemis' power had once flowed into her. But rather than delivering it via arrow, she went with the softer touch. Rory and Marcia had little time to react before they were pulled across time and space in a bright burst of light.

Rory and Marcia staggered, both nearly toppling over. They coughed, both a little nauseous at the strange sensation of being literally magically summoned to . . . a temple?

"It's - oh my God, it's *new*," Marcia said, marvelling at her surroundings.

"It's magnificent," Rory said. "Did we just get teleported here or something?"

"I think so," Marcia said. "I still can't believe it. All my life studying them, and Greek gods turn out to be *real*? And all the legends too! Including the monsters and mythical creatures? It boggles the mind, Rory! Look at this place!"

The temple was magnificently maintained, its marble columns not aged with the passage of time but freshly built. Elaborate carvings of numerous Greek myths, many of them nature and crop-based, covered the walls, and brightly painted frescoes displayed images of rebirth, creation, fertility, and pregnancy. A lot of pregnancy, in fact, from swollen female bellies to women in labor, and even farm animals birthing their young. Great columns held up the elaborate ceiling, while in the centre of the grand chamber was a statue of Amalthea herself, her hands resting on her orb-like belly, numerous carvings of naked children around her; her godling children no doubt. She was almost as resplendent as the real thing, and her carved dress fell to the waters of an impressive circular pool, large enough for a good few people to comfortably bathe in.

"This is beyond amazing," Marcia said, gaping at it all. "I'm terrified, Rory, but at the same time I've never been so excited."

"Me either, from a historical perspective," Rory replied. He placed his hand on his wife's shoulder, and the two felt closer than they had in years, despite their concern over what was to come. "An actual temple of ancient Greece - or an alternate Greece. The sheer knowledge of this! But then what did we agree to? To become Amalthea's attendants? I don't think I'm up for that."

"Me either," Marcia said. "But then - wait, what are we wearing?"

It was then that the two noticed that they were not in their shirts and jeans, but rather dressed in a feminine chiton for Rory and a masculine tunic for Marcia, both of which were not exactly well-fitting. They were both white in colour, and surprisingly silky, being of astonishing quality.

“Um, this is a little tight, except around the chest,” Rory said, smirking.

“And mine is too big everywhere,” Marcia said, giggling. “It seems even Amalthea can make some mistakes! We should tell her, maybe that will convince her that we’re not exactly up for attendant duty.”

‘That will not be necessary, my future attendants - literally from the future, in fact.’

The two turned and gaped again. The statue was glowing, its orb-like pregnant belly and the eyes of its face lighting up in particular. They could feel the magical power of the goddess thrumming powerfully through this space.

“I don’t understand,” Marcia said. “Look, Rory and I were literally talking about divorce before you showed up and literally turned our entire worldviews upside down! We’ve not been compatible for some time.”

“We fight about everything,” Rory admitted, looking forlornly at the marble tiled floor. “It’s like the spark is just gone from our relationship.”

‘The spark is still there,’ Amalthea spoke through the statue. ‘I am a goddess, no longer a mere mortal man. I have learned to sense such things. Your spark just needs the right little encouragement to bloom into a fire of love once more. Disrobe and step into the pool and I will show you. You simply need the right forms, and the right encouragement to take them on.’

The couple looked at one another a little sheepishly, but did indeed disrobe. Their clothing wasn’t exactly well-fitting anyway. Both felt a little embarrassed to be before the statue gaze of a goddess, but in their nakedness they approached the pool, holding hands as they descended into the waters.

“It’s so wonderful and warm,” Marcia said.

“It is,” Rory replied. “It feels . . . magical. Radiant. Godly, I guess.”

She giggled. “Well, a goddess presides over it, silly. I’m a little jealous of her body. She’s quite the looker.”

Rory gulped. “Yes, I was finding it hard not to look.”

“You cad!”

“Well, can you blame me?”

“I guess not. Ohhhhh, this water is wonderful. Sooooo wonderful.”

She lowered herself into it, soaking her face and head and hair. Rory followed suit. Both of them laughed a little at the ridiculous insanity of all that was occurring, but the waters

were indeed far more relaxing than anything they had ever experienced. The pair felt the weight of anxiety, uncertainty, and frustration slide off of their bodies.

"I'm sorry for always complaining," Marcia said.

"And I'm sorry for not seeing your beauty as it was," Rory replied.

They drew closer, to one another, and as they did, the water began to glow a faint blue. That sensation of powerful divine magic only grew, and with it, a powerful sense of arousal within the couple.

"Um, are you feeling something else, or is it just me?" Rory asked.

"N-no, I f-feel it t-too," Marcia said, stammering a little. Her nipples had stiffened, and she could feel a moistness in her tunnel. Looking down, it was obvious within the calm, clear water that Rory's penis had hardened into a very impressive erection.

"I'm feeling kinda horny here," Rory said. "Like, really horny."

"Mhmm," Marcia moaned. "M-me too. I f-feel . . . oh God. Really fucking horny."

She began to rub her meagre breasts and caress her form, even as she shifted closer to Rory. He did the same. The two were inexplicably being drawn together, their lusts growing with each passing second as they gazed on each other's naked forms.

"You look r-really good," Rory said. "I haven't seen you like this in a long time, Marcia. How did I forget?"

"Me too. I thought I had lost that attraction. I can feel it again, but s-supercharged. Please, I need you to t-touch me before I go crazy."

More divine magic flowed into the pool, and it glowed yet brighter as the married couple began to caress each other's forms. The sensations were magnificent, heightened by Amalthea's influence. Marcia lowered her hand to rub her husband's hard cock, and he in turn pinched and squeezed her nipples gently, eliciting sensual moans from her.

'Yes, you can feel that connection stir. The life that you owe to one another. The health you have given one another. But let me mould that further into the forms I know you are meant to have. The ones that will allow your relationship to flourish, and your fertility and virility to truly come to the fore.'

Another blue glow, even more powerful than before. It lit up the temple, basking them in bright hues that illuminated their naked forms. The lust was incredible now, and simply making out would not do. Rory needed to be *inside* his wife, to make passionate love to her in a way that he hadn't in years. He needed to cum in her. He needed to get her *pregnant*. All his anxieties and uncertainties about having children melted away, and there was only lust for his wife. He wanted to make Marcia *bloom*; her breasts to grow to their full, her belly to become dome-like, her figure to be full of life.

Marcia too felt that call. She straddled her legs around her husband, squeezing herself against him so that he was standing upright, back to the pool's edge while she held

his cock against her entrance. She had longed to have children for some time, but now the very act of childbearing, from pregnancy to birth to feeding, was unbearably arousing. To be swollen with life and possess curves, it was intoxicating just to think about.

"I n-need you to fuck me," she moaned. "I need you to-"

"I know! Let's make babies right now! Right in this temple!"

"What better place than a temple dedicated to a goddess of fertility?"

They kissed, lips locking as he entered her. The pair moaned as he slid deep inside her, and then they were at it, bouncing in perfect rhythm so that his cock slid almost all the way out before entering her fully again.

"Yessss, I need this! I need to make babies!" Marcia cried. She knew it was partly the influence of Amalthea, but she didn't care at that point. She wanted babies, and she wanted them now. Just being in these waters was enough to make everything feel right and just.

"F-fuck me! Cum in me! I love you Rory!"

"I I-love you too! I'm sorry for failing you Marcia! I'll make everything up to you, starting with making kids with you! Let's s-start a family! Ohhhh!"

"Yes! Yesss, I'm s-so close. Spray your hot c-cum inside meeee! I want it inside m-meee!"

"C-close! So f-fucking close! I'm going to c-cum, Marcia! I'm going to - Ahhhhh!!!"

He came, and so did she. His hot cum shot deep inside her in stream after stream. She gripped him with her thighs, accepting every last drop. And it would be every *last* drop. Neither of them knew it yet, but they had unknowingly completed a divine ritual of Amalthea's temple, one that would change their lives - and their relationship - forever. By consummating their love within the magical waters of Amalthea's Argos temple, they had exchanged bodily fluid, which was a foundation of very powerful magic. Their very essences now intermingled, and so began the transformation that was to come.

It happened quickly, far more quickly than they could have imagined, and yet each change also seemed to happen in slow motion. At the moment Rory came within his wife, the two stared deeply into each other's eyes, their love reignited fully. Those same eyes widened in reaction to the sensation that followed.

"I c-can feel you!" Marcia exclaimed. "All of you!"

"Me too! It's like . . . part of you is entering me."

"And you into me - apart from the obvious bits. I can - oh Jesus! Or Amalthea, I guess - it's like we're exchanging parts. Places. Roles. Ohhhhh, it f-feels so personal."

"So close," he replied, and he kissed her. Their tongues danced in each other's mouths even as their very auras, their souls, seemed to churn and change as parts of them broke off and exchanged with their partner's. When they pulled back, they both looked at one another with surprise.

“Rory, your lips! Your eyelashes!”

“Your cheekbones! Your brow!”

They were both changing right before each other’s eyes. Marcia’s face was becoming sterner, tougher, her jaw widening like plasticine to take on a more manly quality. Rory was inversely becoming more feminine, his face taking on a rectangular shape rather than its square quality, his chin softening, his eyelashes growing. But these changes were just the beginning: the energy of Amalthea rippled through their forms as they clung to one another, and soon they were even exchanging sizes. Rory groaned as his shoulders slowly shrank down, his height following as well. Marcia had to lower her legs to the ground, though she still clung to Rory, because her spine was elongating, her limbs also.

“R-Rory! What’s h-happening to ussss? Ohhhhh . . .”

“I don’t know! I’m becoming s-softer. Shorter! My hair!”

It grew out, turning quickly from blond to brown to black, from straight to curly, and then it descended down over his shoulders in silky locks. Marcia’s own hair retreated, becoming much shorter, though it retained its dark curls.

“I’m g-getting bigger!” she announced. “My muscles - but it f-feels so good!”

“It does!” Rory announced. Neither could believe it, but their changes were *wonderful*, only enhancing their post-coital bliss. Their heartbeats rang furiously in their chests, confusion and shock sitting alongside anticipation and excitement. But the latter won out as they began to make out once more, the waters of Amalthea overcoming their refractory periods.

Rory held his wife, even as she became larger than him. “I love you! Whatever happens, I love you!”

“I love you as well! I never want a divorce! I don’t know what’s - ahhh - happening to us, Rory, but I never want to leave you!”

They kissed again, Rory’s lips becoming fuller, his face more feminine. His nipples rubbed against Marcia’s increasingly muscular chest, and while her nipples shrank in size, his bloomed to form perfect areolas, his nipples extending to female size. His chest pushed outwards, flesh filling in to provide the start of two obvious breasts. He froze for just a moment, astonished, but then the glow of the statue brightened yet further, and his lust overrode any fear of his changes. He wanted Marcia more than anything, regardless of how she was starting to appear and feel. In fact, her increasing muscularity, the hair that was sprouting from her chest, the whiskers on her chin; all of it made her even more beautiful - handsome, even - in his eyes.

The same was true of Marcia’s view of her husband. She couldn’t believe how soft and petite his body was becoming, though his blossoming bustline was increasingly heavy and impressive. His hips slide wider in her hands, and as she cupped his rear she was

delighted to feel it expand, much as she was delighted by her own masculine strength, which was growing by the second. Sensations of pure dominance ran through her mind, a need to fuck her husband and show him the ways of womanhood that he was so obviously adopting. With every moan, she could hear his voice raise in timbre, while hers lowered.

"I love you," she said again, practically growling. "You're *mine*, Rory. You're *mine*. I think - I think you're going to be my *wife* soon."

Rory moaned as his breasts swelled yet larger. They were already ripe C-cups, heavy and bouncing on his chest, but they were still expanding and showing no signs of stopping. His penis was withdrawing at the same time, but against his belly he could feel the nub of his wife's clitoris extending, gaining girth and length, becoming a *penis*.

"N-no!" he managed. "This isn't - ahhh - what we're meant to be!"

"I know! I can f-feel it!" Marcia cried, clinging to him with her greater strength. Her new manhood continued to grow, pressing against what was now an opening in her husband's venus mound. A tunnel that was beginning to form. "But I want it! Amalthea is doing this, but I think I want it!"

"But I'm the husband and y-you're the wife, Marcia! We can't lose ourselves!"

"We won't! I swear! We'll just be - ahhhh, mmmhm - switching places in a sense! Trying new roles. It's an adventure, think of it like that!"

Rory swallowed, trying to hold off the pleasure and excitement. His breast were now so big, easily ripe F-cups that were half the size of his own head. They were heavy and full and perfect, wobbling with every twist of his lithe shoulders. His skin tone was turning darker, marking him as a Mediterranean woman, and his nose had become aquiline and proud to demonstrate that fact. His bosom squashed up against the mighty pectoral muscles of his lover, and he marvelled with his hands how Marcia now had a near-Godly eight-pack of abdominal muscles as well. Even as his wife became more and more dominant, the new woman was hit by compulsions towards submissiveness. To submit to her new man felt like the highest calling of her life, and the most unbelievably sexy at that. She could barely hold against that calling; it was like fighting a hurricane.

"Ohhhh, Marcia! I can't fight it. Please, b-be gentle! I love you!"

"Just t-trust me, my love! I think this is right!"

She pressed her throbbing manhood against her husband's opening. They shared another look, a brief glance of uncertainty. Both were barely holding back their want. It was Rory that gave a hurried nod, a silent permission to go ahead. Marcia smiled softly, then ploughed her manhood into him.

"Ohhhhhh, God! Great Goddess!" Rory cried. He was all woman now - *she* was all woman - as her former wife-turned husband ploughed into her. Marcia's length was incredible, and the new man inserted himself slowly yet implacably. Rory's new vagina

clamped down upon Marcia's dick, massaging it as it entered deeper and deeper. It was so incredibly big from her perspective, and it felt like she was being impaled, only in a way that was deeply arousing. Her tunnel began even more moist, new nerves stimulated to excitement by how Marcia entered her. Finally, Marcia reached his zenith, his penishead just shy of Rory's new cervix. The two held one another, unbelieving what they were doing and what they had become. Marcia was now an Adonis-like Greek man, body sculpted for command, and Rory had the supple form of voluptuous Greek beauty, hips wide for childbearing and breasts full for future feeding. She gave herself over submissively to her partner.

"How does it f-feel?" Marcia said.

"S-strange. Really, really strange! B-but good! Please, my w-my husband! Please continue!"

Marcia held Rory's hips, and began to pump in and out of the new woman. She moaned in a high, luscious tone, her voice enraptured in pleasure.

"Ohhhhh, f-faster! Yesss! Keep going! Harder! Harder! D-don't stop!"

Marcia had no intention of doing so. He pressed his face into his new wife's bosom, suddenly turned on by their existence in a way he never had a woman. He licked and sucked her large dark nipples, before lowering a hand to squeeze her rondure backside.

"Mhmm, so f-fertile looking!"

"I f-feel it! So f-fucking fertile! Oh God, what am I saying - but I don't want you to stop!"

Marcia thrust again, driving Rory to further ecstasy as the two shifted closer to orgasm. "You c-could get pregnant, Rory. I can s-sense it. I can't explain it."

"Ohhhh, I could. Oh God, but that's - that's crazy! Ahhhh, but I need it! I need your baby in me! Please!"

The words spilling from her mouth would have left her aghast a mere hour ago, but in this temple of fertility in this fantasy Greek land, and surrounded by the magic of Amalthea, it was too overpowering to resist. Rory's new essence was infused with a natural submission, as a woman was expected to submit to a man and bear his children in this realm.

Marcia too felt the pull, the desire to conquer his former husband. Thoughts of seeing the man who was once uncertain about having kids become swollen in female pregnancy was just utterly enticing. To know that he would feel the kicks of their future babies, and serve as an attendant to a goddess whose image she would be carved in . . . it only made him harder.

"I'm going to make you my wife!" he announced, ramming his cock into her with wild abandon even as he pulled her bosomy form against his muscular frame. "I'm going to get you pregnant, Rory. You're going to bear our children!"

“Ohhh, no! Yes! YES!”

“You’re going to have a belly full of our babies! You’re going to be a beautiful pregnant priestess!”

“Mhmm, please!”

“You want that, don’t you? Us switching roles, and keeping these forms?”

“PLEASE! I CAN’T BEAR IT!”

Neither could Marcia. “I’m going to c-cum!”

“DO IT! I NEED YOUR BABIES!” Rory cried, clinging to him, running her nails down his muscular back.

Rory seized up. “I - NNGHH!”

“MHMHMMHH!!!”

Marcia let loose a wail that would have embarrassed her, were she not currently embracing her fated role as a submissive wife to her new husband. Marcia’s cock throbbed within her, and the new woman was hit by the astonishing feeling of pumping his semen into his curvaceous wife. Stream after stream poured into her womb, promising future fertility. Rory, for her part, felt that hot liquid enter her. She lost all control, and could only writhe in the water, splashing it all about as she was being potentially knocked up. She bit Rory’s shoulder just to contain her screams.

After some time, the pair finally parted, the post-coital bliss giving way to a strange, astonished calm.

“I - I’m a woman,” Rory marvelled, looking over herself..

“And I’m a man,” Marcia replied. “A strong one.”

“A - a handsome one.”

“And you are most incredibly beautiful, Rory.”

Rory blushed, still not believing what had happened. “This is too strange! I mean, we were arguing about divorce, and now we’re living out a dream fantasy of seeing an ancient mythical world.”

“And literally talking to a god,” Marcia said. He climbed out of the pool, with Rory trying not to gaze at his Adonis-like form as he did so. The new woman also moved out of the pool and grabbed a towel. She wasn’t used to how her large breasts jiggled or her hips swayed, but then Marcia was amused by her own long manhood and how it dangled. It was only as they both put on their now-much better fitting clothing that the two ogled one another more obviously.

“This is nuts,” Rory said. She placed a hand on her belly. After all the excitement, the thought of *actually* being pregnant was a little concerning. And yet she couldn’t deny the excitement that her new hormones were giving her over that prospect.

"I know, right?" Marcia said. "But . . . its kind of amazing? I feel sort of . . . perfect in this body. Like it was meant to be."

'That is because it is meant to be,' the statue spoke, lighting up once more. Only this time the light continued to creep over the statue, until it enveloped its entire form. The changed pair stepped back as the statue shifted, standing up and clutching its pregnant belly. When the light faded, the real Amalthea stood there in all her impressive glory. The married couple fell to bowing by sheer instinct, something which impressed the formerly-mortal and male goddess.

"Amalthea!" they said at once.

She chuckled. Ah, how strange it had once been to find herself in a new world also! But then, at least these two had each other. She had been all alone when she'd come, with just Artemis to guide her. She promised herself she'd be a lot kinder.

'Welcome, my new attendants. It seems you found your changes most pleasurable.'

"We did," Marcia said, answering for Rory, who fell into a servile silence. "It was - it is - marvellous! I've never felt such power before!"

'Nor, I imagine, have you felt so in touch with your life-giving possibility, Rory.'

Rory swallowed. She stroked her flat stomach idly as she saw the immense gravid belly of the fertility goddess. Something like jealousy passed through her.

"I - wow. I - yeah. This is all very, very strange."

'But you feel it.'

"I do. Holy shit, I do."

Amalthea smiled as she rubbed her stomach. "And you will feel it all the more in the months to come," she said, dropping the ethereal nature of her voice. "For you are indeed pregnant. I can sense these things. You will be blessed with many children, as all my most loyal servants are. But unlike they, who man the temples such as this one, I have need of you personally to see to myself and my children. Your new fates will belong on Mount Olympus, helping me raise my young and attend to my births. You will want for nothing, and will be able to raise your own family as well. And when you are older, select members of your children can take over your duties, and you can retire in wealth and health and comfort, and see the wider Greek world you now inhabit."

The pair could barely believe it. Slowly, their hands reached out to one another, and their fingers interlaced. They shared a brief glance sideways. Nervous as they were, love stirred between them in a way it had not in years. Rory took Marcia's hand and placed it on her flat belly silently. Whatever the future held, they knew they could deal with it together, *especially* if it meant their dreams came true in quite literally participating in an Ancient Greek mythological saga.

"Do you accept these roles, my attendants?" Amalthea asked.

Marcia took the lead, as was now natural. "We do, great goddess Amalthea. I shall be Marcellus."

"And I shall be Rhea," his wife answered, blushing slightly.

"Very good," Amalthea responded. "Then come with me on one final journey to Olympus, where you will meet my husband Apollo and make your new home."

She extended a hand, and this time the pair did not hesitate. They moved as one towards this ancient past, and their own futures.

The End